THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY
AND AFTER

1877 1927

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES.

1927 JULY No. 605. Vol. CII.

The Passing of National Churches
By THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM 1
The World Economic Conference of May 1927
By SIR J. ARTHUR SALTER, K.C.B. 15
(Director of the Economic and Financial Section of the League of Nations)
The Reforms and the Indian Army
By LIEUT.-COLONEL AUBREY O'BRIEN, C.I.E., C.B.E. 28
Communism in India . . . . By STANLEY RICE 38
'Gooti' . . . . By CAPTAIN R. R. OAKLEY 48
The Truth about Psychical Research . By F. C. S. SCHILLER, D.Sc. 54
Early and Modern Cricket . . . . By ALFRED COCHRANE 67
Chess in History and Fiction
By LIEUT.-COLONEL F. E. WHITTON, C.M.G. 78
The Folklore of Edinburgh—I. . . . . . By LEWIS SPENCE 89
Superstitions of the Land . . . By G. CLARKE NUTTALL 98
Ismaïl the Magnificent . . . . . . By PIERRE CRABITÈS 108
Some Snares of Story-Telling
By THE REV. THE HON. EDWARD LYTTELTON, D.D. 120
Jane Austen and a Forgotten Dramatist . By M. ALDERTON PINK 125
Progress and Perfection . . . . By PHILIP S. RICHARDS 135

LONDON: CONSTABLE & CO. LTD., ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2.
PARIS: MESSAGERIES HACHETTE, 111, Rue Reaumur. NEW YORK: LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION Co.
Registered for Canadian Magazine Post.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

No. DCV—July 1927

THE PASSING OF NATIONAL CHURCHES

I

The future of institutional Christianity is becoming uncertain. Dean Stanley once indulged the speculation whether the Christian religion was not destined to be ultimately severed from religious observances. Certainly the half-century which has elapsed since he did so has added plausibility to the notion, for the disintegrating factors which menace all settled habits and ordered institutions have gathered force, and now seem to endanger the cohesion of society itself. Not even the stoutest faith and the most resolute optimism can mistake the direction and effect of the new tendencies. Every assembly of representative Churchmen, as well Papist as Protestant, addresses itself to the disquieting symptoms of institutional decline which force themselves on its notice. The secularisation of the Lord's Day, the failure of candidates for the Christian ministry, the growing

alienation of the educated classes, and the general repudiation of the traditional Christian morality in the cardinal matters of marriage and education constitute for the Churches of Christendom a practical problem of the utmost urgency, of which the solution is hard to find. How far the Christian religion can be said to depend on the Christian Church is a question more easily asked than answered. The distinctive morality of the Gospel appears to require expression and exercise within a congruous society, and the Church has from the first attributed to the Sacraments an importance in the Christian life which implies their permanence. Yet modern society is becoming familiar with the spectacle of individual morality, confessedly in theory and intention Christian, which has no relation to membership in a Christian Church. The history of Christianity is so full of surprises that no considering student will be disposed to dogmatise as to its probable future. Institutional Christianity may be destined to exhibit fresh developments which will renew the ancient harmony between the Church and the civilised communities within which it exists. For the present we have to contemplate a process of disintegration and decline, of which the logical conclusion is neither pleasant to contemplate nor possible to doubt. Whether it will be arrested by the emergence of new factors as yet unsuspected is a question which the future will be able to answer.

One famous type of ecclesiastical organisation has been brought into prominence by the debates on Prayer-book revision, and the discussions in the country which they have occasioned. The Church of England is the most illustrious example of a national Church which the experience of Christianity has known. In Russia Christianity has been overwhelmed by the Revolution, and the Church survives as a barely tolerated institution in a State which has degraded and despoiled it. In Sweden there still exists an established Church, which presents many features similar to those of the Church of England, but its comparative remoteness and smallness of extent deprive its fortunes of significance. When (and who will say that the contingency is either unlikely or distant?) the Church of England shall have been disestablished and disendowed, the distinctive organisation of Christ's religion which it has exhibited will have failed in Christendom. It cannot be without interest to review the conditions under which that organisation came into existence, and the stages by which it has reached its present situation.

II

A national Church is a thought-provoking description. For how can a Church—which must needs express a universal religion,

the religion of Christ—be brought into the category of national institutions? If the catholicity of the religion be expressed in the ecclesiastical system which embodies it, then the apparent conflict takes a concrete form. How does membership of the Catholic Church harmonise with membership of the Church which is national? Can the larger obligation consist with the nearer allegiance? When a conflict emerges, what authority is competent to decide the issue? Christian history certifies the fact and the gravity of the paradox inherent in the idea of a national Church.

Christianity is a universal religion. The truths which it proclaims, and the morality which it requires, are meant for 'all sorts and conditions of men.' But historically Christianity has had to make its way in a human society which is almost infinitely various. Accordingly, the universal religion has come to present a strangely variegated aspect. There are certain universal factors which give it a recognisable identity, but the differences are very great, so great that the fellowship of its professors has been broken up, to all appearance irreparably.

The influence of locality began to operate from the first. Distinctiveness of emphasis, tone, and habit began to mark the spiritual society. As the Church extended, this factor could not but become more important. The original influences working from the centre were weakened by distance, and by the isolation which distance necessitated. The *genius loci* told subtly on Christian minds, and shaped Christian habits, so that, very early in Christian history, the one Church exhibited varieties of worship, discipline, and even belief. Within the still unbroken fellowship of the imperial Church divergent types of Christianity reflected racial idiosyncrasy, specific conditions of life, distinctive political traditions, and various levels of culture. The Christianity of Rome was not identical with that of Alexandria, nor that of Antioch with that of Constantinople. These differences fitted on to all manner of secular interests, both strengthening them and receiving strength from them. Language added a potent element making for dissidence. The Eastern Church spoke Greek, the Western Church Latin; and, later, within the Latin world, the vernacular languages of modern Europe brought fresh forces of disintegration into history.

From the first there was a tendency to make the ecclesiastical system conform to the existing political arrangements. Civic convenience coincided with public policy to facilitate the process. In Mommsen's striking phrase, 'the conquering Christian Church took its hierarchic weapons from the arsenal of the enemy.'[1] The conversion of Constantine stimulated this tendency. Eccle-

[1] *Vide Provinces of the Roman Empire*, vol. i. p. 349.

siastical and civil arrangements were closely conformed. The organisation of the Roman State religion provided a precedent for the imperial Church, and may even have formed the framework into which the ecclesiastical system of established Christianity was fitted. How far this was the case is a disputed point among students of antiquity, but that the influence of the pagan hierarchy on its Christian successor was considerable cannot be reasonably questioned. The Papacy, as Hobbes said, is 'the ghost of the Roman Empire sitting crowned on the tomb thereof.'

The modelling of the Church on the organization of the imperial cult grew more intimate as the decades passed, and the resemblance between them stronger when the recognition of the Christian religion by the State gave the leaders of the Church more opportunities. The pagan title of *Pontifex Maximus*, applied in scorn by Tertullian in the beginning of the third century to an overweening bishop of Rome, was appropriated by the Christian bishop of the capital and still remains, and with it the implied claim to be the ruler over the whole religious administration of the empire. The vestments of the clergy, unknown in those early centuries —dalmatic, chasuble, stole and maniple—were all taken over by the Christian clergy from the Roman magistracy; the word *Bull*, to denote a papal rescript, was borrowed from the old imperial administration.[1]

It is hardly excessive to say that the imperial Church was a replica of the imperial State: and when the empire ceased to be a unit, the division of East and West, at first political, became almost inevitably ecclesiastical also. When the Roman Empire in the West fell before the attacks of the Teutonic barbarians, the ecclesiastical system was powerfully affected. The Church was feudalised as well as the State. The tribe and the nation gained suitable ecclesiastical expression. Thus the original bishoprics of the English conversion were the heptarchic kingdoms, and the see was in some instances the capital. When Theodore organised the Church of England in the seventh century, he broke up these great bishoprics, but 'in doing so, he followed the lines of the still existing territorial or tribal arrangements which had preceded the creation of the seven kingdoms.'[2]

The tribal and national units were absorbed in the system of the mediæval Church, which took the aspect of a religious version of feudal society. Over against the secular hierarchy, which had its supreme overlord in the Holy Roman Emperor, stood the spiritual hierarchy, which had its supreme overlord in the Holy Roman Pope. Christendom was literally conceived of as the Kingdom of God on earth in which Christ carried on His govern-

[1] *Vide* T. M. Lindsay, *The Church and the Ministry in the Early Centuries*, p. 353. See especially chapter viii., 'The Roman State Religion and its Effects on the Organization of the Church.'

[2] *Vide* Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, vol. i., pp. 224f.

[illegible] through His two vicars, the Pope and the Emperor. Ideally these vicars were in perfect accord; but actually the delimiting of their spheres of authority became the cause of fierce and continuing conflict. The conception of a Christendom was a very noble one, and appealed to the best minds of the Middle Ages; but it enshrined a paradox, and, therefore, could not possibly succeed. There is something movingly suggestive about the fact, which Eginhard states, that Charlemagne delighted in the books of St. Augustine, and among them especially in the *De Civitate Dei*. 'It is not too much to say,' writes Bryce, 'that the Holy Empire was built upon the foundation of the *De Civitate Dei*.'[4] The Middle Ages luxuriated in theories, but they remained theories: 'at no time in the world's history has theory professing all the while to control practice been so utterly divorced from it.'[5]

III

Nationality was a disruptive factor within Christendom which finally broke up both the Holy Roman Empire and the spiritual empire of the Holy Roman Pope. In the process of disintegration we can distinguish at least five factors:

(*a*) The development of national self-consciousness, expressed particularly in the growth of national language and literature.

(*b*) The resentment of independent monarchies against the political interference of the Papacy.

(*c*) The revolt of incipient patriotism against the ignoring or injuring of national interests by the Papacy. During the long conflict with France the circumstance that the Papacy was resident at Avignon and plainly controlled by the French monarchy added force to this revolt, which found its most effective exponents in Wycliffe and Huss.

(*d*) The resistance of the national hierarchy to the central authority of the Papacy. The clergy, too, were patriots, and they shared the common sentiments, which added strength to specific grievances of their own.

(*e*) The dislike of financial exactions, which tended to become larger precisely as the reason for them became less respectable. The Great Schism doubled or even trebled the cost of the papal system, and the effect was necessarily felt in the increased exactions of the Curia.

The process of national alienation was clothed with moral authority by its association with the demand, which became irresistible at the close of the Middle Ages, for the reform of the Church. It is certainly significant that the great reforming

[4] *Vide Holy Roman Empire*, p. 93.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 118.

Council of Constance was organised on a national basis. The Conciliar Reformation failed because it did not go deep enough, and because it was premature. Nationality was not yet strong enough for the work of recasting Christendom. Italian statecraft, playing on the distinctive interests of the monarchs, was able to defeat the General Councils. Another century of progressive decline was needed before the moral bankruptcy of the mediæval system could be demonstrated, and then the Reformation came 'in the fulness of the time.' The reformers not only purged the hierarchical system, but also carried the critical spirit of the Renaissance into the religious sphere, and brought into recognition the original Christianity of the New Testament. When once the central authority of the Pope had been challenged and repudiated, the principal restraint on the development of national varieties of religion was removed, and the existence of independent national Churches became possible. There was no longer any reason why national interests and ideals should not identify themselves frankly with national religion. The identification was both natural and morally perilous. It was assisted by that tendency to conform the ecclesiastical system to the civil, which, as we have shown, operated from the earliest period of Christian history. The political independence of the nation expressed itself in the spiritual independence of the national Church. Mediæval Christendom bequeathed to the modern epoch the notion of a territorial basis for the Christian Church. The principle which had determined the existence of Christendom now operated within the limited area of the nation. '*Cujus regio ejus religio*' was no invention of the Lutherans. It inspired the religious policy of the Hohenstaufen emperors as truly as that of the Tudor monarchs and the German princes. When the unity of Christendom was broken up by the emergence of national States, it was obvious that the Christian society would be organised in national Churches. '*Cujus regio ejus religio*' was as much the description of a fact as the enunciation of a principle. Nor may we leave out of our reckoning the new influence of the Bible, for there, in the Old Testament, the reformers found the description of a complete national Church, an organised theocracy, commended by an authority which they held to be Divine, which they assumed to extend to their own case, and which they accepted as a model for their own procedure. Here was nationality vindicated and elevated to the level of a religious principle. Moreover, in the sixteenth century national sentiment expressed itself everywhere through monarchical institutions. The absoluteness of the king meant the complete independence of his kingship from external claims of the Holy Roman Pope, or of his rather shadowy comrade the Holy Roman Emperor. Here in the Old Testament was the

model of kingship ordained and [illegible] by God Himself in [illegible] and, in all Teutonic communities, cherished principle of hereditary right. Reformers of the Church, patriotic nationalists, monarchs raising the fabric of despotic power on the complex system of an earlier time, all found in the Old Testament what they wanted.

In a word, [writes the most eminent exponent of Elizabethan Anglicanism, Richard Hooker] our estate is according to the pattern of God's own ancient elect people, which people was not part of them the Commonwealth and part of them the Church of God; but the self-same people whole and entire were both under one chief governor, on whose supreme authority they did all depend.

In the second Anglican canon of 1604 excommunication *ipso facto* is pronounced against everyone who affirms 'that the King's Majesty hath not the same authority in causes ecclesiastical that the godly kings had amongst the Jews and Christian emperors of the primitive Church.'

Your Majesty [said Archbishop Cranmer, addressing the little boy whom he was about to crown as King of England] is God's vicegerent and Christ's vicar within your own dominions, and to see, with your predecessor Josiah, God truly worshipped and idolatry destroyed, the tyranny of the Bishops of Rome banished from your subjects, and images removed. These acts be signs of a second Josiah, who reformed the Church of God in his days.

IV.

The territorial basis of a national Church was challenged by the policy of Toleration. That policy was born of the practical exigencies of secular government, not suggested by the growth of charity among Christians. Persecution had its citadel in religious conviction, and its latest champions in religious zealots. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*

When religious conviction had been replaced in the minds of rulers by the cool and considering temper of statecraft, the stupidity and wastefulness of persecution stood out in naked prominence. The politiques, who came into existence during the religious wars in France, and found their most conspicuous representative in Henry IV., held that 'the half loaf of toleration was better, in fact, than the famine of anarchy.' They saw clearly that nothing short of anarchy was the outcome of the furious and immitigable strife of religious enthusiasts.

They were modern, legal, and liberal in spirit. As against those who had attempted, under the guise of 'the religion,' a recrudescence of feudalism, and as against those who under the name of the Holy Union were preaching disunion, and under cover of a zeal for religion were erecting on the ruins of the ancient royalty a monarchy by grace of the Paris mob, Pasquier, Bodin, and the rest stood out as partisans of the

State. They were accused naturally of Machiavellism; and there was much of justice in the charge, that their desire for toleration was based solely on expediency, though this included motives of humanity: they did not regard religion as beyond the province of State action.[*]

The comparative absence of persecution in England under Elizabeth was due to the great Queen's political sagacity. Her hard, clear understanding could perceive much which her more sincerely religious contemporaries failed to see. Henry IV. thought Paris worth a mass, and by his cynicism secured more for the French Huguenots than Coligny could secure by his sword, or Beza by his pen. The Church followed slowly and reluctantly in the wake of the State. Religious toleration in England was conceded grudgingly, and the violence done to the theory of the national Church was obscured by the attempt to limit it in the Act of Toleration to those who professed themselves agreed with the Church in doctrine. This limitation, however, could not possibly be maintained, for the political reasons for tolerating orthodox dissenters were equally relevant to the case of dissenters who were not orthodox. Quakers, Unitarians, and Roman Catholics would not make even the mitigated subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles which the Toleration Act (1689) required. Special arrangements were made for the Quakers and Moravians: the penal laws were allowed to remain unenforced against Roman Catholics; and Unitarians were ignored, until the spread of Deism absorbed them in a larger and vaguer description. The national Church was so plainly dominant, that the defect in its title implied by the existence of legally tolerated dissidents passed unheeded.

Undoubtedly the Civil War, with its tragic *dénouement* in the judicial murder of the king in 1649, and its sequel in the Puritan domination, associated religious toleration with political danger in the minds of average Englishmen, and thereby delayed the victory of humanity, and prolonged the reign of religious bigotry.

Toleration was a risky experiment in the view of practical men who disliked persecution, and were anything but zealots for orthodoxy.

> That no toleration should be given outside the Church of England was an obvious principle sanctioned by immemorial custom; if once that principle were infringed it would be by no means easy to find a new and satisfactory bulwark against the irruptions of Popery, fanaticism, and infidelity. As a contemporary rhymester expressed it,
>
> The starry rule of Heaven is fixt,
> There's no dissension in the sky:
> And can there be a mean betwixt
> Confusion and Conformity?

[*] *Vide* Figgis in *Cambridge Modern History*, vol. iii., p. 753.

[illegible]
[illegible]
But worse where children play with knives.[1]

After 1689 the Church of England (and the same, *mutatis mutandis*, was the case with the Church of Scotland) was confessedly no longer the religious equivalent of the nation of England, as the law had assumed, and as Hooker had maintained. It included in its membership no longer the nation, but that majority of the nation which did not avail itself of the legal permission to withdraw from the Church's communion. In principle, though not yet in acknowledged fact, the national Church rested on the basis of voluntary choice.

V

Religious toleration shook the basis of Establishment, but the challenge of democracy was more formidable. So long as the nation expressed itself through the monarchy, its religious character was determined by the monarch's personal will. Under the masterful Tudors the Church of England was, within the short space of a single generation, Roman, Anglo-Catholic, Protestant, Roman again, and then a mitigated version of Protestant. Of Kitchin, Bishop of Llandaff, who held his see through all the changes, and after renouncing the Pope under Henry, repudiating the Mass under Edward, and burning a Protestant under Mary was willing to officiate at the coronation of Elizabeth, the gibe passed on the lips of his contemporaries that he followed the psalmist's counsel, and ever sang to the Lord a *new* song. His conduct, however, was as representative as it was unedifying. This complaisance reflected the changing convictions of Henry VIII. and his children, and was only rendered possible by the fact that the nation had no other organ of effective self-expression than the national monarch. Obviously this situation could not continue. The quickly developing self-consciousness of the English nation found other and better instruments for uttering its mind; and when Charles I. sought to renew in the middle of the seventeenth century the policy which had passed unchallenged in the middle of the sixteenth, he learned to his cost that the spirit of self-directing liberty, strengthened and consecrated by Calvinism, had so penetrated the public mind that the monarch's will was no longer strong enough to determine the religious policy of the nation. A national Church must henceforward be at least so far harmonious with the national spirit that its system and influence can secure the nation's approval or (at lowest) acquiescence. Every approach to complete democracy implied

[1] A. A. Seaton, *The Theory of Toleration under the later Stuarts*, p. 203 (Cambridge University Press).

the logical necessity of making the national Church a true reflection of the national religion. So long as the masses lay outside the Constitution, and had no effective means of self-expression, their religion or irreligion could be safely ignored. The Church of England reflected the beliefs and desires of the politically dominant sections of the people—that is, the upper and middle classes. The nation was identified with the governing minority, and the national Church conformed itself automatically to the new situation. It became the servant of the governing minority, and consecrated the existing system. Its business was to develop in the people a patriotism of acquiescence. When in the reign of George II. charity schools were established for the education of the poor, Gibson, Bishop of London, exerted himself to make sure that they were means to this end. In 1724 he summoned the masters and mistresses to come to him, and addressed to them a notable charge, defining their duty and laying down rules for their guidance. The children were to be made 'sensible of the sinfulness of disturbing government, and of the folly as well as sinfulness of meddling with matters which did not belong to them.' The range of education was straitly limited to such elementary subjects as would 'prepare children to be good Christians and good servants.'[8] The governing minority of the eighteenth century were wrapped in the comfortable delusion that the Revolution of 1688 was the last word in democracy, and resented as something akin to profanity the notion that their own monopoly of power, and the good things that power makes possible, could ever be challenged by patriotic citizens. They could not understand why a system which suited them so well should not be equally satisfactory to everybody else. When, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, education was extended to the poor, it was carefully guarded by religious instruction in the principles of the Established Church. Apart from this condition, popular education was looked upon with extreme suspicion. The national Church seemed to be the obvious instrument by which the educational policy of the State should be shaped and carried out. It was as a national Church that the Church of England undertook the gigantic task of educating the nation. Indeed, it is one of the oddities of our public life that the elementary schools which are connected with the Church of England are specifically designated 'national schools,' and the principal instrument by which the battle with the State on behalf of religious education is being fought is the 'national society.'

Democracy developed rapidly. Citizenship was by successive stages completely secularised, save for the circumstance that it

[8] *Vide* Sykes, *Edmund Gibson*, p. 204.

assumed responsibility for the maintenance and control of an Established Church. Successive Franchise Acts have brought practically the entire adult population of both sexes within the Constitution. The question inevitably suggests itself, How far can the nation be regarded as Christian? Citizenship is in theory divorced from the Christian profession. What is it in fact? If it should appear that the majority of the citizens are no longer in any effective sense Christians, what meaning is left in the phrase 'a national Church'? What is the actual significance of Establishment in a practically secularist State? Secularism may be benevolent towards the Christian Church, or it may be hostile: can Establishment exist, and be tolerable, in a hostile community? The mere asking of such questions discloses the extraordinary difficulty of the present situation within historic Christendom. It is obvious that the paradox implicit in the very conception of a national Church—to which we adverted in our opening sentences—leaps into view, and takes an aspect at once perplexing and minatory, in the circumstances of the modern world. The Christian religion, being essentially Divine and coming to men with Divine right to their acceptance, has claims of its own, which may conflict with the requirements of secularised democracy, and no Church, whether national or other, can ignore or repudiate those Divine claims without falling into spiritual treason, perhaps, without committing spiritual suicide. Churches, like individuals, may have 'to lose themselves to gain themselves.' Their heavenly franchise may be like the centurion's citizenship, something which must be purchased 'with a great sum.' No doubt the thorough-going individualist, and the thorough-going institutionalist, each in his own way, can 'cut the Gordian knot' which modern democracy is presenting to organised Christianity; but their contrasted solutions create other problems perhaps even more intractable than the difficult problem which they solve. Neither the Quaker nor the Papist can answer the questions which past history and present experience are proposing.

VI

I have assumed that a Church must be conceived of as the instrument by means of which the religion of Christ is brought to bear directly and confessedly on human life, that it is itself an association of men and believers who profess themselves Christians. But I do not forget that the word has been more widely understood. Coleridge extended it far beyond a distinct religious reference. His words are, perhaps, worth quoting:

> The Clerisy of the nation, or national Church, in its primary acceptation and original intention, comprehended the learned of all denominations, the sages and professors of the law and jurisprudence, of medicine and

physiology, of music, of military and civil architecture, of the physical sciences, with the mathematical as the common organ of the preceding; in short, all the so-called liberal arts and sciences, the possession and application of which constitute the civilization of a country as well as the theological. The last was, indeed, placed at the head of all, and of good right did it claim the precedence. But why? Because under the name of theology or divinity were contained the interpretation of languages, the conservation and tradition of past events, the momentous epochs and revolutions of the race and nation, the continuation of the records, logic, ethics, and the determination of ethical science in application to the rights and duties of men in all their various relations, social and civil; and, lastly, the ground-knowledge, the *prima scientia* as it was named,—philosophy, or the doctrine and discipline of ideas.*

Coleridge's famous contemporary, Thomas Arnold, reaffirmed Hooker's identification of Church and nation, being led to do so, not by scriptural precedent nor by the logical implication of the actually existing system, but by his profound disbelief in hierarchical claims on the one hand, and by his lofty notion of the State's functions on the other. To Arnold, as Dr. Campbell has said in a recent study, '*Church-State and State-Church would be equivalent conceptions*.' But Arnold belonged to a generation of which the ground-tones were still religious. Had he been confronted by the 'neutral' State, which is the confessed ideal of modern democrats, he could hardly have allowed such free course to his idealising fancy. Neither the '*Church-State*' of the Middle Ages nor the '*State-Church*' of the Reformation can make good a claim to the acceptance of democratic communities in such a world as we live in. As against the modern tendency to idealise the Middle Ages, and to contrast the range and variety of clerical activity then with the petty scale on which modern Churches operate, it is important that we should remember that many of the functions of the modern State were once included in the scheme of the Church's work. Therefore, any fair comparison between the Middle Ages and our own time must take account of much more than the sum of denominational effort.

But we are not concerned with so large a definition of the Church as that which Coleridge proposed. We cannot thus identify it with the higher life of civilisation, the sum of art, literature, science and morality: we mean a society organised specifically for the public profession and effective realisation of the Christian religion, and by a national Church we mean such a society as can make out an intelligible claim to be regarded as national. We can distinguish at least four types of national Church, which we set down in the order of their appearance in history:

I. *That portion of the Catholic hierarchy which exists within a*

* *On the Constitution of Church and State*, 1852.

[illegible] nation, and alone represents the Christian society within it. In this sense the ancient and the mediaeval Churches were national—that is, federations of national Churches.

II. *The nation itself regarded as constituting a Church.* This was simply the mediæval theory expressed in terms of national independence. Its principle was territorial, and its most complete expression was in England, where Richard Hooker formulated the theory of such a national Church.

III. *A Christian denomination recognised by the State, and clothed with specific functions and privileges,* amongst which the tenure of the ancient religious endowments of the nation is the most considerable. Historically this is the form which the national Church received when religious toleration had become accepted as a condition of government.

IV. *All the Christian people within the nation, however organised, who maintain a public profession of Christ's religion,* and bring the principles of the Gospel to bear effectively on the national life. This is the form which a national Church must receive when national recognition, with the consequent obligations and privileges, has been withdrawn, and the State has become confessedly secular. In the United States of America there is no State Church, but it would be impossible to deny that there exists, though in a disordered and unorganised shape, a national Church. The Federation of Christian Churches, which includes all the non-Roman denominations, has gone some way towards providing an organisation for the national Christianity.

VII

National interest in the national Churches has declined so rapidly in recent years, and especially since the outbreak of the Great War, which dwarfed into pettiness most domestic issues, that it is hard to say whether Establishment retains any practical importance. In 1919 the Church of England Assembly (Powers) Act, commonly called 'the Enabling Act,' became law; and in 1921 it was followed by the Church of Scotland Act. These Acts may, I think, be justly regarded as in principle Acts of disestablishment, for both have the character of renunciations of the ecclesiastical responsibilities of the State, which in both countries is no longer sufficiently interested in the national Churches to be able to concern itself acceptably in their affairs. In fact, the national Churches have shrivelled into denominations within the nations. Disestablishment *eo nomine* is postponed because it would necessitate also disendowment, and that process raises practical problems very difficult to solve. So, for the present, on both sides of the Tweed the venerable fiction of national Establishment persists.

There is another consideration which cannot be omitted. The triumph of democracy in the sphere of politics has synchronised with a profound change in human interests. It is a truism to say that the dividing lines of political parties are now mainly determined by economic issues. Organised 'Labour' does not concern itself with the questions on which politicians have in the past contended. The citizens care less and less for liberty; more and more for equality. Democracy implies the achievement of the former, but the effort to achieve the latter raises moral issues which the Christian Church cannot ignore or avoid. It is profoundly significant that both in France in the eighteenth century, and in Russia in the twentieth, revolution has disclosed a bitterly anti-Christian tendency. In both countries there have been amiable visionaries who have imagined that a concordat between revolution and Christianity is possible. The so-called constitutional Church in France and the so-called 'living Church' in Russia indicate the reluctance with which immitigable discord is acknowledged. But nothing less appears to be inevitable, unless Christianity is to divest itself of its Divine authority and sink into the humble servant of the popular will. The class-war is the precise repudiation of Christianity, and the State which grows from it will of necessity be an anti-Christian State. Is the Christian society destined to traverse again the once familiar cycle of isolation, conflict, finally persecution? In view of the French and Russian precedents, it is not very easy to find an answer which shall be both probable and satisfactory. For our present purpose it suffices to indicate the formidable character of the new situations in which the Churches may probably find themselves in the not remote future. The shadow of the coming trial is already falling on Christendom, and as men come under it, they find themselves gazing on an altered landscape. Many things that once looked considerable have fallen into obscurity, and in the waning light only the main structures stand out clearly. Denominational claims, shibboleths, even vested interests, have now an aspect of almost intolerable pettiness, and the Christian discipleship rises above them in a majesty that prohibits rivalry and confusion. The national Church of the future cannot be less than the ordered and operative fellowship of all who are ready to acknowledge the Lordship of Christ in the teeth of the forces of a de-Christianised Christendom.

HERBERT DUNELM.

THE WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE OF MAY 1927

The Economic Conference which met at Geneva in May of this year is the most elaborate and ambitious attempt which has yet been made to examine the economic situation of the world and to seek remedies for the chief evils which are retarding the growth of human prosperity. It was preceded by more than a year's preparation under the control of a Committee which, in its composition and authority, was itself a small international Conference; it enjoyed throughout the active collaboration of both national and international organisations; it was supplied with a documentation of unprecedented fulness and authority; and its members, who were named by the Governments of fifty States, covered the widest range both of nationality and of qualification. A special interest would in any case attach to the report of a Conference so prepared and so composed, but this interest is the greater because the recommendations made are at once unanimous and far-reaching. Future years can alone show the full extent of the Conference's achievement. If its advice is adopted and put into practice it will certainly rank as a landmark in economic history. In any case, however, the fact that a body of responsible experts, so widely representative, have unanimously made recommendations which would involve a considerable transformation of the existing economic policies of the world is a notable phenomenon, which deserves the most careful study.

I[1]

It may be well to consider briefly the economic developments which suggested that such a Conference was needed, and the grounds of policy which determined the choice of the present year for its convocation.

The conclusion of the war found the world in a chaos of economic troubles, among which it was difficult to distinguish the temporary from the permanent, to separate the technical from

[1] See articles on 'Recent World Economic Tendencies' by Mr. A. Loveday in the April and May numbers of the *Nineteenth Century and After*.

the political. Destruction of wealth had left a shortage of capital, and had diminished not only savings, but the habit of saving from which it could be replenished. There was a shortage both of raw materials and of foodstuffs for immediate requirements, and an inadequacy both in the sea and land transport needed to convey them. Plant and fixed capital had been developed in correspondence both with war needs and with the restricted possibilities of international trade allowed by war conditions; they were ill-adjusted to the different needs of peace and the new markets freed from blockade. Readjustment was retarded by the semi-technical, semi-political problems of reparations and external debts. Internal debt charges, and other governmental expenses and commitments, were sapping the basis of the public finances of most of the belligerent countries, and some others, and gradually causing the disorganisation and depreciation of their currencies.

It was this medley of troubles, of very varying importance and nature, which confronted the earlier post-war Conferences, from the meetings of the 'Supreme Economic Council' of 1919 onwards to the Conference of Genoa in 1922, and determined their character and results. Political questions of the first rank were involved, and we therefore find that the leading members were often the Prime Ministers of some of the principal countries; they were predominantly Peace Treaty problems, and the Conferences were therefore Allied rather than international in composition. The most prominent technical problems were temporary in their nature: food had to be moved to a starving country; emergency aid was required for the repair of a railway system. In other cases the difficulty disappeared of itself: raw materials were forthcoming for everyone who could pay for them before the problems arising from their alleged shortage disappeared from the agenda; the shortage of ships changed only too completely into an excess. These were not the conditions under which a measured and balanced survey of the general world situation, or any lines of policy which could guide action for many years, were to be expected from international meetings.

Meantime, however, the more lasting difficulties were sorting themselves out from the more transient. The reparation question, after years of fruitless attempts, found a solution, which was destined to remove it from the foreground at least for a considerable period, in the Dawes Plan and the London Conference; Allied debt negotiations advanced also to at least partial settlement. While this was happening, and other temporary troubles were disappearing, one evil assumed a place of dominant importance. For some five years, until 1924, the disorganisation of public finances and the depreciation of currencies were the greatest

impediment, alike, to international trade and to the general economic recovery of the world.

As soon as this became evident the League of Nations organised a Conference at Brussels which differed essentially from the other Conferences of this earlier period. It was concentrated upon one main sphere, the financial; it was international, including the belligerents on both sides and neutrals; it was expert in composition, its members, though chosen by Governments, not being Government representatives; it was preceded by preparation by an international committee; and it left tasks for a permanent international organisation. In all these respects it at once differed from the Conferences which preceded and from that of Genoa which followed two years later, and, as we shall see, offered resemblances to the Conference of this year.

The Brussels Financial Conference of 1920 left a series of recommendations unanimously agreed by its eighty-six members as to the principles which should guide Governments in restoring their finances and their currencies. At the time the actual policies were in striking contrast with the doctrines so advocated; and the utility of advice which in itself had no binding force was much questioned at the time and remained doubtful for several years. A little later the League gave a practical lead by its work of financial reconstruction in two of the countries—Austria and Hungary—where depreciation had gone furthest; and the example of these two instances and the authority of the Brussels resolutions together began to have a visible effect on the course of policy in other countries. Little by little reform proceeded, till by 1924 currency fluctuations had ceased, or been restricted within narrow limits, in nearly all countries. It is, of course, impossible to measure exactly the part which the influence of the Brussels resolutions played in this result. But there are numerous instances in which Finance Ministers fighting hard against the adverse forces and interests which always oppose financial reform found strength and support by an appeal to the highest collective authority available; and the importance of the Conference of 1920 has become more evident with each of the succeeding years.

While currencies were violently fluctuating they were the most important obstacle both to international trade and to economic recovery—so important, indeed, that they completely dominated and largely obscured more permanent impediments.

As currencies became stable these other impediments became more evident. Above all, as we shall see, 'trade barriers,' particularly restrictions of imports and exports, and the greater height, complexity and instability of tariffs, stood out in their true importance. Next to these was the dislocation caused by the disproportion of the fixed capital plant in certain principal

industries in relation to the different needs of peace and the new channels of trade. These were essentially economic problems which had not until this year been the subject of any adequate attempt at international examination.

II

There were those who urged that Brussels should have made a more serious attempt at dealing with economic as well as financial problems; and some have criticised the League for leaving an interval of nearly seven years before it convened an Economic Conference. It is worth while, therefore, to consider briefly why finance was dealt with first, and why so long an interval followed.

The first reason is that financial reconstruction is the necessary *foundation* of any stable economic recovery. Any efforts to rebuild the economic structure of the world would be vain if the financial system was liable to collapse beneath it.

In the second place, an international Conference can achieve no useful results unless it can reach substantial agreement. And this was immensely more difficult in the economic than in the financial sphere. In finance there was the standard of the pre-war system, and the Brussels Conference was in effect concerned to find the method of getting back to a system which all its members probably regarded as having worked reasonably well. But differences of economic policy, though aggravated by war conditions, are rooted in much older controversies.

For these reasons it was necessary, if an Economic Conference was to have a reasonable chance of success, to be very careful in choosing a favourable moment.

The main conditions were not hard to define. It was desirable that currency fluctuations should have ceased to be a primary factor in international trade, for while they could not be usefully dealt with by an Economic Conference, they complicated and confused the questions which formed the proper subject of such a Conference. It was also desirable, for similar reasons, that the big political problems of reparations and war debts should have retired from the foreground of public attention. It was, lastly, important that the general political atmosphere should be favourable.

By the summer of 1925 these conditions seemed reasonably satisfied. For more than a year all currencies had either been stable or had moved within very narrow limits. The new reparation plan was working smoothly and debt negotiations seemed to be making good progress. The improvement in the general political situation which soon afterwards found its expression at Locarno was already apparent.

III

It was under these conditions that the Assembly of the League, in September 1925, 'convinced that economic peace will largely contribute to security among the nations, and persuaded of the necessity of investigating the economic difficulties which stand in the way of the revival of general prosperity and of ascertaining the best means of overcoming these difficulties and of preventing disputes,' invited the Council to appoint a committee to prepare for an international Economic Conference.

The Council duly appointed a Preparatory Committee, which was presided over by M. Theunis, ex-Prime Minister of Belgium, and was widely representative both in nationality and qualifications. It consisted of thirty-five persons of twenty-one nations, and included industrialists, merchants, financiers, economists, agriculturists, officials with experience of commercial policy, and representatives of workers' and consumers' organisations. It was the task of this Committee to arrange the necessary documentation, to prepare the conditions of future success by eliciting the interest and support of the interested persons and organisations throughout the world, and finally to submit proposals to the Council for the agenda, composition, and date of the Conference.

Under the control of this Committee, meeting twice in full session and at other times working through small groups, the work of preparation proceeded for more than a year. In this work the International Chamber of Commerce, the Institute of Agriculture, the International Labour Office, the Secretariat of the League, a large number of industrial organisations, and many eminent economists from all parts of the world all collaborated. The result was twofold. In the first place, the active interest of a great number of influential persons and organisations was elicited, and so created the atmosphere needed for success. And in the second place, a series of studies which, as the Conference later declared, 'present a picture of the economic condition of the world with a fulness and authority which has probably never hitherto been attained,' afforded a valuable basis for the study of particular problems. These studies, numbering fifty-seven, cover general trade movements, finance, population, standard of living, tariff and commercial policy, agriculture, industrial monographs, and studies of cartel questions. Among these we may note a few of special interest. The *Memorandum on Trade and Production* gives a vivid summary of the changes, the degree and distribution of prosperity since the war. Ten important monographs on the principal industries, together with a summary which condenses the main results, prepared in conjunction with

the industrial organisations concerned, give a full and authoritative picture of the world industrial situation; and eleven monographs by eminent economists deal with the problems of scientific management and industrial agreements (cartels and combines) in industry. Among the tariff and commercial documents the Report of the International Chamber of Commerce has special importance; it was based on consultations in many countries through national committees, and, unlike the other documents which mostly give an objective statement of facts, makes a series of definite recommendations which proved an invaluable basis for the work of the Conference itself. In addition a substantial volume, prepared by the International Institute of Agriculture, sets out in detail the main features and statistics relating to the agricultural situation.

The next task was to prepare the agenda. This was drawn with great care so as at once to permit a general discussion and examination of the whole world position, and to secure a concentration on problems on which practical results might be attained. The first part therefore provided for discussion on the principal features of the economic situation, from the point of view of both peace and prosperity. The second included more specific items under the three main headings of 'Commerce,' 'Industry,' and 'Agriculture.' In an accompanying note special emphasis was placed first on problems of commercial and tariff policy, and then, in a more limited sphere, on international industrial agreements (cartels); while it was noted that a number of the difficulties were to a peculiar extent difficulties in the first instance of Europe. This note proved a just anticipation of the character of the Conference's actual discussions.

The composition of the Conference raised an interesting problem. If its members had been Government representatives, in the full sense, with power to bind, it could not be expected that they would have agreed on resolutions involving considerable changes in the policies of their respective countries. On the other hand, if they had consisted of experts of high personal qualifications appointed without regard to the Governments, drastic recommendations of reform might have been obtained, but there would have been no assurance that they would carry weight with the different sovereign Governments, without whose action no practical results would follow. A middle system was wisely chosen: the members were, with few exceptions, selected by the Governments, but on the basis of personal experience and qualification, not as the spokesmen of official policy. The Conference would thus, it was hoped, be 'responsible though not official, expert but not academic'; it would be free to advocate reform and influential to secure its adoption.

IV

The Conference so arranged met at Geneva on May 4, 1927. Its 194 members, appointed, with the exception of eleven named by the Council, by the Governments of fifty countries, were attended by 157 experts. Not only members of the League, but the non-member States—the United States, the U.S.S.R. (Russia), and Turkey—sent strong delegations. Every qualification and point of view were represented: industrialists, financiers, agriculturists, consumers, officials, and representatives of workers' and consumers' organisations.

After four days of discussion in full session, the Conference divided into three great Commissions, on Commerce, Industry, and Agriculture, each so composed both as to nationality and qualification as to be in itself an international Conference. The main bulk of the work was achieved in these Commissions, and after they had finished their task the Conference in full session approved their recommendations, added a few general resolutions, and concluded its session on May 23.

We shall best understand the nature of the Conference's achievement by considering briefly the various chapters of the Report which has now been published (Constable & Co., 1s.).

M. Theunis, who presided over the Conference as over the Preparatory Committee, contributed in his closing speech a survey and summary of the three weeks' discussions; and he at once emphasised the dominant characteristic of the Conference:

> The Conference as a world Conference composed of those who represent different interests and policies in every quarter of the globe has considered economic problems in their international aspects and adopted an international point of view. It has recognised the importance, and in certain cases the decisive importance, of national considerations, some of which are political and social rather than economic in character; and it has recognised that it is not possible to secure the adoption of policies and systems determined in every feature by the sole criterion of what would give the maximum prosperity to the world as a whole. . . . But, as the starting point and angle of approach to the different problems, the Conference . . . has felt bound to assume—that the greater the range of exchange of different products between those who by their resources and capacities are best fitted to produce them the greater is the general economic advantage. . . . There are practical limitations to the application of this principle in policy. But that international exchange is normally and properly not a matter of victory and defeat, or profit of one at the expense of the other, but of mutual benefit, has necessarily been the basis of this International Conference.

After a short but clear account of the main features in the world economic situation come the important resolutions under the heading of 'Commerce,' which give practical expression to

the above principles, and constitute the main achievement of the Conference.

The central theme is the reduction of trade barriers. The Conference deliberately, and wisely, put aside the issue of principle as between free trade and protection. Obviously agreement could not have been reached on such an issue in a Conference representing all countries and all points of view. The remarkable achievement was to discover and reveal an extent of common ground of policy and action much wider than would have been thought possible between those who on that question continued to hold opposing views. There was and could be no agreement on 'free trade'; but all were agreed on the necessity of 'freer trade,' and upon the methods by which it should be obtained. The opening words of the chapter on commerce bring out clearly the main feature of the Conference:

> In spite of the variety of questions raised, the diversity of theories, and the legitimate national sentiments of all those who took part in the discussion, one important and extremely encouraging fact has emerged; and, having emerged, has become increasingly manifest as the work has advanced. This fact is the unanimous desire of the members of the Conference to make sure that this Conference shall, in some way, mark the beginning of a new era, during which international commerce will successively overcome all obstacles in its path that unduly hamper it, and resume that general upward movement, which is at once a sign of the world's economic health and the necessary condition for the development of civilisation.

The Report then proceeds to analyse the causes and the character of the worst obstacles which still remain. It records that some of the more extreme forms of obstruction introduced after the war—prohibition and licence systems—have partially disappeared, and commends the action already in hand by the League to complete the process. But it points out that tariffs are higher, more complex, more numerous, and are more frequently changed than before the war. Simplification, reduction, and stability are declared to be necessary. The passage in which the conclusions are formulated is categorical in its terms and phrased in forcible language which is extremely impressive as the unanimous resolution of so widely representative a Conference. Four main grounds for the resolution are first stated: that harmful effects upon production and trade result from high and constantly changing tariffs; that substantial improvement in the economic conditions can be obtained by increased facilities for trade and commerce; that tariffs, though within the sovereign jurisdiction of the separate States, are not a matter of purely domestic interest; and that some of the causes which have resulted in the increase of tariffs and in other trade barriers since

the war have largely disappeared, while others are diminishing. On the basis of these premises the Conference declares categorically that the '*time has come to put an end to the increase in tariffs and to move in the opposite direction*.' And for this purpose it urges action upon four lines—immediate and independent reduction by the separate States, bilateral action through commercial treaties, the abandonment of the practice of putting into force excessive tariffs for the purpose of bargaining (*tarifs de combat*), and an attempt by the economic organisation of the League to 'examine, on the basis of the principles enunciated by the present Conference, the possibility of further action by the respective States.'

This is the central and crucial part of the Conference's work; and every phrase is significant and impressive as the unanimous advice of a body with an unequalled claim to reflect the collective experience of the world. It would perhaps be a mistake to obscure the significance of this central theme by setting out in any detail the other advice of the Conference under the heading of 'Commerce,' as to import and export prohibitions and restrictions, customs formalities, unification of bills of exchange, the development of commercial arbitration, the treatment of foreign enterprises, the form of commercial treaties, subsidies, dumping, discrimination in transport rates, etc. It is sufficient here to state that the dominant motive of removing the obstacles to international trade, and extending its range, inspires every paragraph. We may conclude by recalling a few of the main facts which show the importance and necessity of the main resolutions. The political readjustments in Europe have increased the number of separate customs units from twenty to twenty-seven, and the length of frontier lines by some 7000 miles. The number of tariff headings and sub-headings—sometimes used as a disguised form of national discrimination—has enormously increased. Tariffs on manufactured articles have increased in real weight by an amount which varies in different countries, but tends to be not less than a third higher than before the war. And, whereas before the war conventions were usually concluded for ten or twelve years, no less than 153 out of 180 recently examined admitted change within a year. If these factors are considered, as they should be, cumulatively, we need not wonder that international trade has not kept pace with the capacity of production, or that the removal of the increased obstacles was the central theme of the Conference.

The chapter of the Report which deals with problems of Industry contains no such dramatic declaration in favour of the reversal of existing policies. It begins with an analysis of the industrial situation, and then proceeds to the 'central problem

of how costs of production, and therefore prices, could be reduced. The extension of methods of 'rationalisation' and the collection and exchange of fuller industrial information are recommended. The main interest, however, attaches to the passage on 'international industrial agreements' (the so-called cartels, etc.). Here the Conference reports frankly that the discussion has revealed a certain conflict of views. Those who cherished the illusion that such agreements could 'alone remove the causes of the troubles from which the economic life of the world and particularly of Europe is suffering' will be disappointed. But as a measured and prudent statement of the limits, the conditions, the advantages, and the dangers of such developments this chapter should prove of real value. It points out that they are 'usually limited to branches of production which are already centralised and to products supplied in bulk or in recognised grades.' It holds that the development must be recognised as one 'which must be considered as good or bad according to the spirit which rules the constitution and the operation of the agreements, and in particular according to the measure in which those directing them are actuated by a sense of the general interest.' Under suitable conditions they may secure a 'more methodical organisation of production and a reduction in costs by means of a better utilisation of existing equipment, the development on more suitable lines of new plant, and a more rational grouping of undertakings, and, on the other hand, act as a check on uneconomic competition and reduce the evils resulting from fluctuations in industrial activity.' By these means all three parties may be benefited, not only the owners, but the workers in more stable employment and the consumer in lower prices. But the dangers are no less clearly indicated. It is essential that agreements should not 'lead to an artificial rise in prices, and that they should give due consideration to the interests of the workers. Nor must they, either in intention or effect, restrict the supply to any particular country of raw materials or basic product, or stereotype the present position of production.' As to the safeguards against such dangers, the Conference does not recommend international 'control,' but it places the greatest importance on publicity in regard both to the nature and operation of the agreements as one of the most effective means of 'securing the support of public opinion to agreements which conduce to the general interest, and on the other hand of preventing the growth of abuses.' And the Conference concludes by the important recommendation that the League of Nations should closely follow the movement and publish information as to its effects upon technical progress, the conditions of labour, and the movements of prices. The faithful execution of this task, in the light of the carefully stated principles

of the Report, may do much to help this new movement to develop on lines which are in accordance with the public interest, and to avoid some of the disastrous features which characterised the earlier stages of the Trust development in America.

We may deal more briefly with the third main chapter of the Report on Agriculture. The injury done to agriculture by the relative increase in the prices of manufactured goods, aggravated in many countries by credit difficulties and increased fiscal charges, is emphasised. A number of recommendations then follow as to credit institutions, co-operative sale and purchase, the campaign against diseases of plants and animals, and the collection of more complete agricultural information. On these subjects the effect of the resolutions is rather to encourage the work already in progress through the Institute of Agriculture and other institutions than to initiate new developments.

The Report concludes with five resolutions of a more general character. Of these we may note two as of special interest. The participation of members of all the countries present (who, of course, included Russia) is regarded as a happy augury for a pacific commercial co-operation of all nations 'irrespective of differences in their economic systems.' And finally we may quote a resolution of permanent interest, the importance of which is strongly emphasised in the President's survey. The Conference, 'recognising that the maintenance of world peace depends largely upon the principles on which the economic policies of nations are framed and executed, recommends that the Governments and peoples of the countries here represented should together give continuous attention to this aspect of the economic problem, and looks forward to the establishment of recognised principles designed to eliminate those economic difficulties which cause friction and misunderstanding.' The principles are not stated. Their definition and acceptance are obviously the work of many years. But the future peace of the world probably depends upon the extent to which it proves possible to build on this foundation: to devise and apply a set of restraining principles which will restrict the uncontrolled action of individual States in applying economic policies which react disastrously upon the interests of other countries.

V

Here, then, is the most authoritative advice that is available to the world as to the direction in which the general interest requires that economic policy should be changed. We come to the most critical and crucial question of all. How is practical effect to be secured to the recommendations and what are the prospects of success? The Conference was authoritative, but

not official; its advice has great influence, but no binding force. At every important stage the action of individual sovereign States is needed. It is clear, therefore, that the future results depend upon those who within each country, whether acting individually or through organisations, can move their Governments to adopt and apply the advice of the Conference. Some Governments have already declared their intention to do so, but many more must follow, and give effect to their declarations, before we can be sure that the Conference will mark, as its members declared unanimously that they desired, the 'beginning of a new era.' International organisations—the International Chamber of Commerce and the League itself—can do something to mobilise the forces and gather the harvest. But the main burden must fall upon those who in each country desire reform of the kind the Conference advises, and are willing to work to secure it. What the Conference gives them is a basis of international authority and the consciousness of world-wide support and sympathy.

The obstacles ahead are obvious and formidable. Every trade barrier has a vested interest to defend it; and every vested interest means political influence. At the same time the considerations which encourage hope are also powerful. The composition of the Conference which has given this unanimous advice is of the utmost importance and significance. It included every shade of responsible opinion from every quarter of the globe. The members were appointed by Governments, and their collective advice can scarcely be disregarded. It is true that the advice implies a radical change in existing policies, but so did that of the Brussels Financial Conference and the Dawes Committee. In both these instances the members were appointed on the same principle, and in both their essential task was to recommend, not what was at the moment in accordance with the wishes of the appointing Governments, but what the Governments could be induced to accept under the pressure of a collective report by experts appointed by themselves. In both cases success followed, though in the first case it was several years before the result was certain. Moreover, the Economic Conference revealed, in much greater strength than had been expected, the existence of a widespread feeling in many countries that the process of increasing the impediments to international trade had gone too far and must be stopped. The revelation, expression, and consolidation of such an existing force is likely to be more effective than any initiation of a new movement, not rooted in an already existing demand, could possibly be.

Another consideration tends to the same conclusion. The Conference showed clearly and strikingly that the worst abuses

which they condemned had resulted from causes which have now largely disappeared or are diminishing.'

And, lastly, we may remark that no opinion as to the chances of success can be so authoritative as that of the members of the Conference itself. No body of people could better understand the difficulties. But it is impossible, as we read the actual phrasing of the resolutions in which they record their advice and their wishes, not to feel that 'the unanimous desire' that the Conference will 'mark the beginning of a new era' is not only a desire but a confident hope.

ARTHUR SALTER

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THE REFORMS AND THE INDIAN ARMY

THE introduction of the Reforms into India has stirred up all kinds of unexpected problems of which no one took any account at the time of the inception of the proposals. There are many who, while not at all out of sympathy with the general principles involved, regret that proposals of such magnitude should have been rushed through while the war was still on and during the first year after, at a time when men's minds were full of hundreds of other questions. The Montagu-Chelmsford Report itself shows that its authors felt the necessity of guarding against future dangers inherent in their scheme, and possibly thought they had done so effectively. Thus Lord Curzon, in introducing the Reform Bill into the House of Lords, laid down four principles—that there should be no lowering of the standards of the Indian Civil Service, that the authority of the Central Government must not be impaired, that nothing should be done to weaken the British Raj to the multitudes, and that nothing should be done to encourage the belief that India can cut adrift by herself. Since then other politicians have shown that they never intended that any harm should result either to India or to the British Empire. Mr. Lloyd George has spoken of the 'steel frame' of the Indian Civil Service, and Lord Winterton of the very necessary 'third party,' the British soldier, while Lord Birkenhead has explained how essential and how much desired by all is the British connexion with India. Such expressions sound extremely well in British ears, but it is impossible to ignore the fact that certain other words which have been stressed in connexion with the Reforms carry quite different meanings to Indian minds and in plain reality.

The word 'Swaraj,' which has been used by some well-meaning personages, does not actually connote Indian self-government, but Hindu self-government, and those who made most play with the word in the land of its birth had no desire whatever for a democracy. They wished for the establishment of Hindu rule, firmly based, as of old, on the caste system, with Khatri kings, guided by Brahman priestly advisers, ruling over the other functional groups, all of whom would be kept properly

in their places on non-democratic lines. Even the comparatively young and militant sect of the Arya Samaj, which tends towards some reduction in the number of castes and to the uplifting of the untouchables, has in its religious book, the *Satyarth Parkash*, the definite claim that India should be ruled by a Hindu king who, with his Ministers, must be versed in the Vedas.

If, however, Swaraj does not suggest democratic self-government, the words 'responsible government' can carry no other meaning. The announcement of August 1917 stated the policy of gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realisation of responsible self-government in India. Responsible government clearly denotes government on the approved Western lines of counting heads—the rule of a democracy. We have in Great Britain, after centuries of struggle and thought, worked out, though only comparatively recently, that the right method of carrying on the administration is one by which every adult person in the country can have his say by means of the vote. Naturally it seemed to the originators of the Reform scheme that what must be good for us must be good for other people. Moreover, those Indians who asked for an advance are educated in English on the lines of Western thought. Indeed, the various races in India are so numerous, and the area of the country is so vast, that it is only the alien language (English) and the Western method of education which enable the limited number of the intelligentsia in each place to communicate with each other. It therefore seemed reasonable that, if there was to be a change in the Constitution of India, it should be on the lines of Western democracy. Nevertheless, a little more forethought at the time might perhaps have resulted in modifications more adjusted to the country into which the scheme was being introduced.

The late Mr. Montagu prided himself on his 'profession of politician,' and certainly as a politician he was most adroit. The situation was so skilfully manœuvred that all political parties were put in the position of having approved of the Reforms in the form in which they were issued. Although this fact must be faced, it should not prevent a study of the events which have happened since the Reforms were introduced and of the logical consequences which are likely to follow in the future, and it should not discourage consideration of the right method of bringing in improvements. Apart from a great show of anti-British hate which signalled India's welcome of the generous boon, the first and most natural result of the new proposals to start an Indian democracy was the violent outbreak of hostility all over the country between Mahomedans and Hindus. From the Malabar country, where the casualty list ran into thousands, to Calcutta

(the second city in the British Empire), where, besides other outbreaks, almost continual conflict went on under the eyes of authority throughout the month of April 1926, down to numerous towns and villages all over India, the old antagonism between monotheist and polytheist, idolater and iconoclast, broke out. It has since been stayed to some extent by such strength as still remains in the Administration, but certain facts have become patent. Any scheme for democratic self-government must, of course, be worked on a basis of counting heads, and since Hindus are three times as numerous as Mahomedans, their votes must prevail in the new democracy. The believers in Islam, who for centuries before the arrival of the British provided the rulers over India, naturally do not welcome the prospect of being thrown into the background.

Then, again, it is essential to realise that, whatever a few men educated at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge may protest, the Hindus do not really desire democracy or the suggestion of a unified India. They themselves have always preferred disunion to unity. Not content with the fourfold division of Brahman, Kshatriya, Vaish and Sudra prescribed by their ancient lawgiver, Manu, they have reduced society to a medley of groups, mainly functional, and are always ready on any excuse to add one more to the ten thousand fractions into which they have deliberately divided themselves. A democracy connotes a nation among the members of which there is no real bar to social intercourse of every kind. It will be difficult to create one out of a heterogeneous collection of castes and sub-castes, which, by the desire of the Hindu himself, are prevented from intermarriage, inter-dining, or even entering the same street as each other. Those who hear persons using the English language and uttering the shibboleths of the West may be induced to believe that the Hindu barriers of caste will gradually be abolished, but the pace of the past does not suggest that such a result will be obtained within a thousand years. Democracy indeed, if really established, must mean the break-up of Hinduism itself as a social structure. Of course, if any force as devastating as Bolshevism were to sweep down on India, Hinduism might disappear amidst shambles of slaughter of the Brahmans and other high castes, but it is improbable that those who proposed the Reforms had in their minds the disappearance of the Hindus from India. Indeed, at the time of the framing of the Reforms no one quite realised in what directions they would lead. The Hindus who started the ferment which led to the changes have probably not given much attention to the matter. Some started a hot opposition on other lines, while others were content to have their share in the additional appointments that have been created.

Those who have studied the question at all probably have, in their heart of hearts, the idea that, once the coast is clear of British influence, they will be able to re-establish a Hindu monarchy with Ministers either Brahmans or versed in the Vedas. The Mahomedan view of the subject is probably unchanged from that depicted by Kipling forty years ago in his *One View of the Question*: 'When the favour and wisdom of the English allows us yet a little larger share in the burden and the reward, the Mussulman will deal with the Hindu.'

Each of the topics touched upon above is very grave and requires deep consideration, but the pressing need of the moment appears to be the study of the effect of the Reforms and of the factors mentioned on the Indian Army. Till now the British Government has held itself responsible for the protection of the India which it rescued from chaos and internecine strife, and has done so by a small force of 60,000 British soldiers as a backing to 160,000 Indian regulars. Finance has always been an important factor in the size of the Indian Army, which has been cut down to the smallest possible extent in order to lessen the cost. For this reason, military authorities responsible for the manning of the force have most naturally sought out the best material available, and have recruited the Army from a limited number of picked fighting races. Experience has shown that Gurkhas, Pathans, Punjab Mahomedans and Sikhs, Jats and Rajputs of Northern and Central India, Mahrattas of certain areas, and a few other tribes, all possess the spirit that makes for excellent soldiers, and that the characteristics of *élan* in the hour of victory, steadiness under fire and imperturbability in the hour of defeat possessed by the different types are complementary to each other. A total of 160,000 is but a small one to find. The Gurkhas come from a friendly State which is outside India proper, and the rest are chosen from one-tenth of the innumerable tribes of India. The small Punjab produces nearly three-fifths of the regular Army when those obtained from Nepal have been omitted.

The population of India being nearly 320,000,000, and the Army being recruited from one-tenth of the tribes which compose that population, it is clear that hundreds of millions of the people have nothing to do with the military force which protects them. The climate has been held responsible for the lack of soldierly inclination in the average Indian, and its effect in the damp areas is undoubtedly marked, but in the main the Hindu caste system is at fault. As the Hindus have broken up their society into such thousands of functional groups, millions are born, grow up and die with the idea that soldiering has nothing to do with their duty to the nation. It must also be added that mere conversion to Mahomedanism of people who have held Hindu traditions for

centuries is powerless to create in them a martial spirit. At any rate, the position is that, while the small Punjab province with its population of only 24,000,000 produces the majority of the Army, Bengal with 48,000,000, Bihar and Orissa with 38,000,000, and the Central Provinces with 16,000,000 are practically not represented at all. During the war the soldiers recruited in India totalled ultimately 680,000 men, but these were obtained in the main by heavy demands on the old fighting castes. A few extra tribes living in the same neighbourhood as the original martial stock were brought into the net, but as the war stopped before they had been well tried out, and financial considerations led to ruthless cutting down of the strength, they have practically all disappeared again from the ranks.

To sum up, the Indian Army up to the present moment is a very picked body of men, selected mainly from the Punjab, Nepal, and other special areas of recruitment. This, under the conditions of the past, would obviously be in accordance with sound policy, because if India can afford only a small Army it must be composed of the very best material. But the Reforms connote the ultimate establishment of democracy, and one of the first steps towards democratic self-government must necessarily be democratic self-defence. This sounds a platitude too patent to require stating in a country like Great Britain, where members of every class can be relied upon to play their part in time of need. But, as we have pointed out, it is an idea entirely alien from the minds of millions of Indians. However, the right of all classes to share in the protection of their country has been recognised in the Skeen Committee's Report on the Indianisation of the Officers' Rank in the Indian Army. It is proposed that in future entrance to the Military College to be established in India should be by competitive examination, and that no preference should be given to any particular class or community. The obvious argument in favour of this is that, when Indians of all classes can enter the other departments of Government activities, it is reasonable that the Indianisation of the officers' ranks of the Indian Army should not be limited to any favoured sections of the community, and, conversely, that all educated men who desire to serve as officers should have a right to do so. Those Englishmen who have had anything to do with the old type of the Indian Army will naturally be aghast at the possibilities which emerge from the Skeen Committee's proposals, for they would lead to a situation in which an unwarlike Bengali could be in command of Pathans and a similar peace-loving Madrassi could be called upon to lead a company of Sikhs. But if the very possibility of such an occurrence would throw experienced British officers into a state of hopeless bewilderment, this would be as nothing to

the consternation which such a condition of affairs would cause in the ranks of the Indian soldiers themselves. Under existing arrangements the utmost care is taken that the Indian officers holding the Viceroy's commission, and working under the supervision of British officers, should be of the same class as the men of the company which they command. A regiment may have within it three or four different tribes or castes; but a Pathan must command a Pathan company, a Sikh a Sikh, and a Dogra a Dogra. Immense jealousy and heartburning would be created if a Pathan were to be given the command of a Sikh company. If this is the state of feeling among the soldiers with regard to other members of the fighting castes, the horror that would be aroused by the appointment of a man of a non-military caste to hold a King's commission on the same level as the British officers may readily be imagined. In fact, to the Army of the present day, the idea is too fantastic to be conceivable. Nevertheless, the proposal is the logical outcome of the Reforms, both as a first step towards self-defence by all and as a parallel to the Indianisation of the Civil Services of India.

The future must be faced if logic is to have its way. If a share is to be taken by the non-martial races in the officering of the Army, it follows in necessary sequence that all classes and all provinces of India should take their share in the defence of their native land, and this will also be in accordance with the true principles of democratic self-defence. On a basis proportionate to the population, out of every 320 soldiers in the Indian Army 48 should be representative of Bengal, 38 of Bihar and Orissa, and 16 of the Central Provinces, although such provinces at present supply not a single man. On the other hand, the martial Punjab, which now produces more than 150, should only contribute 24. It should be added that the Gurkhas from the friendly non-Indian State of Nepal should find no place in the democratic Indian Army of the future.

As long as the attitude of the British remained that, under Providence, to them had fallen the duty of administering the country and of ensuring the progress and prosperity of the conglomeration of races, tribes, and religions entrusted to their charge, so long the military authorities must be considered to have worked well in constructing a cheap Army out of the most virile races in the country. But with the institution of the Reforms, which aim at the progressive realisation of responsible self-government, conditions must inevitably change. When the Hindu and Mahomedan throughout India coalesce, as we are led to believe they will, to form a united democratic Government, the existing provinces should join together to make up a commonwealth of nations. Each of such democratic nations has full right

to expect that the others will take their fair share in self-defence as in other matters. The position can best be studied from the point of view of the Punjab, which now provides so much of the fighting force. During the British *régime* Punjabis have joined up in the Army because they have found the profession a paying concern, well managed under British officers on lines which suit their temperament, and consequently from this province a large quota of fighting men has been forthcoming. When, however, in consonance with the Reforms, self-defence is a matter for all India to bear, it is doubtful whether the Punjab will be prepared to produce more than its share of men, especially if the officers' rank is manned, according to the true principles of democracy, by men of all classes who can pass the necessary examination. At present the Army is directed into action when necessary by the Imperial Power. When by progressive steps responsible government is fully realised, the power to move the military forces must lie in the hands of the Indian democracy. When this is the case the Punjab may well object to send its manhood to war upon instructions issued by a majority whose own people will not have to do any fighting. Those who are true democrats in the rest of India should concede the principle of equal representation in the defence force of India.

There is one aspect of this problem which has already shown itself to some extent in the somewhat limited Parliament of India to-day. When the grant of votes for women was first proposed in Great Britain many people resisted the idea because they thought that such votes might be cast in the wrong direction in the time of military emergency, but they forgot that as every member of the British nation, from prince to peasant, duke to dustman, is a potential soldier, the women must be imbued with the ideas of their male relatives. In India, however, we have introduced democracy into a land which has no natural conception of the necessity for universal service. The system of dividing the country by the desire of the Hindus into thousands of functional groups has debarred hundreds of millions of people from having anything to do with the Army throughout the ages. Included among the latter are the priestly, mercantile, and professional classes, from whom the politicians are mainly drawn. Naturally people who have never had anything to do with war must become puzzled when the burden of deciding Army problems is thrown upon them. Unlike the women of Great Britain, no relation of theirs and no ancestor for centuries back has had anything to do with the military. Consequently there have already been cases in the Legislative Assembly of solid voting to cut away the whole budget for the Army Department. This department, although technically outside the Army proper and

funds to be voted upon, is of vital importance to its organisation. Again, though the Army Estimates as a whole are non-votable, there is constant grumbling as to the amount which must be spent. A sheltered people who have always been protected by others in the past can hardly take in the need of expenditure for their own protection. It is not fair to scoff at their desire to spend all the money they could save from the Army on education and the like, for they have had no training in self-defence. It is equally unkind to laugh when one of the greatest Hindu leaders puts down solemnly in writing that the North-West Frontier problem could easily be solved by sending preachers to give good advice to the wild tribes.

Still, it is easy to understand the dilemma into which the Punjab will be put when the Reforms have marched to their final *dénouement*. Bengal, Bihar and Orissa, and the Central Provinces have never produced soldiers in the past, and the other provinces of India have not been in the habit of finding their full quota. If the Punjab adheres to its rights and contents itself with producing only 24 fighting men out of every 320 in the force, it may find that in the day of danger there are large gaps in the firing line. On the other hand, if it comes to some agreement with the other provinces and finds the main body of the Army in exchange for other concessions, there may still be difficulties if the Indian Parliament and Cabinet in general charge of affairs are principally composed of advocates of peace skilled for generations in talking. The Punjab is now wealthy, and its fat canal-irrigated land lies in the direct road of possible invaders. Will it be content to let its property pass into the hands of alien enemies while the patriotic citizens of the great Indian nation are flooding themselves with the outpouring of words ?

There are, however, non-Punjab politicians who genuinely believe that other Indians could take their part as soldiers if properly trained for the purpose. Some, indeed, go as far as to accuse the British of the deliberate emasculation of the majority of Indians by preventing them having a training in the art of war. In their belief the Bengali, Bihari, and Uriya, if sufficient opportunity were given, could, by virtue of their superior education, become more than a match for the Sikh, the Pathan, and the Dogra. It would be a good thing for the India of the future if their dreams could come true, but the Hindus' own rules of caste, not any action of the British, have prevented the teeming millions of Eastern India from taking part in the arts of war during the past centuries. It must always seem surprising that quite small armies from outside, those of Alexander, the French, the Portuguese, the raiders from the North-West, Babar, Nadir Shah and others, were able to achieve wonderful

feats despite the numerical superiority of the Indians. The reason has always been the same. The mass of the people considered that fighting was none of their business. Sir Denison Ross has recently examined an old history of the Gujrat dynasty and has shown that in the army of the Sultan were included Abyssinians, Turks, Afghans, Moghals, Ghuris, and many other classes of adventurers, but practically no Indians. In fact, the armies which fought each other for the possession of that part of India were composed entirely of mercenaries. It can therefore be readily understood that the task of building up a dominion Army in India, representative, as armies of other Dominions are, of all classes of the people, will be difficult owing to the absence of suitable material in so many areas. If the attempt is made according to the desire of some Indian politicians and the true principles of democracy, the result can only be looked forward to with the gravest apprehension

It will of course be argued that the whole picture that has been drawn is fanciful and that foreign politics and army matters are expressedly reserved to the British suzerain Power. The safeguards of the 'Steel Frame' and the 'third party,' the essential British connexion, are expected always to remain and always to do their work as correctives to any mistakes that may be made as India progresses onwards. However, there is no getting away from the facts. A policy has been announced of the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realisation of responsible government in India. This means that a start has been made towards the establishment of the rule of an Indian democracy, and those responsible for the inception of an idea must allow it to move forward towards its logical conclusion unless the country appears to be heading towards disaster. It is only in the initial stages that safeguards can be applied. When responsible government really reaches the stage of full development, it will be impossible to hedge in the Indian Parliament with restrictions. Moreover, even at the present moment, it is possible for the Legislative Assembly to refuse the Army Department vote *in toto*. Such wholesale absurdity can be cancelled by the Viceroy's power of veto, but it would not be dignified nor politic for him to use his special power of certification constantly over seeming trifles. Thus in lesser matters those who have the power of the vote and much of the power of the purse can bring about many minor results, the cumulative effect of which will be great.

We are now beginning to have some conception of matters which did not claim consideration in August 1917 owing to the world-wide preoccupations which then absorbed men's attentions, and facts must be faced, however unpleasant and contrary to

the line of thought which met with general acceptance in those days. If the Reforms and the democratic suggestion of the all-importance of the count of heads stir up strife between Hindu and Mahomedan, this problem must be tackled with a view to the reduction of internecine bloodshed. If there is a probability that the new proposals may lead to the disruption of Hindu society as we at present know it, not only must the Hindus, attacked as they are likely to be in the lower classes by the two missionary religions of Christianity and Islam, prepare for their own reorganisation in advance, but the resultant changes must be thoughtfully anticipated by the British. And if the establishment of responsible government must mean automatically the dissolution of the present Indian Army and the substitution of a makeshift not equally prepared for war, we must not blind ourselves to the possibilities of threatened danger of invasion of the country. If on the other hand the possible disasters could be averted by a reasonable alteration of the terminology of August 1917, it would be better to face any storms that may be aroused among the politicians rather than allow matters to march towards the inevitable catastrophe of their logical conclusion.

AUBREY O'BRIEN.

COMMUNISM IN INDIA

THE situation in China is, as usual, obscure. The revolt against Communism, which at first seemed to herald the return to sanity and the *rapprochement* of North and South to form a real national Government, seems to be taking on the complexion of an individual struggle for power between three parties instead of two, represented respectively by Chang Tso-lin, Chiang Kai-shek, and Borodin, as the driving force of the Communist Party. The prognostications of to-day may be, and frequently are, falsified by the events of to-morrow. A party which hoists the red flag enthusiastically one day and tears it down as enthusiastically the next may with equal fervour hoist it again on the third. Nevertheless, the signs are favourable. The Chinese, like the horse in the fable, called in the foreigner to help them in their anti-foreign campaign, and they seem to be realising that to put themselves into subjection to Russia is to court worse evils than those which they imagine themselves to have endured. The Russian contemplates the mastery of the East, not indeed by territorial aggrandisement, but by tightening the grip upon the whole Oriental polity and thereby reducing the Asiatic continent to Bolshevist domination. No one can doubt, after the perfectly frank utterances of the Russian inspired Press, that the main object is to compass the destruction of England, and that, whatever may be the goal of the Chinese, China itself is to Stalin, Rykoff, and their associates only a tool to be used against the arch-enemy; that, like the expedition to Gallipoli, the Chinese enterprise is intended to be a flank attack on the Western front.

But if Communism is failing in China—and surely it must fail if the Chinese are true to themselves and their traditions and are not permanently blinded by the wave of fanaticism which seems to have overwhelmed them—it is perfectly certain that Bolshevism will not rest content with its defeat. That is not its way. If Bolshevism has any virtues they are a dogged perseverance in the cause and a pathetic confidence in the justice of it. To fail in one direction is the sure forerunner of an intensified effort in another, and in looking round the continent of Asia no country seems to offer so profitable a field as India.

Superficially there are many reasons for this. Although England might be attacked in Irak and Palestine, these are not parts of the British Empire; though she has interests in Persia and influence in Arabia, a Soviet blow there would only damage but could not seriously cripple. The French in Indo-China have firmly set their face against nationalism or any form of self-government, and an attack upon them could only be regarded as a preparation for the more serious attack upon Great Britain. Afghanistan is of small account as a substantive objective; all that could be accomplished there would simply be paving the way for activity in India. Finally, the populations of all these places are too small and their organisation too primitive to produce the desired effect. The populations of India and China make up about seven-tenths of the total population of Asia. If the attempt to dominate the larger part of this total is doomed to failure, obviously the most attractive field is the slightly smaller part.

That is to view the subject from the point of view of numbers alone. An Indian is reported to have said lately:

> India is an Asiatic country with many points of similarity to China. It has a population nearly as large, it has a civilisation of its own equally ancient, and it has suffered in the same way as China, to a much greater degree, at the hands of British Imperialism. Both of these have experienced massacres and reigns of terror at the hands of British armies or British subsidised mandarins and maharajas; both of them have experienced the grinding grain of British financial and industrial exploitation. India is simply one huge Asiatic concession, won by crime, maintained by force, and exploited for profit.

That is the authentic voice of Moscow. That it is not supported by logic and is manifestly untrue matters little; that is characteristic of much Communist literature. But it does not go nearly far enough. The Bolsheviks have from their point of view a much better case in India than in China. If the actual poverty of the Indian masses does not reach the depths of Chinese misery, there are, we are constantly being told, millions who are always hungry, and there are, too, the fifty million outcastes whose wrongs are for ever being trumpeted by Western-thinking philanthropists, and who are being incessantly urged to rouse themselves from their 'pathetic contentment'; to inflame the masses is one of the avowed and one of the first objects of Communism. Moreover, it is only by a species of self-deception that the Communist can represent China as exploited by British 'Imperialism'; the most ingenious sophistry cannot compass the proof that the Chinese Government is British or foreign or that the vast masses of the Chinese are affected by the inroads of the West. Britain is everywhere in India; even though a large area is ruled

by Indian princes, it is not difficult to represent that whatever ills there may be in the States are due to the subservience of the rulers to the Government of India, whose methods, either from choice or constraint, they follow. It is a common charge, moreover, that these same princes are an antiquated survival, which owes its continuance to the British, and who, without their support, would go the way of other potentates. The theory advanced by such men as Everard Digby, Dadabhai Naoroji, and Romesh Chandra Dutt, that the poverty of the Indian masses is due to the British exploitation of the country, is still held by many in India in varying forms and degrees, and it constitutes convenient and specious material on which to work. India, too, possesses the great advantage, from the Communist point of view, of being only British. This makes concentration possible. In China Britain is only *primus inter pares*, and very delicate handling is needed to avoid embroiling Soviet Russia with other Powers, especially Japan, with whom for other reasons she is not yet ready to pick a quarrel. Finally, the Hindus and Mussulmans are in a state of tension—whether from political causes or not; they are ready at any time and at any place to break out into open conflict, and if their quarrel is political so much the better; there is one stick the more with which to beat the British. He who wishes to fish in troubled waters is not particular as to the means whereby the disturbance has come about; it is enough for him that the water is troubled, and if it be skilfully used great results may follow.

But above and beyond these points of detail rises the principle of nationalism, which has laid so firm a hold on all classes of the intelligentsia in India. It must be distinguished at the outset from nationality, for that is an ethnological conception, composed of many factors, and opinion as to its existence in any given country depends partly upon agreement as to those factors and partly upon the relative value to be attached to them. Nationalism, on the other hand, is a political concept which seems to connote an 'inferiority complex.' The Nationalist by his very name implies that there is as yet no nation, but that he is striving to make one or to obtain recognition for his country as such. It is true that there are exceptions to this rule; though no one speaks of an English or French nationalist, and although, since Ireland has obtained the recognition she sought, the name has fallen out of use, there is still a Nationalist Party in Germany, where, however, the name would seem to be an extension of the principle of recognition of unity to that of the prevention of disintegration. In the East, at any rate, it belongs exclusively to those peoples who, whatever their motives and methods may be, are striving to assert their independence of foreign control. That, of course, is enough for the Bolshevik. Imperialism and

capitalism, whatever he means by these terms, are to him two separate enemies, each the chief opponent in the two main branches of his campaign. So far he has devoted all his energies in the East to the destruction of the former; the latter is only called indirectly in aid by enlisting the masses, the proletariat, on the side of disorder and anarchy, the general atmosphere which he desires to create. It is therefore his business to inflame this movement of nationalism and to exploit to the best possible advantage the feeling of inferiority which is inherent in it.

Now it is obvious that, setting aside the general attitude of two peoples to one another, this sense of superiority can largely be discounted by removing the outward manifestations of it. In China, where the native Chinese are sovereign throughout the country with minute exceptions, it is the existence of these exceptions and of the 'unequal treaties' which has been fixed upon as insulting to the national self-respect, and the clamour for their removal betrays the 'inferiority complex' latent in the mind, even though the Chinese individual may still loudly assert his pre-eminence in the civilised world. The reasons why these grievances cannot at once be redressed are well known, and in any case are not relevant here. But the Bolshevik astutely seized upon them and has been exploiting them, as he has himself naïvely confessed, for his own purposes. In India the sense of inferiority is gradually being removed both by the freer admission of Indians into the higher ranks of Government service and also by the association of the unofficial element in the affairs of State. It is true that the franchise is as yet restricted, but the franchise is a bogey to scare children with, and it is more than doubtful whether thoughtful Indians regard it as anything else. They would, if the question were fairly and squarely put, not only deprecate but vehemently denounce any measure which was calculated to put the uneducated masses into a position of real power, although so long as democracy of some sort is an ideal—and that it must be to the educated middle classes who owe their present predominance entirely to it—some kind of franchise will continue to be necessary. Of still greater importance, however, is the gradual opening up of new careers, in engineering, in finance, in trade, and in medicine, the want of which has hitherto led to much discontent and has been the cause of much unmerited reproach against a literary education. As the causes of discontent diminish, so also will the sense of inferiority; but it must not be supposed that this means the disappearance of nationalism, for that as a political principle, begun by the eclectic few and maintained spasmodically by the fiery apostles of revolution, has broadened its base until it has become the settled creed of all political parties. The succour of the oppressed or enslaved

nations is the Bolshevik's first step towards the establishment of the world revolution. To him it is only the first step; the leaders, whoever they may be, are to be used, as Chiang Kai-shek was used, cynically as tools to be discarded when the real campaign of Bolshevism opens, and the power is to be given to the masses under the guidance, and no doubt complete control, of Moscow. Clearly, then, it is now or never. Nationalist grievances must be exploited as long as there is anything to exploit; fiery and immature youths must be enlisted, and if need be sacrificed, in order that Moscow may obtain a firm footing within the country. If the fire dies down and becomes a pitiful ember, there will be no second chance.

We may therefore expect an intensive campaign in India when that in China is ended either by the complete success or the complete failure of Russia, but especially in the event of complete failure, because in the other case her hands will be full in consolidating her power and in organising the next stages; and at present the signs point towards failure. It is of course exceedingly unlikely that she will succeed any better in India. Though she is preparing the ground in Afghanistan, and may manage to some extent to evade the vigilance of the Government of India, she will not find it easy to persuade the astute leaders of Indian thought that her yoke is to be preferred to the British; they would much prefer to work out their own salvation than welcome a deliverer bearing such Greek gifts. And if by some peculiar chance—and we ought not to forget that the Punjab lies nearest to Afghanistan—Communism should gain sufficient footing to encourage hopes of further successes, if, that is to say, they should storm the Siegfried line of the Indian Constitution, they will find confronting them the more formidable Hindenburg line of religion and caste and the social institutions of the country. The two greatest of the revolutions, the French and the Russian, have been conspicuous for their war against religion; in place of God the one set up the Goddess of Reason, the other the God of the Machine. But the Indian does not care a brass farthing for the machine; it may be said that India has been recognised as one of the great industrial countries of the world and that her industries are making great strides, but the plain fact is not merely that, as we are so often reminded, the Indian ryots form some four-fifths or more of the whole population, but that the heart of India is not industrial, and, if the gods are gracious, never will be. On the other hand, nearly all Indians are passionately attached to their religion; the notorious devotion of Islam to the Prophet and his teachings is only equalled by the devotion of the Vaishnative to Krishna and of the Saivite to Siva (or Mahadeva). Only those who have seen the great gatherings at Hardwar or

Nasik, at Benares or Danushkodi, where Rama landed after the conquest of Lanka, or have been present at one of the great car festivals can have any adequate idea of the intense veneration of the Hindu for the god of his creed. Nor are those more enlightened minds who prefer the esoteric doctrines of Hindu philosophy less convinced of its supreme importance and its supreme truth. There may be a residue among the younger members of a species of atheism, born of their Western education and its complete divorce from religious influences, but these are numerically insignificant; and it may be confidently predicted that when they reach riper years and have put away the vanity of youth and its enthusiasms they will revert to the creed of their forefathers.

Nor are the pariahs less attached to the particular kind of superstition which they call their religion. They no doubt have most to gain by a real proletariat revolution—not that they desire to have or could possibly use political power, but because, like their brethren the Chinese coolies, they might see immediate and individual advantage. The lure of material gain might induce them to relax, if not to abandon, their religious practices for a time, though it is extremely unlikely that this would last long. For religion is so intimately bound up with social life that to cast it to the winds is in effect to consent to a social revolution of an unprecedented type. It involves not only the destruction of temple worship and the adoration of the gods, both of which, as in Western countries, might be abandoned without cataclysmic results to society, but the uprooting of deep-seated traditions and beliefs. The object of marriage, itself consecrated by a solemn and elaborate ceremony, is to obtain a son who shall become responsible for the welfare of his father's soul; the object of adoption is to supply the boon denied by Nature. Pilgrimages would cease to exist, for obviously, with the disappearance of religious sanctity, Abana and Pharphar would be as serviceable as Jordan. There would be no meaning in the philosophic doctrines of Karma or justification by works and in *samsara* or transmigration, leading eventually to salvation. Yet it is on these and on similar institutions and beliefs that the whole structure of Hindu society rests, and especially, of course, upon caste.

It is true that if you could really destroy religion, and with it the authority of the Vedas and Upanishads, you would automatically destroy the foundations of caste. But it is one thing to abolish the logical reasons on which an institution rests and quite another to take away the privileges which have grown out of it. Some ardent Englishmen and some equally ardent Indian reformers seem to think that because a few of the extrinsic trappings of caste are yielding to the pressure of modern social

conditions, the institution itself is weakening. That is, to say the least of it, a very optimistic view. In the south, where caste is strongest, any attempt by one caste to usurp the privileges of another higher in the scale is most strongly resisted ; the efforts of the would-be reformers to introduce widow remarriage or to champion the rights of outcastes have so far met with very slight response, and in addition to these socio-religious considerations it should not be forgotten that the educated middle class, of which such men as Gokhale, Tilak, Surendranath Banerjee, and Srinivasa Sastri are types, are only now beginning to reap the fruits of a long battle and a long apprenticeship. Caste, both in the Indian as well as in the Western sense, is still the strongest force in India, and Communism, apart from its specious nationalist side, is the very negation of caste. Though the generalisation is becoming less and less accurate, caste follows the line of occupation, and it is this idea which so often proves an obstacle to a successful career, since manual labour, at times so indispensable to sound knowledge, is considered derogatory to the literary castes. To reduce every occupation to a dead level, to throw them all open indiscriminately to everyone so that the weaver's son may become a fisherman and the toddy drawer a carpenter, would, in the beginning at least, amount to an economic revolution, to the great detriment of indigenous handicrafts and to the eventual disappearance of some. It may be objected that this kind of revolution is going on even now in the establishment of factories and in the rise of power industries. The objection is not valid. For the greater number of those who are attracted to the cities are landless coolies, who do not adopt factory work as a profession, but drift back to the villages when there is work in the fields and who go wherever wages are to be had. Much is made of the industrial advance of India, but the factory population is only a very small fraction of the whole.

From all this it would appear that Communism in its wider aspects has very little chance of obtaining a foothold in India. That conclusion is sound when we are considering ultimate results. India is perhaps of all countries in the world the least likely to adopt the revolutionary creed of the Communists. But this ultimate result will not deter the enthusiasts of Moscow from attempts, all the more if they are imperfectly instructed in Indian psychology. The Indian himself is a great enthusiast ; theories make a special appeal to him, and he does not, particularly in the ardour of youth, always discriminate between the true and the false arguments, nor see clearly and definitely where the theory is leading him. The abolition of poverty, the obliteration of caste distinctions, the promise of an earthly paradise, the destruction of imperialism, capitalism, and all the other catchwords that have

so specious a sounding, all these and more are held out to him as the theoretical goal which justifies violence and revolution, martyrdom and suffering. The victory of Japan over Russia sent a wave of enthusiasm through the country which saw only that an 'Asiatic' country had conquered a 'European,' and paused neither to discriminate between the nations of Asia nor to consider that in so far as climate goes to form national character Japan and India have grown up under very different conditions. We may be sure that the events in China are not passing unobserved in India. The foreigner, who has been held up to execration by Russian Bolshevism as the despoiler and oppressor of the Chinese, has suffered in prestige, and in spite of his struggles the nationalist forces have obtained the ascendancy and are slowly driving him into the sea. That is not how we should explain the situation, but that is how it would be made to appear to those whose wish is father to the thought, and those are the arguments which were used in India at the time when the revolutionary movements reached their zenith. False they may be, and to our thinking absurd, but that does not prevent others from believing them and welcoming them. That Communist activities are to be reckoned with in India is shown by the following extract from the official publication *India in 1925–26* :

> There has been constant evidence throughout the year of sustained efforts to disseminate propaganda designed to create a revolutionary spirit among the masses with the same ultimate object as before, namely, the overthrow of the entire existing social and political system. In one of the printed manifestos which he has had widely distributed in India, Roy disowned belief in the popular conception of revolution as a thing of bombs, revolvers and secret societies, . . . it is the rebellious masses alone which can bring about a great socio-political convulsion in India. Generally speaking, it would appear to be towards the spread of such doctrines among the Indian masses, more particularly the industrial workers, that the efforts of Roy and his employers have been chiefly directed.

And after specifying some of the efforts made, 'In all these directions there has been more activity than the immediate results would appear to repay'; but a society called the Indian Communist Party has been formed and an All-India Communist Conference has been held. The party has not had much success, however, and the conference was little better than a farce, 90 per cent. of the 500 delegates being illiterate peasants who probably had not the slightest idea of what was being discussed and were attracted, with the usual crowd psychology, by curiosity. That, however, is no reason for over-optimism. Communism is revolutionary in its principles, and a small minority working for revolution does not advertise its proceedings and proclaim its activities from the housetop. 'So far as is known,' says the report

significantly, 'the so-called Indian Communist Party has met with but little success in its bid for popular support.' What may be going on underground the Government of India in its official survey professes not to know, but it is quite certain that it possesses more information than it chooses to serve up for public consumption. The Criminal Investigation Department in India is a very efficient body, and it is hardly likely to stultify itself by announcing its methods and proclaiming its secrets to a curious public.

Now is the time. In the old Indian fable of the Flood a sprat implores the protection of the Hindu Noah; he grows and grows until neither lake nor river nor the Ganges itself can hold him, and only the wide ocean is sufficient for his gigantic bulk. Communism may be but a sprat now; that is the very reason why it is easier to deal with. 'Large crowds,' it is reported, 'attended the public meetings which Mr. Shapurji Saklatvala, the Communist M.P. for Battersea, addressed in Madras.' Communism was preached to great gatherings of working men, not, it is true, so much of the nationalist as of the class-war type, and though such orations are probably barely intelligible to the audience, who are in any case unorganised, they are calculated to disturb their minds and may easily lead to deplorable disturbances. It was proposed in Bombay that an address of welcome should be presented to this same orator, and Mr. Horniman, of *Bombay Chronicle* notoriety, declared roundly that he rose 'as one of the Anarchists and Bolsheviks to support this resolution.' It was lost by 47 votes to 31, but the heated nature of the debate and the figures of the minority show that it is a mistake to underestimate the strength of the movement. Strikes in mills, strikes in harbours, strikes on railways are all eloquent of the results of agitation on a people who are ordinarily docile and on the whole contented. The restlessness which is due to political demands to communal friction and to labour discontent can, and probably will, be turned to account by the Communist Party and exploited by Russia. It may be said that it is no use raising phantoms which it can be proved will never materialise, but just that sort of thing was said when the Indian population was being stirred by revolutionary speeches in 1907. Protests were made when Gandhi was at the height of his movement and defied the Government of India; but still the Government looked on and did nothing, with results still bitterly and vividly remembered. How many among the European population in China foresaw the conflagration that was to follow after the affair of May 1925 had kindled the fire? How many even of those who anticipated trouble would have predicted that missionaries and consuls, women and children, would be flying for their lives in conditions of insult and imminent peril and that Shanghai would be turned

into an armed camp? It is the fault of British Governments that they do not look far ahead, and it is especially the fault in the East, where, in spite of ample evidence of mob psychology, it is the fashion to smile in a superior way at the efforts of those who talk but do not act and to under-value the effect of words upon an Oriental audience. There never was any doubt of the ability of the Government of India to meet revolution in 1907; there never was any doubt that Gandhi's fantastic programme must eventually fail; there is equally no doubt that Communism in the accepted sense will never take deep root in Indian soil. But just as in 1907 action lagged behind until lives were lost and the country was in an uproar, just as Gandhi was allowed to pursue his campaign to the point of dislocation of the work of the State and of jeopardy to English prestige in India, so, if things are allowed to drift, Communism will raise its head, eventually to be put down, but not till after the loss of lives and the danger of anarchy.

Let India know what Communism means, what it has meant to Russia, to China, even to England. Let it be explained what is implied in the words Imperialism, Capitalism, and Self-determination, which are now so many parrot-cries, unintelligible to the vast majority and yet sufficient to rouse their enthusiasm or inflame their passion. Let the Communist who is seeking to subvert the social order be checked in his career. Let the Government of India show that it will not tolerate the vapourings of irresponsible orators and writers. The safety of the State and all that it implies to the people is surely worth more than tender sentiment for the freedom of speech; if rumour does not lie, that country has been most successful in dealing with Communism which boasts itself the freest in the world. It is a copybook phrase of military text-books that to under-estimate the enemy is to court disaster.

STANLEY RICE.

'GOOTI'

'A MIJILU man murdered a Gova woman,' so the story went. He apparently came across her gathering firewood in the bush not far distant from the rugged boulder-strewn hills, amongst which the beehive huts of the Gova people are clustered. No motive was given for the outrage, but as no good Mijilu man leaves his village without his battle-axe, perhaps he just did it for sport—to try his weapon ; or perhaps it was for some deeper reason—a blood feud or unrequited affection : who can tell ?

Now, Gova is a small clan of the Fali pagans, who dwell in the frontier hills of the Northern Cameroons. Their nearest neighbours are the much more numerous clan of the Mutchela pagans, on the fringe of these hills, who, after a small skirmish with the Administration, were yet in two minds whether to believe in the sincerity of the white man or to return to a declared hostility. At the time of which I write (1923) they had for the moment decided that discretion was the better part of valour ; but they could still be described as 'jumpy'—that is, nervous and suspicious—as shown by the fact that on the approach of a white man to their village the women, children, and older folk with one accord would beat a hasty retreat to the tops of their fastnesses, where they might be observed perched like tiny vultures watching ; while only the bulamas (headmen) and armed braves were in evidence for parley.

Some three hours' march north-east in a re-entrant of the hills towards the frontier, beyond the great ridge behind Gova, the Mijilu clan lives and has its being. There seems to be little mutual trust between these clans, in spite of their proximity, though individuals may communicate with each other. Each is sufficient unto itself ; the blood feud and inter-clan warfare still exist.

I had been sent up in the midst of the 'rains' to relieve the officer in charge of this division, who was due for leave. He, being a more experienced man than myself, and the trouble, such as it was, having arisen before my arrival, naturally wished to leave his house in order before handing over.

A complaint had come in from the Chief of Mutchela that

Gova had made a raid on one of their villages and carried off two youths, whom they were reported to have taken to a village further in the hills, not yet under control, with a view to selling them as slaves over the frontier.

The 'chima' (envoy), on being questioned further, admitted that it was not exactly a raid, but said that a Mijilu man had murdered a Gova woman (subsequently this turned out to have happened more than a year before, but of course the story was related as if it had happened the day before); that the men of Gova, having heard that a man from Mijilu (not the murderer, apparently) had gone on a visit to the Arnado Mutchela, chief of the clan, sent an armed deputation from Gova to wait on the Arnado Mutchela and demand that he should deliver up the Mijilu man to them that they might kill him, on the principle of a head for a head. This, the Arnado Mutchela refused to do, saying that the man was the guest [1] of his village. As his guest he could not deliver him to the Gova people, but it was no affair of his if they waylaid him on his return through the bush. This, according to the chima, they failed to do, so retaliated on Mutchela by kidnapping two youths at the first opportunity.

Soon after this I arrived to take over, and within a few days the district officer returned from touring another part of the division. He found out from the district chief, through one of his chimas, whose parents had been slaves raided from this clan in the days before the British occupation, that the ringleader of the kidnapping was one Burginga; he also knew in which of the small village groups of Gova the man lived. Now, if one wishes to arrest an alleged criminal, obviously it is no use warning the village beforehand of one's intended visit, or by the time one arrives the desired man would be across the frontier. In the fully administered areas such arrests would, except in peculiar circumstances, be made through the native authority, the village headman co-operating with the district chieftain in his executive capacity; but in areas not yet under proper control no such help can be looked for. A march by day would be useless, for warning of the white man's approach would reach the village hours before he did, and the bird, and possibly the whole village, would have flown. Since it was already known that the white man intended visiting the district shortly, and no doubt rumour of his return to divisional headquarters had already filtered through, there was nothing for it but a night march and to risk the effect it might produce on the village in general.

I lent the district officer my revolver, as I was to be horse-holder and keep a general eye on the situation from below. We

[1] It is a strange thing that among these primitive pagan people the ancient rules of hospitality and sanctity of envoys are generally adhered to, with very few cases of violation.

were accompanied by ten native police, an interpreter, the district chief with a few attendants, and the chima as guide. There is no need to describe the night march: it took us six hours altogether; there was no moon, and the 'going' was very bad, due to the fact that it was in the middle of the rains. We traversed marshes, slipped down embankments, forded a swift-flowing river, the water swirling up to our saddle flaps (no easy matter in the dark), until eventually we found ourselves just before dawn on the edge of an open park-like plain, at the foot of some rugged hills strewn with granite boulders. Quietly we dismounted under some scattered trees; the district officer with the corporal and six police mounted the hill and were guided by the chima to the particular unguwa. I posted flank guards and left one with the district chief and the horses; then the remaining policeman and myself took up positions on the lower slopes of the hill, whence we could get a general view of the situation and be ready to give assistance if necessary.

In the grey light of dawn the police surrounded the particular compound: two entered the hut within, where they found Burginga with another man asleep. Instantly he was on his feet. A huge, burly man, he tried to seize a weapon, but was frustrated; he closed, however, with the police and fought like a tiger, until a crack from the butt of a rifle either knocked sense into him or out of him, when he was secured. Meanwhile the other man slipped quietly away, but was seized by the cordon without, only to be released later.

Immediately the whole village was astir. Men with bows and arrows in their hands were making for the higher rocks, women were 'kururuwing' (a cry of alarm like a jodel) and slinking like spectres among the boulders. It soon became evident that they did not appreciate waking up to find armed police in their midst, and that they had no stomach to take a hand in the matter—in fact, their most fervent objective appeared to be the highest pinnacle. A few younger men could be seen flitting from boulder to boulder with their bows, but no actual attempt was made to 'jefa kibia' ('poop' off their arrows).

Burginga was brought down to the trees below, followed by his aged weeping mother and a few other relations. The buluma and elders of the clan were then summoned. The object of our visit and reason for the arrest, though no doubt well known to all, was explained and a general palaver held. Information as to where the youths were still detained was soon forthcoming, together with one or two witnesses. The district officer then informed them that Burginga would be taken to our headquarters for trial; in the meantime he would remain at Mutchela until the youths were released.

Within two or three hours of our arrival at Mutchela the missing boys turned up. We then, together with other witnesses from Mutchela, returned to our headquarters.

A few days later I tried the case, the principal witnesses being the two kidnapped youths and their father. The trial had to be conducted through the medium of four different languages (Fali, Fulani, Hausa, and sometimes English) owing to the fact that the prisoner and witnesses only understood Fali; the chindas, one for Gova and one for Mutchela, acting as go-between them and my interpreter, spoke both Fali and Fulani, while the interpreter, a Fulani, handed it on to me in Hausa, and English was used for corroboration if there was any uncertainty as to whether the interpreter had added any evidence of his own manufacture; consequently the trial was a somewhat lengthy proceeding.

In trying a pagan one has to be extremely careful, and perhaps is apt to err on the lenient side in one's anxiety to give him a fair hearing, for some pagans will metaphorically put their heads in the noose, whether guilty or not, simply through sheer fright, or because they think the white man expects it of them. Others will sometimes voluntarily corroborate the evidence of a witness for the prosecution.

The proceedings were made as formal as the precincts of a bush house would permit. The prisoner was brought in under armed escort. All squatted on the floor save the policeman, who stood rigidly to attention. The Bible or Koran mean nothing to pagans, so all witnesses had to be sworn on something they understood, namely, a naked sword or bayonet. This they lick, at the same time calling upon the name of their 'juju' that they will not lie. Few, if any, pagans will dare to call upon their 'juju' and then lie, for they thoroughly believe death or grave misfortune will follow.

During the hearing great patience is required; witnesses must be allowed to tell their story in their own way, or they will only say what they think the bature wishes them to say. Dates and times have to be investigated with meticulous care lest events which happened years ago are related as if they had only happened yesterday, and the greatest difficulty is experienced in making witnesses understand that 'hearsay' is not evidence.

The gist of the hearing resolved itself, briefly, into these facts. After the murder of the Gova woman by a Mijilu man, and when the men of Gova heard that a Mijilu man had gone on a visit to the Arnado Mutchela, they went in force, armed, to demand his surrender. When this was refused they said they would take him by force, and a *mêlée* ensued. The aggressors drove the men of this village back, who thereupon resorted to shooting at the Gova men from behind the rocks with their bows and arrows, eventually

driving them off. One man, the brother of Burginga, was hit with an arrow and died two days later. Burginga said that Ruguwa (one of the two sons of Walbaiya) fired the arrow at close range, Burginga himself being nearly hit by the same arrow. After his brother was hit they became frightened and ran away, but on the death of his brother he sent a chima to Arnado Mutchela to demand Ruguwa, in order to make 'all square.' No notice, of course, was taken of this, so some days later Burginga again sent to Arnado Mutchela, this time demanding a cap, a robe, and two goats from Walbaiya's family, the former with which to clothe the deceased (though he had never worn clothing in his lifetime), according to custom for burial, and the latter for the funeral feast. Again, no notice being taken, a third envoy was sent. Finally Arnado Mutchela, whose influence as head of the Tsafi (juju worship) extended really beyond the confines of his own clan, agreed to investigate the matter, no doubt with a view to adding a little grist to his own mill. Burginga and his witnesses were summoned on safe conduct, and Walbaiya and his sons Kamanda and Ruguwa were interrogated. They one and all denied having had anything to do with any arrows at all, and said that Koli had killed Burginga's brother, or at any rate supposed he had, as Burginga's envoy had originally gone to his compound to demand the funeral clothes. The Arnado does not seem to have followed this clue up, probably the man being a relation of his own. Anyway, no decision was arrived at and there was a deadlock.

Eventually it was agreed by both parties that the matter should be submitted to 'Gooti.' 'Gooti' was their local juju. Burginga, accompanied by two witnesses, was to meet Walbaiya and his two sons near a neutral village on the way towards 'Gooti,' and together they were to proceed to consult the juju, some twenty miles distant.

Now 'Gooti' is a crocodile-infested lagoon in the midst of a swamp on the Northern Cameroon–Nigerian boundary, and is resorted to by both Cameroon tribes of that area and also by the Kilba and Marghi pagans of Nigeria, so that its fame is rather more than local.

As far as I could learn, the method of procedure is that the two disputants should enter the lagoon from opposite sides, witnesses being present, and whichever sinks first or is taken by a crocodile is the guilty party. Should both be drowned or be taken, the guilt is equal.

The possibility of escaping by swimming does not appear to enter into the question, probably because the principals concerned have such reverence, in the sense of fear, for the juju that they would be too much paralysed by terror to attempt to escape

from what they must think is inevitable—if they know themselves to be guilty.

On the appointed day Walbaiya and his two sons, journeying towards the meeting place, were suddenly surprised by Burginga, accompanied, not by two witnesses only, but a whole host. Walbaiya, the father, took to his heels and ran; but the less fortunate youths were pounced upon and taken to Gova. Later they were transferred to a village further in the interior. Here they were made to work in the fields during the day, and at night had leg-irons clamped on to them and their wrists tied up to their throats. Beyond this they do not seem to have been ill-treated, and no attempt appears to have been made to sell them over the frontier, which would point to the fact that the motive was kidnapping for a ransom rather than to sell as slaves. Their mother was even allowed to visit them on two occasions, who advised them not to attempt to escape as 'they had done no wrong'—a peculiar attitude of mind difficult to understand. Perhaps it was thought that by attempting to escape they would thereby give colour to their alleged guilt in the killing of Burginga's brother.

From all this it will be seen that the crime of Burginga was not quite as black as it had been painted by the chima of Mutchela. Since, however, the selling of unwary youths, lone women or strangers across the frontier, and such kindred sports as kidnapping must be stopped; again, since the blood feud is apt to lead to inter-clan skirmishes and so must be discouraged, but also because local law and custom must be taken into consideration and Burginga had broken faith with his promise to abide by the decision of the neutral if somewhat crude arbitrator, 'Gooti,' and had in fact only suggested it in order to get the youths and their father away from the precincts of Mutchela, he was lodged for several months in the provincial gaol. A small punishment, it seems, for such an offence, but quite severe enough for primitive man when all the circumstances are viewed from the native standpoint, or as near as a sympathetic imagination will allow one to approach such an enigma as the native mind.

R. R. Oakley.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

THE human race is essentially conservative about its habits of belief. Few would nowadays assert that its beliefs were dictated by 'reason' (whatever that may mean), or even largely influenced thereby. Human beliefs are best understood as responses of human nature to the conditions of human life; and while the conditions are stable, so are the beliefs. We cannot change them at will, and do not want to. So there need be no fear that our religions and superstitions, our metaphysics and delusions, could suddenly be overthrown by anything that could conceivably happen. For even if something so destructive *had* happened, we could not be forced to believe it. It would always have to be *reported*, and we should always be at liberty to disbelieve the report, if it did not suit us. Moreover, we could always contrive to put our own interpretation on the report, however meticulously it was authenticated. So our beliefs are never merely *forced* upon us; they are always more or less of our own making, and our choice is usually the decisive factor in their adoption.

This explains how it is that there are so many questions about which men obstinately refuse to agree. Wherever a question really arouses party spirit, each party becomes more or less blind to what is seen by the opposite side. Party spirit creates divergence everywhere: different versions of the truths and lessons of history, different selections of data, different observations of fact—nay, even differences of perception. For perception is always interpretation of the present in the light of the past, and to different eyes the same situation looks different.

Moreover, these difficulties are unavoidable in principle, though they vary in intensity. For party spirit always plays *some* part in every question. There is always a liberal party, progressive and adventurous, willing to run risks and to speculate, and a conservative, loyal to traditions and tested truths.

As a rule the conservative bias is the stronger. For it demands no change in our habits of belief, and this reposeful attitude is naturally congenial to the great authorities on every subject, who normally tend to be well stricken in years. 'Orthodoxy,' which is acquiescence in received opinion, is psychologically much

easier than 'heresy,' which is fending for oneself and taking the trouble of choosing one's opinions.

Furthermore, the universities are conservative. Ideally, of course, they should be wholly devoted to the discovery and propagation of new truth; but actually they are so organised as almost completely to defeat this purpose. Their personnel is not selected with a view to energy and originality of thought; it is recruited from the receptive minds of good examinees, and is kept so busy with 'learning' and teaching what is already known (or supposed to be) that it can hardly be expected to join exploring parties into the unknown. Thus the social function of our actual universities is to be contrivances for muzzling the intelligentsia and preventing it from upsetting the average man by introducing too many novelties into our stock of ideas. This is why we 'train the mind' by steeping it in the academic spirit quintessentially distilled from the classics and fossils of the past. For this service, and that of (more or less) keeping the young out of moral and intellectual mischief during the most troublesome years of adolescence, the average man cannot be sufficiently grateful to the universities.

Still, even universities will sometimes break loose, and break into fresh ground. They will occasionally allow discussion of topics that are not strictly 'academic,' and even of live issues. At all events in America, where even their expectant gratitude for the future favours of millionaires does not keep them so strictly tied to convention as does the congenital timidity of the academic man elsewhere.

An object-lesson of this kind is afforded by a recent enterprise emanating from Clark University at Worcester, Massachusetts. This institution, long presided over by Dr. Stanley Hall, has a famous Department of Psychology, which is unrestrained by the proximity of philosophers. Under the guidance of Stanley Hall's successor, Professor Carl Murchison, this department has given the academic world a bold lead. It started last December a discussion or debate on the scientific status of Psychical Research, and induced some fourteen prominent persons, known to be interested in this question, to deliver lectures or to contribute papers. These have now been published, under the name of *The Case for and against Psychical Belief*, by Clark University in America and the Clarendon Press in this country. It is somewhat regrettable that it was not found possible to arrange a real debate, in which the champions of the various views could answer each other, but Professor Murchison has nevertheless been successful in getting almost every variety of view effectively represented, and in presenting, what is not to be found in any other book, an adequate survey of the whole situation.

It is a very perplexing and scandalous situation which this survey reveals. At first one seems to be confronted with something very much more like the war-mind retailing atrocity-stories than rational and scientific discussion, and one hesitates to enter on a field of thought where every step in any direction needs to be tested and nothing can safely be taken for granted in the allegations of either side. As one reads the extremists on either side it is hard to conceive that there can be a case for the other, so sincere do they seem and so confident that they have fully proved their own. But gradually one realises that much is omitted by each side.

At the outset, Sir Conan Doyle, describing *The Psychic Question as I see it*, discounts the frauds of mediumship as exaggerated by newspaper publicity, 'while the successful work of the honest medium gets no public notice'; but he admits that the spiritualists should have 'insisted upon the use of at least a red light at their séances,' even though 'it would have been done at the cost of a loss of power,' because 'ectoplasm' 'is dissipated and destroyed by the actinic rays' (pp. 19, 22). He regards telepathy and ectoplasm as fully proved, and puts them forward as a 'nexus' between his beliefs and 'strict orthodox science,' though 'all this work of experimental psychic research' is only 'a sort of super-materialism' which 'does not reach the real heart of the subject.' 'The heart . . . is a purely religious one. The ultimate aim' is to extricate us from 'the morass of religion,' and the ultimate result will be a 'union of science and religion' (p. 23). Sir Oliver Lodge, who also accepts telepathy and ectoplasm as proved, but, more prudently, discusses *The University Aspect of Psychical Research*, suggests that 'normally we do not act on matter directly, but indirectly through the ether' (p. 12), and that 'it may be that mind and mind communicate through the ether' (p. 13). So he makes the ether the maid of all work of psychics, as of physics.

By way of contrast we may turn, at the other end of the book and of the gamut of opinions, to the paper on *A Magician Among the Spirits*, by the late Mr. Houdini. Though it is written largely in the form of jottings and reminiscences, and would be the better if the threads of logical connexion were made more visible, it is wholly concerned with the methods of deception, and leaves a very definite impression that deception is the alpha and omega of the whole subject. Houdini describes with great gusto, and often very instructively, how fraudulent slate-writing may be produced, by what mechanisms raps may be made, how spirit-photographs may be faked, and how his dear friend Conan Doyle is beguiled by his religious instincts to credit convicted frauds. Nevertheless, he does not refuse to investigate; he merely

declares that 'I have never seen anything which would lead me to credit a mediumistic performance with supernatural aid. . . . Everything I have seen has been merely a form of mystification' (p. 362). He had compacts with a dozen friends to communicate after death, even with secret codes and hand-grips (p. 364); but nothing ever came of this. So he holds that 'it is not for us to prove that the mediums are dishonest, it is for them to prove that they *are* honest' (p. 365), and that we should not 'say that a medium caught cheating ninety-nine times out of a hundred was honest the hundredth time because not caught' (p. 363).

Similarly, Professor Joseph Jastrow, the psychologist of Wisconsin, is quite sure there is nothing in psychical research. Only in his paper on *The Animus of Psychical Research* he relies more on logic than on experience, and more than on either on an *a priori* dogmatism that used to be common among scientists but, under the influence of the new physics, is now getting rare. His faith in 'logic' also is rare among psychologists, and somewhat pathetic. He longs to be 'strictly objective,' to get rid of 'animus' and 'personalised interests,' and of the thought dominated by these, which he calls 'thobbing.' Psychical research, by whomsoever pursued, is pseudo-science, like witchcraft and astrology; so he embarks on a spirited attack on Professor Richet. He must, he thinks, be 'logic-blind'; for in 600 words he produces logical fallacies enough for a class of 'competent sophomores' to enjoy vivisecting him for six hours (p. 298). Nor can he escape condemnation by rejecting spiritism; for 'spirit belief or ectoplasm as a metapsychic phenomenon is on the same illegitimate footing. It is the animus of a theory that decides its even possible consideration' (p. 299). This does *not* mean that if a professor has an animus *against* a theory he will not consider it, though that is a reflection to which his paper prompts. At any rate, he is so highly indignant that he quite omits to explain what precisely are the elementary fallacies in logic which so distress him in Professor Richet: neither does he betray any suspicion that the 'logic' he leans on is not universally considered as impeccable as he supposes. This point, however, may be reserved for the present.

Those who are disposed to weary of displays of animus and *a priori* prejudice may be recommended to study a very readable paper by Mrs. Deland, entitled *A Peak in Darien* and full of persuasive stories, as also a somewhat slighter but interesting paper by Mrs. Mary Austin, called *A Subjective Study of Death*. But the *pièce de résistance* for lovers of the concrete will be found to be an admirable first-hand account of *The Margery Mediumship*, by Dr. L. R. G. Crandon. This paper plunges us into the most notorious *cause célèbre* of contemporary psychical research, a case

that seems to defy all the stock suspicions aroused by mercenary mediumship. For 'Margery' is no grasping sibyl who preys on the credulity of the bereaved and extracts a precarious livelihood from their sorrows, but the wife of a leading surgeon of Boston, Massachusetts—in fact, of Dr. Crandon. She is an amateur, and not a professional, and so far from making money by her powers is forced to shun delights and live laborious days by her husband's pertinacity in seeking to convince the world that she is the greatest medium of the day, and perhaps on record. The hypothesis of fraud is in this case seriously embarrassed to suggest a motive for the action of the Crandons. The alleged motives that were whispered into one's ears at Boston last summer by the active anti-Margery party, though often libellous, all seemed psychologically improbable and insufficient. And as one reads Dr. Crandon's account they grow fantastic and incredible. For it is, beyond doubt, an impressive piece of work. It is effectively illustrated with flashlight photographs of supernormal happenings, with pictures of apparatus, of ectoplasm, of a 'paraffin glove,' and with an attractive portrait of 'Margery' herself. It is well proportioned and lucidly written, sound in reasoning, and moderate in statement, even where its assertions are most difficult to believe. It gives an excellent analysis of the anti-psychical bias (pp. 72–5), and seems to be animated by a truly scientific spirit, as, *e.g.*, when it urges (p. 105) that 'Psychical research has about as much to do with religion as with golf. Nevertheless, it is going to be one of the most important factors in changing religious concepts and beliefs. The end will be good but the interim unsettling.' Yet it contrives also to hit back effectively at the critics of the medium, suggesting that the Harvard investigators would have lost their jobs if they had reported in favour of Margery (p. 79), and hinting that the majority of the *Scientific American* Committee of 1924 were labouring under personal disabilities. Dr. W. F. Prince was deaf, Professor W. McDougall was dumb (for publication), Houdini was so prejudiced that he would not testify to the inexplicable ringing of a bell-box of his own construction when he alone was holding it (p. 78). In short, Dr. Crandon's paper seems invulnerable, and the present writer can testify that he had deeply impressed the academic audience to which he had delivered it, shortly before he himself arrived at Clark. He would carry complete conviction to any reader unfortified with prejudices, if there were not another side to be heard.

And yet there *is* another side, and it is forcibly put by Dr. W. F. Prince, an ardent student of psychical research, the recorder of the famous 'Doris Fischer' case of dissociated personality, and the research officer of the Boston Society for Psychical

Research, which seceded from the New York Society when the latter was captured by the spiritualists, and has taken up an adverse attitude towards Margery. In reading Dr. Prince one does not seem at first to be concerned with the same facts at all, partly because he is dealing with earlier phases of Margery's performances than those most stressed by Dr. Crandon. Dr. Prince shows very clearly how the rules devised by Dr. Crandon, though superficially fair enough, operated to hamper investigation and to prevent the detection of fraud (pp. 201–3). Above all, he brings out one amazing fact which Dr. Crandon had quite omitted to mention, and which entirely shifts the burden of proof. During nearly all the earlier sittings Dr. Crandon regularly (in 109 cases out of 112, p. 204) sat by his wife's side and held her hand. It is claimed by the friends of Margery that this rule has now been modified, but details are defective. Anyhow, one can hardly wonder after this that the subject-matter of psychical research continues to generate the most violent disputes. The convinced partisans of neither side can ever be trusted to describe all the relevant facts and to tell the whole truth Every statement that is made has therefore to be verified by an impartial investigator, and the worst of it is that it is very hard for anyone to retain his impartiality in dealing with such evidence. It is hard, therefore, not to despair of Psychical Research.

In the dispute about Margery the dramatic interest of our volume culminates. It contains, however, other matter deserving of attention. Dr. W. F. Prince puts the 'moderate' case for psychical research excellently in a second paper, asking whether it is 'worth while.' Under the caption *The Pragmatist in Psychic Research* Mr. Bligh Bond is justifiably proud of his success in prophesying before the event, and tells the tale of the Glastonbury excavations; he also incidentally indorses Margery. Professor W. McDougall, like Sir Oliver Lodge, discusses *Psychical Research as a University Study*, and claims that it is a good academic study because it is so very trying, and should be undertaken by scientists because 'philosophers and theologians have wrestled with it for long ages; and there is no faintest reason to believe that by their methods alone they can achieve in the future any greater success than they have attained in the past' (p. 157). These points look paradoxical, but are perfectly sound, and find indorsement in the writer's discussion of *Some Logical Aspects of Psychical Research*, which may be taken as the counterblast to Professor Jastrow's 'logic.' Another philosopher, Professor Hans Driesch, of Leipzig, the present president of the English Society for Psychical Research, writes on *Psychical Research and Philosophy*, and explains how much of the phenomena he is disposed to accept. He also sees that 'the main thing for psychical

research is to get a more direct control over the conditions of experiment' (p. 178).

We come, lastly, to the interesting portion of the book which has been contributed by two psychologists who have tried to verify the reality of telepathy by laboratory methods. Professor John E. Coover, of Leland Stanford University, who has the distinction of holding the only academic chair expressly devoted to psychical research anywhere, won his spurs some years ago by an enormously bulky inquiry of which the results were almost wholly negative, though not perhaps as negative as he supposed. On this occasion he investigates *The Incredulity of Psychologists* towards 'metapsychics,' and after copious historical citation of shady incidents (derived mainly from the work of Frank Podmore) he also raises what is essentially a logical question. He points out that 'metapsychic investigations are not experiments, they are séances' (p. 249), and that 'the "obstinate incredulity" of "official science" must be largely attributed to the séance method of investigation' (p. 253), and finally concludes that 'the incredulity of the psychologist does not spring from an *a priori* judgement that metapsychic phenomena are not possible; it comes from his knowledge of psychological causes of error, and the resulting conviction that reliance upon the scientific method alone is the price of admissible evidence' (p. 264). Thus everything hinges upon scientific method; and what this is is a *logical* question.

Dr. Gardner Murphy, who deals with *Telepathy as an Experimental Problem*, gives a business-like account of the scientific experimentation which has recently been going on, and should be read as a corrective of the more sanguine views of the status of telepathy taken by other contributors. It would seem that the most impressive evidence was that obtained by Dr. Brugmans in the Psychological Laboratory at Groningen, who in a series of 187 experiments scored 60 successes, whereas chance should have yielded only 4½. In some of these alcohol was used 'and seemed to have a markedly beneficial effect on the results; in fact of the 29 experiments in which the receiver took 30 grams of alcohol ten minutes before the experiment began, 22 were successful.' The explanation given is that 'alcohol overcomes the individual's normal inhibitions,' and it is clear that in some universities (not in the United States!) this way of experimenting might become very popular. Dr. Murphy believes that 'by steadily improving the quality and quantity of experimental work' until any scientist can 'duplicate his procedure' scientific hostility can be overcome.

Such, then, are the views that are held by those who are best entitled to speak about Psychical Research in the English-speaking world. The plain man will not find it easy to make head or tail

Does anything result from their survey of the field but a ... of opinions, a number of very pretty quarrels, and a clear ...ietion that the subject cannot be brought into any state of scientific cultivation? Is not the whole ground so honey...ed by fraud and so distracted by dissensions that true science ...ind no footing on it? Superficially this might appear to be ...bvious inference, and many will be content to leave it at that. ... they should never forget that we live in a world in which ... is nothing genuine but what can be simulated by specious ...tions, from love, pearls and diamonds downwards, and in ...h all truth grows in a soil richly manured by error. By an ...ude of scornful rejection they would merely miss several ... important lessons. The great divergence of opinion, even ...g intelligent and competent experts, illustrates, of course, ...ruth of the opening remarks of this article; but it may not ... hopelessly irreducible as it looks at first sight. If we probe ...tle beneath the surface, we may find traces of tendencies in ...al quarters to agree about the reasons for the scientific ...lock, and even about the methods of terminating the ...tific scandal.

...hus Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (p. 19), Dr. Crandon (p. 73), ...essor Driesch (p. 178), the writer (p. 220), Professor Coover ...46), and Dr. Murphy explicitly, and probably most of the ...s, if the point were put to them, feel that one of the greatest ...icaps of psychical research arises from the insufficiency of ...cientific control of the conditions which renders adequate ...rimentation difficult or impossible. Now this is a serious ...tical difficulty, but it is no reason for declaring a subject ...able of scientific treatment. It is a defect incidental to ...ent science as such, though it is usually overcome when a ...ce finds its feet, develops its appropriate methods, and ...es progress. There is no cure for it except persevering in ...y, until some clue is observed that yields the desired control. ...econdly, there is a widespread feeling on both sides that there ...mething wrong about the relations of psychical research to ...accepted logic, though there is no agreement as to what ...sely is the source of the trouble. The opponents of psychical ...rch, such as Jastrow and Coover, evidently feel that it ...es demands which are scientifically inadmissible and logically ...us; the believers in psychical phenomena select what seem ...em indisputable cases, regard them as fully proving the ...omena, and cannot understand why the testimony of so ...y eminent men of science should be discredited and disbelieved. ...o me it seems that both parties are largely right, but that ... fail to grasp the real situation because they are trying to ...ehend it in terms of a false logic and a mistaken theory of

scientific method. I would venture, therefore, to suggest to both of them that they should change their logic, and observe the method they actually use in knowing, rather than that which theoretical logicians have ascribed to them. It is hard, I think, to deny that, judged by the official method of science as depicted in the traditional logic-books, the case for psychical phenomena is very strong, and that as reported by those who vouch for them they should be declared proven ; it is also undeniable that modern science is becoming more and more empirical and reluctant to accept anything as axiomatic and to declare anything impossible *a priori* in any *other* subject.

Yet the reluctance of scientists to accept the evidence in question hardly seems to diminish : they unhesitatingly disbelieve even their greatest and best authorities, so soon as they claim to have made discoveries in this field. Now for so general an attitude there must be a reason ; it can hardly be merely a matter of temperament and idiosyncrasy, like belief about matters that are taken to transcend the sphere of knowledge. For such belief (and the will to believe associated with it) is highly variable. Why, then, do men of science disbelieve in fact what they ought to accept in theory ? Why do they not in practice conduct themselves according to the logical standards to which they profess allegiance ? According to their theory, the verdict of a competent authority is *final ;* so soon as a certain phenomenon or allegation has *once* been attested or sanctioned by such a one, it ranks as *fact* for evermore. For science has not hitherto openly repudiated the ideal of absolute truth and conclusive proof. Actually, however, it does not behave as if it believed in their existence. It recognises no limit to the accumulation of scientific evidence. By listening to further proofs of its best-attested truths it implicitly discards the belief that their truth is absolute. The same implication lurks in its refusal to plead the *chose jugée,* in order to stop the reopening of any scientific question. Nor is any single observation treated as really conclusive. No authority is ever venerated enough for any important, or repugnant, novelty to be accepted on anyone's *ipse dixit.* When summoned to believe on grounds he feels to be insufficient, the scientist will prefer to question the competence of any authority. In short, though conclusive proof is supposed to suffice to determine his belief, what he actually demands is a good deal *more* than this. So it is useless to tell him that a single irrefragably attested case of a white crow, or a sea-serpent, or a ghost *ought* to set at rest all doubts, to constitute an eternal truth of science and to determine his belief for all time ; for he knows that there never has been any such an indisputable case, nor ever will be. He knows that a sufficiently resolute will to disbelieve can pick holes even in the

best testimony, and that the force of any historical evidence begins to fade immediately after it has been recorded, and loses its coerciveness by the mere lapse of time. So what he really wants is not a conviction that a phenomenon has happened *once*; even logically this is not *enough*. What he desires, alike for practical and for theoretic reasons, is *power* over phenomena, so that he can control them and make them happen or not, as suits his purpose. Hence the merely logical 'proof' according to the text-books is scientifically inadequate; it can be disbelieved with impunity, and rejected in favour of unproved 'hypotheses' which are 'only probable,' but mean control of events, and hold out hopes of unending corroboration.

The critics of psychical phenomena, therefore, are at present substantially in the right; for it is clear that we have not as yet the practical control of happenings which yields the firmest basis for belief. But they give the wrong reasons for their refusal to believe, when they appeal to a false logic. The traditional logic, if it could be brought to pronounce upon any actual problem of scientific knowing, would decide against them: the right logic would apply the pragmatic test, and, as matters stand, this would support them in their refusal. In plain English, it is not yet true that the belief in psychic phenomena 'works' so successfully that it is mere foolishness to dispute their reality. They are too rare and fitful, too sporadic and uncertain, to be practically trusted.

But this does not mean that believers in them should despair, and desist from their efforts to prove their reality. They are not yet pragmatically real, but it is possible that they should become so. The converse to the admission of this defect is that the really convincing way to prove them real is to make them *work*—partially and gradually at first, but with an ever-growing probability. Whether this way will actually be found to be practicable remains, of course, to be seen; but, if they advance upon it, psychical researchers will find that they will have much less reason than now to complain of the indifference and hostility of the scientists and the general public. A sufficiently resolute antagonism, of course, nothing could appease; it would continue to quibble with all conceivable 'proofs.' For there undoubtedly are those who would not believe, even though one rose from the dead; or indeed precisely because this procedure seemed to them repugnant and improper. But this form of bias is comparatively rare, as rare as the faith that cannot be shaken by any amount of negative evidence. The great majority of mankind are open to conviction, if they are approached with properly convincing evidence, and it is to them that psychical researchers must appeal. But their appeal should rest on a proper insight into the real method of science, as contrasted with what the theory of science

is supposed to be, and thereby dissolve away the paradoxical discrepancy between scientific theory and practice which at present leaves the question in a logical *impasse*.

How much further can discussion be profitably carried? The answer depends on ourselves. The field of psychical research is already known to be extensive, and no man can at present set limits to its area and its fertility. It is in contact with many sciences. It touches upon life at many points, and abounds in human interest. There is, moreover, no inherent reason why it should not be subjected to scientific method. It *ought* to be so subjected, and ought not to be pronounced a failure until it has been seriously tried and systematically tested.

But doubts begin so soon as the question is raised whether there is an adequate desire for the exploration of this great field. Do we really and truly desire to know? At present those who do, and can trust themselves to sacrifice their prejudices to the desire for truth, appear to be in a small minority, but their numbers and influence are probably increasing. Formerly, there is reason to think, they were an infinitesimal minority, and it is tempting to correlate our present lack of knowledge with our past lack of the desire for knowledge. For knowledge is normally the offspring and reward of a desire for knowledge; it is not often thrust upon us without effort on our part.

If we desire knowledge, then, we must work for it—in psychical research as elsewhere. Now rational research means organised research and adequate equipment, and so considerable expense. This need has not yet been very widely grasped. For as a scientific subject psychical research is very young, and its methods have been very amateurish. They were the only methods practicable at the outset, but the subject has now developed so much that they no longer suffice. It would be too much to declare that the day of the amateur is over, for he will long be needed to mediate between the professional and the general public and to render the social atmosphere favourable to the professional's activities; but the amateur can no longer be expected to master the many varieties of technical knowledge which are now required in psychical investigation. It has become a whole-time job, which should be organised in a sensible business-like fashion like any other serious research.

In the first place, adequate material equipment should be provided, even though this may require the building of special laboratories. If, as is alleged with some plausibility, darkness is as necessary to the development of 'ectoplasm' and of other important psychic phenomena as it is to that of a photographic plate, the séance-room will have to be the more elaborately and expensively equipped with apparatus which will make good the

deficiency of human observation, and will automatically record what goes on within it. It is absurd to acquiesce in limitations which may be imposed merely in the interests of fraud, when the séance-room can easily be flooded with invisible light and photographed by a quartz lens camera without the sitters knowing it. It is easy to fix thermometers that will test the objectivity of the 'cold breezes' so often reported by sitters, and said by Dr. Crandon (p. 83) to have resulted in 'a recorded drop from 70 degrees to 42 degrees.' It is possible to record continuously the locomotions of all the members of a circle and so to detect where they were when phenomena occurred. It should be possible to keep records of the physiological functions of the medium's body, which would presumably reveal the disturbances attending the conversion of anything up to 50 lbs. of her weight into 'ectoplasm,' an achievement of Kate Goligher's graphically described by Dr. Crawford. In short, the provision of apparatus adequate to render fraud impossible (or, alternatively, to detect it) is in the last resort a question of expense.

Here it might be objected that if properly constructed séance-rooms were commoner, the only result would be, as the English Society for Psychical Research seems to be discovering, that psychics would refuse to sit in them. But as *honest* mediums would have no reason to fear them, persistent avoidance of them, together with consistently negative results when they *were* used, would go a long way towards disposing of the claim of psychical phenomena. Moreover, even if they were not sat in, they would be well worth the money as social safeguards against imposture.

Secondly, it is clear that our present social treatment of psychics is utterly wrong. It renders their scientific examination almost impossible and continually tempts them to fraud. Yet, if fraudulent, they ought not to be allowed to prey upon the public; if genuine, they ought not to be left to depend upon its capricious favours. Once properly examined and approved, a psychic should be adequately, and even amply, endowed, and reserved for systematic scientific research.

Thirdly, Psychical Research Societies should be enabled to provide themselves with specially trained investigators of first-rate ability. At present the subject often seems attractive to minds of the sort required, but they dare not devote themselves to it. For there is no career in it, and their friends and parents and guardians would subject them to great pressure if they proposed to throw themselves away upon it. But if there existed endowed posts comparable in value with university professorships, they could afford to follow their bent, and to enter on the arduous training qualifying for them. Moreover, such well-paid posts would exercise a magical effect upon the academic mind. They

would be to it conclusive proof that a subject which could support a professor was genuine, and an integral and essential part of science or learning. Even if the development of psychic faculties did not enter into any professional or technical training (as it easily might !), it would become part of a liberal education, if only its endowment were sufficiently liberal !

The ultimate truth, then, about psychical research is that its future is essentially a question of funds. The truth about its phenomena can be ascertained, the scandal of the present doubts and disputes can be terminated, the most marvellous discoveries may possibly be made, if only the public will put up enough money. Until this money has been found and used, it must remain in doubt, not only what the real facts are, but also whether the human race in general is genuinely concerned to know the truth about its nature and destiny.

F. C. S. SCHILLER.

EARLY AND MODERN CRICKET

To the student of cricket history, as he traces the progress of the game in England, there are two considerations which particularly suggest themselves. In the first place he cannot help being struck by the singular fact that cricket has now succeeded in reaching the proud position of a pursuit which is quite incompatible with any suspicion of crooked or unfair practices. In the second place he marvels at the fascination which cricket has exercised for two centuries, and continues to exercise, over both players and spectators. From some points of view cricket is a peculiar game, for it is a mixture of individual and concerted effort, in which each member of the team has to rely more or less upon his own unaided skill ; it can exhibit moments of the most feverish excitement, and periods of the most protracted dulness. To the player, if he makes runs or takes wickets, it is delightful enough ; but he may have an unhappy match, in which the depths of all-round failure and depression are reached. As a spectacle, cricket lacks the continuous movement of football or lawn tennis, and yet there are people whose main occupation during the summer seems to consist in watching cricket, and whose lives without it would be a dreary blank.

As regards the lofty character of cricket, the game may be said to have added a new virtue to our catalogue of moral qualities. When the Englishman says that an action is not cricket, the expression conveys a perfectly distinct meaning both to himself and to his hearers. He means that the action cannot be condemned as exactly unfair or dishonourable, but that it differs by an almost imperceptible degree from a fair or honourable action. The assumption is that, if you were in the habit of playing cricket, you would be able to detect this difference, which ordinary observers might not notice. In our own times there is no doubt much justification for this implied compliment, but when after-dinner speakers in their enthusiasm go on to talk of the glorious traditions of the national game, one is bound to point out that the fitness of the epithet depends entirely upon the degree of antiquity which a characteristic requires before it is entitled to be called a tradition. The blameless reputation of cricket is of purely modern

growth. Many of the traditions of its earlier existence, so far from being glorious, are particularly deplorable, and it is to its credit that it should have redeemed its dissolute youth by so respectable an old age.

Those who desire to examine the origin of cricket may turn with advantage to a series of small books, paper-covered and hardly more than pamphlets, published during the last few years by C. H. Richards, of Nottingham. The anonymous author, whose initials are H. P.-T., as the outcome of much patient and ingenious research, carries the earliest phases of the game much farther back into remote ages than any other writers on the subject have done. A primitive form of cricket, as he demonstrates clearly, was known and played in South-country villages long before the beginning of the seventeenth and probably before the beginning of the sixteenth century. When you remember that hitherto hardly anything before 1700 has been discovered about the game it will be seen how greatly our knowledge has been enlarged. The attraction of cricket extended to London in the first half of the eighteenth century, and about 1740 advertisements of matches are found in the newspapers. Society, headed by Frederick Prince of Wales, played and patronised cricket, and notices of the various games, while merely giving the bare results without any scores, usually display the names of the notabilities present on such and such an occasion. The novel exhibition soon became popular. In 1747 the manager of the Artillery Ground, the oldest playing-field in London, announces a match to be played between women, and adds that a charge of sixpence for admission will be made. He hopes that this charge will not be taken amiss, as the preliminary expenses of the enterprise are upwards of four-score pounds. It is obvious that he must have expected a gate of at least 4000 people, if he hoped even to cover his costs with an entrance fee as low as sixpence a head. Before long a distinction is drawn between the different classes of players, and certain experts are advertised to take part in certain engagements. The germ of first-class cricket may be detected when the names of those chosen to compete, usually in a five-a-side single-wicket match, began to be published in the newspapers. Faulkner, Waymark, Joe Harris, Long Robin, and others are mentioned as familiar to readers, and known to be worth watching.

A few words may here be interpolated as to the genesis of cricket scoring and reporting. Interest at first centred mainly in the totals made by each side, but in 1750 we find two single-wicket fixtures in which the individual scores are given. In the second of these some notes are added showing how the batsmen were dismissed. 'Joe Harris,' we are told, 'was catched out and

the others bowled out.* There happens to be preserved, for some unknown reason, a detailed score of the England and Kent match in 1744, though this match was not more important than others played about the same date. The score is given very nearly in the modern style. The names of bowlers off whom catches were made are not shown, but this addition was not introduced until far into the nineteenth century. No score as full as that of the 1744 match is to be found until nearly thirty years later, in 1773. This is not at all surprising, for runs were scored, as is known, by cutting notches on a stick, usually with a space left between each ten notches in order to make the final addition more easy. This simple practice must have continued certainly as late as 1783, for on July 9 in that summer there was a dispute about a tie in the Hambledon and Kent match. The Kent scorer, it is stated, produced his stick, the more readily perhaps as it showed that he had added up the Kent totals a run short, but the other scorer, who had not the same inducement to revise his calculations, either could not or would not produce his. This method of notching could give no clue to the runs which each batsman had made, so there must have been some other record, either made up at the time or reconstructed after each innings, for long before the date of the dispute referred to the full score of many principal matches came out both in the London and local Press.

The exhibition games in the middle of the eighteenth century were contested chiefly by professionals, and the amateurs good enough to play first-class cricket were few. Lord John Sackville's name appears as one of the Kent eleven in 1744, but he came of a notable cricket family, who were among the earliest aristocratic enthusiasts. There was, however, soon a lot of second-class cricket played in and about London by numbers of idle young men in search of new forms of amusement. Associated as the game was with every form of betting and gambling, it was generally held to be rather an undesirable pursuit. That curious autobiographer William Hickey, in his candid description of his youth, makes reference to a match, Old Etonians against Old Westminsters, in 1768 on Moulsey Hurst. Though he was urgently advised not to play, Hickey represented that his companions would be men of wealth and distinction and that he did not wish to forfeit his money by absence. The conditions were that you paid twenty guineas for playing, and, though this is not quite clearly stated, that the stakes of the losing side were distributed among the poor, an arrangement which sounds rather praiseworthy than otherwise. Hickey was considered a famous 'stop behind the wicket.'

About 1770 three of these cricket-playing amateurs, either because they were better or fonder of cricket than their fellows,

began to encourage, and themselves to take part in, matches of a higher class. For the next fifteen seasons the Duke of Dorset, Lord Tankerville, and Sir Horace Mann were the men chiefly identified with the progress and the development of the game. These three, of a familiar eighteenth-century type, were seekers after pleasure, and not too careful, perhaps, of their reputations or fortunes; they delighted in gambling, and cricket afforded them an opportunity. But for the purposes of our inquiry they may be remembered kindly as the keenest of keen cricketers and supporters of cricket. They spared neither trouble nor expense in putting into the field the strongest teams that could be collected; they took into their service good batsmen and bowlers; they travelled about during the summer from Sevenoaks to Chertsey, from Moulsey Hurst to Windmill Down; and they started that friendly association between amateur and professional players which remains an accepted feature of English cricket. A regular programme of six or seven first-class fixtures was instituted. The three leading elevens were Kent, managed by Dorset and Mann, Surrey, managed by Tankerville, and Hambledon, a side which represented part of Hampshire. These teams played matches against each other, or two of them would combine against the third, calling the mixed eleven England, and usually lending one or two good men to the other side, so as to make the chances more equal. These contests created much local and general interest, and, in spite of the heavy sums at stake, were fought out in a creditable and sportsmanlike manner.

About the same period alterations were taking place in the implements and conditions of cricket, alterations which gave it finally a much closer resemblance to the game with which we are familiar to-day. The two most important changes cannot be dated, no doubt because, before there was any central authority to amend the laws, their adoption was gradual. These were the addition of the third stump to the wicket, and the use of the straight-bladed bat in place of the old curved club-like weapon with a broad end, suitable for dealing with balls rolled along the ground, but ill-adapted to meet bowling that had any length or bounce about it. Whenever or however these modifications were introduced, their effect upon cricket was immense. Instead of the rather rough affair that batting had been, an exact science of batsmanship became possible, with all the refinements of forward and back play, cutting, driving, and leg-hitting—in fact all those strokes which have been brought near to perfection by Hobbs and Sutcliffe and Macartney at the present time.

The disadvantage of relying mainly upon two or three leaders to carry on first-class cricket was that when from one cause or another these patrons gave up taking an interest in the game their

defection left a gap which could not be filled at once, and which indeed has never been filled since in the same way. In 1785 the Duke of Dorset went as Ambassador to Paris, and it was difficult to find anybody who would take elevens about the country as he had done. Sir Horace Mann's affairs fell into disorder, and Lord Tankerville also dropped out. Meantime the game had firmly established itself in popularity, and it became inevitable that the centre of cricket should again be London, where it was both more convenient and cheaper for the many who were anxious to play it to make up and join in matches. In 1787 Thomas Lord founded his club in Marylebone on a ground laid out where Dorset Square now is, and for the next half-century all, or almost all, the matches worthy of notice were played on Lord's ground. The old provincial clubs by degrees lost their importance, as the prominent batsmen and bowlers who had made their fame were now constantly engaged in London. Surrey continued their county eleven, but the Hambledon experts were scattered abroad, and the club was dissolved. Something of the old local associations disappeared, and the main interest was found in miscellaneous games at Lord's, in which the leading professionals and an increasing number of good amateurs figured.

The effect upon cricket was unfavourable. Though it had never exactly commanded public respect, as it does now, it had improved its position in the public estimation. The Hambledon players in particular had set an admirable example. Their backers won or lost their money, it is true, but the professionals whom they engaged were paid for playing honestly, and they played honestly, taking a genuine satisfaction in their side's success. Now the conditions were altogether changed. The scenes at Lord's sound incredible to those accustomed to the decorum of cricket's headquarters to-day. Gangs of bookmakers of the lowest type congregated and shouted in front of the pavilion rails, and heavy inducements were held out by these scoundrels to young professionals who came up from the country to lose matches for which they had been engaged. William Beldham, a prominent player of this epoch, speaking in his old age to Mr. Pycroft, said that he would prevent if he could any son of his taking up cricket, as it led to so much villainy. He himself, as he reflected with pride, had only once accepted money to lose a match, but this standard of conduct he was afraid had not been reached by many of his contemporaries. It was the melancholy fact that malpractices of this kind became common.

Nor, unfortunately, were the leading amateurs in a position to claim for themselves the right to censure their professional associates. They were not mixed up with the proceedings, of which Beldham complained, but their attitude towards cricket

was totally different from anything to which we are accustomed. In the first thirty years of the nineteenth century the amateur element at Lord's was extremely strong. Lord Frederick Beauclerk and about ten years afterwards Mr. William Ward were, to judge by the scores that stand against their names, about the best batsmen, amateur or professional, of their time. There were other useful players also, like Mr. Budd and Mr. Osbaldeston, who, though not in the same class as Beauclerk and Ward, were well worth their places in first-class elevens.

These leading lights of the Marylebone Cricket Club were about as tough customers as could be found anywhere. Some were more sharp, and some were less sharp, but their main object was to win their matches and someone else's money. The idea of any generosity or sportsmanship was quite remote from their minds, and no trick was too shady, or expedient too dubious, provided the main end could be attained. Lord Frederick used to think he had had a poor season if he did not clear 600*l.* in stakes and bets. In July 1810, a single-wicket match was arranged at Lord's between Beauclerk and Howard on one side, and Osbaldeston and Lambert on the other, for 100*l.* On the morning of the match Osbaldeston was too ill to play, and asked for a postponement, but all that Beauclerk replied was 'Play or pay.' Osbaldeston then went to the wicket, so that he might claim to have a substitute to field for him, but this concession was refused by his opponent. After these passages, it is pleasant to be able to add that Lambert managed to win the match single-handed. Another amusing piece of strategy, which Ward is understood to have engineered, was the sudden production of an unknown and extremely fast bowler named Brown, of Brighton, at Lord's in 1818. Osbaldeston, in his usual manner, had stated that he and Lambert, with two to field, could beat any four men in England. He reckoned, however, without Brown, whose engagement was kept a secret, and whose exceptional pace proved as novel as it was unpleasant. There was nothing at all really unfair about the episode, but Osbaldeston was so much annoyed by his signal defeat that he crossed his name off the list of M.C.C. members.

A climax may be said to have been reached in the match M.C.C. against Nottinghamshire in 1817. Both sides had been bribed heavily to sell the match, a preliminary which caused a disgraceful exhibition of cricket, and the decisions given were so unfair that the umpire was changed. Beauclerk, who took the M.C.C. side to Nottingham, had a finger broken in trying to stop an angry overthrow from Sherman, whom, as the report states, he had scolded for slack play, and his team eventually succeeded in losing by thirty runs. Misconduct as flagrant as this could no

longer be disregarded by the authorities, and Lambert, the best professional batsman of the day, was dismissed from the service of the Marylebone Club. After this explosion the atmosphere became clearer and a happier state of things prevailed. The spread of cricket at the public schools and universities helped to bring a new spirit into the game. Perhaps, generally speaking, cricket improved as the morals of the times improved, and when Queen Victoria came to the throne there were many amateurs who were prepared to enjoy cricket for its own sake rather than as a means of winning or losing money. The professionals also, with better examples before them, and under less trying conditions, improved in conduct as much as they did in technical skill.

For one thing, they organised themselves, and, under the captaincy of that famous underhand bowler William Clark, of Nottingham, they established a touring professional team called the All England Eleven. This side, made up of the best cricketers in the country, travelled up and down, playing usually against local sixteens or twenty-twos. Their example was followed some years later by another team, calling itself the United All England Eleven. These independent organisations, while they weakened the control of the M.C.C. over professional cricketers, did great service in spreading a knowledge of the game. The principal match at Lord's in the sixties was between these two elevens, the All England and the United All England. Their activities came to an end when county cricket began to assert itself and claim the services of all professionals who were qualified to assist. County cricket is now, of course, the backbone of the English season, and yields in popular interest only to visits of Colonial teams from Australia and South Africa.

Such is the bare outline of the progress of cricket for the past two centuries, and we now return to the two questions which confronted us at the start of this essay. There is nothing in the history of the game of cricket which seems to entitle the game to any special form of panegyric. And yet the faithful adherents, like Galileo, are unconvinced by the most unfavourable review of its past. Cricket enjoys an honourable reputation of its own, and what is more it deserves it.

If any explanation may be attempted, we may remind ourselves that since the days of Lord Frederick and his astute contemporaries cricket has attracted numbers of men of the highest character, who have not only followed it with unselfish devotion, but have regarded it as a game whose fair fame it was their privilege to guard. Ardent allies and generous opponents, cricket was indeed, as Pycroft said of old Nyren, their chivalry.

These fine English types—noblemen, clergymen, country squires—may perhaps have started rather than maintained a tradition but, however this may be, they have succeeded in inspiring wit' their own spirit of honour the game which they played.

Our second question remains—and it is equally difficult t answer—whether cricket in 1927 attracts as many people as i did fifty years ago, either to play it or to watch it. The questio has some practical bearing on the future conduct of the game because there are critics who state openly that if cricket is not a popular as it used to be it is its own fault. They go on to sa that modern first-class cricket is dull, and that alterations shoulc be made in the rules and the conditions, to improve it both as a game and as a spectacle.

As regards those who take an active part, there may be ir point of numbers more cricketers at the present time than ther have ever been, but, relatively to the increase in the game playing population, one fancies that the proportion is smaller Golf and lawn tennis to-day have thousands of votaries, and there are many other forms of exercise now open to young men. Cricket has numerous rivals, and when we remember the length of time that a match takes, and the trouble necessary to collect a team, it is not at all surprising that those whose leisure is limited should prefer some shorter, simpler, and more independent recreation.

As for those who are fond of watching cricket, it is not altogether easy to establish the conclusion that first-class cricket has ceased to interest the public. At the Lord's Test Match in June 1926 there was in the early morning of the first day a queue extending for a mile along St. John's Wood Road, and many people had been at the gates nearly all through the night in the hope of securing a seat. Test matches are of course exceptional events, but they reflect the public attitude towards cricket, and it is significant that, excluding the match spoiled by rain at Nottingham, the other four tests in 1926 were watched by upwards of 300,000 spectators. Some of the more important county matches were also attended by crowds of unusual size, and generally speaking the gates of most of the first-class counties have increased rather than decreased. Why then, it may be asked, should the game be reformed, why should legislation against slow play be introduced, what is the necessity for amending this and that rule, if there be no other object than simply to stimulate an interest which seems already active enough ? The reformer may himself find modern first-class cricket tedious to watch, but it looks from the figures as if there still remains a certain proportion of the population which does not share this indifference.

One can only argue from personal experience in trying to analyse the conditions that make watching cricket attractive,

and can only assume that other spectators desire the same conditions. The first and the most important condition is suitable summer weather—warm, sunny, and with no rain or menace of rain. For attendance at a cricket match is, for those with other occupations, a matter of arrangement at the works or the office, and no risk must be run of a wasted afternoon on so dismal a spot as a deserted cricket ground when rain has stopped play. The next point is that the ordinary man wants to see a full day's cricket, and in this connexion one wonders whether the notion that unfinished matches are a deterrent to lookers-on has much foundation in fact. If the spectator is a partisan his main desire is to see his county or his club do well; and if his side cannot win, he would much prefer the match to end in a draw rather than in a defeat, so he may be dismissed from the argument. If he is not a partisan, my impression is that he seldom goes to the match on the third day, when with a finish clearly impossible play may be either dull or meaningless, or stumps may be pulled up before the usual time. He wants, in short, to watch cricket, and not to watch a cricket match.

One may almost go further than this. If it be allowed that many spectators gather to a cricket-ground in the hope of enjoying the cricket that they watch, with little or no interest in the result of the match, it follows almost of necessity that what has drawn and will continue to draw crowds more than anything else is the presence of famous individual players. In the early seventies it was the reputation of W. G. Grace that filled the grounds. When the Gloucestershire eleven paid their first visit to Sheffield in 1872 the local excitement was unprecedented, and Bramall Lane was absolutely packed with those eager to see the batsman of whose achievements they had heard so much. Grace in those days seldom disappointed his admirers, and on this particular occasion the Yorkshire enthusiasts had the pleasure of seeing the first Gloucestershire wicket fall at 238, out of which the champion had made 150. Twenty or thirty years later the public anxiety to watch batsmen like Ranjitsinhji and Jessop was almost equally great, and, to take the most modern instance, the form shown this season by the young Gloucestershire player Hammond adds immensely to the attractiveness of his county's engagements.

Stars of this brilliance shine out from time to time, but nobody can command their appearance. No amount of alterations to the rules will produce them, any more than amending the procedure of the House of Commons can affect the standard of oratory in that assembly. The most interesting cricket will always be played by interesting individual cricketers.

The question is affected by certain considerations which are purely technical. There is warrant for the view strongly expressed

in some quarters that English batting is not as good as it was thirty years ago because it is based upon mistaken principles. Many of the leading batsmen at the present time make a practice when the ball is bowled of moving across in front of the wicket and facing the bowler. Then with a lift of the bat, a lift which must be short because the batsman's body is behind the bat, they push the ball away to the off or to the on side. They do this very cleverly and successfully, but there must be a loss of freedom in this attitude compared with the orthodox way of standing sideways to the bowler and bringing the left shoulder well forward. Driving and cutting by the modern method are sacrificed to placing the ball on the on side, or glancing it away to leg, and the result is that the spectator sees fewer of the graceful and powerful strokes which used to delight him.

This 'two-eyed stance,' which upholders of the past condemn as the curse of modern batting, has been fostered, if not actually produced, by the various kinds of slow or medium-paced bowling, out-swervers, in-swervers, leg-breaks, googlies and so on, upon which so many bowlers nowadays rely. It is much less effective, and appears to be much more physically dangerous, against very fast bowling, like that of Gregory and Macdonald, of the 1921 Australian team. The front of the body is exposed to the bowler's pace, and freedom of movement, as has been said, must be to some extent restricted, so that the batsman, while taking up a more hazardous position, is less able to defend himself from injury.

Another inevitable consequence of the two-eyed stance is that cases of leg-before-wicket have multiplied. For the batsman who is standing right in front will, if he misses the ball, not be bowled by it, but be leg-before to it. He runs the risk, knowing quite well what he is doing, and would probably say that if he misses a straight ball he may just as well be out in one way as in another. A constant agitation is maintained to alter the existing rule about leg-before-wicket and make the batsman go out even if the ball has not pitched straight. People say that they are tired of what they call 'leg-play,' and think that it should be penalised more than it is at present. The chief objection to any change seems to be that the old-fashioned orthodox style of batting, with the left shoulder forward and the left leg thrown across to meet the ball that broke from the off, would be penalised even more than the modern method. If the ball breaks from the off sufficiently to beat the bat, it meets the batsman's left pad and, if the law is changed, out he has to go. Yet he is playing forward exactly as he has been taught to play; if he does not move his feet, but reaches across with his arms alone and leaves a gap of a yard between his bat and his pads, his cricket tutor would be the first to find fault. One might go on arguing the point inter-

mirably without satisfying either the advocate of change or the opponent of change.

The good cricket conservative deprecates any tinkering with the rules, as no doubt the good conservatives did when the Hambledon suggestion of a third stump or a bat of a different shape was put forward. Yet cricket has survived for many years a certain number of alterations to its laws, and, in spite or perhaps because of these reforms, it still remains a very great game.

ALFRED COCHRANE

CHESS IN HISTORY AND FICTION

At the present moment the atmosphere of England is heavily charged with chess. Within a few weeks a contest will take place far surpassing any chess gathering yet held, not only in national rivalry, but in the diversity and strength of the players engaged. The International Tournament, which will be held in London to commemorate the first meeting of the Fédération Internationale des Echecs in this country, will be fought out between the champions of sixteen nations. In addition, premier and major tournaments will be held for those hardly less skilled, while the best lady players of the Continent will compete in the women's section. Small wonder that in chess clubs great and small—from the lordly City of London to those in lonely hamlets, in tea-shops and simple restaurants where chess enthusiasts foregather, in country rectories and suburban railway carriages, talk assumes a highly technical tinge. For your true chess 'fan' is unlike the enthusiasts of other games in this: he is not a mere watcher of gladiators. Invariably a player himself, he will appreciate the subtlety and skill soon to be displayed, even if at the time he may not understand their cunning to the full.

Chess is not a game for the many. If we take the county of Surrey, one of the strongest in English chess, we find that the number of members of chess clubs scarcely reaches 800. Assuming —and it is a large assumption, for chess players are gregarious folk—that twice that number are to be found outside the recognised clubs, our total is still under 2500. The population of Surrey is, however, about 2,500,000, so that the chess players are but one in a thousand, or about ·001 of the inhabitants of the county. Probably the same proportion obtains elsewhere throughout England. Nevertheless, there is no game so universal as chess, or with such ramifications all over the globe. It is played, literally, not only from China to Peru, but from Iceland to the Falkland Islands. It is played by land, sea, and air (for your *nil admirari* voyagers have taken to carrying travelling boards with them on their aerial jaunts). It is played in trains, ships, submarines, lighthouses, and clubs (and the philosopher may make what he will out of the fact that the National Liberal

Club has recently beaten the Conservative Club in a competition by 6—0). It is played with boards and men by most; but sometimes by experts without any apparatus at all. It is played over the telephone; by post—for correspondence chess is a regular side line of its own; there have been many matches played by submarine cable; and there has just been a match by wireless telephony with Australia. There are 'Varsity blues in chess and competitions among schools, from which, however, the great public schools stand curiously aloof. Chess has its circles in the House of Commons, in the Royal Automobile Club and in the Stock Exchange. It is the relaxation in Government offices (in the luncheon hour, of course), an anodyne in hospitals and a solace for the well-conducted and the penitent in gaol.

Popular belief assigns an immense antiquity to the game, but we must beware of a lax employment of the word 'chess,' which translators have sometimes thought fit to employ in a generic way for any game played with boards and men. When Pope in his *Odyssey* tells us of the suitors of Penelope

> With rival art and ardour in their mien
> At chess they vie to captivate the queen

we must not take him too literally. What kind of game is meant by the word πεσσοί in the text—and it occurs in Æschylus and Pindar as well—is uncertain, but it was certainly not chess. According to Athenæus, Apion the grammarian used to say that there was a legend amongst the Ithacans that, as the number of suitors was 108, the game was played with 54 men a side, the 'queen,' representing Penelope, being placed in the centre as the prize to be secured. In another way chess has a shadowy connexion with the Trojan War, for Palamedes was for long held to be the inventor of the game. But this is not the case. Palamedes, however, had a fertile brain, for among his inventions are the alphabet, lighthouses, weights and measures, dice, backgammon, and the discus.

For the origin of chess we must look further east. Its actual beginnings there are indeed lost in obscurity, and there are some who assert that it was played within the Ark. The best authorities, however, agree that chess existed in India before it is known to have been played anywhere else, and, contrary to a rather prevalent idea as to the extreme antiquity of the game, they place its origin at a date which gives chess an existence of about twelve centuries. Such a span has been sufficient merely to explore the more obvious combinations of the game. It can be mathematically demonstrated that the number of ways of playing *the first ten moves* on each side is 169,518,829,100,544,000,000,000,000,000. On this basis, assuming that every man, woman, and child on the

face of the globe played these combinations at the rate of one set a minute, 217 billions of years would be required for the task. These terrifying figures at any rate refute the charge of 'sameness' sometimes made against the game.

As to how chess was introduced into Western and Central Europe little is really known, and still less about its advent into this country. Some say that chess was brought into Europe at the time of the Crusades, the theory being that the Christian warriors learned to play it at Constantinople, but this has been disproved. More probable is it that the Spaniards received the game from their Moslem conquerors, who had learnt it from the Persians, who in their turn had been initiated into it by the Hindus, while the Italians acquired chess from the Byzantines. In either case the game would then pass northwards to France, going thence to Scandinavia and to England. It seems that chess was known in Italy before the first Crusade, for there is extant a curious letter from the Cardinal Archbishop of Ostia to Pope Alexander II., written about 1061, bearing on the game. The cardinal had imposed a penance on a bishop whom he had found diverting himself with chess, and in his letter to the pope the cardinal quotes the language of reproof he had used to his erring subordinate: 'Was it right, I say, and consistent with thy duty, to sport away thy evenings amidst the vanities of chess and defile the hand which offers up the body of the Lord and the tongue that mediates between God and man with the pollution of a sacrilegious game?' So averse, indeed, was the Church of those days from chess that in Spain clerks playing at chess or dice were *ipso facto* excommunicated, and St. Louis, King of France, imposed a fine on any of the clergy who should play it.

But if ecclesiastics were debarred from the game no such injunction was imposed upon royalty. Canute is said to have been fond of chess, and there is a story to the effect that when playing with Earl Ulf a quarrel arose which led to the upsetting of the board. So incensed was the king at the action of his adversary that he had him murdered a few days later in church. As Canute died in 1035 the date has appeared to be too early for the authenticity of the story, but, on the other hand, the recent discovery of a Saxon set of chessmen seems to lend it credit. William the Conqueror, Henry I., John, and Edward I. are variously stated to have played at chess. In Tennyson's *Becket* Henry II. and the Archbishop are seen playing. And there is a verse in an old metrical romance about Richard I.: 'They found Kyng Richard at play At the chess in his galeye.' On the Continent Charles the Bold as a young man added chess to his many accomplishments: 'He learned his lessons very well and remembered them.

Above all, he was fond of the sea and boats. His favourite amusement was falconry, and he took pleasure in hunting when he had leave for it. He excelled his comrades in archery. He played at prisoner's base and could knock over all his playfellows. He played at chess better than any other of his time.' In the Middle Ages the old curriculum for a boy of gentle birth 'To ride, shoot and tell the truth' had been extended to include an appreciation of poetry, some skill at love-making, and the setting out of the boards and men for chess. These latter accomplishments were part of the education of a page in the days of chivalry. After the evening meal, if there was to be any time to be passed before retiring, it would be spent either in the hall or the withdrawing room at games of skill, usually for money. Of these games chess was one of the most common. The money element—now so conspicuously absent from the game—was often a drawback. Stories of fatal quarrels over chess are common in mediæval romances. It is probable that in many cases the board became the lethal weapon, for in those days chess-boards were substantial pieces of furniture and were, when not in use, generally hung upon the castle wall suspended by iron rings.

In one of the earliest editions of Froissart there is a description of a game between Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury in which the king purposely loses a ring to his opponent, which, however, that lady was discreet enough to send back to her royal admirer after his departure. Chess was now almost exclusively a royal or aristocratic game, a state of affairs which in England, at any rate, lasted for several centuries, for the present popular interest in chess is of very modern growth. It is for this reason, doubtless, that we find but one reference to the game in Chaucer, and even there the story has an aristocratic setting. We read in *The Frankeleine's Tale* of Dorigene and how she could not console herself for the departure of her husband Arviragus, but wandered in sorrow by the shore of the loud-roaring sea. Her friends, in their anxiety, led her away to more social haunts and

They dancen and they play at ches and tables,

the latter game being analogous to our modern backgammon. Alas for Dorigene, she turned from the chess-board to the allurements of the dance, and there were soon the elements of the inevitable triangle from which she was perhaps fortunate to escape.

In the fifteenth century there is another indication of the royal nature of the game in Shirley's *Dethe of King James*—'As the Kyng plaid at chesses with one of his Knyghtes.' By this time chess was beginning to have a literature of its own, and it is significant that the second book to be printed in England

was *The Game and Playe of Chesse*, in 1474. Not many years later a manuscript was prepared which ultimately appeared as *The Buke of the Chesse*. More technical was the famous work of the Spanish priest Ruy Lopez de Segura which appeared in 1561. Lopez was the first to merit the title of analyst of the game, and his investigations led to the selection of his name to describe the celebrated Ruy Lopez opening. The work of Lopez was translated into Italian in 1584, for at that time the Italian and the Spanish were the two great schools of chess. Chess-masters had now come into existence, and the game had ceased to be merely a recreation in the castle and the palace. Twice towards the end of the sixteenth century the two leading Italian players visited Spain and defeated all comers. These visits were the beginning of the international tournaments which are such a feature of to-day.

Spanish etiquette tended, however, to take away from the enjoyment of the game. A Spanish lord having frequently played with Philip II. and won all the games, perceived when His Majesty rose from play that he was much ruffled with chagrin. The lord when he returned home said to his family: 'My children, we have nothing more to do at court. There we must expect no favour. For the king is offended at my having won from him every game of chess.' In England Cranmer was a devotee of the game. An account of his daily life, *circa* 1552, from the pen of his secretary, Ralph Morice, records that after dinner 'for an hour or thereabouts he would play at the chess, or behold such as could play.' Bacon had no use for chess, and sarcastically declared that it was 'too wise a game'—a curious statement, coming from the author of *The Advancement of Learning*. In Shakespeare there is but a solitary reference to the game, where in *The Tempest* 'The entrance of the cell opens and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.' The game was apparently conducted on rather unconventional lines, though with undoubted good-will:

> MIRANDA. Sweet lord, you play me false.
> FERDINAND. No, my dearest love, I would not for the world.
> MIRANDA. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle
> And I would call it fair play.

These quotations from Bacon and Shakespeare imply that chess was well known in early Stuart times, and this theory is supported by a quotation from Daniel's *History of England* where he describes two angry disputants and how 'one called the other the son of a bastard and threw the chess in his face.' A more quotable authority is Braithwait, who in his *English Gentleman* says, and truly: 'There is no one game which may seeme to

represent the state of man's life to the full so well as the chesse.' And there is no more beautiful use of chess to provide a metaphor than the passage from the *Religio Medici* where Sir Thomas Browne describes how the devil sought to undermine his faith :

And thus would he inveigle my belief to think the combustion of Sodom might be natural, and that there was an asphaltick and bituminous nature in that lake before the fire of Gomorrah. I know that manna is now plentifully gathered in Calabria ; and Josephus tells me in his days it was as plentiful in Arabia. The devil therefore made the query ' Where was then the miracle in the days of Moses ? ' . . . Thus the devil played at chess with me, and yielding a pawn, thought to gain a queen of me ; taking advantage of my honest endeavours ; and whilst I laboured to raise the structure of my reason, he strove to undermine the edifice of my faith.

It might have been expected that from the pages of Macaulay we could learn something of the status of chess in the later Stuart days. In his *History of England* he has given a vivid and detailed description of social life in this country in 1685. He tells of life at court, in the coffee-house, in manor-houses, watering-places, and country parsonages. His pictures glow with light and colour. We see how a smattering of science had become the rage in fashionable circles, and how ' it was almost necessary for the character of a fine gentleman to have something to say of air-pumps and telescopes,' but, for all Macaulay tells us, these sucking Newtons may not have known the difference between a stalemate and a passed pawn. We go to court and ' see the king dine, sup, dance and play hazard,' but never a glimpse do we get of him at the royal game. The coffee-houses and the watering-places have dice and basset, but not boards and men. The country parsonage is a vacuum so far as chess is concerned, and the country gentleman ' who passed as a great scholar if *Hudibras* and Baker's *Chronicle* and the *Seven Champions of Christendom* lay in the hall window with his fishing rods and fowling pieces ' was apparently too boorish for chess. We do, indeed, get a glimpse of the recreations of a country house in the description of the domestic chaplain. We are told how, in the intervals between nailing up the apricots and casting up the farrier's bills, the reverend man was often called upon to make up a game with the master of the house. But the game was never chess. In wet weather it was shovel-board and in fine weather it was bowls.

We should, however, greatly err were we to construe the absence of any reference to chess by Macaulay as a proof that the game was obsolete. Merely a slight acquaintance with the literature of those days will show the contrary. To begin with, as every good book-hunter knows, there is a delightful little duodecimo published in 1656 entitled *The Royal Game of Chess*

Play and with the following advertisement: 'Sometimes the Recreation of the late King with many of the Nobility.' In the same year appeared another work on chess by Beale with the identical advertisement above given, and containing also a portrait of Charles I. It is clear from this evidence that chess had been played by the Cavaliers, and it is incredible that by 1685 the game would have become obsolete among the loyal veterans thus typified by Macaulay: 'One had been knighted by Charles I. after the Battle of Edgehill. Another wore a patch over the scar he had received at Naseby. A third had defended his old house till Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard.' Further, in 1674, there was published *The Compleat Gamester.* This gives 'all manner of most usual and gentile games of cards and dice.' To which is added: 'The art and mysteries of riding, racing, archery, and cockfighting.' And be it noted that the list of these delights is preceded by 'Instructions how to play billiards, trucks, bowls *and chess.*'

We have, however, further evidence to support our case. Baxter lived till 1691, and during his lifetime he had been closely connected with the court. In his *Christian Director* he refers directly to the game: 'The student that needeth chess or cards to please his mind I doubt hath a carnal and empty mind.' Such words tend to show that so far from chess being obsolete it had become a snare. This probability is distinctly borne out by a broadsheet published in 1680 under the title of *A Letter from a Minister to his Friend.* The author (who describes himself apologetically as 'of a constitution corpulent and phlegmatick') delivers himself in the most solemn manner of the reasons why his friend should abjure the perils of chess. He moralises on the vanity and the emptiness of the game; points out that John Huss was greatly troubled in his conscience for 'using the game a little before his death'; and for his own part he gives as one of his ten reasons for abandoning chess 'my using of it hath occasioned much sin, as passion, strife, idle (if not lying) words in myself or my antagonist or both.' We may smile at the fanaticism of this 'corpulent and phlegmatick' man, but we must admit that he would scarcely have gone to the expense of expressing his views in print had he not been genuinely alarmed at the hold which the game was exercising over his brother clergy.

Another important document may here be quoted from Clarendon. During the exile of Charles II. a petition was forwarded him from an Anabaptist source. In it occurs the following sentence:

I durst not undertake to persuade your Majesty to anything, being ignorant by what maxims your counsels are governed; but this I shall crave leave to say, that I have often observed that a desperate game of

chess has been recovered after the loss of the nobility, only by playing the pawns well; and that the subscribers may not be of the same use to your Majesty, if well managed, I cannot despair, especially at such a time as this, when there is scarce anything but pawns left upon the board and those few others that are left may justly be complained of in the words of Tacitus, *praesentia et tuta, quam vetera, et periculosa, malunt omnes.*

Two things are clearly proved by this extract. In the first place chess was palpably a game well known in the Anabaptist class, and secondly the petitioners were obviously confident that the chess metaphor would be understood by their sovereign and by his advisers. On the whole we are perhaps justified—*pace* Macaulay, and *pace* even life at Castlewood as described for us by Henry Esmond—in asserting that chess was a game habitually played by the upper and middle classes of England in the latter days of the Stuart dynasty. It would be strange indeed were it otherwise, for we can hardly imagine that the country gentlemen of 1685 were intellectually inferior to their forbears of the Middle Ages. To a party violently royalist in tone no game would make an appeal so strong as that of chess. Macaulay seems wilfully to depreciate the mental powers of the country gentleman and parson. But then Macaulay was a violent Whig and the parsons and squires of 1685 were high Tories almost to a man.

The century which followed was a somewhat lean one for chess. But if Spain and Italy had declined, France proved her ascendency. In the chess world she forced Castilian pride to yield her precedence. She summoned Italian princes—of chess—to prostrate themselves at her footstool. It was the age of the immortal Philidor, who added to his glory by reviving the 'blindfold' play which had been practised by the Persians and the Arabs. And it was Philidor who, when an exile during the French Revolution, did much to promote the revival of chess in this country. We have, too, glimpses of the royal and court connexion which still prevailed. When Charles XII. of Sweden was in captivity among the Turks at Bender,

> By way of amusement [so Voltaire tells us] he sometimes played at chess; and, as the characters of men are often discovered by the most trifling incidents, it may not be improper to observe, that he always advanced the king first [*sic*] in that game, and made greater use of him than of any of the other men, by which he was always a loser.

We can well believe this, but Charles XII. had ideas rather beyond his time. He wanted to alter the method of counting by tens, and to substitute the number 64, because that number contains both a square and a cube, and being divided by 2 is reducible to

a unit. As Voltaire says, 'he always delighted in what was difficult and extraordinary.'

There is an anecdote told of the Earl of Sunderland, Minister to George I., who was partial to chess. He once played with the Laird of Cluny and the learned Cunningham, the editor of *Horace*. Cunningham beat his lordship, and the earl 'was so fretted at his superiority and surliness that he dismissed him without reward.' Cluny, however, was wise enough to allow himself sometimes to be beaten, and by that means got his pardon and something handsome besides. It was in this century, too, that the great chess hoax took place. Kempelen's automatic chess-player was exhibited in England about 1785. The figure was habited as a Turk and placed behind a chest, which was opened by the exhibitor to display the machinery. The 'Turk' played the most intricate games of chess with any of the spectators. The whole country was taken in by this amazingly clever invention, and among those hoaxed was Isaac D'Israeli, as is clear from his *Dreams at the Dawn of Philosophy* in the early edition of his *Curiosities of Literature*. In a later edition, however, Lord Beaconsfield explodes the myth, and relates in a footnote to his father's sentence that the chest was large enough to conceal the operator. The 'machinery' was simply camouflage, and was used really to conceal a man *without legs*. Diagrams were published to explain the whole trickery of an invention which was the sensation of its day. The automaton was owned for a short time by Napoleon, and ultimately perished in a fire at Philadelphia in 1854.

Coming to more modern times we have to deplore a certain indifference to chess in sketches of contemporary England. Cowper acidly queries, 'Who then that has a mind well strung and tuned to contemplation . . . would waste attention at the chequered board ? ' Jane Austen ignores chess. There was none at Hartfield or Mansfield Park. Emma and her father played backgammon. The Bennett girls had no battles with D'Arcy and Bingley. Nor is Jane the only backslider. At Cranford even the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson was ignorant of the royal game. In *Guy Mannering* Lucy Bertram and young Hazelwood have 'a pensive game of chess.' We hear nothing of it at Clavering or Fairoaks. William Dobbin was indeed a player and, greatly daring, met Glorvina across the board, and later sent a set of Chinese carved men as a present to Georgie Osborne. The gentle Elia tells us of how to Mrs. Battle

> Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with insufferable horror and *ennui*. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly), were entirely

misplaced and senseless. Those hard-head contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and colour. A pencil and a dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

H. J. Byron makes one of his characters in *Our Boys* declare: 'Life's too short for chess.' Sydney Smith, in his *First Letter to Archdeacon Singleton*, when bemoaning the activities of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, calls to mind that he had been at school and college with the Archbishop of Canterbury: 'fifty-three years ago he knocked me down with the chess-board for checkmating him—and now he is attempting to take away my patronage.'

The truth is, chess lacks its prophet. It needs its Nimrod or its Jorrocks. The references to it are mainly casual. In Dumas's *Vingt Ans Après* the Duke of Beaufort plays chess, and there is a chess problem in *La Dame de Monsoreau*. Dupuy-Mazuel, however, wrote a novel with Kempelen, the inventor of the chess automaton, as the central figure, and the story will be familiar to readers of Edgar Allan Poe and to 'movie' enthusiasts of to-day. Poe, by the way, in *The Murders of the Rue Morgue* arrives at the conclusion that the reflective intellect is more severely taxed by draughts than by chess and less by draughts than by whist. There was chess in Barset (Trollope, it may be noted, was a player himself): Mr. Harding was a player; and how we should have liked to see that mild-mannered man with the black pieces in a slashing Max Lange attack! Eleanor Bold played with the Stanhope ladies. And Lord Lufton could have been 'discovered' with Lucy Robarts, like a modern Ferdinand and Miranda, in the drawing-room at Framley Court.

George Eliot does not tell much of chess, but what there is is to the point. In *Felix Holt* she writes:

> Fancy what a game chess would be if all the chessmen had passions and intellects, more or less small and cunning: if you were not only uncertain about your adversary's men, but a little uncertain also about your own; if your knight could shuffle himself on to a new square by the sly; if your bishop, in disgust at your castling, could wheedle your pawns out of their places; and if your pawns, hating you because they are pawns, could make away from their appointed posts that you might get checkmate on a sudden. You might be the longest headed of deductive reasoners and yet you might be beaten by your own pawns. You would be especially likely to be beaten, if you depended arrogantly on your mathematical imagination, and regarded your passionate pieces with contempt.

In *The Last Phase* Lord Rosebery rather makes merry at Napoleon's chess at St. Helena, but competent critics of the game have much admired the skill displayed in the Scotch gambit game of the fallen Emperor which has come down to us. What lover of *The Deerslayer* will forget the carved chessmen used for

barter with the Indians and *how Natty thought they were idols*. The chess game in *Through the Looking Glass* is of course immortal, although somewhat difficult to follow. In *Omar Khayyam* there are the famous lines :

> 'Tis all a chequer-board of nights and days
> Where Destiny with men for pieces plays.

Robert Louis Stevenson was one of the literary chess-players and writing from Monterey to Henley he says that he plays chess daily. Later in life he again mentions that he has been playing, adding, however, ' in my old age I prefer cribbage.' In one of H. G. Wells' first books—*Certain Personal Matters*—is a pleasant essay *Concerning Chess*. There is another essay on chess reprinted in A. G. Gardiner's *Leaves in the Wind*, with, however, a curious disregard of the rule of ' touch and move.' Shaw in *The Irrational Knot* has a character who says ' He hates chess. He says it is a foolish expedient for making idle people believe they are doing something very clever, when they are only wasting their time.' There is a story by Barry Pain in which the villain, decoying the hero to the usual ' lonely house,' produces a pocket chess-board and makes the artless victim so absorbed as to take no notice of the road or the length of the journey. And quite recently Sherlock Holmes was overheard to say to his *fidus Achates* : ' Amberley excelled at chess—one mark, Watson, of a scheming mind.'

We must end this ramble through the fields of chess. But before we take the hard high road again let us pluck this blossom from Huxley :

> The chessboard is the world : the pieces are the phenomena of the universe : the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But also we know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance.

F. E. WHITTON.

THE FOLKLORE OF EDINBURGH

I

THE popular traditions of Lowland Scotland have scarcely received that attention which has been bestowed upon the folklore of the northern and more Celtic portion of the kingdom, or which has been given to the legends and superstitions of most English counties. Books dealing specifically with Lowland folklore are rare, and when the extraordinary richness and variety of its examples, as expressed in ballad and legend, are recalled, this neglect is difficult to explain. A well-directed effort should long ago have been made to rescue and explicate its material while that was still feasible. But the day grows late, and folk memory is fast fading. Happily, much valuable material is already in print, scattered in fugitive passages throughout scores of volumes on local antiquity and topography. But as yet no systematic field-work by trained collectors has been attempted on any extensive scale, and much priceless fairy treasure is in danger of being lost, if it has not already vanished altogether.

What applies to the Lowlands as a whole, applies with almost equal force to Edinburgh, their nucleus and capital. The myths and legends of Auld Reekie are both numerous and of considerable value and significance to the student of folklore. The majority of them are to be encountered in books having a bearing on local antiquities, but until recently no effort was made to reduce them to systematic order, to compare them with the traditions of other areas, to classify them according to type, or to explain them in terms of myth according to the methods of the modern science of folklore. This lack of criticism is perhaps accounted for by the intense interest displayed by local antiquaries in the more ponderable vestiges of the past which abound in the Scottish capital. In view of an almost unexampled wealth of ancient architectural detail, much of which is still in a tolerable state of preservation, and the research this demands, which will fully occupy for many years quite a small army of conscientious workers, it is scarcely to the discredit of the antiquaries of Edinburgh that they have not so far found opportunity for the discussion of the city's traditions.

These, as regards their numbers and character, are at first sight well-nigh bewildering, and are calculated to dismay even the inveterate collector by their obscurity. Only a few bear an obvious relationship to some of the most celebrated world myths and legends. The satisfactory explanation of the majority has necessitated prolonged research. Some fifteen years ago the casual examination of a number of these märchen impressed me so greatly by their surface resemblance to similar world tales that I resolved to depart temporarily from research in the sphere of Mexican mythology and follow up several clues afforded by these native examples in the hope of casting some light upon their relationship to local history and their similarity to world traditions in general—in short, to bring to bear upon them the critical methods of modern folklore.

The initial task seemed to be one of classification, and the available material was arranged—rather arbitrarily, perhaps—under the specific heads of Myth, Legend, and pure Folklore. Following a system of my own, which had nevertheless the sanction of other and experienced authorities, I regarded as mythical all traditional material having a predominantly religious character, as legendary such tales as related to human personages or people once actually existing, and as pure folklore those traditions associated with ritual or popular custom or superstition. This plan has been adopted in the present article, not only as convenient for grouping the examples under examination but for purposes of general comparison and conclusion.

In the sphere classified as Myth, the first tale to undergo examination was connected with the Chapel of St. Triduana, in the district of Restalrig, situated in the eastern part of the city, and lying between Edinburgh and Leith. Restalrig, formerly a little hamlet, is now hemmed in by unsightly factories, and is the rather chaotic environment of a new housing scheme, yet its ancient church and chapel still retain much of their original graciousness. The Chapel of St. Triduana was excavated from a mound in the graveyard about twenty years ago and tastefully restored. On its summit is to be seen an image of the saint, bearing her eyes on a thorn. Briefly, her story is as follows :

The *Breviary* of Aberdeen tells us that the sainted virgin Triduana of Colosse arrived from Achaia, or Greece, in company with St. Regulus, the traditional founder of St. Andrews, at a date variously placed as early as the third and as late as the eighth century. The mission bore the relics of St. Andrew to Scotland, and to Triduana was entrusted the plantation of the Christian faith in Angus. But her soft Grecian beauty aroused the susceptibilities of the Pictish king, Nectan, and she was forced to flee to thol, where his emissaries came up with her. Incredulous

that a monarch could rate her charms so highly, Triduana asked of the king's messengers what the prince desired of her, and was informed with Celtic warmth that he had been smitten by 'the most excellent beauty of her eyes.' 'What he seeketh he shall surely have,' she exclaimed, and, instantly plucking forth the offending members, skewered them upon a thorn and handed them to the ambassadors. Later she retired to Restalrig, where she built a cell and pursued the life religious until her death.

Throughout the Middle Ages the shrine and well of St. Triduana were famous for the cure of blindness, and to it came pilgrims from all parts of Scotland and the north of England. Sir David Lyndsay makes two allusions to it. Devotees thronged to St. Tredwall, he says, 'to mend their eine,' and again he states in his curious inventory of saints in *The Monarchie*:

> Sanct Tredwall, als, thare may be sene
> Quhilk on ane prick hes baith hir ene.

At Rescobie, her first place of sojourn in Scotland, each September brought round a St. Trodlin's Fair.

Authorities are divided as to the exact site of St. Triduana's Well. Indeed, some confusion attaches to the subject. A well dedicated to St. Margaret, and covered by a structure closely resembling the groined roof of Triduana's chapel, stood for many generations on a site now covered by the locomotive works of the London Midland and Scottish Railway Company at Restalrig. This well I do not believe to have been, as is frequently stated, that of St. Triduana, later known as St. Margaret's. I incline to the belief that the building already alluded to and known as the chapel or chapter-house which stands in the graveyard of Restalrig Church sheltered the original well. This building was erected at the close of the fifteenth century, and was probably the second or third so raised over the miraculous well, to which came the stricken from all over broad Scotland. It is a notable fact that since the restoration of this chapel modern engineering skill has proved unequal to the task of stemming the water which flows into it from a subterranean stream, deeply covering its floor, to which a circular flight of steps leads down. Was not this, then, the ancient bath-house of the shrine of St. Trid, down whose steps groped blind pilgrims who were immersed in its waters in the hope that they would recover their sight?

St. Triduana, be it noted, does not figure in the Roman Calendar. Such wells as hers are by no means uncommon in Britain, and well-worship, or its remains, is still in vogue in the Celtic or semi-Celtic districts in our island. In the more Teutonic parts of England, although many wells are still known as 'holy,' no trace of any reason for regarding them as such remains. But

a fully developed ritual is still in use by visitors to many wells in Wales. We know that in ancient Gaul those goddesses or nymphs who presided over wells frequently became 'saints' on the introduction of Christianity, and that the teeming Gallic pantheon gave many a name to the Calendar of Rome.

The name 'Triduana' appears in a charter of the time of James IV., but to the people she was evidently St. Trid, or Tredwall. That she was a Celtic goddess who presided over a well famous for the cure of blindness and eye diseases is plain enough. She can readily be identified with St. Bridgit or St. Briid, the Celtic saint, who was anciently the goddess Brigantia and tutelary patroness of the tribe of the Brigantes. Her myth in one particular is identical with that of Triduana. 'A brother of her brethren said to her: "Idle is the fair eye in thy head not to be on a pillow near a husband." "The Son of the Virgin knoweth," replied Bridgit; "it is not lively for us if it bring harm upon us."' Bridgit then plucked out her eyes, as did the Saint of Restalrig, saying to her brother: 'Lo, here for thee is thy delightful eye.' Bridgit, moreover, either as goddess or saint, was regarded as a healer of ocular diseases, a patroness of wells and a guardian against the evil eye, and from Briid to Trid is no great orthographical step. Tredwell, in Edinburgh, bears, indeed, a close analogy to Bridewell in London.

Bridgit has been identified by Dr. Ernest Krause with the 'Deae Suli Minervae,' Sulivia or Sulina (Gaelic *suil*, 'eye of life'), who was worshipped at Bath in Roman times, and seems to have had a continual fire burned before her image, as did Bridgit in her shrine at Kildare. The name *Suil*, eye, probably means 'nucleus of life,' but its alternative significance as 'eye' almost certainly accounts for Bridgit's fame as a healer of the sight, and therefore for Triduana's equal celebrity in this regard.

Equally mythological is the mysterious Brounger, whose name was once literally a thing to conjure with in Newhaven, Edinburgh's fishing suburb. But it is evident that the anonymous writer who was the first to make mention of him in his *Tales and Traditions of Leith*, published in 1865, was totally unaware of Brounger's divinity. In the work alluded to Brounger is described as 'an old fisherman who at one time resided at Newhaven, and who, when unable to go to sea himself, used to ask a few oysters or fish from his neighbours on their return from fishing.' If these were refused, ill luck was certain to follow, and Brounger's demands came to be regarded in the light of an established claim. In course of time Brounger passed away, but his name remained as something which held a mysterious significance. For the Newhaven fisherman of pre-trawling times, the expression 'Brounger's in your head-sheets' was equivalent to the casting of a spell on

his vessel, only to be raised by making the boat describe a circle in the water three times.

But we arrive at the true significance of Brounger when we discover that tradition averred him to be 'a flint, and the son of a flint.' For the flint or meteorite is the symbol, all the world over, of the Thunder god, the emblem of the fecundating rain, and the talisman by the aid of which the winds can be loosed. In the island of Fladdahuan, in the Hebrides, there was formerly, according to Martin, who describes it in his *Western Isles*, a chapel containing a round, bluish stone, which was always kept in a moist condition. Windbound fishermen were in the habit of walking round the chapel sunwise, after which they poured water over the talisman, whereupon a breeze was sure to spring up. A similar stone was preserved in Arran. It was kept in the custody of a woman, and was wrapped in fine linen cloth, which, when unwound, loosed its magical potency to raise a wind. In the island of Inniskea, off the Irish coast, still another such stone was preserved, swathed in flannel, and openly adored by the inhabitants. It was supposed to send them wealth of wreckage and flotsam.

Scores of gods in the world's mythologies were represented by similar stones. Zeus was worshipped in such a form at Pergamos. The rain-charms of the Navaho Indians are round stones supposed to have fallen from heaven ; Tawiscara, an Indian deity, lets fall his blood from the sky in flint-flakes. Tohil, the god of the Quiche Indians of Central America, wears sandals of flint, which he clashes together to produce the thunder and lightning ; the hammer of Thor, the Thunder god, is a 'thunder-stone.' In early times, when the first fishermen from the Baltic settled on the coast of Midlothian, they probably brought with them a symbol of this kind as a species of tribal fetish, the root of whose name seems to be descried in the old Gothic word *brinnan*, 'to burn.' Hence Brounger, or 'Brünger,' is 'the burner,' the wielder of lightnings, worshipped in his emblem of the flint, and placated by gifts from that sea harvest which he could grant to or withhold from his people by sending favourable winds or unloosing the tempests.

In my opinion Brounger is one and the same with Perunu, once the Thunder god of the fishermen of the island of Rügen, which lies off the Pomeranian coast. Its people were of Slavonic stock, and clear proof exists that the fishing races of the Baltic and Friesland had for many centuries a prolonged intercourse with the Firth of Forth. Indeed, Nennius alludes to the estuary as 'Mare Frenessicum,' or 'the Frisian Sea.' Doubtless settlers from all parts of the Teutonic-Slavonic seaboard of what is now North Germany arrived in the firth at separate times, and the

racial character of the maritime population of the Midlothian coast is still sharply distinct from that of the landward people. The Slavonic character of Brounger is apparent, too, from another name bestowed upon him, 'Johnny Boag,' for Bôg is the Slavonic term for 'god.' If that name were mentioned in the hearing of a fisherman of the older generation when on his way to his boat, it was supposed to restrain him from putting to sea. That Brounger was certainly regarded as a supernatural being is further evident from an old folk-rhyme which describes a fisherman's wedding at which he appears as an unbidden guest. His shadow looms at the window, and a cry at once arises that something must be done to placate him:

> Let ilka body gie'm a corse (copper-piece)
> And Jock may gie him twa,
> An' the chiel will sune hae in his maut (drink)
> Syne he'll forget it a'.
> And when he's at the Land o' Nod,
> To make the matter ticht,
> I'll score the loon abune the breath
> An' syne we'll be a richt.

To 'score' or cut a wizard 'abune the breath'—that is, above the mouth—was to place him temporarily out of action, so this rhyme demonstrates clearly enough that Brounger was regarded in later times by the folk of Newhaven as a sorcerer capable of dealing in 'magic and spells,' a phase to which the god not uncommonly descends owing to the degeneration or confusion of his myth.

Not far from Newhaven, near the citadel of Leith and on the site of the present docks, there formerly existed a great rock which was reported to be the haunt of a demon known locally as Shellycoat. The urchins of the port were wont to run round this stone three times, chanting the while:

> Shellycoat, Shellycoat, gang awa' hame,
> I cry na' yer mercy, I fear na yer name.

Shellycoat is known as a water demon of the same class as the nix and the kelpie in Scottish regions so far apart as Forfarshire and the Borders. He is described as a gigantic monster of undefinable proportions, of great swiftness and malignancy, delighting in deeds of blood and violence. He wore a garment composed of shells, the fearsome rattling of which appalled the stoutest heart. After he had accomplished any task of peculiar difficulty he was in the habit of depositing his coat under a rock, and without this supernatural raiment he was rendered entirely harmless.

Local tradition avers that towards the end of the seventeenth century a certain 'English Dick,' the descendant of one of

Cromwell's Ironsides, offered for a wager to brave the demon in his haunt at midnight. He was found later by his companions in the vicinity of the Shellycoat stone with both legs broken and otherwise seriously injured. He told them that when he summoned the fiend he heard a terrific rattling in the air, and that suddenly a gigantic figure loomed above him, seized him, and flew off in the direction of the island of Inchkeith, where he dashed his victim on the rocky ground several times. But as the sun rose, Shellycoat carried him back to Leith, and deposited him where he had first found him.

Strangely enough, the only class of demons who bear any resemblance to Shellycoat is to be found in distant Japan. Like him, they are garbed in coats of shells, they fly through the air, and exhibit equal malignancy. They would seem to be marine deities or fiends, but to account for their presence in Scotland is not a little difficult, unless it be presumed that the centre of their distribution was anciently on the Siberian or Arctic coast, and that the tradition of them was brought to Scotland on the one hand by people of Finnish stock, who are known to have settled in her estuaries, and on the other to Japan by related Mongolian or Ainu peoples. Allan Ramsay, speaking of a frightened lass, says that

> She fled as frae a Shelly-coated cow,

' Cow ' in Scots means ' bogle ' or ' demon,' and has an etymological relationship with ' cow,' *signifying ' to bully ' or ' to reduce* to terrified obedience.'

A variant of the myth of Orpheus lingers about the historic High Street of Edinburgh. Robert Chambers in his *Walks in Edinburgh* alludes to the tradition that several subterranean passages existed between the Castle and other parts of the city. One of these, he states, was formerly thought to have emerged somewhere in Livingstone's Yards, and to have been made use of during the investment of the Castle in 1745. The underground passage connected with the legend was said to run directly beneath the route of the Royal Mile, from the Castle to Holyrood Palace.

The legend relates that ' once upon a time ' a certain Highland piper resolved to explore the passage, and arranged a wager with some friends, by the terms of which he was to be suitably recompensed did he succeed in penetrating to Holyrood. To prove to those above that he was actually attempting the feat, he undertook to play upon his pipes all the way, by which means his subterranean march was closely followed by his companions in the High Street. But when they had traced the sound as far as the Tron Church it suddenly ceased, and the plucky piper was never more seen or heard of.

This tale would appear to have no foundation in fact. There is no proof whatsoever that a subterranean passage ever existed between the Castle and Holyrood. But the legend bears a close resemblance to others of a hoary antiquity which tell of the entrance of a daring musician into the Underworld. The hero who braves the terrors of Hades is usually a member of the musical fraternity, for music acts as a powerful spell against the anarchies of Pluto's realm. Orpheus took especial care to carry his lyre with him when he visited the region of the dead, and we find that the twin heroes who explored Xibalba, the kingdom of the dead in Central American myth, were expert flautists. Possibly the Castle Hill, upon the slopes of which the High Street is built, was, like the Calton Hill and Arthur's Seat, one of Edinburgh's sacred eminences, and originally the burial-place of the dwellers upon the Castle rock. And we know that early places of sepulture were in many countries associated with the Underworld. When a boy, I was informed by an ancient relative that the piper was accompanied on his quest by a dog. The dog, both in Egypt and Mexico, is the invariable companion of the dead who enter Hades, their guide through the gloomy corridors of the Underworld. He was sacrificed in order that his astral counterpart might accompany the wandering human shade to its destination, and in Britain the numerous mediæval effigies of dogs lying at the feet of mailed warriors speak of a similar native tradition which died hard so lately as Elizabethan times. The mythological pedigree of this tale is very clear indeed; but it seems better in the interests of the reader (having first reasoned from effect to cause) to reverse the usual method of Folklore for once and argue from known cause to effect. Starting, then, with such myths as those of Orpheus, Ishtar, and others, in which the object is to demonstrate how death may be vanquished and the dead restored, we find the plot turned to the uses of folklore, the hero entering upon a quest in the Underworld of Fairyland or the abode of a dishonoured goddess, rather than in the sad shades of Hades. Thus Ogier the Dane essays the Land of Faerie, and Tannhäuser enters the Hill of Venus or Holda—the Hörselberg—as Thomas the Rhymer enters the Hill of Ercildoune. Is there a formula? Can we reduce the general circumstances to a least common denominator something like this?

An adventurous person, usually a musician or maker of poetry, ventures underground—(1) in myth to recover a beloved one from the clutches of death; (2) in folklore to gain the love of the Queen of Faerie, or some discredited goddess who takes her place.

But we have not yet plumbed the depths of mythic degenera-

tion. From the allurements of Fairyland we descend still farther to the more dusty shadows of the underground passage. Very numerous are the local tales which tell of these.

A rhymed curse in the Scots of the fifteenth century, written by Sir John Rowll, priest of Corstorphine, a village just within the city boundaries, throws much light upon the local surviving mythic figures of his time. In its lines this country parson, whose poultry-yard has been raided, casts anathemas upon the spoilers, and in doing so provides us with an interesting catalogue relating to the local demonology.

> . . . and Cerberus thair banis sall knaw
> For thair dispyt of the Kirkis law
> Gog and Magog and grym Garog
> The Devill of hell the theif Harog
> Sym Skynar and St Garnega
> Julius appostata
> Prince Pluto and quene Cokatrice
> Devetinus the devill that maid the dyce
> Cokadame and Semiamis
> Fyremouth and Tutivillus,
> And Browny als that can play kow
> Behind the claith wi mony mow
> All this about the beir salbe
> Singand ane dolorus dergie.

In an effort to identify these personages we may pass over Cerberus and Gog Magog, who has by this date evidently resolved himself into two separate individuals. In Harog we probably see that 'Old Harry' who is so frequently apostrophised, perhaps a variant of the Norse god Odin. In Sym Skynar we may have Skrymir, the Norse giant in whose glove Thor found shelter from an earthquake, and who sadly fooled him and his companions. Skrymir was, of course, one of the Jötunn, or Norse Titans, and probably one of the powers of winter; and he may have received the popular surname of 'Sym' in the same manner as we speak of 'Jack' Frost. Julian the Apostate, Pluto and the Cokatrice are easily identified. Semiamis is, of course, Semiramis, and it was quite possible that the Babylonian goddess appealed to the popular imagination as a demon.

St. Garnega is Girnigo, the only truly Caledonian figure of them all, the grim fiend who 'girned' or grinned, and to whom a bygone generation of Scottish parents compared cross children in the phrase 'ye wee Girnigo.' The passage is a striking commentary upon the variety of sources, pagan and ecclesiastical, native and foreign, from which the demonology of the Edinburgh of 450 years ago was made up.

LEWIS SPENCE.

(To be continued.)

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE LAND

Up and down the country under the placid exterior of agricultural England there still lurks, firmly believed in, a mass of superstitions, traditions, and sayings which embody an unsuspected and surprising amount of folklore—folklore that is, in part, the residuum that has filtered down to us of the worship of strange gods in a past of our people that has no record in history. As such one cannot nowadays, as one once did, dismiss these superstitions and tales as nonsensical and ignorant, for it is now realised that they are valuable matter for study for those who would attempt to read a blurred and misty past. Many of them have to do with good luck and ill luck, the reason for which it is often difficult to understand; some are omens of life and death; others are empirical rules of sowing and reaping and agriculture in general, which are the accumulated experience of endless centuries. Many, again, have reference to the ever-changing weather and to the influence of the moon; some have arisen round certain animals; others are, no doubt, weird and twisted versions of religious rites practised when Odin and still stranger gods held sway in the land. And mixed with it all are remnants of the witchcraft of the Dark and Middle Ages.

The record would be amazing, unbelievable, if one did not remember that even the sophisticated town dweller, the product of education and civilisation, still to-day hastens to 'touch wood' to avert a change of fortune when he speaks of any good luck. He is really propitiating unconsciously some nebulous unknown spirit who might revenge the boasting.

For instance, everyone in the countryside knows that it is good luck to you for the year if the first lamb you see has its head towards you; if you have money in your pocket at the time, adds the Lincolnshire man, you are going to be specially favoured. Turn the money in your pocket to set a seal on the luck. But it is not good to see a solitary lamb:

> One for sorrow, two for mirth.
> Three a wedding, four a birth.
> Five for heaven, six for hell.
> Seven you'll see the old de'il himself.

It is moreover very unwise for a farmer to count his lambs before a certain time; if he does, they will be sure not to thrive.

There are some curious and prevalent ideas with regard to meeting certain animals. If a hare crosses the road in front on starting a journey certain disappointment and possibly a bodily accident awaits the would-be traveller. The only way to escape mishap, if one must needs travel, is to go round by some other way than that originally intended. A hare louping down a village street is a sure harbinger of ill luck—some say, of a fire. 'T' hare's unlucky; a never eat un,' said a Hertfordshire hedge-cutter. The whole idea is founded on the old belief that witches assumed the guise of hares at will. The same superstition applies to a sow. No doubt a confused memory of the possessed Gadarene swine is responsible for the association of ideas. Why meeting a stoat should be equally unlucky is not easy to understand, but the superstition is deeply rooted. An old Herefordshire farmer was one day taking his cattle to market, and had already gone some miles, when he met a stoat. He immediately stopped: 'Turn 'em back. No luck to-day.' And back they went! White horses, however, bring luck. If one is seen coming one should at once spit and wish, and the wish will come true (or a present be received, say the Lincolnshire folk). This rather unpleasant mode of procedure is well established, and the writer has often met with a touching faith in it among the poorer folk. Sometimes they cross their thumbs instead of spitting. It is also supposedly lucky to meet a flock of sheep on the highway, though no motorist to-day has a good word for this assertion.

A quaint bit of animal lore, which cropped up in the *Manchester Guardian* as lately as the autumn of 1925, relates to a badger. The previous year a labourer in the Midlands, it was stated, was bitten by a badger. The wound festered and refused to heal, and twelve months later he was still unable to work. Asked if he were under a doctor, he said: 'Yes, I be doctorin', but doctor will never cure her [the wound] till th'owd badger be dead.' When it was suggested that possibly it might be already dead his retort was that obviously it was not dead, or the wound would have healed!

The Rev. J. C. Atkinson, who died in 1900, studied this subject carefully throughout his forty years' charge of a remote Yorkshire parish and wrote up his observations. He testified to the number of strange beliefs that are still kept in the dales *as a living faith*, though they are held in the deepest reserve and reticence and not lightly revealed to strangers, and he further told of wonderful doings done in secret which followed as a result of these beliefs. Thus, if a cow 'picks her cauf'—that is, calves prematurely—the other cows with her are apt to

do likewise; so to avert this evil, he was told, it is necessary to dig a deep hole under the threshold of the cowhouse and bury the calf there on its back with its four legs sticking up vertically in the rigidity of death. When he asked a shrewd, hard-headed farmer if this custom were really still followed, the latter replied in all seriousness: 'Ay, there's many as dis it yet; my own'd father did it. But it's sae mony years syne, it must be about wore out by now, and I shall have to dee it again.' In other parts of the country besides the Yorkshire dales are found traces of this rite of burying a cast calf under the threshold of a cow-byre. No doubt it is thought of vaguely to-day as a charm, but in origin it is a survival of pagan days when propitiatory offerings were made to earth spirits. In some districts a lamb dying at birth must be hung on a crab, rowan, or thorn tree (that is, on a berry-bearing tree) if similar ill luck is not to continue in the lambing. Here, again, the underlying, but now lost, motive is to offer a sacrifice to appease the supposed anger of Odin.

If cattle died unaccountably in the dales the stock on some farms was thought to be bewitched, and Mr. Atkinson gives a vivid account of a ceremony that was actually carried out in his own district in our own time. The heart of one of the dead animals was taken, and in it were stuck nine pins, nine needles and nine nails, all brand new. A fire was then made of bottree wood (*i.e.*, elder or bore tree wood)—rowan tree wood would have done equally well—so that it was burning brightly at 'holl time of the night,' that is, at dead of night; the windows were completely darkened, every crevice was covered and the doors made very fast. Towards midnight the heart was laid on the bright embers and a portion of the psalms was read—'Let the sinner be consumed out of the earth and let the wicked be no more.' As the heart blackened, declared one who was present, cries and moans, steps and a lumbering sound as of a heavy wheelbarrow were heard outside, while with a dull thud some great boneless body apparently fell against door and windows. The climax was reached when a prolonged wail, as from a soul in bitter agony, swept through the air. Then silence fell, the fire died, the heart was a cinder. But at any rate, however harrowed and awed the participants were, at least they had the satisfaction of knowing that witchery was expelled from among them. And all this at the end of the enlightened and scientific nineteenth century! Mr. Atkinson further records that he himself knew an old lady who before making her butter always solemnly expelled any possible witches from her churn by throwing alternately one pinch of salt into the fire and one into the churn nine times over. Another way of heading off witches, he found,

was to gather witch wood (rowan tree wood) and put bits of it over the cow-byre, the stables, and other places where stock is kept; also over the houseplace, the heads of beds, and so forth. To be really efficacious it must be cut with due rite and ceremony on St. Helen's Day (August 18), with a household knife, from a tree the cutter had never seen or heard of before. This last-named restriction led to wanderings far afield, as naturally all the trees in the seeker's own neighbourhood became familiar.

In times of cattle plague recourse was had to 'need fires' even up to quite recent days. A need fire was a virgin fire kindled by rubbing sharply together two pieces of very dry wood. Straw was then set alight and juniper thrown in. Through the dense smoke that resulted the stricken cattle were driven, and apparently, if old testimony is to be believed, the cure was often successful. If various other districts were affected, a portion of the need fire was carried round in haste and heaps of straw and juniper set alight on one farm after another. A correspondent to *The Times* (June 13, 1911), writing with reference to Coronation bonfires, relates that he himself had spoken with farmers in the North who had seen the need fires and watched cattle being driven through them. These need fires are in their essence sacrificial, and are the last relic of sun worship in Great Britain, yet as far back as A.D. 742 Pope Zachary at the Synodus Francica forbade sacrificial fires called 'Nedfri.' But still the inherent paganism of man persists century after century, age after age, as a deep undercurrent, now and then asserting itself and breaking through the but thin crust of civilisation that overlies it.

The waxing and the waning of the moon naturally loom large in country lore. Never kill a pig when the moon is on the wane, or one 'will sure have ill luck with the bacon!' It is certain to shrink in the pot, and it is probable that it will not 'take the salt' and hence be badly cured. Another agricultural authority emphasises the point: 'Swine should be killed in or near the full of the moon, and the flesh will the better prove in boiling.' Similarly, cider should not be made during the waning of the moon, or the apples will 'shrump up' and the cider turn sour. Foals got in the wane are supposed never to be really strong and healthy. Another rule that comes from the past is: 'Shear sheep at the moon's increase; fell hard timber from the fall to the change; fell pith, copse and fuel at the first quarter.' Again,

> When the moon is at the full,
> Mushrooms you may freely pull.
> But when the moon is on the wane
> Wait ere you think to pull again.

When it comes to planting seed the 'shoe seems to be on the other

oot.' It is in the waning of the moon that this should be done. The advice comes from far back.

> Sowe peason and beane in the wane of the moon.
> Who soweth them sooner he soweth too soon.
> That they with the planet may rest and rise
> And flourish with bearing most plentiful-wise,

said old Tusser in early Tudor days, re-echoed two centuries later in *Tusser Redivivus*, where the author remarks sagely that 'Peas and beans sown during the increase do run more to cod,' according to the common consent of countrymen, and 'I must own,' he adds, 'I have experienced it,'; but, always cautious, he hedges a little: 'I will not aver it so that it is not liable to exception.'

These references of events to the moon go back in their origin to the days of Nature worship, and their antiquity is shown by the fact that from very early days such practices have been declared heretical from the Christian point of view. The great St. Augustine himself strongly condemned those who planted trees and sowed corn according to the courses of the moon, for, said he, such subservience implies worship. But, as before noted, the eradicableness of paganism and the eternalness of the bitter fight between it and Christianity is shown in the secret persistence of these beliefs to-day.

Then, again, the moon and the weather are connected in endless countryside sayings. For instance, a new moon lying on its back with the horns of the crescent pointing upwards implies a dry month. When the horns point downwards the moon is said to 'hang dripping,' and there will certainly be bad weather, while if the old moon is seen 'in the arms of the new' (that is, in the first quarter, when the dark portion of the orb is faintly luminous through earth light) fine weather is foretold. There seems, however, some divergence of opinion on this last forecast, for Coleridge certainly says in *Dejection:*

> I see the old moon in her lap fortelling
> The coming on of rain and squally blast.

There are many superstitions with reference to special days and seasons. The writer was recently assured by an educated woman, as an absolute and proved fact, that Good Friday eggs—that is, eggs laid on Good Friday—will keep good indefinitely without preservatives. On one occasion when the statement was challenged in her house the whole company walked solemnly to the larder, where some Good Friday eggs, marked and unpreserved, were being kept loose in a bowl on the top shelf. Some of these were broken, and they all certainly were good, although

it was then late in the autumn. The idea is that the Christmas pudding can be made with Good Friday eggs. A few years ago a contributor to *Notes and Queries* wrote an account of a test that he had made with eggs laid on this day, but the test was not very conclusive, or on a sufficiently large scale. Two out of his three Good Friday eggs were good (and found to be infertile eggs) and one was bad (not known whether fertile or infertile). This point as to fertility appears to be material in determining the keeping qualities of eggs in general.

Cottagers further assert that a Good Friday loaf never goes mouldy; also that it is particularly advantageous to plant potatoes, peas and beans on that day, as doing so ensures good crops. Considering that we have not yet a fixed Easter, and therefore Good Friday is a variable quantity as regards season, the prevalence of the belief in it as a day for planting is somewhat remarkable. Again,

> A wet Good Friday or Easter Day,
> A good crop of grass but a bad one of hay,

is a widespread idea expressed in various forms and rhymes. Here, too, with such a variable date, it is difficult to know on what foundation the saying rests. To wash one's clothes on any Friday brings due evil upon the house; if done on Good Friday, a death will undoubtedly follow—which, incidentally, is a truism one cannot gainsay.

Showers are to be desired on St. Peter's Day (June 29), for unless the apples are 'christened' then there will be a poor crop. The trees, with their little new apples, should be blessed on St. James' Day (July 29), the ceremony being to pour some cider on the trunk, tap it, and say a blessing. In the *Sarum Manual* there is a special religious rite for this: 'Benedictio Pomorum in Die Sancti Jacobi.' If the sun shines through the apple trees on Christmas Day it is usually believed that there will be a good crop of fruit. It is interesting to note that it is thought unlucky for an apple tree to produce bloom twice in one year; in fact,

> A bloom upon the apple tree when the apple is ripe
> Is the sure termination to somebody's life.

Again obviously true; but really the implication is that the 'somebody' is the owner or a member of his family.

August 1 is Lammas Day, and Richard Jefferies reports in *Round about a Great Estate* that it was considered that haymaking should be well over by that date. Any farmer who was later with his hay was known as a Latter Lammas man. Old folks say that once in seven years is a 'sloven's year,' when the sloven

scores by having such a splendid crop he does not know where to put it.

There are some superstitions regarding certain useful plants. Parsley, for instance, is very capricious in its growth, and the Herefordshire people say it has 'to go to the owd un nine times afore it comes up.' At the best of times it is believed to be an unlucky plant to deal with. 'My man,' said a cottage woman; 'tell Mrs. J. he didn't hold with planting parsley. She could do it herself if she'd a mind. She did, and she've been a cripple ever since.' So often in rustic logic, *Post hoc ergo propter hoc*.

Cutting bracken fern used to be thought to bring bad weather. When His Majesty Charles I. was visiting in the West Country his loyal subjects were asked to abstain from cutting fern at the time when he proposed to make a journey! The writer has been unable to verify whether this belief is still held in any part of Great Britain, but has been assured that it does linger in some parts. The year that the same monarch met his death the ash trees failed, as a whole, to produce any 'keys,' and the popular belief has been that whenever they thus fail there will be a royal death. It is difficult to find what corroboration, if any, there is for this statement.

Some country folk are superstitious with regard to anyone bringing into the house two or three primroses just before the chickens are hatched, as it means bad luck to them. In the Isle of Man there used to be—and may be still is—the same idea with regard to daffodils and goslings. The Manx name for daffodils is lus-ny-guiy, or 'goose-leek,' which suggests some connexion between the two.

As to numbers and money there are various curious beliefs and customs in farm circles. For instance, what woman who keeps hens successfully would dream of putting any other than thirteen eggs in a sitting. She knows, as all generations have known from very early days—does not Virgil allude to it and Shakespeare express a pious hope in it—that there is luck in odd numbers, and that though thirteen may possibly be an unlucky odd number for some things, it is *the* number, and the only number, for a sitting of eggs, and one may expect twelve good chicks from it. Then the 'turn-again' or 'luck-penny' (as it is known in Scotland, Northamptonshire, and Warwickshire), or 'luck-brass' (as the Yorkshireman prefers to call it), is a well-recognised thing that every wise seller returns 'for luck' to the purchaser on completion of a bargain. In 1898 some Lincolnshire auctioneers certainly were still allowing it on a recognised scale, and others may yet be continuing the practice. Thus 1*s*. was returned 'for luck' on every head of cattle; 'penny-pig-luck' was the 6*d*. returned on the sale of a pig; the same was given

for a calf; while [illegible] and [illegible] was returned on the selling of a score of sheep or lambs respectively. The custom was known in Cheshire as 'tipping the cow's horn with silver,' and no farmer would expect luck in the future with his sales if he were so mean as to omit this little douceur, while undoubtedly buyers would go, other things being even, to where the 'luck-penny' was given.

Note that it is an unlucky thing for an owner of an animal to be bidden a price for it if it be not for sale—the animal will die, or at any rate the chances are that it will not thrive; the only thing to do, apparently, is at once to accept the best offer. So, too, if one person covets another man's beast—that is, in Lancashire and Yorkshire, to 'heart-eat' it—it brings bad luck to the beast, which seems hard, as the ill luck ought surely to rest on the covetous one.

Then one comes across a number of quaint miscellaneous superstitions:

> She that pricks bread with fork or knife
> Will never be happy, maid or wife.

say the Shropshire folk. (Of course, she ought to do it with a skewer.) The Devon version is:

> She who cuts dough with a knife
> Will ne'er be happy, maid, widow, or wife.

Presumably, if she does the wrong thing in these simple domestic duties she will do it in other ways and not make a good housewife.

A superstition it is hard to understand is the following. If a sick person about to die is lying on a feather bed which has a pigeon's or dove's feather in it (or indeed, in some versions, the feather of any wild bird), that person will have a 'hard death,' or find it difficult to die until he or she is removed from the bed.

Another bit of farm lore that surely cannot be rooted in any real experience is the one that is often heard, that if a horse be lamed by a nail, it will assist the horse's recovery if the nail, when extracted, be kept clean and bright. Sometimes, however, the nail was thrust into a bit of bacon, and as it rusted so, it was thought, the wound would heal, which seems rather contradictory of the previous statement. Formerly no farmer would put a lighted lantern *on* the table for fear of harm to his cows; it should be put *under* the table: 'The reason our cow calved too soon was because master put his lantern always on the table' (Herefordshire). That hedgehogs sucked milk from cows as they lay in the meadows was a belief firmly held by the Elizabethans, but scouted of late years; so it is interesting to find that as late as 1919, in *Notes and Queries*, name, date, and place are specifically given of a supposedly credible witness who

declared that he had himself seen this happening, and that his dog had then killed the hedgehog in question.

In some parts of the country it is considered advantageous ('lucky') for a goat or a donkey to be put to run in the fields with the cattle. It is supposed to promote contentment and fertility. As a Lincolnshire farmer's wife remarked: 'Yes, we keep a goat. They say it is healthy for cattle, and our beast generally do well.' Sometimes, too, we find that it is considered that a flock of sheep should have one black one among them 'for luck.' On what basis can these ideas rest?

The first milk given by a cow after calving is specially rich, and is known as 'beastlings,' or 'beslings.' Presents of it should be sent to neighbours, and the vessels in which it is sent should not be washed. If this gift is omitted, the farmer's wife will be 'unlucky' and the cow will go dry, say the fenland folk. There is a curious idea that pigs can 'see the wind,' and that it is a sure sign of wind if the pigs toss up their bedding and carry bits of straw about on their snouts. A cow raising her tail stiffly aloft foretells a storm, according to old and still existing rural superstition. In Gay's first pastoral we read:

> We learnt to read the skies
> And know when Hail will fall or Winds arise.
> He taught us erst the Heifer's tail to view
> When stuck aloft that showers would straight ensue.

And an old rhyme of 1708:

> A learned case I now propound,
> Pray give an answer as profound.
> 'Tis why a Cow about half an hour
> Before there comes a hasty shower
> Does clap her tail against a hedge?

The case remains to-day and the question is unanswered!

To adventure into the large domain of bee lore is an excursion far beyond the province of a short paper like this; one custom only must be referred to. When the head of a bee-keeping household dies the bees must be told or they will leave at once. The wife or the new head must go up to the hive with cake and sugar and quietly tell them what has happened, and beg that, in spite of the sad event, they will remain in their present quarters. Presumably they return the courtesy by remaining. In some parts it is deemed necessary to 'tell' the cart-horses when their master dies, or they will fret in their ignorance. If they are 'told,' it is believed they will accept the situation and work cheerfully for their new master. Horses and cattle were supposed to be very susceptible to witchcraft, and to this day we find a birch or a

rowan tree, or even a tall birch pole, set up by stables or cattle-sheds to keep the witches away.

It is not possible here to discuss these superstitions and traditions of the land, or to trace their origin and their evolution into their present form. This is but a limited enumeration of certain ideas and customs which seem to have some life in them to-day or to have been active in recent years. It would be interesting to hear further of places where they, or others like them, are yet in common parlance. One wonders, too, if any of them are carried overseas with our people to find a new home in the distant lands of our Empire, or do they, like a rare plant, refuse to take root in a strange soil and die forthwith in an environment unwatered by the stream of antiquity?

G. Clarke Nuttall.

ISMAÏL THE MAGNIFICENT

'But that's what the Khedive Ismaïl wanted to do over fifty years ago.' This was what one of my colleagues said to me when he heard that Egypt was now officially inquiring into the advisability of granting penal jurisdiction to the Mixed Tribunals. One cannot tell whether anything will or will not come out of the present discussions. In the Valley of the Nile the unexpected almost invariably happens. I do not know what the present drift may be. If I did, I could hazard a guess as to what would be most likely not to occur. The very circumstance, however, that in 1927 the diplomatic world appears to be willing to re-examine with an open mind what it unceremoniously rejected in the late sixties when Ismaïl urged its adoption is such a tribute to the prescience of that ruler that I think it worth while to ask whether history has dealt fairly with him. I am free to say that long since reached the conclusion that a calcium light and a magnifying glass have been placed upon his obvious shortcomings and a mantle of darkness thrown upon his compensatory virtues. The tentative proposition which now fills the atmosphere has brought the personality of the first Khedive so prominently to the fore that it may not be amiss to seek to get at the true facts.

Viscount Milner, in *England in Egypt*, says that Ismaïl is as fine a type of the spendthrift as can well be found, whether in history or fiction. 'No equally reckless prodigal,' continues the same writer, 'ever possessed equally unlimited control of equally vast resources.' Such sweeping assertions read well. They arrest attention. They draw a picture. But I have sat too long on the bench to believe in generalities. Specific facts, time and again, break down drag-net allegations. And so many extenuating circumstances often come into play to attenuate the force of a broad enunciation of principle that I am inclined to be sceptical whenever I read as positive a statement as the one that I have just quoted. I do not say that I disagree with the distinguished British statesman. All I mean to imply is that the world has heard too much of Ismaïl's extravagance and too little of his creative genius. Until I delved into the facts myself I imagined that he had squandered money like a drunken sailor on shore

have, and that instead of getting merely a headache for his dissipation he had been forced to abdicate. The reaction that I received from my reading of Cromer, de Freycinet, Benedetti, and other writers of various nationalities was that in ousting the founder of the Mixed Courts it was a case of good riddance of bad rubbish. But there are two sides to every case. It is often extremely difficult to get at the other man's point of view. As an American I cannot be expected to understand the inner workings of the mind of an Oriental despot. There are nevertheless certain obvious facts which have fallen within my ken and which history does not seem to have accentuated with sufficient insistence.

And first in this enumeration is the economic condition of Egypt which confronted Ismaïl when he came to the throne in January 1863. The genius of Muhammad Aly had made of cotton the outstanding crop of the country. The blockade of the States of the Southern Confederacy turned the Egyptian fleecy staple into a cloth of gold. The price of the raw product jumped forward by leaps and bounds. Quotations which were high when the Viceroy was inducted into office appeared to be ridiculously low before the summer equinox of the same year. The latter figures, which then seemed to be fabulous, were commonplace before January 1864. And so it was not only until Appomattox, but until well in 1866. The young sovereign, therefore, if one is willing to see things from his angle, found himself carried along on the tide of a rising market. He was initiated into the mysteries of government under abnormal surroundings. Had he inaugurated a policy of retrenchment he would have done something which, did I not fear to generalise, I would say that no democracy, autocracy or theocracy has ever attempted in a like environment. He lived up to practically all precedents in setting forth upon a policy of expansion. Pessimism, timidity, or even conservatism, would have been almost unheard of under the conditions then existing. I do not mean to infer that egregious blunders were not made, that extravagance was not indulged in, and that peculation did not take place. When great sums are handled, when the tide of prosperity is running high, when the spirit of adventure permeates the air, economy is tabooed. When one plays for big stakes the crumbs that are carried away by parasites run into astonishing proportions. I am, therefore, not seeking to imply that the Khedive had any idea of husbanding his resources or that he had any notion of economy. All that I am endeavouring to show is that he acted like all other promoters of big enterprises. He capitalised the future. Had *Kismet* smiled upon him he would to-day have incense burned to his memory by those who now see only his feet of clay.

In drawing his indictment to prove that Ismail was a spendthrift Lord Milner points out that when, with the close of the American Civil War, the fall in the price of cotton threatened to sweep away the foundations of Egypt's sudden prosperity, the Viceroy conceived the notion of recouping the loss by the production of sugar on an enormous scale. A whole countryside was turned into a cane plantation. Twelve large factories were started and supplied with the most costly machinery, much of which was never used. The plan failed in the sense that it cost its backer an enormous amount. From another point of view it was a great success. *England in Egypt* was published in 1892. At that time sugar had already turned out to be a very valuable crop. This is still true. But what is more important is the fact that sugar refining is practically the only manufacturing industry which in that country is now conducted on a large scale. The net result of all of this is that the spirit of enterprise which was described as wasteful and unintelligent was really a step in the right direction. What this venture, which I consider statesmanlike in conception, cost the Treasury I do not know. It must have run into millions of pounds. But such losses do not properly fall within the category of the prodigalities of a spendthrift.

And this experimental work had another advantage. It breached the time between the break in cotton prices and the prosperity caused by the opening of the Suez Canal. It probably prevented a panic. If it did, it served a useful purpose. This latter gigantic piece of work was not started under Ismail. Its conception goes back to the days of his predecessor. But it was under the rule of the creator of the khediviate that it was carried to success. This engineering triumph called the attention of the whole world to Egypt. That circumstance, coupled with the fertility of its soil and the amount of money in circulation, drew to the land of the Pharaohs a great influx of visitors. They came in droves. Cairo was the Mecca of financiers and promoters of all descriptions. Many of them were straightforward men who saw an opportunity to earn a fortune out of the impetus given to values by the expected change in one of the great trade channels of the world. Others, and they were probably by far the more numerous, were consummate rascals whose wit was their main capital. Their object was to put through nefarious schemes. They had devious plans which they hoped to unload on somebody. It was a Florida land boom, changed from America to Africa and enacted over a half-century ago.

One does not have to have a vivid imagination to visualise these adventurers appealing to Ismail's pride and getting him to put up money first on this bubble and then on that. Such adepts in the art of extracting cash have a specious kind of

eloquence which is invariably convincing if one has enough vanity to have confidence in one's own judgment. The Khedive was too much of an Oriental to be modest. He, therefore, was just the kind of man who was temperamentally so constituted that he would swallow any bait that was put before him. But the point that I am endeavouring to make is that he lived in an environment which was surcharged with speculation. Circumstances thrust him into the midst of a maelstrom of financial juggling. During the Florida inflation every 'Bell Hop' in every hotel in the Everglade State was said to be a real estate broker. No one down there is believed to have resisted the contagion. They saw people streaming into their peninsula in endless numbers. They did not think that they were spendthrifts when they bought land and pyramided on their holdings. They became intoxicated by the news of ascending values and they thought that New York prices were beneath the contempt of Florida. It was this spirit that caught Ismaïl in its wake. He played the game as a gentleman. The cards were stacked on him. But he paid his losses. It was not fast women and slow horses that built up his deficit, as I once had imagined. It was the fact that he was 'long' on Florida script when the Miami storm swept across the Caribbean Sea. It was not the profligate, nor even the prodigal, who was submerged, but the man who was fifty years ahead of his epoch. The pioneer paid the price that has often been the lot of the pathfinder.

When international financiers compelled this Florida real estate operator to pay dollar for dollar for every acre of Everglade marsh that had been foisted upon him at Fifth Avenue rates, his total expenditure, according to Lord Cromer, amounted to E.91,000,000*l*., or to approximately 455,000,000 dollars. 'Roughly speaking,' says the great British Pro-Consul in his *Modern Egypt*, 'it may be said that Ismaïl Pasha added on an average about E.7,000,000*l*. a year for thirteen years to the debt of Egypt. For all practical purposes it may be said that the whole of the borrowed money except E.16,000,000*l*. spent on the Suez Canal was squandered.' This is an unambiguous statement. Its meaning is clear. It asserts that outside of the relatively small amount put into the international waterway the balance of E.75,000,000*l*. went up in smoke. It is my opinion that the inference which flows from these figures is misleading. I do not assume the responsibility of saying that they are inaccurate. All I venture to assert is that the man in the street would be apt to draw an incorrect deduction from such data.

In the first place the Egyptian ruler never saw the colour of a very considerable proportion of these E.75,000,000*l*. which he is said to have squandered. He was a victim of usurers of almost

unparalleled rapacity. I eschew sweeping statements. I therefore speak with this measure of restraint. And then he got into the clutches of international concessions hunters who were born with itching palms and reared in the school of Ananias. He was fleeced by them in a way which reads more like fiction than like fact. To make matters worse, these financial vampires and these franchise pariahs were able to pull diplomatic wires and to force their quarry to pay almost any kind of account that their bookkeepers could make plausible.

Before I begin to quote chapter and verse from Lord Milner's book to prove what I have just written I shall get back to the E.16,000,000*l.* which were spent on the Suez Canal. The Egyptian Government never intended at the outset to advance so considerable a sum. Its Treasury could not afford such a load. It did not have the revenues to justify so ambitious an enterprise. But Europe simply would not advance all the necessary cash. The persuasive eloquence of Ferdinand de Lesseps painted matters in so roseate a hue that the Viceroy kept on putting his hand into his pocket. When it is recalled that these payments were not interest-bearing and that Egypt was probably compelled to borrow the money to make them, it is clear that as a banking proposition this meritorious engineering enterprise was pregnant with disagreeable possibilities. But other unforeseen matters added an additional burden to the Viceregal exchequer. When Ismaïl came to the throne the American Civil War was, as I have already said, a world event of the first moment. It riveted international consideration upon the slavery question. This circumstance called the attention of Europe to the fact that the Suez Canal was being dug by slave or *corvée* labour. Certain interests were against the construction of this waterway. They therefore had their purse appeal to their conscience. The upshot of it all was that the Sultan of Turkey issued instructions that the *corvée* could no longer be used to dig the ditch. Nevertheless under the contract between Egypt and the Canal Company the former had bound itself to furnish the necessary labour. To make a long story short, the outcome was that the resulting conflict was submitted to the arbitrament of Napoleon III. He held that the *corvée* must stop, but that Ismaïl had to pay the resulting damages. These the Emperor assessed at E.3,350,000*l.*

But I must get back to my Shylocks and to my public utility magnates. And here I am not going to trust my pen. I shall allow the author last cited to speak for me. Here is what he writes:

> Ismaïl's first loan—and it was of moderate proportions—was brought out by a house of high credit and reputation, and its terms, though stiff, were very far from being exorbitant. As his demands increased, he had

recourse to agents of a more speculative character. The sums actually received for every 100*l*. of nominal capital rapidly diminished. Of the great 32,000,000*l*. loan of 1873 only 20,700,000*l*. reached the Egyptian Treasury. But these transactions, though extravagant, were not dishonest or hopelessly insane. The same cannot be said of the multitude of short loans which, renewed at ever-increasing rates and swollen at each renewal by arrears of interest, resulted in the accumulation of an enormous floating debt, the total of which was triple or quadruple the amount of the original advances.

I feel that this somewhat lengthy quotation draws a picture of that bacchanalia of usury that went on in Egypt during those fateful years. At the risk of being looked upon as a plagiarist, I preferred another to point out what a harvest somebody must have reaped when European gunboats compelled this Florida land speculator to pay real dollars for dollars that he never saw. But if it is thus clear that a great proportion of the deficit of E.75,000,000*l*. never touched the fingers of the man who is said to have squandered it, I have not yet dealt with those expert extortionists known as franchise manipulators. What they, with diplomatic support, got out of this formidable shortage can be gauged by allowing Lord Milner to sketch another scene.

The drawing shows that the great object of securing a concession in those times was not to carry on a useful enterprise, but to invent some excuse for throwing it up and then to come down on the Government for compensation. Moreover, almost any loss which befell a foreigner, even if due entirely to accident or to his own fault, was made the occasion for demanding an indemnity. If his property was stolen, the State was to blame for not keeping sufficient police. If his boat ran ashore in the Nile, the Treasury was responsible for not dredging the river. 'Please shut that window,' Ismaïl Pasha is related to have said to one of his attendants during an interview with some European concessionaire, 'for if this gentleman catches cold it will cost me 10,000*l*.' And this was hardly an exaggeration When the Mixed Tribunals came into existence there were some 40,000,000*l*. of foreign claims outstanding against the Government. What the real amount of injury which they represented was may be judged from the fact that in one case where 1,200,000*l*. had been demanded the Mixed Courts awarded 1000*l*. How much of the sum claimed would have been extorted through Consular pressure if these Tribunals had not put a stop to these raids in 1876 is a matter of conjecture. Nor does one know how much foreign diplomatic thumb-screws extorted before this international institution put a stop to blackmail supported by gunboats.

But notwithstanding all of this saturnalia of wild-cat financing, the incorrigible borrower found time to do things of real con-

structive value. He began by emancipating Egypt from Turkish control. His grandfather Muhammad Aly had, it is true, reduced this vassalage to a gossamer thread. But Abbas and Muhammad Saïd had allowed the Sublime Porte to reassert its suzerainty. In 1863, when Ismaïl assumed the sceptre, Constantinople was not only entitled to one-fourth of all of the gross revenues of Egypt, but exercised an effective control over its administrative life. Cairo was merely a provincial capital. Almost every question of major importance had to be referred to Stamboul. Such shackles fretted the new ruler. He considered that they impaired his dignity and that they hampered his freedom of action as Viceroy. He therefore began by working to substitute for this 25 per cent. contribution a fixed annual tribute. To accomplish this he had to do two things. He was compelled to begin by offering to the Sultan a guaranteed amount which was well in excess of that produced by the old arrangement. This difference had to be sufficient to excite the Khalif's cupidity. And then the modification had to be made interesting to that sovereign's entourage. Eunuchs were bribed to get the girls of the harem to push the game along. Then the favourites let it be known that they each required a diamond necklace. Grand viziers had their own ideas of *baksheesh*, and court chamberlains exacted their tribute. Before everybody got his, her, and its share the Viceroy's emissary had an expense account which, outside of suppers, yachting parties and contributions to Muhammadan charities, donations to the Greek Patriarch to conciliate Phanariot influences, and to the Jewish synagogue to get adequate financial advice, probably covered mysterious items which may have run into fancy figures.

The Turk is a born negotiator. He discerned what Ismaïl wanted and gave him autonomy. But he doled it out on the instalment plan. The first *firman* was dated May 27, 1866. It did away with the Ottoman 25 per cent. interest on all taxes. It substituted for it an annual payment of 750,000*l*. It abrogated the Muhammadan law of succession. This it replaced by the principle of primogeniture. This latter change was one of sentimental importance. When considerations of that character enter into play money has no value. One may be sure that that seraglio coterie knew this and that it capitalised its knowledge of human psychology. But Egypt to-day benefits by this law of succession. Many of the assassinations that mark Ottoman history came from adherence to the old Islamic rule of having the Khalifate pass to the eldest surviving descendant of the founder of the dynasty. Sultans have often killed their brothers to facilitate the succession of their sons. Cairo to-day profits from Ismaïl's initiative—and from the money disbursed by him.

Her firmans issued in 1867, 1869, 1872, 1873, etc., completed administrative emancipation of the Nile Valley. The one issued in 1867 changed the title of Viceroy to that of Khedive. may ask, 'What's in a name?' In the Orient there is a tremendous lot in it. The Constantinople brokers of Sultanic ur were aware of this. They may have argued that if an erican father were prepared in those days to pay so many dreds of thousands of dollars to make his daughter a countess, Egyptian ruler should disgorge a like figure, converted into nds, to become a Khedive. I have no way of telling what this our cost, but that it was a gold mine to many a man living the Golden Horn one may rest assured. And the French that '*l'appétit vient en mangeant.*' Those sycophants, who the Sultan's ear, made the most of this maxim. They knew their suitor had plenty of ready cash and that all that they to do to be able to live in affluence was to grant him piecemeal he sought. Henry Ford says that the instalment plan mania pping the vitality of America. In the seventies it enriched y Turks.

The scandal created by the diplomatic extortions to which Khedive was subjected in time became so barefaced that stendom in 1875 consented to yield to his request and agreed ie creation of the Mixed Courts. What the Stamboul leeches ted upon as their price for authorising this reform is not a er of record. It must have been a goodly sum, as they knew the Egyptian wished to bring these Tribunals into being in r to put an end to Consular predatory razziaz. The oppor-y thus presented to them must have made their mouths r.

One who does not know Egypt cannot grasp what these Mixed unals have meant to this country. They constitute, in the ls of Sir Maurice Amos, the former Judicial Adviser to the ptian Government, the greatest international body in the d with the single exception of the Roman Catholic Church. were conceived in the fertile brain of Nubar Pasha, the enian Minister of Justice, whose talents won the confidence mail. But it was the latter's broadmindedness which caused to place his trust in a Christian and his warm espousal that the reform possible. These Courts to-day have practically ing but civil jurisdiction. The Khedive wanted to extend competence to all penal matters affecting foreigners. Europe ed down his proposal in so far as it bore upon this latter in. To-day, as I have already said, the Powers are prepared ten to the plea which they unceremoniously rejected in 1875.

he judges of the Mixed Tribunals wear, as a part of their al uniform, a plaque which bears an inscription proclaiming

that 'Justice is the foundation of society.' This motto, chosen by the Khedive, tersely expresses the underlying secret of the present prosperity of Egypt. Without these Courts as a background British rule would have met with almost insuperable obstacles in accomplishing those magnificent results which stand as a monument to Anglo-Saxon honesty, executive efficiency, and genius for colonial administration. But as it was Ismail who created this institution, he is entitled to his share in the glory which England's accomplishment has brought into bold relief. And there was another international instrumentality which came into being before British troops landed at Alexandria. It was that Mixed Commission known as the *Caisse de la Dette*, whereon, until recently, England, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, and Italy had representatives. The war reduced this board to an Englishman, a Frenchman, and an Italian. At times it has interfered with the financial policy defined for Egypt by London, but its dominant note has been beneficent. To-day, with the budget of the country in admirable shape, largely as a result of Lord Cromer's overshadowing brain, one is inclined to forget the man who in 1876 issued the decree that established the *Caisse*. And one is apt to overlook the fact that that innovation played no small part in starting the movement for the stabilisation of Egyptian finance.

But not satisfied with having emancipated Egypt from Turkey and with having paid millions to achieve this admirable measure, the Khedive unearthed funds with which to extend the railroad system of his dominions, improve irrigation, give to Cairo its present aspect as a modern city, found the existing Cairo Museum of Egyptology and the Cairo Royal Library, build roads, foster art, and encourage education. It took money to do all this. When one recalls that his sugar planting and refining experiments must have cost millions of pounds, when one remembers that usurers bled him unmercifully, when one bears in mind that to get Constantinople to grant Egypt autonomy he had to pay out more than lavishly, and when one does not forget how foreign diplomatists taught concessionaires of franchises that a cold in their head might be worth 10,000*l*., one wonders where Ismaîl the Magnificent got the cash to squander on the useful things about which I shall now say a word.

I shall not mention anything about the railway mileage that was laid. I am told that the material furnished and the construction work were worthless. I accordingly scrap that outlay. I know nothing about irrigation. I therefore cannot speak with assurance about that subject. I am willing to charge up that expenditure to almost any account except that of profligacy. But I have seen with my own eyes the Cairo Museum of

Egyptology. The present structure is not the one built during the reign of the ruler who founded the Courts out of which I get my bread and butter—and very little cake. But he was the friend of Mariette and a Mæcenas of archæology. In fact, I understand that he founded the *Service des Antiquités*, the agency which still looks after all matters connected with antiquities. As to the Royal Library, I may say that its every brick and the nucleus of the present collection bear the impress of the Khedive's personality. And when I spoke of roads I had in mind that highway that runs from Cairo to the Pyramids. He built others, but it is that one with which I am best acquainted. It is not very long, but it is one of the most interesting stretches in the world. From August to the end of November it runs through a submerged area. And when our autumn leaves at home are aglow with colour these waters flow away, the Egyptian sun dries the soil, and almost overnight the broad expanse seems to turn into a carpet of green. To build this avenue required the construction of a broad embankment. The work was carried out in order to enable Empress Eugénie to drive to the Pyramids. It was executed with bewildering rapidity. Before that time one could not pay one's respects to the Sphinx without riding on donkey back or on camel back—unless one could borrow an Arab steed. When Ismaïl heard that the Empress was not fond of equestrian sports he said : 'I must build a road so that she may ride to the Pyramids.' How he got it through in time for her visit is a marvel.

I owe him a life-long grudge for the support which he gave to art. When I was a child I was, on one occasion, deprived of my regular number of hours of sleep in order that I might be sent to the New Orleans French Opera-house to have my ear attuned to the melody of Verdi's *Aïda*. I did not then know that the sovereign of whom I am now speaking was the illustrious patron who had induced the Italian to compose the score that played havoc with my rest. But when I came out here I learned that he built the present Cairo Royal Opera-house because he wanted his capital to keep pace with Paris. Somebody suggested that the proper inauguration of so magnificent a building required that an opera should be written especially for it. It therefore came about that when carpenters hammered away at their nails and masons laid on their mortar Verdi struck octavos and poured tempo into his famous march. It was the Khedive who inspired the libretto. He was paying the piper. He did not call the tune, but he provided the theme. He had, so runs the gossip, a chocolate-coloured damsel of whom he was very fond. He desired to have her charms and her pigment immortalised. His instructions to the virtuoso were in French. They said in part : 'You have

carte blanche as to the music, but the heroine must be *une esclave noire*.'

I have said that Ismail gave to Cairo its present aspect as a modern city. I mean just what I have written. Most Americans have heard of Baron Haussmann. He was the great civic improvement expert whose brain was utilised by Napoleon III. to convert Paris into the most beautiful capital in the world. The Egyptian sought to emulate the example thus given. He veritably *haussmanised* Cairo. He pierced those wide streets, those open spaces, those arteries leading here, there and everywhere, which give to the metropolis of Egypt that enticing something which carries one from the Pyramids of pre-Pharaonic days through the mediæval world right down to the twentieth century. And he dotted the land with palaces. Lord Milner says that they were 'structurally as rotten as they are æsthetically abominable.' They represented the taste of the mid-Victorian age, specially adapted to Oriental palates. They were artistically impossible because the architects of that period had a vitiated sense of the beautiful. As to their structural deficiencies, all I can say is that those which have been kept in repair are still in use. The others have fallen into ruin.

A word upon education is a fitting ending to this enumeration. I shall not cite statistics. All I shall say is that the Khedive encouraged the American Mission and the Roman Catholic teaching orders to extend their field of endeavour. He saw to it that the Government primary and secondary schools and those of medicine, law, and polytechnics received ample funds. He brought the percentage of illiteracy in Egypt to practically the same level as that which exists to-day. This does not mean a great deal. The very fact, however, that 1927 can show figures that are for all intents and purposes no better than those of 1867 emphasises what was accomplished at the earlier period.

All of this does not connote that if I were a member of the College of Cardinals I would vote to canonise Ismaïl. I see no halo surrounding his *tarbouch*. What I do detect are the faint outlines of a martyr's crown which inordinate criticism is forcing into the picture. The man did not have the capital to carry through the big enterprises which his ambition begot. He scattered his efforts. He was more interested in sowing than in harvesting. I have already referred to him as a Florida real estate plunger. I can also visualise him as a merchant who overreached himself. He sought, because everything that he touched had turned into gold when he did business on a small scale in a provincial city, to move to the metropolis and to bewilder the great marts of the world with a department store more luxurious and more diversified than anything that it had

ever seen. He had ideas, vision and foresight. But over-expansion killed him. Bankruptcy was inevitable. A sense of proportion is as necessary in business as it is in art. This he did not have. A receivership was unavoidable. Those rapacious creditors who charged him usurious rates of interest and those gentlemen who specialised in spurious concessions which diplomatists converted into gold helped to bring about conditions that pushed him to the wall. But, be the cause of his financial embarrassment what it may, the fact is that he got himself into such a plight that he had to go. It was the concert of Europe, not a single violin, that lulled him to sleep. He abdicated in June 1879. His son, Prince Tewfik, succeeded him. The British occupation began in 1882. It has administered the assets of the under-capitalised wizard with such mastery that to-day there is a surplus in the Treasury and Egypt is now rolling in wealth. It is probably at present the most prosperous country on the face of the globe. Honesty and prudence have brought to fruition the seed that Ismaïl planted. It took the instinct of the speculator to launch those stupendous enterprises. It required the dispassionate judgment and the unlimited resources of the trustee in bankruptcy chosen by *Kismet* to accomplish the results which are now a tribute both to Ismaïl and to England.

PIERRE CRABITÈS.

SOME SNARES OF STORY-TELLING

This article is to deal, not with novels and their plots—a profoundly interesting theme, too complex, however, for brevity—but with the place nowadays occupied by the mere hearing and retailing of stories and their effect on our lives, especially of stories which are either funny or exciting. For of such it may be said that they are in greater demand among quasi-civilised people, like ourselves, than ever since man has tenanted the surface of this planet.

Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that the taste for stories is a recent phenomenon or peculiar to any people. Think of the spell of Homer, or the popularity of Iamblichus, a much later Greek writer, one of whose tales recounts how the hero fell in love with the ghost of a goat: so at least a learned friend assures me. It is clear that those acute thinkers and peerless artists the ancient Greeks were fond of stories. An immense proportion of the artistic output of many nations has had for its purpose and inspiration simply the supplying of illustrations to stories, which for one reason or another have captivated the imagination of many generations.

I cannot here, or indeed anywhere, enter on an inquiry into the reason of the spell which stories exercise upon us all, for what we mean by fascination or spell is that we feel a powerful attraction which we cannot analyse. To analyse it successfully would be to destroy it, and one's imagination reels at the thought of what the present generation of young men and women would do if they lost the love of stories. During the war there was to be bought for *2d.* a little pamphlet by an Army chaplain who found himself, on first contact with our soldiers, confronted with a novel problem. Apparently there was nothing in their minds whatever. How, then, was he to teach them or help them or even to associate with them? But he had a robust faith in the existence of the thing we call a mind in everybody; and mind means interest in something. So he set himself to discover what the young men were interested in, and after several days of sympathetic investigation his quest was rewarded. He learnt that they all loved two things—music and stories about people.

I think the exact statement was 'interested in people'; but we cannot be wrong in taking that to mean stories about people.

Now it is worth observing, as one reason for the popularity of stories, that people may roughly be divided into two large groups —those who try to think and those who succeed in not thinking. But among the second group are those whom Lord Balfour notes as deep thinkers who like to have their thinking done for them. Some of course so shudder at the challenge of a new idea that they repel even those that come to them second-hand. But the mass of us like to be tickled with something that may be called a new idea provided that it makes no demand on us for putting two and two together and forming an inference or a generalisation. Seeley used to say that a generalisation uttered in a drawing-room exerts a terrifying effect.

A good story, then, caters for all groups. It makes the very minimum of demand upon the intelligence, but it also stealthily invites thought. It goes as far as it is possible in planting the germ of an idea without demanding effort and leaves the reader or the audience fancying that they have learnt something; that their minds are richer than they were before—in short, that they are a little higher in the scale of humanity than they were.

This I hold to be a fairly true, though very slight, explanation of our love of stories. It may be illustrated by a curious personal experience dating from fifty years ago.

A delightful form of social converse among the undergraduates at Trinity, Cambridge, was the gathering of a small knot of friends for coffee and tobacco after 'hall' from eight p.m. to nine. Of course everything depended on the individuals being congenial to each other. This, on one occasion, the host secured by inviting five fine athletic 'muscular Christians' and very fair scholars, but men averse from abstract thinking. The company had just got to work as happy as could be, when an appalling thing happened. A full-blown self-invited philosopher entered the room—a man who cared for nothing but generalisations, metaphysics and the like, who was moreover strongly inclined to scorn all 'philistines' and was not chary of putting his thoughts into words! Could any bomb-shell have been so terrific? The host in desperation took the unusual course of fishing out a bottle of port, remembering possibly

Bacche, soles Phœbo fertilis esse tuo,

and knowing that if Apollo would not save him, as effectively as he once saved Horace, they were all together in for an hour of sheer abortiveness and dismay. Apollo, however, played up. Not long before, the late Mary Drew, a woman of acute social insight, had uttered the remark that if you were ever stranded

for want of a common topic in company of strangers, or fellow guests anywhere or anywhen, there are two subjects which never fail—' sea-sickness ' and ' teeth.' Primed with this double-barrelled weapon, he broke the icy silence with a brief but arresting account of a recent experience in a dentist's operating chamber. The effect was magical. Each athlete in turn contributed a short and vivid narrative. In between, the philosopher, puffing a large cigar, supplied acute and rather interesting comments, though much of what he said waked no response in their minds, but they were too much in awe of him to interrupt. So the dread hour passed, enjoyable from start to finish, and no one but the host detected how near the edge of the abyss they had been. But it must be noted : the host took very good care that the company should not wander for one minute from the suggestive but safe topic of molars, laughing-gas, cavities, fillings and microbes ; all handled anecdotally.

So we pass from the subject of great traditional stories such as the *Odyssey* of Homer, the tale of Joseph and others in Scripture, the Sagas, etc., and even from folklore proper, legends, ballads, poetry and so forth, to something less dignified and almost trivial in comparison, the telling of stories in ordinary conversation. Some very interesting questions present themselves.

Is it not a fact that anecdote-mongers are nearly always men—generally of late middle life—but never women ? Clutton-Brock remarked that women, though they talk more than men, believe far less in talk than men do. I should agree. But is it not strange, then, that women's talk, though it excels in copiousness, should exclude stories ? The reason would perhaps be that women's interests are so predominantly personal that their talk is sure to be about such topics as So-and-So's disposition, demeanour, kindness or unkindness, dress, and so on. But there are countless stories that turn on these very subjects and illuminate them delightfully. Moreover, women appear to enjoy hearing stories as much as men, but they are certainly far less inclined to retail them.

It may be tentatively suggested that women instinctively, when things become critical, step into the breach and save society from perils which have come in like a flood, especially when those perils have been provoked by the follies or heedlessness of the other sex. So Ruskin taught in *Sesame and Lilies*. Now one of those perils—not the greatest, but not a trifling one—is that men who have strong memories for stories generally tell too many, and with the best intentions become a nuisance. Instead of being a delight and an illumination their flow of anecdotes is a ' weariness of the flesh '—a stopper on rational conversation, a

subtle cruelty, especially when the unfortunate hearers are cabined and cribbed by material obstacles and are hopeless of escape, as in a railway carriage when there is no corridor, or when two or three are together on a walking tour. Supposing, then, that the flood of anecdotes, new and old, were suddenly increased by women adding to the volume, would life on this planet be any longer tolerable? Hitherto they have refrained—no doubt in the exercise of the virtue of compassion with which Nature has endowed them more richly than men. But a sinister indication may be noted in the increasing number of short stories put out by countless journals, many of which, perhaps most, are written by women. Is it possible that the pest I have foreshadowed is already upon us? I think not. The difference between oral and written anecdotes is vitally important. Often to the oral you must listen, or must pretend to, which is nearly as bad; but a written story you need not read.

In passing, there should be recorded, lest it fade into oblivion, a suggestion made by the late Lady Louisa Egerton as to the crucial difficulty of dealing adequately with the problem stated above, of a bore in a railway carriage. She said, 'There is only one way of stopping his talk. Tell him a story with apparent relish and drop your voice at the point. He will then say: "So sorry, but I didn't catch the end." Thereupon tell the end again in a still lower tone. He won't say another word.' This is admirable resourcefulness, and though difficult to carry out, it would seldom fail. But it must be noted, lest we be rudely disappointed, that Lady Louisa was speaking, not of the story-telling bore, but of the general chatterer who recounts with all wealth of detail every symptom of every bodily ailment that he has experienced, or the reasons why he prefers Cannes to Mentone, or the failure of his trust in bone-manure. But the victim of the disease of anecdotage in its extreme stage will resist any mere human remedy. For have we not often seen two story-tellers in conflict, each resolved to cap the other's tales one by one remorselessly, and quite obviously pausing in his own efflux, only to get ready another wholly irrelevant narrative, not in the least to listen to his rival, still less to understand him? Long experience has taught him approximately when to laugh, but it does not mean that he is amused—not a bit of it. Both men are obviously bored by every word 'the other man' has spoken. One wonders at either of them being able to stand such a bombardment. The explanation, of course, is that a story is only wearisome if one listens to it; and in this tableau each one survives his rival's onset by donning the shield of deafness or inattention. He knows, too, that his own turn must sooner or later come. An elderly man so trained would be quite impervious to the rebuff suggested. Instead of

trying to catch the point—very likely non-existent—of the extemporised tale, he would laugh with 'alien jaws' and plunge gaily and with gusto into his next which he has been furbishing up meanwhile. When every name and most of the relationships are to hand, off he goes.

More might be said and many little tragedies described, but I must close with a suggestion. If women are thinking of joining the male horde of oral story-tellers let them walk most warily by aiming at an ideal far higher than men 'full of words' ordinarily conceive. Every story should be spontaneous and prompted by its context, and should illustrate it naturally and enrich it, and the very best will always set the hearers thinking afresh. Never lead up to your narratives, for you will be found out. Great self-restraint is needed. The finest artist I have ever known was Henry Sidgwick in his later talkative days. But they were preceded by several decades of comparative silence, observation and thought.

EDWARD LYTTELTON.

JANE AUSTEN AND A FORGOTTEN DRAMATIST

READERS of *Mansfield Park* will not need to be reminded of the stir caused in the Bertram household by the preparations for the private theatricals. They will recollect how, after much argument, it was decided to act *Lovers' Vows.* They will remember how many heart-burnings were caused when the difficult task of assigning the parts was accomplished; how Julia was consumed with jealousy because Maria was preferred for the *rôle* of Agatha; how poor, retiring Fanny Price was worried to take the part of Cottager's Wife, and how she endured the agony of knowing that Edmund as Anhalt and Miss Crawford as Amelia were to act a love-scene together. It will be recalled, too, that *Lovers' Vows* was regarded by all the more sober-minded people as quite unfit for private performance. Fanny Price, who seized the first opportunity of reading the play, was astonished that it had been selected, and Edmund so strongly disapproved of it that he would have nothing to do with the scheme until there was a prospect that a comparatively strange young man would be imported to play Anhalt, and then he reluctantly took the part himself lest worse disaster should befall. But, while these details are familiar to lovers of Jane Austen, the play which caused all the pother has been so completely forgotten that only professed students of a very arid period of our drama know as much as the name of the author, and the text itself was never likely to have been seen by modern readers until Mr. R. W. Chapman printed it as an appendix to his recent edition of *Mansfield Park.*

August von Kotzebue, the prolific German dramatist who wrote *Das Kind der Liebe,* which Mrs. Inchbald adapted for the English stage as *Lovers' Vows,* is in the limbo of authors who were for their age but not for all time. His fame in his own day is indicated by his appointment in 1798 as dramatist to the court at Vienna: his many plays of varied types were known throughout Europe. In England he was the most popular of the German writers who were being translated at the end of the eighteenth century: not only did many of his plays obtain a vogue as

'closet-dramas,' but three became stage-successes. *Lover Vows* succeeded in both capacities. When it was produced Covent Garden in 1798 it was given over forty performances (long 'run' in those days), and the printed play, which was onl one of four translations published between 1798 and 1800, wen into eleven editions in a year. But, though it appealed to th average audience, *Lovers' Vows* aroused a good deal of oppositio of the kind exhibited in *Mansfield Park*. The reader of to-da who looks at this drama will ask why it seemed so objectionabl to the society in which Jane Austen mixed. The attempt t answer the question throws an interesting light on the though and feeling of the early nineteenth century, and also gives a explanation of the failure of Georgian drama to emerge from th state of decay into which it had fallen. Moreover, an examinatio of the popular English adaptations of Kotzebue shows that the hardly deserve the complete oblivion that has overtaken them for they brought a vital spark to our stage that might have bee kindled into a flame, had not the moral and political atmospher of the time effectually smothered it.

The significance of *Lovers' Vows* and of the German influenc generally, however, cannot be appreciated without a brief surve of the state of the theatre in Jane Austen's time. The perio which saw the renaissance of poetry inaugurated by the *Lyrica Ballads* was the one in which English drama showed fewest sign of life. The majority of the new productions were merely thing of the stage, and almost the only pieces of true dramatic qualit witnessed by playgoers were the masterpieces of the past Remembering how any given age tends to develop its charac teristic literary form, we should not find this strange were it no that, so far from avoiding the drama, all the poets of geniu turned their hands to plays, but, with the exception of *The Cenci* produced nothing of dramatic value. This failure was due t deeper causes than the restriction of dramatic output entailed b the patent system, and the mechanical difficulties brough about by the enormous increase in size of the two 'legitimate theatres. Critics constantly lamented the decay of the nationa drama, but they did not see that the body of critical opinion whicl they were creating was fatal to any new developments. The denounced the rage for music and spectacle, they ridiculed th horrors of the 'Gothic drama of terror,' they generally disliked the plays translated from the German; but they were singularl backward in suggesting lines along which a dramatic reviva might proceed. It was frequently said that the genius of the age was fundamentally undramatic, and critics seemed to accept the position with resignation. Even such authorities on the stage as Lamb, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt had little or nothing to

say that would help the young dramatist to write plays of vital quality. All they did was to point to the Elizabethan masters and recommend study and imitation of their methods. Dramatic criticism was, in fact, almost entirely retrospective: it was inspired by the renewed academic interest in the Elizabethan age which had led to a re-examination of the critical canons in the light of the dramatic practice of the old masters.

Now during the eighteenth century the persistence of the Elizabethan tradition on the stage, with its parallel influence on critical opinion, had been all to the good, since it provided the necessary resistance to the tyranny of the French school. But it cannot be said that the outburst of enthusiasm for the Elizabethans which occurred at the end of the century was productive of beneficial results on new work. It was good to discover and emphasise the fact that Shakespeare, besides being a wild and irregular genius, was a wonderful dramatic artist, but it was not very helpful to the aspirant to dramatic honours to tell him to imitate Shakespeare. Enthusiasm for our older playwrights had hardened into a conservatism which blighted original effort. A fact that is apparent to a later generation was not then realised, namely, that the old dramatic types had been exhausted, and that if the theatre was to be reinvigorated, some fresh line of progress must be found.

The first steps along a new path had been taken by the writers of prose domestic plays. In the domestic tragedies of Lillo and Moore and in many of the sentimental comedies there was drama made out of the stuff of ordinary everyday life. There were surely possibilities here. But the writers of domestic plays failed to see what might be done with the type. These pieces were devitalised through the conventionalising of the characters, the gross sentimentalism, and the fondness for stage trick. What was lacking, in a word, was sincerity in dealing with the social problems touched upon.

But a frank facing of the facts of contemporary life was scarcely possible at this time because of the rigid system of moral conventions which were generally observed, or at least publicly subscribed to, by the upper and middle classes, who still formed the great bulk of the audiences at the regular theatres. The moral reaction which drove Beaumont and Fletcher and most of the Restoration dramatists off the stage in the middle of the eighteenth century ended by establishing conventions which precluded dramatic treatment of any themes or situations except those that were already threadbare. The growth of Methodism and of Low Church Evangelicism gave momentum to the movement of reform already started, so that before the end of the century many serious people came to regard the theatre as a

forbidden pleasure. Hannah More, who in her youth had written a successful (acted) tragedy, in later life adopted the view that only the reading of plays was permissible to a sincere Christian; and Wilberforce and Zachary Macaulay are among the well-known public men who completely eschewed the theatre. The more numerous class to which Jane Austen belonged were moderate in their views. Visits to the play formed part of the regular round of amusements when they came periodically to town: the novelist herself was delighted with the acting of Kean, who had just begun his conquest of London, and on a previous occasion she was so much disappointed at missing Mrs. Siddons (she had performed one evening although the boxkeeper had announced that she would not) that she felt she 'could swear at her with little effort.' But the Austens and the majority of the middle-class families of the time, while enjoying good acting in the favourite stock-plays, would have looked with severe disapproval on anything like a frank stage treatment of social problems. What we now call 'Victorian prudery'—the attitude that forbade the public recognition of matters which were perfectly familiar in private life—was already well established. People judged characters in a book or a play, not by considering whether they exhibited natural human feelings, but by applying certain arbitrary ethical rules; they did not ask whether a given character would really behave in a particular way in actual life, but whether a person belonging to a society having certain religious, social, and political beliefs ought to behave, or, at least, ought to be shown on the stage as behaving, in such a way. This is the view implicit in the dramatic criticism contained in *Mansfield Park*.

To complete the explanation of the antipathy of late Georgian society towards anything like a drama of ideas it must be said that political prejudices acted as powerful supports of the conventional moral system. The advanced thought of the [illegible] originated with the revolutionaries in France, and in this country the war-time nervousness was so great that any literature which challenged accepted beliefs or established authority was stigmatised as 'Jacobinism,' and it received as short shrift as in our own time was given to any production which could be labelled 'German "*kultur*"' (with ironical adjective and inverted commas).

The interest of *Lovers' Vows* and one or two other adaptations from the German lies in the fact that they did to some extent point the way of escape from stereotyped characterisation to something fresh. In this respect they have scarcely received the recognition that is their due. The craze for translations and adaptations of German plays which culminated in the publica-

tion of Benjamin Thompson's *The German Theatre* in 1800 has generally been regarded by historians of the drama as a phenomenon of no great significance, although Professor Allardyce Nicoll has recently treated the matter with more judgment. Kotzebue, whose plays were particularly favoured, has been dismissed as a clever stage-craftsman who mingled mawkish sentimentality of the worst kind with a superficial treatment of revolutionary ideas about morality and religion. This is, of course, largely true. But the most popular of the plays taken from Kotzebue have, in spite of their crudity, certain characteristic qualities which were new to the English theatre, and which, had they been developed by writers of power, might have given us interesting and original plays. Notwithstanding his false sentiment, Kotzebue did in some measure face the facts of life. The charge of 'Jacobinism' brought against him has, of course, long lost any significance: the revolutionary ideas of yesterday are the commonplaces of to-day. The more serious charge that his ideas were superficial must no doubt stand; but the fact that he had any ideas at all was of importance at a time when they were a commodity in which English dramatists had few dealings.

To come now to *Lovers' Vows*. The plot is briefly as follows: After five years' absence, Frederick, a soldier, returns to find his mother, Agatha Friburg, in a destitute state outside an inn. He has come to obtain for military purposes a certificate of his birth. His mother is forced to confess that there is no certificate: he is the natural son of Baron Wildenhaim. Frederick has no money, and to obtain the means of relieving his mother's distress he goes out to beg. He meets the Baron, without, of course, knowing him, and attempts to obtain money from him by force. He is overcome and taken prisoner to the castle, where he learns who his captor is. Partly through the appeal of Frederick, and partly through the remonstrations of Anhalt, the young clergyman who acts as tutor to the Baron's daughter Amelia, the Baron is persuaded to own his son, and to send for Agatha to make her his wife. The subsidiary plot concerns Amelia, who, at first destined for the foolish fop, Count Cassel, is happily united to her tutor.

Mrs. Inchbald's play has a theatrical plot, and most of the characters—especially the Baron and Agatha—are conventionalised; yet there is some approach to sincerity of treatment, and the requirements of poetic justice are not allowed altogether to falsify characterisation, nor is the candid expression of opinion on social questions entirely excluded. Contemporary criticism fastened on the fact that Agatha, the Baron's abandoned mistress, is shown in an amiable light. The confession that she has to make seemed very shocking to Edmund Bertram. 'Read only the first act aloud to your mother or your aunt,' he said to his sister,

'and see how you can approve it.' And yet the confession is made with every mark of shame and contrition, and for many years Agatha has been leading an exemplary life. Then there is the love-scene between Anhalt and Amelia—the scene which even the self-possessed Miss Crawford could not face without getting used to it in a preliminary rehearsal with Fanny as Anhalt. ('Look at *that* speech, and *that*, and *that*. How am I ever going to look him in the face and say such things?') And all that it amounts to is that a young and innocent girl makes avowal of her love for her tutor instead of waiting for his proposal, as any well-conducted young lady of the time should have done. Mrs. Inchbald found it necessary to modify the dialogue slightly, for 'the forward and unequivocal manner in which Amelia announces her affection to her lover in the original would have been revolting to an English audience'; but the original picture so far remains that her Amelia is much more like a human being than was the usual stage miss of the time. Hazlitt confessed that the character of Amelia was the principal charm of the play.

> The open, undisguised simplicity of this character is, however, so enthusiastically extravagant, as to excite some little surprise and incredulity on the English stage. The portrait is too naked, but still it is the nakedness of innocence. She lets us see into the bottom of her heart, but there is nothing there which she need wish to disguise.

The originality displayed in the treatment of Amelia is seen again in the last act, where a fairly frank attempt is made to deal with the problem of the cast-off mistress, and again in the portrayal of Count Cassel. In the latter particular Mrs. Inchbald added to the material furnished by Kotzebue, and allowed her character to give his liberal views about a young man's gallantries, and he does this so convincingly that for a moment the stage fop comes alive. Besides retaining most of Kotzebue's realism in characterisation, Mrs. Inchbald reproduced his humanitarian sentiment, though she cut out the revolutionary remarks about rank.

Such was the play which was so repugnant to the feelings of Jane Austen's world. It is not a good play; but it evidently had sufficient novelty and power to please a large public of both theatre-goers and readers. For the historian of the drama it acquires more importance than its intrinsic merit warrants, because the opposition that it provoked would have been equally strong against any piece, however well written, that followed the same lines.

The view of *Lovers' Vows* here put forward is reinforced by a consideration of two other versions of Kotzebue's plays which

attained great popularity. The first is *The Stranger* (translated by Benjamin Thompson from *Menschenhass und Reue*), which had been produced at Drury Lane in 1798, and the second is *Pizarro*, Sheridan's adaptation of *Die Spanier in Peru*, staged at the same theatre in the following season. Both were immense successes and long remained stock-plays: years later the young heart of Arthur Pendennis was to be enslaved by Miss Fotheringay as the heroine in *The Stranger*, and it was by her performance in *Pizarro* that that distinguished actress obtained for herself a London engagement.

The plot of *The Stranger* concerns a Mrs. Haller, who as an inexperienced girl of sixteen had been married to a man who soon seemed to grow cold towards her. A friend of her husband lied to her about him; she was deceived and ran away with him. Soon repenting of the step she had taken, she sought shelter with the Countess Wintersen, with whom, at the beginning of the play, she is shown to be leading a virtuous, useful, and benevolent life. Throughout the action the sympathy of the audience is enlisted on behalf of this amiable woman, and in the end she is reconciled to her husband. At one point in the play an attempt is made to extenuate the heroine's fault. The Baron suggests to the Stranger (Mrs. Haller's husband) that perhaps, after all, some of the blame was his:

STRANGER. Mine!

BARON. Yours! Who told you to marry a thoughtless, inexperienced girl? One scarce expects established principles at five and twenty in a man, yet you require them in a girl of sixteen! But of this no more. She has erred; she has repented; and, during three years, her conduct has been so far above reproach, that even the piercing eye of Calumny has not discover'd a speck upon this radiant orb. . . .

Such an argument in this twentieth century would seem to embody plain common-sense, but at the time the play was produced it was regarded as undermining the whole foundations of connubial morality. The dramatist was condemned for making such a woman as Mrs. Haller a sympathetic character instead of subscribing to the convention which would make her an abandoned creature, overcome by shame and remorse, incapable of returning to the path of virtue, and so never to be reconciled to her husband. Kotzebue had handled a new situation with truth to life, but the English moralists would have none of it. It was even felt that Mrs. Siddons in some sort sullied her own virtue by playing Mrs. Haller. Boaden, her biographer, says:

I never could, without strong reluctance, submit to see the character of Mrs. Haller represented by [Mrs. Siddons]. Her countenance, her

noble figure, her chaste and dignified manners, were so utterly at variance with the wretched disclosure she had to make, that no knowledge that it was pure, or rather impure, fiction, could reconcile me to this *forcible feeble*. . . .

In another translation (by A. Schinck, published in 1798) of Kotzebue's *Menschenhass und Reue* some significant changes were made in the plot. According to the 'Address to the Public':

The Translator has also ventured to deviate from the original plot in one delicate particular.—He has not made the wife actually commit that crime which is a stain to the female character, tho' she was on the brink of ruin, by eloping from her husband.—This last liberty he trusts will be excused; partly because he feels that, according to the dictates of nature, reconciliation would in such circumstances be more easily obtained: but chiefly, because he considered it as more consistent with the moral sentiment, and more congenial to the heart of an English audience, than the forgiveness of a wife who had actually been guilty.

No doubt the translator accurately gauged the attitude of the critics, but he misjudged how much an English audience would stand, for his own work was rejected by Drury Lane, and the translation which won such success was unexpurgated in the particular over which he was so careful.

Pizarro also gave rise to adverse criticism on the ground of its revolutionary morality, although this did not deter huge crowds from flocking to Drury Lane to see Kemble as Rolla and Mrs. Siddons as Elvira. Sheridan's adaptation is a romantic play coming near to melodrama in type, and thus aims at different effects from those secured by *The Stranger*; but there is a noteworthy realism in the treatment of the character of Elvira, Pizarro's mistress, who is gradually alienated from him by his cruelty and his base attempt to secure vengeance on his enemy, Alonso, and who eventually brings about his death. The moralists could not admit the propriety of putting lofty sentiment in the mouth of such a creature, and of giving her a passion for humanity leading to acts of heroism. 'It is not unlikely,' writes Boaden, 'that from any *other hand* . . . Mrs. Siddons might have scrupled to accept a character so profligate and desperate; but Mr. Sheridan was not a man to be refused.'

The crudities and exaggerations of the German plays were sufficiently obvious to make them an easy prey to the wits of the time, especially those with a political axe to grind. In two numbers of the *Anti-Jacobin* in June 1798 there appeared the clever burlesque called *The Rovers*, written chiefly by Canning, and parodying pieces by Kotzebue, Schiller, and Goethe. The German dramatists were attacked as revolutionaries aiming at the total subversion of civilised society. Conservative views were given the sharpest point of satire. But there were not

wanting those who saw more in the new drama than a pernicious expression of revolutionary sentiment. Hazlitt, the soundest dramatic critic of that age, bears witness to the effective vigour of the German plays, and contrasts them with the feeble products of the English stage.

The action [he says of the German dramas] is not grave, but extravagant: the fable is not probable, but improbable: the favourite characters are not only low, but vicious: the sentiments are such as do not become the person into whose mouth they are put, nor that of any other person: the language is a mixture of metaphysical jargon and flaring prose: the moral is immorality. In spite of all this, a German tragedy is a good thing. It is a fine hallucination: it is a noble madness. . . . The world have thought so: they go to see *The Stranger*, they go to see *Lovers' Vows* and *Pizarro*, they have their eyes wide open all the time, and almost cry them out before they come away, and therefore they go again. There is something in the style that hits the temper of men's minds. . . . It embodies . . . the extreme opinions which are floating in our time; . . . we are all partisans of a political system, and devotees to some theory of moral sentiments.

Miss Mitford, too, looking back after many years on the adaptations from the German, had a good word to say for them: 'With much that was false and absurd, and the bald gibberish of the translator, for which the author is not answerable, the situations were not only effective, but true.' Finally, perhaps it is not unfitting to quote the somewhat extravagant encomium inserted by William Taylor, of Norwich, in his *Historic Survey of German Poetry* (1828–30): 'According to my judgment Kotzebue is the greatest dramatic genius that Europe has evolved since Shakespeare.'

In another age plays like *Lovers' Vows* and *The Stranger* might have been the forerunners of a new form of drama embodying current ideas and opinions, and dealing with social questions with clear-eyed truth to life. But in this period the 'psychological climate' was too unfavourable for such a development to take place. The taboos that existed at Mansfield Park formed such an integral part of the beliefs and manners of the time that the free discussion of ideas would never have been tolerated on the stage. The literary giants who might have been equal to the task of creating a drama of ideas did nothing but make more or less futile attempts to resuscitate the moribund traditional form of tragedy. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, and Shelley all came under the spell of the young German drama, but it was not the plays of common life that attracted them. They turned rather to the romantic plays like Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen* and Schiller's *Die Räuber*—plays which, while giving expression to revolutionary ideas, carried on the Shakespearean tradition.

Our romantic poets were wedded to the idea of poetical tragedy conceived according to the outworn formulas. Original artists in other directions, they could not free themselves from the trammels of tradition when they attempted plays. Thus it was that the stimulus administered by Germany passed without any lasting effect. And the English theatre had to wait for Ibsen.

M. ALDERTON PINK.

PROGRESS AND PERFECTION

THE grave doubts as to the nature and the reality of progress, suggested by Mr. McEachran in the June number of *The Nineteenth Century*, must have found an echo in the minds of many readers; the more so as they were propounded with a moderation, and even a certain air of regret, which rarely characterise the utterances of the *advocatus diaboli*. Let us recognise from the outset that that is the part which he assumes, however reluctantly; for to deny the validity of ends and of goals is to deny, not merely the reality, but the very meaning of progress. To strive for striving's sake, which was apparently Goethe's ideal, may be the best that man can do, though one hopes not: it certainly implies a renunciation of the bare idea of progress. It is the special and fatal weakness of such a philosophy that, while it urges men to ceaseless effort, it removes the only rational motive to any effort whatever—the desire and the hope of attaining some purpose. The disciple of Goethe would perhaps retort that 'love,' and not reason, is the force which drives men to action, and this is doubtless true; but reason retains the veto, and if you convince them that their ends are unattainable they will cease to strive for them.

Goethe's Faust, we are told, 'is the highest type of human being which the modern world, with its eternal yearning, produces'; and the essential significance of Faust's character is that he is a man who has pursued one ideal after another, and found that they are all unattainable, and even that they change and dislimn while you are on the road towards them. In this he is but the symbol of his race; for mankind, far from moving steadily in one direction, has repeatedly changed its goal, so that the concept of progress is totally inapplicable to its erratic course. It should be added that these depressing reflections were suggested by a paper by Mr. Hoyland in the April number, in which he maintained that Europe, in distinction from Asia, possesses both the idea and the practice of progress, and traced this superiority to the teachings of Plato, as enlarged and vivified by St. Paul.

If we regard the creature *homo sapiens* as primarily a tool-making animal, it must be admitted that he has made interrupted, but still quite definite, progress in one direction ever since his

appearance on this planet. It can hardly be questioned that modern machines are, on the whole, better, as machines, than any that have gone before; and, similarly, students of prehistoric periods assure us that successive epochs are chiefly distinguished by successive advances in the manufacture of various implements and weapons. In artistic achievements, oddly enough, Palæolithic man seems to have been greatly superior to his Neolithic descendants. In one respect, therefore, though not the most important, it may be claimed that there *has* been a more or less continuous improvement—enough, at any rate, to account, in a materialistic age, for the widespread belief that we are better than our fathers were. Again, as Mr. McEachran himself is disposed to allow, there is probably a steady increase in positive knowledge 'of the non-ego by the ego,' of the world by the human mind. We have dwelt briefly on these two examples of a 'progress' which can scarcely be denied, because they suggest, negatively, the actual solution of the problem, besides making it plain that the progress which the 'Faustian' man despairs of is moral or at least emotional, and neither material nor scientific.

Science, whether pure or applied, has this advantage over other human activities, that it is accumulative. Positive knowledge, once gained, is, barring accidents, gained for ever. It is bequeathed securely to the next generation, who almost inevitably add to it; so that progress is assured. The case is very different with regard to goodness and beauty, to the moral and æsthetic interests of man. Even these, so far as they are subject to cognitive processes, so far, that is, as they can become the matter of knowledge, admit of accumulation. The human heritage is definitely richer for the art of Praxiteles, the life of St. Francis, or the poetry of Shakespeare, to take three instances entirely at random. The moral and æsthetic sympathies which we can cultivate, *if we will*, are wider for us to-day than for any previous generation, just as our knowledge of Nature and our control of natural forces are wider; but there the parallel ends. And it ends precisely because the element of character, or rather, of value, enters into the problem. Science and machinery are concerned with what simply is; ethics and æsthetics with what is good or beautiful. The former deal with what is necessarily common to all men; the latter with what is original in every man that is born of woman. Whatever we may think of the ecclesiastical doctrine of 'original sin,' it is certain that sin and virtue are alike original, in the sense that each man's moral volitions (and incidentally his æsthetic judgments) are peculiar to him personally, while his knowledge of the law of gravitation is shared by millions of his fellow-creatures. You can confute an error, but you cannot

angle with the choice of the soul. You can transmit knowledge in its entirety; you can transmit character and genius only very partially and uncertainly.

Furthermore, the subject-matter with which science is called upon to deal remains, for practical purposes, constant; but the factors which condition the moral life vary from generation to generation. It would be a simple matter if spiritual improvement were a necessary, *or* even a *normal, accompaniment of progress* in knowledge and machinery; but it is not, and except for a few enthusiasts in the middle of last century, no one has ever supposed that it was. On the contrary, the increase of wealth, both material and intellectual, if not actually hostile to the highest interests of man, always raises a fresh set of moral problems. Old virtues fall out of date, new weaknesses are revealed, and, on the most favourable supposition, humanity is compelled to mark time on its march to the Heavenly Jerusalem.

For these reasons, among others, one would expect *a priori* to find in history what one actually does find—in things material, a steady advance, with occasional setbacks from accidental causes: in things spiritual, an ebb and flow; or rather, since that metaphor is wholly inadequate to the complexity of moral relations, such a scene as Clough describes so memorably:

> Neither battle I see, nor arraying nor king in Israel:
> Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,
> Backed by a solemn appeal: 'For God's sake, do not stir there!'

And here it is necessary to join issue with the statement that the idea (we say nothing about the practice) of progress is derived from Platonism or Christianity or from both together. Singly or in combination they have given expression to the fundamental human desire for perfection. They have at times, and for limited periods, obtained such influence as to raise the general level of the spiritual life of some considerable portion of the human race; but one need not be a Faust to question whether they have ever produced, or will produce, a change for the better sufficiently widespread and permanent to deserve the name of spiritual progress. What does not admit of question is that neither Platonism nor Christianity has ever contemplated progress, in the sense of universal betterment on earth, as a probable or, it might almost be said, as a possible contingency. The evidence in support of this assertion is so overwhelming and so glaring that it is hard to know where to begin.

Let us at any rate hear Plato (or Socrates) arguing with a believer in progress.

THEODORUS. If you could only persuade everybody, Socrates, as you do me, of the truth of your words, there would be more peace and fewer evils among men.

SOCRATES. Evils, Theodorus, can never pass away: for there must always remain something which is antagonistic to good. Having no place among the gods in heaven, of necessity they hover around the mortal nature and this earthly sphere. Wherefore we ought to fly away from earth to heaven as quickly as we can; and to fly away is to become like God as far as this is possible; and to become like Him is to become holy, just and wise.

As for Christianity, there is not a saying of its Founder which contradicts the impression that He foresaw that His followers would be a minority struggling amid a hostile or indifferent world. 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?' Of St. Paul, who only very gradually relinquished the belief that the end of all things was imminent, it is surely needless to say that the idea of progress, as the word is used to-day, cannot conceivably have entered his mind. We are aware that the quoting of isolated texts is an easy and inconclusive process; but on this point quotation is not requisite for proof. It is only employed to illustrate the indisputable truths, that both Platonism and Christianity are 'other-worldly' systems; that the concept of progress is utterly foreign to both of them; and that it belongs to a totally different and very recent world of ideas.

It by no means follows that either Platonism or Christianity is, in any intelligible sense, pessimistic; nor can it be questioned that each in its own way held up before men the *ideal* of a divine society, in which God's will should be done on earth, as it is in heaven. But, for both, this divine society remains purely an ideal, so far as the mass of mankind are concerned. Plato says, in so many words, that the present or future existence on earth of his ideal city is quite unimportant. Christianity, though its message is to all mankind, and though it is hopeful for the most degraded individual, has ever spoken and acted on the assumption, tacit or expressed, that the 'world' was and would remain distinct from, and hostile to, the Church. It is worth noting that the visions of an era of universal peace and righteousness on earth, when swords shall be beaten into plough-shares and spears into pruning-hooks, are drawn exclusively from the Hebrew prophets. They are significantly absent from the New Testament, and from the whole Christian tradition.

From what source, then, has come the idea of progress, and the belief in its certainty or possibility? No one has ever pretended that it was to be found outside the limits of Europe, so that it should be easy to track it to its springs. There is not a hint of it in the thought of Greece and Rome, as anyone who has read the classical literatures is aware. It did not, as we have seen, come into the world with Christianity. There was no

whisper of it during the Middle Ages. It might have been expected to appear at the Renaissance, in that dawn of a new life and hopefulness, but it did not; the reason doubtless being that the spiritual impulses of that movement were drawn either from the classical culture or from a return to Christian origins. Not until we come to Rousseau and Shelley does this delusion of the perfectibility of man attack any minds of first-class importance; and then, within a comparatively few years, the whole intellectual world is infected. The idea of progress, the belief in a steady and almost inevitable improvement, material, intellectual and moral, of at least the Western races, is 'in the air.' A sense of conscious paradox pervades the works of the few who dare, like Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, to question it, whether with prophetic indignation or gentle irony. What had caused this almost instantaneous conversion of Europe to a new and, as we can now see, quite baseless belief?

In the main there were three causes, affecting, roughly, three classes of minds. First must be placed the sudden and gigantic advance of physical and mechanical science, which produced what is known as the industrial revolution. That, as has been suggested above, sufficed to convince the ordinary uneducated man that all the material resources of the world were at last thrown open, so that the human race had nothing to do in the future but to turn those resources to ever better and better account. Next, with the educated classes, the spread of the doctrine of Evolution, in the questionable form that the 'higher' is necessarily evolved from the 'lower,' engendered a frame of mind for which the idea of progress was simply axiomatic; no longer an aspiration, but a 'scientific truth.' Last, but perhaps not least important, was the philosophy of Hegel, which, for the intellectual *élite*, seemed to set a metaphysical seal on what would otherwise have been a mere empirical interpretation of phenomena. According to the Hegelian dialectic, history itself was but the gradual self-unfolding of the Absolute Idea; and each later stage was, by the necessity of logic, an advance on all that had preceded it. Only a small minority ever heard of that philosophy: fewer still understood it, or professed to understand it; and yet its influence was enormous, because it recommended the idea of progress to just those first-rate minds which would otherwise have been its most powerful critics—men like T. H. Green—who thought themselves committed to the view that the eternal Reason, which is the source of the moral life, *must* continue to shape the social organism into an increasingly perfect expression of itself.

And now it has all faded like a beautiful dream. Apparently it needed the Great War to persuade some people that we are as

far as ever from perfection—nay, that we are quite possibly on the wrong road altogether. But, even without the war, the manifest conflict of ideals in the modern world, and the violent attacks on received morality and established beliefs, to say nothing of the universal political and economic unrest, should have been enough to turn any person of mediocre intelligence into a typical Faustian. A man scarcely needs a profound knowledge of history, at the present day, to realise that ideals, like everything else beneath the moon, are in a state of perpetual flux. Plato complained that democracy was a bazaar of constitutions, instead of being the expression of a single political idea. It is equally true that twentieth-century Europe is a bazaar of ideals, in which each stall-holder vociferates, almost in the exact words of Mr. McEachran, that all ideals but his own have been 'transcended' and belong to an obsolete stage of evolution. If progress means—as it surely must, if it means anything—a continuous advance in one direction, it must be obvious to every reader of the daily Press that, even in Europe, mankind is not progressive.

Are we, then, reduced to the view that one ideal is as good (or as bad) as another, provided that it be held sincerely and fervently pursued? Are we equally deserving of 'full honour,' to quote Mr. McEachran once more, whether we 'educate the negroes of Africa, or impede the spread of education at home'? Here, at any rate, we have scepticism full-blown and unconcealed; and, before attempting to answer these very fundamental questions, it may be as well to point out that they are quite distinct from the question of fact, whether mankind as a whole is actually becoming better, or is likely to become better in the future. Indeed, the latter question is meaningless, if one ideal is as good as its opposite; for in that case no person or condition can be 'better' than another. But then one is tempted to ask why sincerity and fervour should be preferred to insincerity and indifference. Goethe's Faust turns out, after all, to be as incorrigibly idealistic as the least sophisticated among us. Nay, more so, since he values what the Americans call 'pep' and 'boost' for their own sakes, irrespective of any purpose that they serve. He gives a paradoxical twist to the old motto of cynicism: Nothing new, nothing true, and *everything* matters.

This, however, by the way. What is of vital concern is to rebut, if possible, the suggestion that, because ideals vary almost infinitely in different times and places, therefore they are all alike unsatisfactory. It is another form of the old argument that, since morals change with every degree of latitude, there can be no absolute morality. The Homeric, the Platonic, the Pauline and the Chivalric ideals succeeded and ousted one another in turn. Homer and Plato, St. Paul and Dante would agree only

in detesting our modern civilisation and standards of life. Their ideals have been transcended, without being attained; and that, says Mr. McEachran, is all. But is it all? Surely not, if mankind, as he says himself, is for ever absorbing and refashioning the ideals of the past to new aims. They cannot be merely transcended, if they become the very stuff of which new ideals are formed.

This is, in truth, the heart of the whole matter. A living idea (or ideal), as Newman argued in his *Development of Doctrine*, must change. It is continually modified by the state of things in which it is carried out, and depends in various ways on the circumstances around it. It adapts itself, to use the modern phrase, to its environment; otherwise it must die. 'Here below to live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often.' The chivalric ideal would not come to life again if a set of earnest cranks succeeded in reproducing, in their surroundings and language, the exact conditions of the *Morte d'Arthur;* but it was very much alive in Julian Grenfell, and in many like him. Nor was the resemblance accidental. Such soldiers as he were the inheritors, in the direct line, of the chivalric tradition. St. Paul, if he were born again into modern industrialism, would doubtless be sickened by it; but he would soon find himself at home with men like Cardinal Mercier or even General Booth, to say nothing of thousands of other holy and humble men of heart. He would perhaps meet with little sympathy at a meeting of the Royal Society; but its members would not be the first to have said of him, 'What would this babbler say?' It is, in short, true in no merely rhetorical or imaginative sense that the ideals of the past are alive and effective to-day. Whether they have succeeded in raising the general level of action and feeling is another question. The point which your Faustian would endeavour to make is that, however we may talk of having merely adapted them to changing circumstances, we have in fact discarded them. And that is the point that must be met, so far as is possible. In the last resort it can neither be proved nor refuted by argument, but at least it should be shown that the history of European ideals admits of a less depressing and not less plausible interpretation.

The sting of Goethe's theory of history lies in the view that all spiritual values are relative—relative to a particular epoch in time, or a particular area in space. Once convince yourself—and on these high matters no man can convince another—that humanity has ever touched an absolute, and the whole theory falls to pieces. It need scarcely be said that the term 'absolute' is not used here in any abstract, metaphysical sense. It is sufficient for the present purpose if we can see reason to employ it with the meaning which Renan gave to it when he spoke of the

religion of Marcus Aurelius as 'the absolute religion, that which results from the simple fact of a lofty moral consciousness confronted with the Universe. It belongs to no particular race or country. No revolution, no change, no discovery can ever change it.' And really, after such an utterance from one who was the apostle of relativity, one is tempted to say '*Cadit quæstio*.' There is little need of further witness against the sceptical theory of history when the most sceptical of historians confesses that all the arrows of his criticism fall blunted from the shield of a Roman emperor who died nearly eighteen hundred years ago.

There is, in fact, a great deal of nonsense in much of the current talk (current in every age as well as our own) about the obsolescence of moral ideals. Their mutability is much less than appears on the superficial view, which is all that most people ever take; because it is the superficial aspects of them which are subject to constant change, while their substance endures. Few people, even to-day, if they took the trouble to read Marcus Aurelius, would seriously dissent from Renan's judgment, and those few would not be people whose judgment on any topic was of great importance. Justice, again, is one of the most fundamental of moral notions; if that remains unshaken, there is not much reason for fearing that the citadel of morality is tottering to its fall. Yet who, outside Russia, would claim to have outgrown Ulpian's definition that justice is 'to live honourably, not to harm your neighbour, to give everyone his due'; or who, if he were entirely honest with himself, would question the universal obligation to live justly? The trouble is only that many simple-minded persons have convinced themselves that justice is flouted, unless they are free to take their neighbour's goods and live with their neighbour's wife. But that is a passing phase. On the whole, and in spite of all the modern movements, St. Thomas' fourth section of his Ninety-fourth Question, 'Whether the law of Nature is one among all men,' can still, subject to the necessary distinctions, be answered in the affirmative. The Idea of Justice has not been transcended.

It is because the grand outlines of the moral ideal remain unchanged, while the circumstances of humanity vary from age to age, that the specific ideals of one era assume a form so different from those of another. The Eternal Ideas, to use Platonic language, have to get themselves manifested in the phenomena of human life; and as the phenomena change, so the manifestation must change with them. But to suggest, as Faust appears to do, that the embodiment of the Idea which appeals to one generation of men is thrown on the scrap-heap, like a broken doll, by the next is almost grotesquely untrue. Plato's vision of human perfection sprang from the life of the city-State, which in turn

grew directly and intelligibly out of the 'heroic' stage of society described by Homer. St. Paul's theology, while it brought the whole range of Jewish ideas within the scope of European thought, was indebted at every turn, both for language and conceptions, to the philosophic movement of which Socrates and Plato were the originators. Dante and the mediæval schoolmen, whose spokesman he was, were almost slavish in their adherence to the teachings of Greek philosophy and the New Testament alike, as they understood them. Each stage would have been impossible without all that preceded it: the line of development is unbroken; and there is none of these great men who could not have said, in the words of One greater than them all, 'I am come not to destroy, but to fulfil.'

We seem, after all, to have been brought back by a devious route to the idea of progress, and to be arguing that the ideal itself is subject to continuous improvement. But development and expansion are not the same as improvement—the full-grown oak is not 'better' than the sapling; and in the sphere of morals other considerations intervene, which we need not indicate further than by observing that, for anyone who accepts the Christian revelation, the perfect life has been lived on earth once for all. The point, however, can be sufficiently illustrated, without trespassing on the domain of religious controversy, from the kindred realm of æsthetics. There too, in literature and in the arts, humanity has from time to time attained a standard which is absolute: it has achieved perfection, as it were, by snatches, without prejudice to further achievement along different lines. The example of Homer is as good as any. No sane person ever expected or desired to write better poetry than Homer—Virgil perhaps least of all. Yet Virgil at his best, and in his own way, was as perfect as Homer. So in architecture there is no question of surpassing or 'transcending' the Parthenon; but its perfection does not militate against the perfection of the great cathedrals, nor need we reject one to accept the other.

The fallacy of the Faustian philosophy lies in the assumption that because ideals differ they must necessarily conflict—conflict, that is, so as to exclude or destroy each other. Conflict there must always be, but such as results in a genuine union of opposites which are complementary to one another. The crucial instance is afforded, as Mr. McEachran sees, by Platonism and Christianity. It is true that Platonism never dreamt of a love that embraced sinful, degraded humanity; and that Christianity did not teach the love of Beauty for its own sake. But it is equally true that a passion for souls can be, and has been combined with a passionate love of visible Beauty. The Platonist, again, is concerned with a timeless world of Ideas, the Christian with a historic Incarnation.

[illegible] Platonism [illegible]
the whole the most [illegible]
in the history of thought. The [illegible]
be found in a theory of 'progress' which is clearly contradicted
by the facts; and as little in a scepticism which denies the
indisputable gains of the human spirit because the human heritage
has become so rich that we can no longer be *simply* Platonic or
Pauline or mediæval. Let us rather conceive of humanity, or of
its *élite* (among whom we need not include ourselves), as Newman
conceived of the Roman Catholic Church—as carrying out a
'development of doctrine,' in which no truth is lost but seemingly
contradictory truths are eventually harmonised, and an all-embracing ideal is imperceptibly formed wherein every element
of perfection is given its just weight and influence.

PHILIP S. RICHARDS.

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CONTENTS FOR AUGUST

I.	'Pax' By FORD MADOX FORD	145
II.	Anglo-Japanese Co-operation and the Far East. By Captain M. D. KENNEDY	158
III.	The Peers and the Nation. By the Right Hon. Lord SYDENHAM OF COMBE, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G.	172
IV.	Ireland: Retrospect and Prospect. By R. M. FOX	184
V.	China as a Market. By E. M. GULL (*late Secretary of the British Chambers of Commerce in China and Hong Kong*)	190
VI.	Jutland and the 'Unforeseen.' By ARTHUR HUNGERFORD POLLEN	198
VII.	War, Policy, and Progress. By Lieut.-Colonel A. G. BAIRD SMITH, D.S.O.	208
VIII.	The Farmer's Sheet-Anchor. By T. B. WOOD, F.R.S. (*Professor of Agriculture, Cambridge University*)	216
IX.	Historical Mysticism and Political Science. By GEORGE E. G. CATLIN	227
X.	Craftsmanship and the Scientific Economist. By G. W. THOMSON	237
XI.	The Victorian Woman. By Sir ARTHUR UNDERHILL	250
XII.	The Present-Day Education of Girls: an Indictment. By MEYRICK BOOTH	259
XIII.	The Folklore of Edinburgh (*concluded*). By LEWIS SPENCE	270
XIV.	Conrad's Ship. By E. C. BOWDEN-SMITH	282
	Correspondence: 'Chess in History and Fiction.' By I. G. KELLY	292

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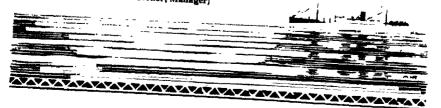
THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY
AND AFTER

No. DCVI—August 1927

'PAX'

I was sitting in a café the night before last (I am writing from the Mediterranean port in which, when fate permits, I spend my winters) listening to some young fellows with open collars, displaying dark blue jumpers and with queer white convict hats. At least, in England such hats would have been worn by one class of convict and would not have been white. They were discussing the tenets of Confucius.

Moreover, they were discussing the tenets of Confucius at the tops of their voices in order—or at any rate, so as—to drown the balalaikas of the Russian orchestra that was playing a Hindu melody. The elderly French bourgeoisie were meanwhile hissing, that café being the evening haunt of the quiet elderly French of the town who come to listen to the music. At any rate, they sometimes listen to the music, or on that occasion they wanted to listen to that music; or they certainly did not want to hear an incomprehensible discussion as to the tenets of Confucius.

Usually, I mean, we all sit and talk in lowish voices, and, the balalaikas being very powerful, we can hear what is played or not as we like. . . . But, you see, a shiver of apprehension had gone through the town in the morning at seeing two white (or so light grey as to make no difference) war-vessels glide into the pellucid blue waters of the inner harbour and come to moorings displaying a rather dreaded bright flag on the staffs at their sterns. That this flag is dreaded when displayed behind warships in these ports is due to, usually nocturnal, feats performed by the bluejackets, and still more by the warrant officers, of those ships when they happen to visit these shores—to the appalling obscenity of their language and to the exceedingly loud nature of their voices.

Now I hate, I hate, I hate manifestations of dislike between nations or between individuals of nations, and this was a semi-organised display of international dislike. An enormous number —a whole fleet's crew—of our own bluejackets had lately been turned loose for a whole week in this town, and they had leaned across those same tables talking in each other's ears in low tones, or had climbed up on to the music platform and played the balalaikas and the saxophones for the Russians, and had been received like the modest, rather rustic heroes that indeed they are. But for the bluejackets of this other Power—let her remain nameless !—the native population was doing what we call laying out. They had decided, I think, that this particular brand of hero was to be excluded from their quieter cafés. . . . Well, I leaned across to the nearest of those young fellows and said that the French people wanted to listen to that particular piece of music—so would they be quiet ?

They became instantly as quiet as a pondful of frogs over which there has fallen the shadow of an owl. And indeed I found, having entered into conversation with several of them after the song was over, that they were in fact every whit as gentle, modest and anxious to avoid giving offence as ever my own brand of that trade could have been. And infinitely better instructed ! For I cannot imagine any British tar who should have heard of Confucius, let alone flinging extracts from the *Literary Digest* at his shipmate's heads in deafening tones. . . . Yet that was what these fellows had been doing.

Ships, I suppose, are like regiments ; and in this port most of the mischief for the crews of that unnamed nation has been caused by one particular cruiser that I do not propose to name, for I see that she is now engaged in discharging shells into the continent of Asia. She was too long in these waters ; her men —and particularly her warrant officers—were too old to have any shynesses left, so her scars are to be found in many, many

places on the gentle bosom of France from Paris outwards. It is a pity, for as a rule seaports are the most international of places, refuges where the common amity of the sea unites men of all races in the cordiality of shared experience. It will perhaps pass over. No one could be gentler, less obtrusive, or more conciliatory than our present visitors. They hardly bulk more, except for their queer hats, than the other, smaller, fellows who, with little red pompoms on *their* hats, glide along beneath the plane trees with the grace of gazelles and the voicelessness of shadows. Curiously enough, two of those last this afternoon passed me talking rather loudly—in German. They were Alsatians: it seemed to me queer to find Alsatians in the navy; you might as well expect to find Swiss. And then immediately afterwards there passed me three fellows with the white head-coverings talking rather loudly in German. They were Pennsylvania Dutch: one of them had told me so the night before. It seemed almost as queer to me to find Pennsylvania Dutch following the sea. But I suppose it isn't.

At any rate, it is very agreeable to me, for I begin more and more to lose all sense of the difference between nations and to hope more and more that those differences will appear negligible. For indeed the differences between nations are all mostly as negligible as the differences between the queer white headpieces of the one set of sailors and the silly little red pompoms of the others. Consider either of them, indeed, as set against the dignified and appropriate. . . . But, upon my soul, I cannot remember what sort of hats the British tars were wearing the other day! Anyhow, if I wanted to go to war with anyone—and I am not in the least a pacifist—I would rather do it about that than about any other thing. For what is the sense of wearing the correctly idiotic little boy's collar, the correct mourning for Nelson—though the French do not wear that!—the correct little boy's jerkin, the correct bags, if on the top of all you put that white 'pork-pie'! It is against all decency. Let us, by all means, go to war—I am now speaking as a Briton—with both those nations until, having brought them to their knees and involved the universe, we force the one to abolish the red pompom and—yes, to wear the black silk kerchief that indicates grief for the death of the victor of Trafalgar. And the others shall wear—oh, whatever the correct little boy's sailor hat is.

And that is what I am really getting at. I was asked the other day by a publisher—American—to write a book explaining why the United States has, for the European, almost exactly the same aspect that Prussia had before the war—the aspect of a Power so menacing that European activities are all, as it were, under a shadow. And not merely financially menacing!

After a good deal of reflection I did not write that book. It seemed to me that, if I could impress on the inhabitant of the United States the aspect that his publicists and politicians have contrived to give to the features of his nation, the inhabitant of the United States might be induced to—oh, to pay some attention to what his politicians and publicists are doing. But I considered that I might do more harm than good. I might contrive to influence a few hundred Americans in the direction that I desired; on the other hand, I might provide millions of Europeans with material for flouts and jeers. It is perhaps a fact—I have it on American authority that I shall quote—that the United States has Europe pretty generally, if in varying degrees, arrayed against her, together with a slice of the Western Hemisphere and a good deal of Asia. But that is to be cured by other means than pointing it out and, of necessity, pointing the fact with illustrations.

I will illustrate as concretely as I can what I mean—with two instances. Let me begin with the morals first. I have never, then, since the war heard any English person discuss Americans, as politically such, either in terms of favour or disfavour. On the other hand, I have myself felt temporarily offended at being styled an alien, or even a foreigner, when I was in the United States, and I have never met an Englishman there who did not feel more or less strongly the same emotion. And I have heard a great many Americans express exactly the same sentiments when in England, and I have felt unthinkingly outraged that in England the police should apply the same restrictions to Americans as to other aliens. I am bound to add that once when coming up the Thames on an American bottom I felt a certain pleasurable amusement at the consternation which struck my American fellow-passengers at discovering that they and no longer I were—aliens. They expressed, indeed, loud indignation when, not they, but I, exclaiming 'Do I *look* like an American!', walked past the alien immigration officer and stood unimpeded on the dock.

That, of course, is a touch of the old Adam. I have so often had to stand that sort of thing myself, in the inverse sense, that it may be permitted me. But the salient point was that *those* aliens said they were going home and did not expect to be so treated. And, indeed, I agreed with them. They were going to the country of Dickens and Carlyle, and Matthew Arnold and Walter Savage Landor and Poets' Corner—all so much more real to them than to me. For what do *we* care about such matters? (I do not, by-the-by, make the mistake of thinking that all Americans consider what we mostly regard as old junk as their national birthright. But there are enough to make a beginning—and to make us ashamed.)

But let me get to my illustration in the contrary sense. I was,

them, until lately, puzzled at one recurrent accusation that I have heard uttered against Americans in Europe. It used to crop up oddly, usually as a conclusion to a tirade. 'What,' the utterer would exclaim, 'can you say for a people whose theatres smell of offal?' And this used to puzzle me until I lately went to Chicago and got asked by several of the inhabitants of that very sensitive city whether I had really smelt the stockyards in their opera-house. You see, they—I mean those sensitive individuals, not all the inhabitants of the city of the Fire and Loop—had been seriously hurt by some sort of foreigner who, coming to visit them, had gone away declaring that so sensitive was he that he had actually performed that olfactory feat. Even that ass—I do not remember who he was: some sort of minor poet or major journalist—had only meant to display his own poetic intensity; he had meant to say that he had not been able to forget the stockyards when in the foyer of the opera-house. That, I daresay, is true. I have had a good deal to do with slaughtering beasts—mostly pigs—and I daresay, if I were really a poet, I might remember them, now and then, with regret, though I never do.

But that fellow had to put that record of his emotions picturesquely, and he put it so picturesquely that half the papers in Europe, and I daresay all the papers in America, quoted that passage, with the results that I have already adumbrated. *Every* American is therefore, by certain Europeans, regarded as the sort of insensible individual who can sit in a theatre reeking of putrid meat. That does not help the cause of peace.

Nay, more: it is the sort of thing that causes wars.

Let me dwell on the question of slaughtering beasts; for at one time I studied, and then rather frenziedly advocated, the humane slaughtering of cattle, until the professional humanitarians of that poet's country made it plain that they block any legislation to that end not promoted by themselves. Humanitarians are like that—and professed pacifists. There is this, then, to say about it. Abominations in the way of slaughtering are committed in hole-and-corner slaughter-houses, not in vast establishments; and every time that that poet sits down to a smug meal at home, supposing him to eat his own home-killed meat, he ought, being sensitive, to vomit, for 80 per cent. of the meat slaughtered in his country has been slaughtered in a hole-and-corner way, with consequent great risk of the grossest cruelty having been enacted. For the matter of that, every time that man has eaten canned meat he has either been conniving at Chicago or has been profiting by the competitive cheapness of Chicago's products; the same with his hams, and indeed with everything that he eats, since a fall in the price of any staple food causes in the end a sympathetic fall in the prices of all others.

So that what that gentleman can conscientiously eat I do not know.

I suppose myself to be the most determined foe to the ideal of 'big business' that can be found; but it is necessary at times to look some facts in the face, and if the world is to make war on the United States it had better be because of, say, the shape of its bluejackets' hats, whatever that may be, than because of the smell in the Chicago opera-house. I have been in theatres in the country of the gentlemen who said that Americans were barbarians because they sat in theatres that smelt—I have been, then, in theatres of those gentlemen's country, in comparison with which the Chicago opera-house is a scent laboratory on the Riviera in spring-blossom time.

Yet it is such allegations that cause, if not declarations, yet at least the cheerful prosecution of wars. Obviously the boodlers, big business men, discount houses, and political caucuses that rule all our nations with practically no reference to the desires or ideals of our peoples (I am speaking of the comity of the nations that border on the North Atlantic)—obviously those suspect, deviously skilled personalities can at any moment involve any of our nations in war with any other of our nations, and by handling our more venial journals might even get up an enthusiasm for that war. But that last can only be assured by careful preparation of the ground.

By careful preparation of the ground by gentlemen of the kidney of our friend who smelt the stockyards in the opera-house! Wars are declared for all sorts of reasons—because of fear more often than not. But they are not cheerfully prosecuted unless the peoples engaged are convinced that the individuals of the enemy nations are too brutish to be accorded the sympathies due to human beings. Once that position has been established against the enemy we shall fight to the bitter end. We shall fight to the bitter end, because we fear that, if we are vanquished, we shall have to endure the forcing on ourselves of the brutish habits of the conqueror. We shall have to eat black bread, rotten cabbage and sausages . . . or sit in theatres that smell of putrid meat. Our theatres may smell already and our food be so badly cooked that we are a land of eternally depressed dyspeptics: that will make no odds; we desire to go to the grave by our own methods of lack of sanitation, not the other fellow's!

These are, of course, homely illustrations; the profound truths they adumbrate may be put more pompously. I will proceed to put them more pompously, since there are people who will not look at any truth unless polyphonetically proclaimed. The fact is, then, that if we human beings fight we fight more willingly to preserve our civilisations than for any other reason.

If, then, a politician or publicist can be found to proclaim that I am—or in the alternative that you are—the less civilised of the two, I will fight you; or you me. I will fight against your Prohibition because you are of so low an order of humanity that you cannot be kept from making a beast of yourself without Federal enactments; moreover, you sit in theatres that smell of offal, and, for all we know, your bluejackets wear the wrong sort of little boys' hats—possibly even white linen ones. We, on the other hand, regard ourselves as God's chosen. We have nostrils so sensible! Ours is God's own country, Eng. I assure you that my countrymen look at their poor country like that!

You, on the other hand—I am presuming you to belong to God's own country, U.S.A.—you, then, the chosen of the Almighty, will fight me because I, the slave of tyrants, would force alcoholic liquors on your wives and children, not to mention yourself; I should reduce your population to the condition of gin-sodden brutishness that distinguishes me; I should force you to wear teeth five inches long, to ventilate your living rooms, drink tea, suppress your divorce reports. . . . Who knows what?

It is in that way that populations regard each other, really. And it is time they gave it up. I am not a pacifist—at any rate, I am not a professional pacifist. If anyone gets up a first-class war I should hope to be in it in one capacity or another, and of course on the right side. I mean that if there is any fun going, I should like my share of it; but I do not want anyone to declare war on anyone else on false premises. The fun I want is that of seeing the arts and abstract thought knocking 'big business' off the earth; with that any sort of war, anywhere, would seriously interfere. I should hate to see all Europe, half South America, half Asia, and all the rest of the world setting about the United States. I should hate it, because I love New York, and New York would be the first to get it in the neck. Yet that is what the United States is asking for.

It probably does not know that it is what it is asking for—any more than those sailors in my café knew that they risked getting that place of repose put out of bounds for them by talking during the performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Chant Hindou*. But they did. I do not mean to say that the former risk is very imminent. It is about as imminent as the war of 1914 was in 1870; but that is near enough. And that is a nasty state of affairs that has been brought about not merely by American politicians and the smart Alecks that write for the American Press, but by all the politicians and all the smart Alecks the world over. It is time our peoples turned their attentions to what is being done for us.

You may say that we can do nothing. But that is not so. I read, for instance, yesterday a leader in an American paper circulating largely in this country—a leader that said complacently just what I have been saying above. (You have been thinking that I exaggerated.) But that leader stated quite complacently that the United States was detested and feared by all Europe, by nearly all the South American republics, by at least one great Asiatic empire. It dwelt on that fact with complacency and then concluded: 'Let them hate as long as they fear!' Do you know what Bismarck said in 1888 when someone told him that the whole world hated and feared the nation of which he was Chancellor? He said: '*Oderint dum metuant.* . . . Let them hate as long as they fear!'

Now I do not know much about the Ku Klux Klan. I have heard it very soundly abused in Europe. There is one English journal that has seriously advocated that we should take steps against the United States because she shelters that organisation, just as several United States journals have seriously suggested that steps should be taken against the British Empire because she does not adopt Prohibition. On the other hand, I have heard the Klan quite seriously commended in the United States by quite nice, old-fashioned, educated people. So no doubt it has its good points; if, then, it would extend its services to the extent of taking the writer and the commissioner of that leader and putting them in honorary positions on the staff of a deaf, dumb and blind asylum in the middle of the Western alkali plains, it would deserve as well of the rest of Christendom as of the rural districts of the United States.

For that really was a very atrocious performance. It would have been bad enough if that leader had decorated the columns of a small-town weekly lost somewhere in the Middle West. But here was a journal enjoying the hospitality of the Power that it treated with the greatest contempt in that leader; it addressed itself to enormous bodies of its own nationals who were just then pouring into that contemned country. *What* influence is it going to have on that guileless and not immensely well-instructed flood that, already not over-endowed with modesty, was about to pour itself abroad on a country not so friendly as all that? I heard lately a boy of seventeen from one of the most tony of Eastern American universities address the waiter in a European transcontinental dining-car. The waiter said that they did not there serve *eau nature*, but they had several kinds of mineral waters. Said that boy: 'If you don't give me ordinary drinking water I will take myself and my money out of your pauper country, and where will you be then?' He had shortly before pointed out to me the report of one of Mr. Mellon's speeches on

international matters. What would he have done if he had just been reading that leader?

I do not mean that American papers are any worse than French ones, and though the papers of my own country are, in this respect, better, it is rather because our journalists either cannot, or are not encouraged to, write incisively. And it is to be remembered that English newspapers are very much larger affairs as regards circulation—or at any rate, as regards sales in proportion to population—than are either American or French papers. They have thus a greater sense of responsibility. They really have. A newspaper proprietor who knows that his paper will be read by three and a half million families will, however venial or irresponsible, think at least twice before commissioning the sort of pin-pricking stuff that embitters nation against nation. I remember some years ago being in the proprietorial room of a great English paper, paying a call on the proprietor. A new leader-writer came in and asked for his day's instructions. At that moment a deputation of the journalists of a Power with whom we were none too friendly was visiting London. The newspaper proprietor told his leader writer to write about this visit of the foreign journalists. He started by resenting the visit and telling his henchman to resent it. But then he said: 'No. Be polite, but not *too* polite.' And later he remarked to me on the enormous influence of his journal. We were nevertheless shortly afterwards at war with the country those journalists represented.

Now I do not suppose that the editor of a small-town journal of the Middle West would feel the same hesitation if he thought that by writing an inflammatory article of the lion's-tail-twisting order he could increase his circulation from 2000 daily to 2200; nor, I am certain, would the editor of, say, the *Républicain Varois*, with a circulation of 200 or 300, feel any hesitation in recommending a pogrom of all the Anglo-Saxon visitors to his Department if he thought it would be fun to do it. I remember sitting under the plane trees of a very remote, very ancient city far to the west of where I am writing and reading a royalist journal. Its circulation could not have been more than 2000 or 3000 weekly, and it was edited and financed, though its appearance was very irregular, by a perfectly irresponsible royalist marquis who wrote quite brilliantly—about as brilliantly as one could write. And the political recommendations of this organ, whether international or domestic, were of a kind that would have made both Torquemada and Bird o' Freedom Sawin rub their eyes. And well written!—so well written, that as I sat in that old *place* and read I thought I was mad.

Well, I happened to get into conversation with that newspaper

proprietor a little later. He was a very cultivated, good-humoured, and indeed humorous, sort of cosmopolitan. And when I remonstrated with him over his publication he asked me what it mattered. He said he had about 300 readers a day. What would they do in a population of thirty millions or so?—whereas they might turn a municipal election in that city. And indeed I have had much the same thing said to me by representatives of small journals in various parts of the Middle West; and once indeed by a member of the staff of a very influential Boston paper. They all said they were writing only for home consumption—so what did it matter? I daresay the gentleman who smelt the stockyards in the opera-house similarly compounded with his conscience.

But it does matter terribly—in the first place, because it is beastly; and then beastly and then again beastly. And then still more because each of those imbecile articles is the spark that might ignite all the arsenals in the world. For each of them has a potential—who knows how many?—million readers. It suffices for any big news agency, or any mischievous journalist of a widespread journal, to get hold of the *Républicain Varois* or the *Dayton* (not necessarily Ohio) *Republican* and to reproduce its opinions as representing the settled convictions of France or the United States, and infinite mischief may be done, since there is no end to the possible reverberations.

And there is no end to the possible variations on this theme. America suffers more, I think, than any other country from its organs that represent Uplift, whether of the 100 per cent. brand or the, let us say, Bohemian variety. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that Americans, on whichever side of the blanket they may prefer to lie, are less able than the inhabitants of other countries to let each other alone. They interfere with each other's morals, drains, pursuits, beliefs, dances, clothes, and all the other things that go to colour and make up the life of man far more than the inhabitants of most other countries—and they do it far more in public and by communications to public organs. There are so many more of these in the United States than other nations are inclined to support. In England, France, Germany, Italy, where you will in Europe, one lady in a village street on seeing another pass her by will remark, 'Oo, 'er! . . . She's got a new feather in 'er 'at. *She* ain't no better than she should be,' with the natural variations for the respective dialects. It will, however, end there. It seems to me, however, that in the United States she would not only feel moved to write to the papers lamenting the decay of the times, but that she would find a journal to print her opinions, a preacher to thunder in her sense from the pulpit, a kleagle to organise the

tarring and feathering of the offender, a political boss to make the matter a plank in a programme, and immense and unreasonably wealthy organisations to see that new feathers are not worn otherwise than in tar. And the Press comments and the Press anti-comments will cause reverberations that shall penetrate into the centre of China, giving the strangest views of the barbarian nature of Occidental civilisations. Nor, on the whole, can one be certain that the proceedings of what I will call the 100 per cent. Press and organisations are not less deleterious from an international point of view than what again I will call the Bohemian factions and their activities. Each side aims at interfering with its fellow-men, which is for me the most abhorrent of crimes. But the 100 per cent. uplift people have, for the foreigner, at least the aspect of aiming at the improvement of their fellow-citizens; the others unveil the hypocrisies, weaknesses, bad English, and savageries of their opponents without much attempt at a constructive policy of liberation. The process is, I believe, called de-bunking, but the de-bunker is seldom more than the old presbyter inverted.

And, as I have said, the harm done abroad by those organs and publicists is very considerable, since they supply in tabloid form ammunition for every enemy of the United States. We are by now so used to the lively fare supplied us by American journalists through their news agencies that we find it hard to be much interested by their projections of American life. If gunmen seized the President of the United States and held him for ransom, we should say that it was merely what we had been led to anticipate—or if bootleggers seized all the Federal buildings and executive in New York! But when widespread de-bunking magazines expose the hypocrisies of the American clergy of all denominations, the brazen-lunged mental corruption of all the American great, from Washington to P. T. Barnum, the imbecility of all State legislatures from Arkansas to Wyoming, the imbecility of all the American Press from Wyoming to Arkansas, the insularity of Rhodes scholars, the fact that, according to the figures of the Woolworth and Kriesge five-cent chain stores, the American People prefers bright colours to dull ones (and I am looking through only one copy of one such organ)—when widespread de-bunking magazines do that, not only are they displaying Pharisaism, which is a matter between themselves and their God, but they are supplying to the enemies of the United States exactly the materials that the enemies of the United States want. I have been following with attention the leaders of a particularly pestilential English weekly; whenever that organ refers to the United States—which it invariably does with a sort of academic abhorrence—it ends its tirade with what

amounts to 'But what can you expect from a people who . . .?' and then a citation from the American de-bunker.

And it is all hypocrisy—the hypocrisy that consists in insisting on searching for the person of the sacred emperor in a Coney Island dime show. The United States is a great wild country, like any other great wild country; it is inhabited by human beings much like any other human beings; it has strata of infinitely varying cultures, as is the case with every other nation. The clergy of all nations are distinguished by what appears hypocrisy to the non-sympathiser; all public men, for the thinker, are distinguished by brazen lungs and by their pouring out of banalities; all small local legislatures are apt to display imbecility; all natural peoples prefer to have their goods done up in bright-coloured parcels. I do myself.

We are in the nineteen hundred and twenty-eighth year of the Christian era—then cannot we have done with silly nagging between nations? For myself I grow nearly frenzied when I hear a semi-imbecile Briton sneer at the United States, or a cheaply epigrammatic American contemn my own country, or a Frenchman too skilful of tongue pour vitriol over both. We are all decent nations with creditable records of varying intellectual value. Then why cannot we let each other alone—at least, in the regions where it can be done? Politicians and finance and big business and the publicists must, I suppose, continue to do their best to embroil us; that is their game. But hatred between nations is not a necessary or inevitable growth; we are all, in effect, too forced to rely the one upon the other.

So that I have called this article 'Pax' after the breathless ejaculation that, as schoolboys, we used to let out when we were too hard pressed in any running game. Let us have a cessation, let each of us do what he can to bring about a cessation, of this cruel and ignorant schoolboy's sport of crying 'Yah' and sticking out our tongues at each other over the fence. The big international interests appear very formidable and gigantic, but they have their vulnerable heels, and we quiet people seem more in their clutches than we actually are. You have only to look at what France has done to her politicians in the past year to see what a fairly awake nation can do in the way of putting the fear of God into caucuses and conventions. I am not a constructive politician, but it seems to me that what France could do Anglo-Saxondom also might accomplish in a different direction. We let our statesmen play old Harry with us for most of the time, but in the end they are frightened of us. It is only really a matter of displaying our good-will one to the other. I am trying herewith to begin.

And do not believe that that good-will does not exist. I

began with an anecdote of this Mediterranean seaport. Let me finish with another. I was, then, in the theatre here attending a performance of a play called *Pas sur la Bouche*. The chief character of this play is an American citizen who objects for hygienic reasons to being kissed on the mouth. And this character was played by a real American who was more American than any American yet imagined. He must have been 6 feet 7 inches high and leaner than any salmon you ever put back: he had a cheerful complexion, the cutest of elongated light grey suits; no visible cheque-book; and upon the charmers who surrounded him—and they were pretty things—he beamed with myopic eyes through horn-rimmed spectacles as large as motor head-lights. Well, he was an American. And he was beloved. You should have heard the women of that simple audience cry out with delight when he said 'Wal,' and 'I guess and calculate,' and 'Put it there,' and smiled his lovely, blind, imbecilely good-natured smile. And you should have heard them say 'Pas mal chic, ce type là . . .' And, still more significantly, they would cry to their attendant swains, when that American had performed some act of generous sentimentality, 'Ah, les Yenkis, ils sont comme ça!' And when, on the approach of a charming young thing, he agitatedly extended his hands downwards in the attitude of a nymph surprised bathing and cried out: 'Not on the maouth! . . . *A—oh! pas sur la bouche!*' Ah, then . . .

You see, even the men in the audience did not object to him. Men do not object to other men who do not want to be kissed. At least, Frenchmen are like that! . .

In short, he was modest, inarticulate, friendly, generous, infectiously gay—the American of the old school as the French remember him! As in the case of my American friends who, at the thought of Dickens and the Poets' Corner, considered that they were children come home, that earlier American tradition is a good foundation for friendship between nations. If only we could set a little more store by what lies beneath those flagstones at Westminster—for of what use is American enthusiasm when confronted with our own indifference for our own chief glories?—and if only you—as American—could muzzle Sena . . . Well, we are not talking politics. But tell him, if he has to say those things in order to ensure re-election, to say them—but differently. He may well be the elect of God's own people; but we, too, in Mediterranean and other ports are accustomed to believe that we are the children of God—of a no doubt smaller God with fewer stars in his Milky Way, and less gold on the floors of his pavilions. But still! Have a try at it. Or get him to read Washington's last message to Congress. Yes, that perhaps!

FORD MADOX FORD.

ANGLO-JAPANESE CO-OPERATION AND THE FAR EAST

Some two years ago I wrote an article dealing with the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and its effect on the Chinese situation. It was sent to one of the leading and most influential London papers, and I had the unusual experience of receiving very liberal payment for it although it was never published. A most courteously worded personal letter came from the editor, explaining that he had read it with much interest, but had decided to withhold its publication lest it 'irritate America's lively susceptibilities.'

Whilst fully appreciating the folly of doing or saying anything to irritate our relations with the United States unnecessarily, I must confess that, although I re-read a copy of the article in question, I could see nothing in it to cause offence to any fair-minded American, however lively his susceptibilities might be. The point to which it was feared that exception might be taken was, however, that, after deploring the abrogation of the Alliance with Japan and its effect on the Chinese situation, I expressed the belief that the best way to stabilise the situation in China and the Far East in general would be to conclude a triple alliance of Britain, America, and Japan, or, failing that—in view of America's well-known objections to participate in 'entangling alliances'—to conclude a fresh alliance with Japan, with, if possible, the United States as a friendly co-operator.

The agreements reached at Washington in 1922 would, of course, have made it impossible to carry out such a proposition straight away, but, apart from whether or no it would be feasible at some later date, the editor's fear that even the very suggestion of such a proposal might irritate America seemed to be based on a false reasoning. What, in fact, it appeared to amount to was that, while we might with impunity hurt Japan's feelings in 1922 by giving up the Alliance, it would be criminal folly on our part, three years later, even to suggest a policy that might offend the United States. If, however, this really expressed the British point of view, it is not to be wondered at that the late Mr. Walter Hines Page, despite his very real friendship for Great Britain,

should have expressed his conviction in more than one of his letters that the day was not far off when England, like a father who has grown too old to take an active part in business, would be content to assume the *rôle* of a sleeping partner and leave it to America to play the principal part and lead the way. Colonel Harvey, writing some eighteen months ago in the *North American Review*, expressed a somewhat similar opinion, and, in commenting on it, actually referred to 'the cardinal principle of Great Britain under the avowed headship of the King to do nothing that might by any possibility impair the friendliness of, or give offence to, the United States.'

Other friendly Americans, while equally appreciative of our efforts towards cementing the friendship between the two nations, have been frank enough to admit that they would have put a greater value on our friendship and thought more highly of us if we had not, in recent years, acted in quite such an abject manner. The truth of this assertion appears to have sunk in at last, for it is now quite a common thing to find even those British papers and public men who are the most well-disposed towards America speaking out their minds and saying in effect: 'Thus far, but no further. We want your friendship. We want your co-operation; but even for these there is such a thing as paying too high a price.' American susceptibilities may, at times, be hurt by this change in attitude, but one can feel confident that the best element amongst the people of the United States fully appreciate our altered stand and think all the better of us for it.

Probably in no respect is this change of attitude so apparent as in that of our Far Eastern policy. No longer is the real reason for the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance glossed over and hidden up by euphemisms, but men now say straight out and unequivocally that it was done in order to please America and to make a bid for her friendship, irrespective of Japan's feelings in the matter.

Many people foresaw from the outset the dangers to which we were exposing ourselves by bargaining in this way, but anyone expressing this opinion was apt to find himself laughed at or else dubbed as 'pro-Japanese.' Things have changed, however, since then, and even British merchants in China, most of whom were in the front rank of those who advocated the abrogation of the Alliance, are now ready to acknowledge their mistake and to admit that, had the Treaty remained in force, the present deplorable situation in China would not have arisen.

Colonel Harvey, in the article from which we have already quoted, after expressing his appreciation of our determination to do 'nothing that might by any possibility impair the friendliness of, or give offence to, the United States,' added that, 'In honour,

no less than in consideration of our own material welfare, we [Americans] should respond in kind, and make fidelity to our race second only to loyalty to our country.' This, he considered, was the least that his people could do, and there is no doubt that Great Britain and her dominions overseas expected this return for the sacrifices they had made on the altar of Anglo-American friendship; yet even Canada, the most friendly disposed of all the British dominions towards the United States, has begun to have doubts that this return is forthcoming in so far as the Far Eastern question is concerned. The *Montreal Star* on January 27 this year said:

Great Britain, now deprived of the treaty support of Japan through the denunciation of the Japanese Alliance, must largely rely on American support in the Pacific. . . . If the Americans now decide not to join effectively and promptly with Britain in protecting their mutual interests in China, Great Britain will realise that she made a bad bargain in 1921.

This is the time to learn how much there is to this Anglo-Saxon rapprochement on an issue intimately affecting the American people.

The events of the past few months would seem to indicate that, in so far as our China policy is concerned, we have been seriously handicapped by our action in throwing away the substance of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance for the shadow of Anglo-American mutual assistance—a shadow which has failed to materialise into anything more substantial. That certain gains have been made in other directions by our action in 1922 is not to be denied, but in so far as our interests in the Far East are concerned it is hard to detect anything but loss, and one is tempted to ask the question, 'Could not the improvement and strengthening of Anglo-American friendship have been achieved at less cost than that involved by the sacrifice of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance?'

It is not in China alone that we have been made to suffer for our action; but before examining the losses in other directions it may be of interest to look back to the opening days of the present century in order to refresh our memories as to the conditions that brought about the Alliance in the first place and then to show how we benefited by this wise stroke of statesmanship.

At that time Britain and Japan were the two most friendless nations in the world. Germany, Holland, and France were openly anti-British in their sympathies during the South African War, whilst the bogey of Russian designs on India caused many sleepless nights to those responsible for its safety. As for Japan, she had just emerged victorious from her war with China, but her hopes and aspirations had been suddenly blighted by the combined action of three out of the four Powers hostile to Great Britain, and of these three Russia was the most to be feared. Faced,

therefore, with the same set of enemies and with very similar problems, the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in 1902 was but the logical outcome. Shortly before this took place, however, the Boxer Rebellion broke out in China, and, as certain of the circumstances surrounding that affair undoubtedly influenced Britain and Japan in their decision to enter into alliance, a few words must be said about it in passing.

One of the greatest assets of the Boxers was the lack of unity amongst those with whom they came into conflict, and the Chinese, who then, as now, were past-masters in the art of playing off one country against another, took full advantage of the friction and jealousies between the Powers operating against them. The squabbling and bickering that took place was, moreover, of assistance to at least one of these very same Powers, namely Russia, for under cover of it she was able to strengthen her own position in Manchuria and poured troops into that region on the pretext of safeguarding her interests. Her action in so doing was a menace to Japan, and led, a few years later, to the Russo-Japanese War.

The parallel between the situation then and now is obvious. The Chinese in each case have taken advantage of the lack of unity among the Powers, while Russia has availed herself of the situation to forward her own interests. The only difference in so far as Japan is concerned is that, instead of being faced by a military menace from St. Petersburg that could be guarded against by force of arms, she is now confronted with a far more insidious menace—and one more difficult to counter—from Moscow in the form of Communistic activities in Manchuria and China generally. Similarly, the threat to India has been changed from a military menace to the far more subtle and dangerous Bolshevist minacity.

In regard to Russian activities in China, one great difference in the matter of the methods employed is, of course, that instead of advancing her own interests by aggressive measures against the Chinese, as she did at the time of the Boxer troubles, she is now trying to attain the same ends by professing friendship for the people of the former Celestial Empire and assisting them to resist the 'Imperialistic Powers.' The *rôle* of 'a friend in need' is not new for Russia, as she acted similarly with considerable success in Korea in the closing years of last century. On the occasion in question the Russian Minister in Seoul gave protection to the king of that country after the murder of that weak and feckless individual's royal consort. By playing on the king's sense of gratitude for the sanctuary thus afforded him Russia was able to extort concessions of the greatest value.

Judging from the way that the Soviet Government has been playing up to the Chinese during the past few years, it would seem

as though Russia were in hopes that these same tactics will have as good a result with China as they had when applied to Korea nearly thirty years ago.

Another point of similarity between the conditions in those days and those that are prevailing now is that, despite the 1925 treaty, the interests of Japan and Russia in Manchuria and Mongolia remain strongly opposed to one another and may conceivably lead to a future war. Similarly the old jealousies amongst the Powers, which hindered true co-operation amongst themselves in 1900 and gave such an excellent opportunity to China to play off one against the other, are just as much in evidence to-day, and serve, in the same way, to upset the peace of the Far East. In other words, the conditions which made the conclusion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance a desirable object for the two Powers concerned a quarter of a century ago have come into existence once more.

Having made this slight digression, we can now return to the year 1901. It was shortly after the ending of the Boxer troubles that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was concluded. The Treaty had two main objects in view. One was to combat Russian aggression, while the other was to ensure the peace of the Far East and the integrity of China by having at least two Powers working in concert with one another.

Although no one will deny that the first object was fully attained, there are many people who maintain that the second, though professedly altruistic, was nothing more than a hypocritical pronouncement on the part of the two Powers concerned. In confirmation of this contention they point to the fact that, within two years of the Alliance being made, the peace of the Far East was seriously upset by the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, and that Japan's action in Shantung and elsewhere in later years showed that the preservation of China's integrity was regarded but lightly.

There is certainly some justification for doubting the whole-hearted sincerity of this second alleged object of the Alliance; but it is only fair to consider what might have happened to the peace of the Far East and the integrity of China if there had been no such alliance. The war between Russia and Japan might not have taken place so soon, but it would certainly have broken out eventually, and would probably have led to even worse troubles. France and Germany, with nothing to restrain them, would almost certainly have joined in against Japan, and we, too, might then have found ourselves dragged into the conflict, just as we were in 1914. In fact, the World War might have been precipitated ten years earlier, and might have ended in the partitioning of China amongst the victors. It will be seen, therefore, that,

although the Alliance may not have resulted in maintaining either the peace of the Far East or the integrity of China entirely, there is good reason to believe that it served as a check on the outbreak of greater troubles and on the partitioning of the Celestial Empire on an unprecedented scale.

Space does not permit of anything like a detailed account of the history of those twenty years during which the Alliance remained in force, but a few remarks are called for.

Thanks to its existence, Japan was, as we have seen, able to stand up in 1904 against the threat to her independence, secure in the knowledge that Britain would see to it that she and Russia had the ring to themselves. By Japan's subsequent victory the threat both to Japan herself and also to India was removed, and, as a result of the agreements concluded shortly after by Russia with Britain and Japan respectively, the relations between the three Powers became better than ever before and remained most cordial until the rise of the Soviet to power after the Revolution of 1917.

Before that took place, however, the value of the Alliance had once more been put to the test by the outbreak of the World War in 1914. Although, largely due to the difficulties of transportation, Japanese land forces did not participate in the fighting in Europe, Japan's ultimatum to Germany and her subsequent declaration of war were of inestimable value to Great Britain and her allies. The German menace to British interests and possessions in the Far East and the Pacific was quashed, and England was able to set her mind at ease regarding the situation in that quarter and to concentrate her attention elsewhere. In many other directions as well, Japan's loyalty to the Alliance was of great value, although, as Lord Haldane remarked but recently when seconding the resolution of sympathy to the Japanese nation on the loss of the Emperor Taisho, the valuable part played by her in the Great War has 'not yet been adequately recorded by the historian.'

Unfortunately, certain of her actions in China during the war period roused the anger of many Britons in the Far East against Japan, and a section of the Press began to question the value of continuing the Alliance. The Chinese, ever on the look-out for an opportunity to play off one country against another country, were not slow to take advantage of this discontent, and succeeded in gaining no small measure of sympathy for themselves on the score of Japanese aggression. When, finally, the question of renewing the Alliance was brought up for discussion in 1921, it was found that not only was there a strong opposition movement against it among the British element in China, but, what counted even more, it was deemed politic to pacify American opinion,

which viewed the Alliance with the greatest disfavour, as it was believed by many that, despite official denials, the Treaty contained some secret clause adverse to the interests of the United States. This unfavourable sentiment was, moreover, communicating itself to Canada and found expression at the Imperial Conference held in London in June of that year.

The British Government, however, hesitated to give up an alliance which had proved of so much mutual value to the two parties concerned unless they could find a substitute agreeable to both countries. A way out of the difficulty was found at the Washington Conference, and early in 1922 the world was apprised of the termination of the Alliance and its replacement by the Four-Power Pact.

This, briefly, is the history of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, but before going on to examine the consequences of its abrogation it will be well to look more carefully into the concluding stages of its existence.

On July 8, 1920, the British Government sent a notification to the League of Nations concerning the question of renewing the Alliance. The gist of this communication was to the effect that, although the agreement of July 13, 1911 (when the Alliance was renewed for a third time, in a modified form so as to preclude the possibility of Britain's being dragged into a war with America), was in harmony with the spirit of the Covenant, it was not entirely consistent with the letter of that undertaking. Consequently the two Governments concerned recognised the principle that, if the Alliance was to be continued after July 1921 (when the third term of its existence was due to expire), it must be in a form not inconsistent with the Covenant.

During the twelve months that followed the sending of this notification a great deal of discussion ensued regarding the question of renewal; but before any decision had been reached the term originally fixed for the third extension of the agreement came to an end.

There were many who thought that, as nothing had been decided, the Alliance would accordingly terminate automatically; but on July 1, 1921, the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain made the pronouncement that, as neither of the contracting parties had denounced it, the Alliance automatically renewed itself. Accordingly, a week later, the League of Nations was notified that the Alliance would continue until further notice, but that if, in the meantime, anything happened to bring it into conflict with the terms of the Covenant, the latter would be given preference to the former.

About the time that this announcement was made the question of holding a conference for the limitation of naval armaments and

for the solution of various causes of friction in the Far East began to come into prominence, and the views—both official and unofficial—of those most closely concerned were being flashed over the wires and discussed in the Press. Bound up as it was with the whole Far Eastern question, it was but natural that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the question of its renewal or abrogation came in for even more discussion and publicity than might otherwise have happened. In view of subsequent events, it is, therefore, of particular interest at the present time to consult back-files in order to see the attitude of the Press towards it at that period. By so doing it will help us to understand how far events have justified the forecasts made at that time.

The main arguments advanced by the English Press in favour of retaining the Alliance may be summarised as under :—

(1) If broken off, Japan might feel the need of another ally or allies, the most likely countries being Germany and Soviet Russia ; or she might be driven into adopting a Pan-Asiatic policy, culminating in a struggle between the so-called white and coloured races. In either case, Britain's interests in the Far East would suffer.

(2) Its abrogation would give great pleasure both to Germans and Bolsheviks, as they would welcome any weakening in the ties which bound the two countries together and in our position in the Far East. (It must be remembered that war memories were still fresh at that time, and the 'Locarno spirit' was still a long way off.)

(3) Our interests in the Far East, particularly our colonies at Hong Kong (only 400 miles from Formosa and the Pescadores) and Singapore, would be very seriously jeopardised if Japan became a potential enemy instead of being our ally, and we should therefore have to increase our naval forces in Far Eastern waters very considerably.

(4) Being island empires, our problems were very similar in many respects, whilst our interests, though clashing in some instances, were, on the whole, almost identical.

(5) Great advantages had been gained in the past by virtue of the Alliance, *e.g.* :

(*a*) A great source of uneasiness for our Indian frontier had been removed by Japan's defeat of Russia in 1904–5, this victory, in the first place, having been made possible by the moral effect of the Alliance on others, who might otherwise have joined in against Japan ;

(*b*) Thanks to the Alliance, we were saved the necessity of keeping large and ill-spared naval forces in the Far East during the World War, as the Japanese were able to police those waters for us. Although under no obligation to come

into the war, Japan gave us the help of her great naval strength.

(6) Although some people contended that we had gained all we required by the Alliance, and that therefore we might just as well terminate it, needless offence would be given to Japan if we did so, and our prestige in the Far East would be lowered if on such purely selfish grounds we refused to renew the Alliance.

(7) The Oriental never forgets, and we should therefore have a great Power in the East gradually becoming more and more hostile as the years went on if we broke off the Alliance.

(8) The Alliance was a safeguard for the whole of Asia against Bolshevism.

Many other points in favour of continuing the Alliance were brought forward, especially in the British Press; but most of them were merely variations of those enumerated above, and need not, therefore, be reiterated here. The American Press, on the other hand, was almost unanimous in its opposition to a renewal, as also was China, whilst Canada, largely influenced by its proximity to the United States, adopted the same attitude, although the Canadian Premier, Mr. Meighen, speaking in London at the Empire Conference on June 29, 1921, gave it as his opinion that 'the existence of the Empire as a whole was of greater importance than the likes and dislikes of any one section of it,' and that therefore, if certain modifications were made in the Treaty, Canada would not be found in opposition to its renewal.

In Australia opinion was divided. *The Labour Congress in* June 1921 protested against a renewal of the Treaty, a protest which had the moral support of a large portion of the Commonwealth, though opposition was reduced to a large extent by the pronouncement of Mr. Hughes, the Premier, that Australia's safety lay in the continuation of the Alliance, 'as a satisfactory scheme for Imperial Naval Defence is literally one of life and death to Australia, and the bearing of the Japanese Treaty upon the naval defence of the Empire is obvious.'

Both Mr. Hughes and Mr. Massey, the Premier of New Zealand, emphasised that 'if Japan had been hostile, or even neutral, in the Great War, she might have added terribly to the dangers of the Empire, and that her loyalty to the British Alliance was of inestimable value.' The general attitude both of Australia and New Zealand at that time might, in fact, be summed up in the words uttered by Mr. Massey on May 6, 1921, when he said that the first consideration must be the retention of the right to choose one's own fellow-citizens, and, 'provided this right is not disturbed, we have much to gain and little to lose by a renewal of the Alliance.'

In Japan, although criticism was not infrequently made in

the Press, opinion generally was in favour of continuing the Alliance, and, strangely enough, the two main points brought forward in the way of argument against its renewal were diametrically opposed to each other. One of these adverse criticisms was said to come from the military party, who, it was alleged, objected to the Alliance on the ground that it restricted their freedom of action on the Asiatic mainland. The other opponents of the Alliance were to be found mainly in the ranks of what may be called the anti-military party, their opposition being based on the contention that, far from the army men being restricted in any way by the Alliance, they were enabled to take shelter under it and act aggressively.

Unfortunately, a great deal of propaganda was being circulated at that time by opponents of the Alliance. In America, Senator Reed and many other leading politicians and publicists were carrying on a vigorous campaign against renewal, asserting that, despite official denials from both Britain and Japan, the Treaty contained a secret clause aimed at the United States, and their assertions carried much weight.

England, meantime, was faced with two great problems—the questions of Ireland and of Debt Settlement—requiring American friendship in order to obtain satisfactory solutions. The anti-Alliance campaign in the States was bound, therefore, to have its influence on British statesmen.

In China and Canada similar campaigns were being conducted, amounting, in the case of China, to intimidation, as economic boycotts and other anti-British actions were threatened if the Alliance were continued.

Nothing shows better the extent to which this campaign of propaganda was carried than the revelations made in November 1922 in the columns of the *Peking and Tientsin Times*, which published the contents of a lengthy document, consisting of some 25,000 words, entitled 'A Report on a Confidential Mission to Canada, England, and the United States in 1921: A Campaign against the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.' Although the paper made no mention of the writer, it was no secret that he was Lennox Simpson (' Putnam Weale '), foreign adviser to the President of China, and, although no one will deny that the campaign was conducted with skill, it is impossible to read this report without a feeling of disgust that so important a link in our foreign policy and in our policy of national defence as the Anglo-Japanese Alliance should have been discarded by reason of such propaganda methods as revealed therein.

When it is remembered that China's ability to withstand the legitimate demands of the foreign Powers—demands such as safety of the lives and property of their countrymen and repara-

tion for infringements of this most elementary guarantee—is in direct ratio to her ability to stir up dissension amongst these very Powers and thereby break up anything resembling a united front on their part, the main reason for China's objection to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance at once becomes apparent, as that treaty ensured the close co-operation of two of the most powerful nations in their dealings with her. Bearing this in mind, one sees at once why it was that China endeavoured, apparently with some success, to hoodwink the Powers by the campaign of propaganda described in the report drawn up by the foreign adviser to the Peking Government.

The object of that gentleman's mission to Canada, England, and the United States is set forth in the report in words that leave no shadow of doubt as to China's intentions in this respect:

> That the Alliance was a harmful and dangerous instrument in so far as China was concerned [reads this document] was an obvious proposition; the difficult matter was to make it so (appear) that the renewal would be harmful and dangerous to the British Empire and an open threat against the United States. It was along these lines that the writer proceeded to work.

Elsewhere in this same report occur the words:

> The writer had frequently to take desperate chances, relying on his own resourcefulness to pull him out of difficulties and being forced to use every weapon.

The use he made of 'his own resourcefulness' and of 'every weapon' available is clearly shown in this account of his activities. Leading statesmen, politicians, and publicists were interviewed and injected with skilfully prepared propaganda, and the Press of the three countries treated in this way was utilised to disseminate carefully tinctured views on the subject of the Alliance. The British Foreign Office, however, refused to be hoodwinked, and, to quote the propagandist's own words, 'protested energetically both in London and Peking at his [the writer's] activities, seeking to have restraint put on him.'

The damage, however, had been done, and many influential persons in England, Canada, and America had been deluded into believing that nothing but harm could come from a continuance of the Alliance.

Like all good propaganda, there was, of course, a basis of truth in all that this foreign adviser said; but certain untruths and half-truths hard to refute were inserted at times, and everything possible was done to instil the belief that a renewal would, indeed, 'be harmful and dangerous to the British Empire and an open threat against the United States.'

Possibly the writer of this report gave himself more credit for

influencing people against the Alliance than actually he merited; but there is no doubt that his campaign of propaganda played a part in the final decision to scrap the Treaty. In view of recent events, therefore, it is well worth quoting one of the arguments brought forward by him in favour of abrogation.

> A new Treaty of Alliance between Britain and Japan [he wrote in the course of a memorandum prepared for the Canadian Premier] would force China to avail herself of the constant offers of help she is receiving from Russia. Such a Treaty of Alliance would tend indeed to drive China in the direction of Persia and Afghanistan, both of which countries found that they got more consideration from the Soviet Government than from Britain.

While it is to be doubted that a renewal of the Alliance would have had this result, the events of the past two or three years have amply demonstrated that the abrogation of the Japanese Treaty has not *deterred* China from taking this very same course of action. In actual point of fact, it is probably more correct to say that it is *because* the Alliance has been terminated that Moscow and China have been able to utilise each other's assistance to advance their own respective ends.

Those who forecasted that abrogation might force Japan to look around for another ally, with Germany and the Soviet as the most likely possibilities to fill that *rôle*, were far nearer the mark, for barely two years had passed before Tokyo had entered into treaty relations with Moscow, one effect of which has been to hamper Anglo-Japanese co-operation, not only in regard to China, but also in opposing the Bolshevist menace. The forecasts of those papers which feared that abrogation would give great pleasure and be advantageous to Soviet Russia has also, therefore, proved all too true, as it is undeniable that the present Chinese situation, with its Communistic complications, is but one of the consequences of this abrogation and of the resultant weakening of the ties binding Britain and Japan.

That this view is held by many Japanese as well as by Englishmen and others is clear, not only from comments appearing in the Japanese Press and from what individual Japanese tell one in conversations with them on the subject, but also from other sources. An American professor at one of the colleges in Tokyo, for example, told me in the summer of 1925 that he had set some of his pupils to write essays setting forth their views on the Chinese situation, and that, on reading them through, he found that nearly all of them contended that the outbreaks occurring at that time would have been avoided if the Alliance had remained in force. The writers of these essays were, of course, but youngsters, university undergraduates averaging, perhaps, twenty or

twenty-one years of age. Nevertheless they were young men of good education and brains, and the virtual unanimity with which they expressed this view is worthy of more than mere passing notice.

It is not, however, only in regard to China that the abrogation of the Alliance has brought evil in its train.

In the first place, Australia, which had hitherto regarded the existence of the Alliance as her best guarantee of safety, has become frankly, and it would seem needlessly (though quite understandably), nervous regarding Japan's intentions towards her. Then, too, as a natural sequence to the termination of the Alliance, Britain, being no longer entitled to call on Japan for aid in case of need, has felt it incumbent on her to increase her naval premium in the Far East, and, as a result, the thorny question of the Singapore Base has arisen, rousing vague fears in the minds of the Japanese and producing a certain amount of regrettable misunderstanding in consequence. The apprehensions raised in Australia and Japan respectively, though probably equally uncalled for, cannot but affect, to a greater or less degree, any discussions that may take place at Geneva or elsewhere on the subject of further armament reduction, although, as Britain and Japan are island empires dependent on the safety of their trade routes for food supplies and raw material, and as they are therefore faced with almost the same problems of national defence, it is to their mutual advantage to co-operate and pull together in formulating satisfactory plans with that object in view.

Summing up, therefore, we find that, except for obtaining a better understanding with America (admittedly an important achievement), there is little or nothing to show on the credit side for having terminated the Alliance. On the contrary, we have a nervous Australia, a thorny and expensive Singapore Base problem, a suspicious and inwardly hurt Japan, a chaotic China involving, *inter alia*, a great commercial loss and the despatch of troops, an increasingly dangerous Bolshevist menace, and apprehensions militating, to a certain extent, against the solution of the armament reduction problem.

Most of these evils were forecasted, as shown elsewhere, at the time the question of renewing the Alliance was under discussion in 1920 and 1921; but the campaign of propaganda against renewal rendered these warnings ineffective, and now we have to pay the price of failing to heed them.

The best remedy would seem to be to renew the Alliance in some form or another; but this is now practically impossible. Britain would hesitate to suggest such a step, because her self-respect holds her back from making it appear as though she were merely studying her own convenience in first abrogating and then

renewing it. Japan would be equally averse from making such a proposal, as her pride would forbid her showing that she has suffered in any way from the slight inflicted on her in 1922, when we showed by our action in terminating the Alliance that we regarded her friendship as only secondary to that of America.

The best we can hope for is therefore that, having suffered for the step we took five and a half years ago, we shall take the lesson to heart and, by working in the closest co-operation with Japan in the Far East, do what we can to rectify the mistakes of the past. America's co-operation, as well as Japan's, in China and the Far East generally is earnestly desired, but the United States have shown in no uncertain manner that they have no intention of binding themselves in any way to a policy which might hamper their liberty of action. Admirable as this spirit of independence may be in certain circumstances, it is fatal to the formation of that unity among the Powers without which China may continue to flout each and all and avoid her obligations towards them indefinitely.

As it is impossible to count on American co-operation in the Far East to any great extent, and as three-Power harmony is therefore hard to ensure, surely it is better to go on the principle of 'half a loaf is better than no bread' and seek primarily to assure ourselves of close co-operation with Japan irrespective of the United States. If America will join in too, as undoubtedly she will at times, so much the better; but as she has shown both by word and by action that she will never commit herself to guarantee co-operation, it is no good depending upon her to give it. With Japan, whose interests in the Far East are so very much more akin to our own, co-operation is far more easily obtainable, especially if we are not hampered, as practically we are at present, by making it contingent on agreement with America.

Co-operation between two parties, in peace-time as in war, is far easier to achieve than harmony between three or more. As, therefore, three-Power harmony in the matter of China has been found difficult of achievement, and as Great Britain and Japan have more at stake and more kindred interests than any other country in those parts, it seems but logical to try whether greater success cannot be attained by aiming at still closer co-operation and understanding between these two nations.

M. D. KENNEDY.

THE PEERS AND THE NATION

I WAS brought up to regard a written Constitution as an inflexible instrument denying the adaptation to circumstances which national progress demands, and to acclaim our fluid institutions as the high-water mark of British political genius. Study and the experiences of a long life completely changed these baseless opinions, and I came to believe that a Constitution formally defined, interpreted by an impartial High Court, and incapable of amendment except by processes requiring time and ensuring at least some deliberation on the part of ill-educated democracies might be a valid, perhaps the only, safeguard against revolution.

The advance of democracy, in the sense of successive additions to electorates until political power nominally rests with huge mobs of men and women enabled to vote only because they had reached the age of twenty-one, produced the inevitable effect of creating general instability. This, now becoming obvious, has forced consideration of the constitutional question upon all who, in distracted and distracting times, can still reflect upon the foundations of the State.

In a letter to me of September 15, 1922, Mr. James M. Beck, ex-Solicitor-General of the United States, wrote:

> How long can England continue to be an *unrestrained* democracy? Must you not sooner or later come to constitutional limitations? Certainly, without constitutional limitations, democracy in America would have perished long ago.

The founders of the United States, in attaching profound importance to the written Constitution which emerged from their long labours, showed wonderful political prescience. That Constitution enabled the Union to be preserved intact after a prolonged Civil War, and has also helped to save democracy from itself, as Mr. Beck suggested. The permanence of the Federations of Australia and South Africa depends upon the orderly working of their written Constitutions.

In the past we muddled along oblivious of danger, until in 1911 Mr. Asquith, taking advantage of the absence of safe-

guards, proceeded to destroy the balance of the nebulous Constitution slowly built up on compromise, nowhere defined and therefore capable of subversion to meet a temporary party purpose. There are precedents for the creation of peers by the two great parties which formerly divided the governance of the nation between them; but Mr. Asquith was the first to threaten the use of the Royal Prerogative—a grotesque misnomer in these days—to destroy the residual authority which had come down to the House of Lords through centuries of political evolution.

His *coup d'état* succeeded for the moment, bringing with it a whole train of evils, and leading at length to growing alarm for the security of the State. Meanwhile, 'unlimited democracy,' powerfully reinforced by the Representation of the People Act of 1918, which suddenly added 6,000,000 women voters to the electorate when we were fighting for our lives, helped to wreck the Liberal Party. That the manual working classes would claim representation in the elected House was natural and just; but organised Labour, abandoning its earlier policy of non-parliamentary action and adopting Socialism as a creed, returned an independent party of 29 in 1906, increased to 142 in 1922. When Mr. Baldwin's Government resigned in January 1924 the leaders of the Liberal Party decided to put the minority Socialist Party in office, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, with a following of about 190, including a number of rich men, whom Labour had previously ostracised, formed a short-lived Cabinet. The historic Liberal Party thus sealed its own doom. Henceforth the Socialists became His Majesty's Opposition and can now alone claim to form an alternative Government.

Thus a silent political revolution was quickly effected which has an infinitely important bearing upon the question of the Second Chamber.

Another policy, however, commended itself to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. Between them, since April 1908, they have created about 115 new peerages exclusive of promotions, and the general effect, whether intended or not, was to render the House of Lords more vulnerable to attack, and incidentally to swell Mr. Lloyd George's private political fund.

It is wholly impossible within the space of this article to give any idea of the involved political history showing how, through centuries of change, conventions, which Mr. Asquith in 1911 falsely claimed in justification of his revolutionary action, took form. Yet, with all this, everyone who presumes to form judgments on the present acute controversy ought at least to have a general idea. I can only indicate roughly the principles which may be said to have crystallised out of the viscous fluid that we came to regard as the British Constitution.

Professor Pollard has lucidly traced the evolution of the Money Bill in relation to the powers of the House of Commons.[1]

Taxation [he states] was by the end of the Middle Ages, a national act, except so far as the Church was concerned: its taxes were granted in two provincial convocations; the laity were all taxed together by Act of Parliament. The grant for all is made by the Commons with the assent of the Lords[2]; but it takes the form of a statute and the sanction behind it partakes less and less of a gift [the original theory] of those who have to pay, and more of the authority of a sovereign legislature.

Taxation was for a long period a

series of gifts made in Parliament by the representatives of those who would have to pay. . . . As late as 1523, the burgesses voted their own taxation, leaving the Knights of the Shires to vote theirs.

While thus, towards the end of the Middle Ages, taxation had taken the form of legislation, Parliament,

by legalising a benevolence in 1495, countenanced royal taxation without parliamentary sanction.

The meetings of Parliament now became infrequent.

Intervals of seven years under Henry VII. and Wolsey, and of eleven years under Charles I., might have been the prelude to a silence as profound as that which fell upon national representation in France.

The Long Parliament, which ultimately abolished the Monarchy and the House of Lords and was evicted by military force, broke this spell, and after the Civil War and the Restoration

The Lords acquiesced in the Commons control of taxation, while the Commons accepted the claim of the Lords to sole appellate jurisdiction,

This concession of the control of taxation was justified by long sanction and by the impregnable doctrine that taxation should only be levied by representatives of the taxpayers. In so far as the present House of Commons can be said to be representative[3] it has ceased to fulfil this essential condition. Direct taxation—the only taxation of which the individual taxpayer is conscious—was raised from 87,808,557*l.* in 1913–14 to 691,154,128*l.* in 1920–21, and it is significant that this burden became heavier in post-war than in war years. The total number of persons who actually

[1] *The Evolution of Parliament*, 2nd edition, 1926.

[2] For an uncertain period ending in the reign of Edward III. the two Houses sat together.

[3] It is of course easy to show that the House of Commons is not representative of majority views in the electorates. Only single-member constituencies, with the proviso that the successful candidate must poll an absolute majority of potential electors, would give a fair idea of the views of electorates.

aid income-tax and super-tax in 1925–26 was 2,300,000, and the latter, numbering 97,000, paid 68,310,000l. into the Exchequer. Of the present electorate of 21,000,000 only a small minority are direct taxpayers, and a large majority consists of persons deriving direct or indirect benefit from the taxation of the minority and always demanding more. This, which is the inversion of a sound principle, renders effective economy in public expenditure impossible.[4]

In spite of these ominous political changes, the control of taxation by the Commons is not contested, and, if we possessed a Constitution, a Money Bill might have been defined as

> A Bill dealing solely with the imposition, modification, or reduction of public taxation and directed to make proper provision for the financial service of the year.

As a consequence of the fluidity of our institutions, however, the dishonest practice of 'tacking' political objects on to a Money Bill—a practice which has no sanctions of any kind—occasionally made its appearance. In his closely reasoned speech Lord Sumner said:

> The public danger that exists in framing, as a Money Taxation Bill, something that is really a great project of social or economic change, is of course that there is, illicitly and on illegitimate grounds, withdrawn under the Parliament Act from the consideration of the Second Chamber a measure which properly and by the Constitution belonged to the consideration of the Second Chamber.[5]

Here in a nutshell lies the extreme danger to which the nation and Empire are now nakedly exposed. Under the Parliament Act the Speaker alone has the responsibility of withdrawing a measure from the Upper House on the ground that it is a Money Bill. This eminently undemocratic plan is obviously improper, and the Government propose reference to a Joint Committee of both Houses—an arrangement which commended itself to Mr. Lloyd George in 1922, but which he now repudiates.

If I have devoted too much space to this aspect of the Second Chamber question, it is because, as we now stand, a ruinous revolution could legally be accomplished as the result of the *ipse dixit* of a Speaker who, in the near future, might be an ardent partisan.

Money Bills apart, the constitutional effect of the Parliament Act was to enable the Commons by a bare majority to pass any Bill opposed or amended by the Lords after two years' delay.

[4] Indirect taxation falls with greater severity on the direct taxpaying than on the manual working classes whom the Socialists propose to relieve from it, retaining perhaps only alcohol and tobacco as taxed commodities.

[5] House of Lords, June 22, 1927.

Previous to 1911 our fluid Constitution had sanctioned the power of the Lords to force the executive either to abandon or modify a Bill, or to submit the issue to the people by a general election, the accepted theory having been that it was the function of the Upper House to secure that a mandate should be obtained for any doubtful measure.

This function has been exercised in some cases with extraordinary advantage to the nation, even when considerable adverse majorities had been registered in the Commons.

In 1783 the Coalition Government passed Fox's East India Bill by majorities of 229 to 120, 217 to 103, and 208 to 102. The Lords rejected this Bill by 95 to 76 votes, and Pitt, at twenty-five, became Prime Minister. When Parliament assembled, Fox strongly deprecated a dissolution 'as injurious to the interests of the country'[6]; but on March 24, 1784, the King informed the House of his decision to dissolve. In the election which followed, 160 members of the Fox party were dismissed, and he barely succeeded in retaining his seat.

> The united Opposition was utterly shattered . . . and Pitt met the new Parliament at the head of a majority which made him the most powerful minister ever known in the parliamentary history of England.[7]

The judgment of the Lords was therefore triumphantly vindicated by the electorate. The history of Europe and of our Empire would have been different if Pitt had not been the head of the Government in the terribly stormy years that were to follow.

Other examples of the superior judgment of the Upper House can easily be cited, and again, in recent years, there has been one which had world-wide importance. The Liberal House ot Commons swallowed whole the unratified Declaration of London, designed by the Germans to suit the conditions of the expected war. The Lords rejected this remarkable instrument, which, though gradually mitigated, proved immensely advantageous to the Central Powers. If our hands had been free in August 1914, as the Upper House desired, tens of thousands of gallant lives might have been spared and hundreds of millions of expenditure avoided. It is not for a moment suggested that the Upper House has not—like all corporate bodies and all individuals—made mistakes; but examination of the records would show that, during many years, its aberrations have been distinctly less frequent and less serious than those of the Commons. The reasons of this difference should be obvious.

The House of Lords, as now constituted, is better fitted than ever for discharging the functions which pertained to it before

[6] Sir J. Seely.
[7] Lecky.

Its complexion has markedly changed, and it is no longer an assembly of landowners, though retaining scions of the ruling families. There is no public question to which it [illegible] not bring expert reasoning, and, as regards practical knowledge of Imperial affairs and legal authority, the Commons [illegible]ss no comparable qualifications. In this broad sense it is [illegible]r the most 'representative' branch of our Parliament.
[illegible]ne other advantage, steadily growing more marked, it can [illegible]ssly claim. Lord Cave has defined the respective differentiat[illegible]ualities of the two Chambers as 'experience' and 'emotion,' [illegible]ating his preference for the former. 'Emotion,' however, [illegible]e present House of Commons has unfortunately taken the [illegible] of party passion instinct with the class hatred which Karl [illegible] enjoined upon his dupes. Disgraceful scenes have therefore [illegible] frequent, and coarse abuse, flung across the floor of the [illegible]e, is substituted for reason. It follows that the orderly [illegible]action of public business is prevented, that much time is [illegible] and that Parliament is becoming discredited. The same [illegible]s are now adopted in committees upstairs with the same [illegible]ralising results. In the Prussian Diet and the Czecho-[illegible]kian Lower House there have lately been exceptionally [illegible]nt scenes,[8] and it is almost an axiom of present-day politics [illegible] popularly elected bodies are necessarily unable to function [illegible]erly as deliberative chambers, which tends to exaggerate the [illegible]rs of the Executive and thus to falsify the basic principle of [illegible]cracy. The oldest Second Chamber in the world stands [illegible]st alone in maintaining the traditions of calm, courteous, [illegible]dignified debate.
[illegible]evertheless, the House of Lords suffers from some palpable [illegible]ts easily capable of being translated in terms of obloquy. [illegible] too large, and of 720 members, excluding minors, on the rolls [illegible] about 150 carry on its work. No fewer than 156 peers have [illegible]r taken their seats.[9] There remains a cohort of 'backwoods[illegible]' who may or may not vote on special occasions. These [illegible]rently irresponsible legislators fall into several classes, and [illegible] they are all or nearly all what the Duke of Marlborough calls [illegible]eation peers' absorbed in sport is pure illusion. Sport is a [illegible]nal institution, exceedingly popular with the people, and the [illegible]e of Lords contains fine sportsmen who regularly share in its [illegible]urs. The 'most common and potent' cause of absenteeism [illegible] explained by Lord Selborne:

[illegible]reat many of those peers cannot afford to come to London very often. [illegible] have been so impoverished by the war . . . that they have to live

[8] [illegible]n these assemblies the factions number fifteen and ten respectively.

[9] [illegible]t would be interesting to know how many of these indefensible absentees [illegible] creations of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George.

in the county where they reside and where they are constantly doing splendid local work. . . . They never complain. They served during the war themselves with their sons; they gave all they had to give in the war, and they are giving all they can give in taxation now.[10]

It might be added that these peers could not, and would not if they could, vote themselves a salary and free railway passes between their homes and London. Such are many 'backwoodsmen,' who render more unpaid public service locally and are more closely associated with the countryside than most members of the other House. After all, such 'backwoodsmen' are intimately acquainted with conditions in the backwoods, and their votes, when they give them, are backed by knowledge not possessed by professional politicians. That there is a minority, which would disappear unregretted if the scheme of the Government is adopted, is freely admitted.

The hereditary character of the present Upper House is the feature which most readily supplies material to the demagogue. I cannot here argue this question. It must suffice to say that all recent research—in America especially—discloses the vital importance for good or for evil of heredity. It is beyond doubt that the qualities of which Governments stand in dire need are more likely to be found in the descendants of those who have exercised them than in the choice of an electorate which may be decided by promises of material benefit at the public expense. It has been shrewdly remarked that

Heredity is the one streak of science in the casual amalgam of our Constitution. The accidents of birth are not so dangerous as the accidents of the ballot.[11]

The effects of the Parliament Act, which went far beyond the letter of its provisions in enfeebling the Second Chamber, as I have tried to explain elsewhere,[12] led to many tentative efforts to safeguard the Constitution as the objects of the Socialist Party became more and more evident. The Bryce Conference, of which I was a member, appeared to agree that any reconstructed Chamber must possess the 'cross-bench mind,' but failed utterly to reach unanimous conclusions as to how this estimable psychology could be secured. Cabinet committees have considered the question. Large groups of peers and of M.P.'s have investigated it. Suggestions, including those of Mr. Lloyd George's Government in 1922, have been made public. Resolutions have been introduced in the Upper House. It can fairly be said, therefore, that for some years the whole matter has been under discussion.

When Lord Cave, to the surprise of the House, gave in outline

[10] House of Lords, June 20, 1927.
[11] 'A.A.B.' in the *Evening Standard*.
[12] *My Working Life*, Murray, 1927.

the views of the Government, and committed what *The Times* strangely regarded as a first-class tactical blunder, he based his plea of urgency upon 'A draft Programme for the next Labour Government' which roundly asserted that

> The Labour Party must be prepared to deal with that obsolete survival, the House of Lords, in prompt and drastic fashion.

Lord Sumner added that the 'Programme' went on to declare that

> Before taking office it [the Opposition] should receive an assurance that in case of need a sufficient number of peers should be created to carry a Bill for the abolition of the House of Lords.

The House was, however, not reminded of a far earlier and more significant pronouncement. Mr. Sidney Webb, one of the founders of the Fabian Society, printed a pamphlet entitled *Wanted a Programme* in 1888, which among other revolutionary measures demanded the

> Abolition or painless extinction of the House of Lords.[18]

Thus thirty-nine years before the recent debate Socialist policy had been committed to Single Chamber government by the supposedly 'moderate' Fabian Society, which has probably done more to sow the seeds of revolution in our country than the 'dictators of the proletariat' masquerading as Socialists in ruined Russia.

Lord Cave's suggestions closely followed those of Mr. Lloyd George. The reconstructed House was to consist of 'not more than 350 members.'

> Hereditary peers elected by their order and members nominated by the Crown, the numbers in such case to be fixed by statute.

All members, except law lords, were to hold their seats only for twelve years, but to be eligible for re-election, and one-third were to retire every fourth year. The Parliament Act was to be modified only by making it inapplicable to measures directed to further changes in the status of the Second Chamber. Here at least is the basis of a solution which should commend itself to everyone possessing any knowledge of constitutional history and alive to the extreme peril to which Mr. Asquith exposed the Commonwealth.

It is difficult to forecast the effects of the scheme which the Lord Chancellor adumbrated, but it would apparently conserve the essential qualities that the House now possesses, while introducing

[18] This pamphlet, marked 'for private circulation,' might have remained secret, as seems to have been intended, if it had not been unmasked by the Anti-Socialist Union.

a new element of political change defying prophecy. If these lightly sketched suggestions are incorporated in a Bill, points for sane criticism may arise, and the addition of members from the Dominions, if their Governments so desire, seems a necessary provision.

Is there any chance of what Lord Haldane used to describe as 'clear-thinking' on a matter pregnant with the fate of the Empire? Lord Cave's thinkings aloud produced an immediate and violent storm in which party aims and party animus instantly asserted themselves. Led by Lord Haldane, the Socialist peers uncompromisingly demanded the retention of the *status quo*, which suits their objects, and threatened a ruthless attack in the constituencies if any powers, however small, were given back to the ancient House. The Liberals, represented by Lords Beauchamp and Reading, seemed mainly anxious to resist tampering with the sacrosanct Act of 1911, and indicated a pathetic belief in the future of their party by demanding that the Royal Prerogative of creating peers should not be limited, as their leader, Mr. Lloyd George, had once contemplated.

Many Conservative peers showed willingness to make the great sacrifices expected of them and of their families, and expressed a desire that real representatives of the manual working classes should share in the duties of the reconstituted chamber.

The Press took sides and the independent *Observer* became hysterical. 'Veto for ever,' 'a crowning blunder,' 'diehards debauch,' and 'Gadarene disaster' were among the gems of rhetoric which it substituted for argument. At a meeting of the National Union of Conservative Associations a group of about sixty M.P.'s showed symptoms of revolt, not supported by the country delegates, and demanded that the Government should do nothing without consulting the whole party, apparently believing that an agreed solution was possible. More remarkable was the action of His Majesty's Opposition in taking the unprecedented step of putting down a vote of censure on the Government 'for taking an opportunity of warning and guiding the nation.'[14] The object was made apparent by the Socialist leader, who seized the opportunity created for him to ejaculate such slogans as 'gerrymandering the Constitution in the interests of the Conservative Party,' 'entrenching the House of Lords against the people's will,' 'robbing the electors of power,' etc., etc., which *The Times* correctly described as 'almost comically fantastic when applied to the proposals' of Lord Cave. Mr. Lloyd George proceeded to eat some of his few remaining Liberal labels and to illustrate again his ignorance of history. A later utterance seemed to suggest that he may revert to his Limehouse manner

[14] Mr. Churchill.

and lead a crusade against the outcome of eight centuries of evolution. He gave his vote for the Socialist motion with twenty-eight other Liberals, who with one supporter of the Government, four paired against, and eight absentees made up the ranks of the once great party which he succeeded in wrecking.

In the sound and fury of an embittered controversy which can never lead to agreement, the one vital consideration may easily be ignored. We now have the weakest Second Chamber in the world in times when the need for powers of revision and delay was never so great, and when a powerful and growing party has pronounced in favour of Single Chamber government and is committed to measures which would bankrupt the State. No Constitution, written or fluid, can avert a revolution brought about by corrupting the security forces and the assumption of power by a dictator or a 'council of action.' Democracy can protect itself only to the limited extent of ensuring that the will of the people on which it is professedly based shall be unmistakably ascertained after ample time for sober consideration. It is improbable that the great mass of people of this old land would desire a revolution which must be ruinous. It *is* possible that they might be stampeded into revolution by an energetic and unscrupulous minority. All civilised countries have sought to guard themselves against this danger by creating Second Chambers. If we are to be so guarded, either a brand new and 'majestic Senate,' which appeals strongly to Mr. R. Mitchell Banks, M.P., must be created, or the ancient House of Lords, reconstructed as the Government propose, must be empowered to exercise the limited functions which I have defined. But an elected Senate might easily come to overshadow a House of Commons which is certainly not growing in popularity or retaining the respect and confidence which it could claim in the last century, and it is beyond human power to confer upon any assembly what long traditions of honour have bequeathed to the House of Lords. As well try to substitute for the judicial bench an elected judiciary.

I therefore plead most earnestly that the question at issue may be viewed solely from the point of view of the nation, and that party considerations and party shibboleths may be submerged in the higher patriotism which alone can save a nation. If the functions of the Second Chamber are such only as are now claimed, the requirements are sober judgment, large practical experience, and knowledge of national affairs in the widest sense. All these qualities are possessed by the present House in a degree unapproached by any elected Senate. The Royal Society would quickly fall into wreckage if its council were popularly elected, and where an expert body is essential party considerations should not enter. The present Upper House, whatever may have been

the case in the past, is conservative in the best sense, but it is not distinctively Conservative in the party meaning, and it is much less submissive and more capable of bringing an unbiassed opinion to bear on the policy of a Conservative Government than a Conservative majority in the House of Commons.

One other reflection I venture to submit. The protection, in the limited sense now possible, of a valid Second Chamber is quite as much needed by the House of Commons as by the House of Lords.[15] A Socialist Government, largely manned, as was the last, from the I.L.P., would never submit to effective control by the Commons, and would, by the methods of 'Dora,' arrogate to itself the powers which Socialism demands. It would stand committed to the nationalisation of all the means of production and of transport,[16] which implies a stupendous bureaucracy which it would control. A Cabinet, subject as at present to checks by the Commons, could not exercise the functions contemplated by Socialism, and must develop into a soviet controlled by the party caucus outside, as has already happened in New South Wales. All this is most unlikely to commend itself to the deliberate judgment of the British people, who would be deprived of the means of giving expression to their will.

The difficulties and dangers with which we are now confronted follow directly from the action of the Liberal Government in 1911, for which there was no national mandate of any kind. The difference between the two Houses arose originally over the preposterous Lloyd George land taxes and later over the Home Rule Bill, both being opposed by the Upper House. The Nationalists voted against the second reading of the Budget of 1909, but desired to destroy the veto of the House of Lords in order to secure the Home Rule Bill. In the election of 1910 the several parties numbered—Liberals, 272; Conservatives, 272; Irish Nationalists, 84; and Labour, 42, leaving Mr. Asquith to govern by the aid of two parties. By a corrupt bargain with Mr. Redmond the Nationalists carried the third reading of the Parliament Bill, and Mr. Asquith proceeded to threaten the Lords with 300 creations which would have permanently destroyed its character. Whether the threat would have been carried into execution if the peers had followed the late Lord Halsbury and the 'diehards' of that date we can never know. The sequel is amazing and should never be forgotten. The land taxes disappeared amid general contumely after losing a considerable sum to the Exchequer and entailing a permanent accretion to the

[15] This view has frequently been emphasised by Lord Selborne, but it is not generally realised.

[16] Mr. MacDonald is pledged to the nationalisation of coal mines as a first step.

bureaucracy. The Home Rule Bill, being obviously impracticable, died a natural death. The electorate at the first opportunity destroyed the great Liberal Party.

The judgment of the House of Lords has never been more perfectly justified, and no measure ever had less claim to a mandate from the people than Mr. Asquith's now irreparable breach of the unwritten Constitution. Mandates are usually indeterminate; but the present Government was undoubtedly charged with the safeguarding of the nation against Socialism. Agreement being obviously impossible, let that Government take courage and bring in a Bill on the general lines suggested before it is too late.[17]

SYDENHAM OF COMBE.

[17] In the Censure debate the usually cautious Mr. Snowden incautiously explained the procedure which his party contemplates. He said that 'to give the House of Lords control over Money Bills was to give them power to prevent legislation of a social character being carried into effect.' No power over Money Bills is included in the Government proposals; nor can the House do more than delay 'legislation of a social character,' so as to give the people the chance of expressing an opinion.

IRELAND: RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

In O'Connell Street, the main artery of Dublin, the legacy of ruins left by the Civil War is still visible, but, out of the heap almost opposite the old Post Office, palatial hotels and offices have risen or are rising, for one hotel in the centre is flanked by a huge structure of girders.

The Four Courts—corresponding to the Law Courts in London—which not long ago was a tangled mass of masonry and iron, with a shattered dome, looks out on the world bright, new, and solid as if shells had never shrieked and crashed about it. Here the rebels made their headquarters. I passed the building the day they took it over. They had hastily barricaded the windows with blankets and law books, one pile of which leaned through a broken pane at a perilously tottering curve. Sandbags were placed across the entrance and youths amused themselves unwinding coils of barbed wire and arranging defences as their fancy dictated. Leaders dashed backwards and forwards in motor cars while the people flattened their noses curiously against the locked gates. Three soldiers were perched on the roof. Two sat with legs dangling; the third, with a greater sense of glamour, stood erect against the sky and blew on his bugle all the calls he knew.

As I walked through the Dublin streets in the evening dusk I passed groups of children obeying sharp, throaty words of military command. They were not playing at soldiers as English children do, but going through their drill with solemnity—smaller children toddling gravely in the rear.

The Fowler Hall, headquarters of the Orange Lodge in Dublin, was being used to house refugees from Belfast. I visited this place in company with Sean O'Casey, the Irish dramatist. In response to our knocks the lid of the letter-box was cautiously raised, and we saw, resting on the edge, a shining metal circle. It was the barrel of a revolver, and, stooping, I encountered a man's eye gazing along it. Inside, a row of sandbags stretched across the passage. Upstairs, in a large room, refugee families were housed wretchedly enough. Improvised beds were roughly curtained from each other with blankets and pieces of sacking.

Around the walls were pictures of Queen Victoria and other members of the Royal Family. Surrounding tenements, which are now characteristic slums, were once grand houses of the Georgian type with flights of worn stone steps leading to wide, imposing doorways. These steps are festooned with children of all ages—dirty, ragged, barefoot and happy. The houses, like the inhabitants, have fallen on evil days, and one may see broken doors and windows, cracked, discoloured plaster, crazy staircases, and every sign of disrepair and decay. In these swarming slums there are none of the reticences of life. People share their joys, their sorrows and troubles, even as they share each other's screws of tea and sups of milk. Fashion in the tenements is not exacting. It is sufficient if the women have their untidy hair looped up anyhow, though often it is beautiful hair—dark or red-gold. Voluminous shawls are worn, or, failing this, a coat may be slung across the shoulders with sleeves dangling loose. Such bizarre settings have gone to the making of Mr. O'Casey's plays. I have dwelt on this side of Dublin life because it helps to illumine not only the infantile death-rate—the highest in Europe—but also much that appears inexplicably lurid in Irish social life.

At the recent elections the Government Party (Cumann na n-Gaelheal) stood for tranquility. The chief issue was, as it has been since 1922 (the year of the 'Treaty'), that between the Government and the Republicans. The Ministers fought on their record in this matter. To summarise the political situation in Southern Ireland is no easy task. The dominant issue is not one that leaps to the mind of the English reader, who does not realise the strength of Irish national feeling. The parties as they now stand present a picture of the strangest confusion.

The Government has gone back with 47 deputies in place of 57 at the dissolution. As the total number of seats is 153, they are a minority party. The Republicans (who refuse to take the Oath of Allegiance) number 51. Labour has increased its representation from 15 to 22, while the Farmers, Independents, and National League taken together number 33. It will be seen that the new Ministry, which consists of the old members, with the exception of Mr. Hughes, Minister of Defence, who was defeated, is in a very weak position, and it is only the abstention of the Republican deputies which enables it to take office.[1] Mr. Cosgrave endeavoured to secure guarantees of support from non-Government parties at the first meeting of the Dail. But in this he failed. However, the Labour members alone voted against

[1] Since the above was written the Free State Ministry has suffered the loss by assassination of Mr. Kevin O'Higgins, Vice-President, and the Republicans have lost Countess de Markievicz, T.D., a leader of the 1916 Irish Rebellion and the first woman elected to the British House of Commons, who died in Dublin on July 15.

the new Ministry, though the National League (Redmondites) abstained.

The Redmondites, about whom flutter the tattered traditions of the Irish Nationalists at Westminster, are a flying column whose political complexion varies from Imperialism to Republicanism—often in the same speeches. The Farmers' Party largely represents the graziers, the cattle breeders, who are an important political and economic force in Ireland. Negotiations for a coalition between the Government and the Farmers progressed so favourably that the coming union was announced in the Press, but at the last moment the Farmers drew back. Yet the Government can count in general on their support. The Irish Labour Party has not that mass pressure behind it which it might have if Ireland were an industrial community. Small scattered villages do not make for a widespread organisation. The Labour Party lacks a daily Press and has long been overshadowed by the national issue. It has at present an indeterminateness which may disappear with growing experience.

The only point in the programme of the two Republican sections which is clear is that they will not take their seats. And they are not in agreement as to their procedure on this point. The de Valera section is willing to enter the Dail if the Oath of Allegiance is removed. The others refuse to enter in any circumstances. As there seems no question of the oath being removed, the wisdom of splitting on such a theoretical point is not apparent. Yet as the Republican deputies number about a third of the total representation they are an important factor in Free State politics. But the inner significance of the Republican returns lies in the fact that while Fianna Fail (led by de Valera) has 44 seats, Sinn Fein has only returned 4. The de Valera section stands for 'constitutional' Republicanism, while Sinn Fein has never disguised its hostility to the present Assembly, which it refuses to accept, oath or no oath. Consequently it appears that Republican activities are now to be of a constitutional kind, though occasional ambushes still occur.

A beginning was made when de Valera and 44 other deputies presented themselves at the Dail to demand admission without taking the oath. Approaches to the Chamber were barred by cordons of police, but no breach of the peace took place, Fianna Fail stewards helping to keep back the crowd. Policemen, in their good-humoured zeal to keep the approaches free, even moved on old ladies who were resting on the seats alongside St. Stephen's Green when these commanded a view along Kildare Street to the Dail buildings. Legal proceedings are now pending regarding the exclusion of the Republican deputies. A campaign for a referendum on the oath is also being launched. Under

Article 48 of the Constitution Act (1922) it is possible by a petition of 75,000 voters to make provision for the initiation of legislation by the people. But the Act also declares (clause 2) that "if any provision of the said Constitution . . . is in any respect repugnant to any of the provisions of the scheduled Treaty, it shall, to the extent only of that repugnance, be absolutely void and inoperative.' Ireland is in for some pretty legal arguments on the question. Mr. Cosgrave has declared flatly that there can be no question of removing the oath, which is an integral part of the 'Treaty' settlement.

To those who know the British House of Commons the Dail appears curiously unimpressive. Looking down from the Visitors' Gallery when Mr. Ernest Blythe, Minister for Finance, presented his last Budget I had a bird's-eye view of the assembly. The Government benches rose steeply at one end with 'the men of the Mountain' scattered thinly behind Mr. Cosgrave and the Finance Minister, who occupied the Front Bench. The body of the chamber was a large expanse of empty seats—even on this important occasion, when the public gallery was crowded. In the front row, facing the Ministers, was Mr. Johnson, the Labour Party leader and a skilled parliamentarian, who with two others further back constituted almost the whole of the visible Opposition. In the course of the debate it transpired that Captain Redmond and the Farmers' spokesmen preferred to lead their contingents from positions under the gallery and so out of view. Even allowing for this, the chamber appeared to consist mainly of empty chairs, the Press gallery looking much more imposing. Shorthand writers wandered to and fro on the floor, and an absence of formality characterised the proceedings.

The final act of the late Government was to reduce income tax by one shilling: this was the sensation of the Budget. Hopes were entertained of this having a tonic effect on industry. How these hopes are to be realised is not very clear. And in view of the general depression in trade, the widespread distress, the lower rate of social benefits available for the sick, the old and the unemployed, as compared with the State provision in Great Britain, critics complain that it is a case of 'Live, horse, the grass is growing.' It is significant that while income tax is now a shilling less than in England, old age pensions are also a shilling below the English rate.

Within the past few years there has been much emigration from Ireland. From 1922 to 1926 there has been an annual drain of 52,000 emigrants, and the population of the twenty-six counties has shrunk from 3,139,668 in 1911 to 2,972,802 last year. World conditions have accelerated this emigration by depressing trade and industry. Ireland is especially responsive to conditions

in England, and any disturbance in British industry never fails to react in Ireland, which looks to Great Britain as her chief market.

The Free State Government have not succeeded in arresting this trade depression, but they have laid the foundation of an economic policy. Cattle are now being graded and stock improved. An important scheme for the standardisation of dairy produce to a high quality in order to compete in the export market has been initiated. War has been declared on all the haphazard methods which have, in the past, made it difficult to rely on any fixed quality in Irish goods. But the greatest achievement of the Government in economic policy is undoubtedly the Shannon electricity scheme, which, it is confidently predicted, will be able to supply the whole country with electricity for heat, light and power. It is a tremendous engineering feat, for the difficulties encountered in the provision of a constant flow all the year round are so immense that several previous schemes have come to nothing, and Irish engineering opinion was, in the beginning, distinctly hostile to the present one. Messrs. Siemens-Schuckert are carrying through the undertaking successfully; part of their constructional work has been to deepen the rock-bed of the river. It is contemplated that by 1929 electricity will be available, and the supply will be governed chiefly by the demand from the country. In a country like Ireland, heavily crippled for lack of natural-power resources, the importance of this scheme can hardly be overestimated.

Education has also been taken in hand. Compulsory elementary schooling, long an aspiration, is now a fact. Educational matters in Ireland have reached an interesting and critical stage. The Government policy has been to foster technical education, to put a premium on practical knowledge, and at the same time to enforce the teaching of Gaelic. This has led to much controversy. Those who have been caught up with the idea of 'efficiency' attack the teaching of Gaelic as unnecessary. They say that an additional barrier will be set up between the nations in the form of a language that is quite useless for international commerce. This appears absurd to them, especially as Gaelic, which has survived in certain isolated districts as the language of peasants, does not contain the words for many of our modern technical improvements and inventions that have become so indispensable to civilisation. Yet, although the industrialists argue well in their exasperated way, I do not think that Ireland is going to listen overmuch to them. Ireland is not another America and will not be made so. It has other qualities, perhaps none the less valuable to civilisation. And its distinctive culture is too firmly planted to be uprooted because a

or salesmen imagine that it will not help them to sell their goods.

To give balance to his life the modern manual worker needs a wide general education far more than a smattering of technical instruction which he may never be called upon to make use of.

A new era of thought and development began with the London 'Treaty' of 1922. Since then every section has needed to recast its ideas and policies to fit altered conditions, and those who refuse are dying of inanition. To stand still in a moving world is a dangerous and futile proceeding. Just now there seems to be no definite policy opposed to that of the Free State Ministry. It is hard to say in what channels the very real and deep national feeling will ultimately flow, but, so far as the present is concerned, most of the opposition to the Government is due, apparently, to its sins of omission rather than to any positive qualities or proposals of rival parties. And those who oppose the social policy of the Government ask, 'Would the Republicans act differently?' This, together with the decision of the Republicans not to take their seats, gives the situation an atmosphere of unreality.

In Dublin more excitement was generated over the proposal to merge municipal electric plants with the Shannon scheme than has been aroused over political matters. The controversy of municipality *versus* State has led to queer combinations and queerer arguments concerning the manner in which the people as consumers should pay so that the people as owners of a national plant may compensate the people as owners of a municipal plant.

From my window as I write I see a chain of red-painted, square-set, tapering iron standards erected in connexion with the Shannon scheme dotting the fields. Republicans have also been busy putting up memorials to those killed during the Civil War. Both appeals are symbolic. One harks back to the past; the other stakes everything on an efficiency which has no traditions. Will Ireland be called upon to judge between stark symbols of the past and the future, or will she find a way of combining the two?

R. M. Fox.

CHINA AS A MARKET

A GENERAL, non-technical description of China as a market, without statistics, except a few percentages read at a glance, is not, those who are familiar with it will agree, easy to give. Recent events and the present situation, however, more than justify the attempt, for our main interest in China is commercial. Comparatively few people, however, have any clear conception of the chief features of our trade.

That, no doubt, is partly because trade as a rule makes dull reading. Yet pictures, songs and stories of ships, the great traditions of our Navy and mercantile marine, accounts of fortune-hunting crowned with success, the lure of the riches of the East, appeal to large numbers of people. Indeed, the romance of money-making is almost as instinctive in its appeal as that of war. Not much of our modern trade with China is romantic in the adventurous sense, and this article would be false to the realities of its subject if it began on any such note, though something might legitimately be made of the perils of piracy and bandits, while risk is always present in the factor of exchange. For China is a silver-using country, consuming a large proportion of the world's silver production (in 1925 about a quarter), and commercial transactions are subject to constant fluctuations in the value of the metal.

But is it necessary to seek adventitious aids to interest? Sufficient to kindle imagination, surely, is the geography of the market, with its enormous extent; its huge rivers; its gigantic mountain ranges and plains, and its colossal population. Selling to and buying from a territory so immense has its dull moments (the human spirit being what it is), but can scarcely be regarded as a dull occupation.

At all events, from the national standpoint of Great Britain, it is a very important occupation, and the day is fast approaching when it will be vital. Opinions differ as to whether that description is already justifiable, though those who think not must be prepared to show where we could replace the 22,750,000*l.* worth of exports which, on an average, we have sent to China and Hongkong during the past three years, about 40 per cent.

representing Lancashire piece goods, over 15 per cent. woollen and worsted tissues, and over 8 per cent. iron and steel goods.[1] Relatively to our total exports abroad these figures are small—under 5 per cent. of the whole. On the other hand, relatively to China's population the present total of her foreign trade is also small—in 1925 about 13*s*. 6*d*. per head, as against 8*l*. in the case of Japan. Given peace and reasonably good government China's purchasing power is certain to increase, and, as she is buying in growing quantities commodities which we are specially equipped to supply, satisfaction of her requirements seems likely to become one of our chief aims.

The fact that a very small part of China's population—not more, it is estimated, than 5 per cent.—does about half her foreign trade is not, probably, generally realised. It is a fact which helps to explain how it is that she appears able to maintain approximately a million men under arms, to wage civil war, and yet to show steadily increasing customs returns. For the traders in question live in the districts adjacent to the forty-nine 'ports' where foreign trade is in the first instance handled, some of which have recently been drawn into the vortex of war, but most of which have usually been comparatively peaceful. The word 'ports' is placed in inverted commas because of the forty-nine less than half can be called maritime ports. The majority have been opened by treaty—twenty-five by treaties with Great Britain, thirteen by treaties with Japan, four by treaties with France; the most important being Shanghai, Dalny,[2] Tientsin, Hankow, and Canton, which between them do approximately 66 per cent. of China's foreign trade. In addition there are some thirty-three other places, sometimes called 'marts,' where foreigners are entitled at China's own initiative to live and trade, of which over half are in Manchuria, nine being in the provinces of Chihli and Shantung, and two in Thibet.[3] Further, there are on the Yangtze and the West River twelve places where foreign vessels may call for embarkation or disembarkation of passengers and cargo, and fourteen where they may call for or disembark passengers only. In these twenty-six places foreign traders have no rights of residence. That is restricted to the eighty-two places referred to above, though there are others, such as Peking, Yunnanfu and Chengtu, where foreigners live and travel without having any specific right to do so. Foreign traders have, too, the right to travel in any part of China provided they obtain passports, and they also have the

[1] The percentage for iron and steel goods is for 1924 and 1925.

[2] Dalny, or Talien, was originally leased to Russia.

[3] *I.e.*, Gartok and Gyangtze, originally opened by the Thibetan Treaty of 1904, confirmed by China in 1906.

right to navigate, under certain regulations, China's inland waters, to lease warehouses and jetties on their banks, and to employ Chinese to act as servants and as agents in the interior.

Thus another peculiar feature of China as a market is the extent to which all foreign activities in it are dependent on, and conditioned by, international agreements. Apart, indeed, from actual price-fixing, our traders can embark on and conclude no commercial operation with Chinese buyers or sellers without at the same time performing a political act of international significance. They and their principal competitors, the Americans and Japanese, are always acting in pursuance or fulfilment of some international arrangement. This explains why commerce in China is so quickly affected by politics, generally through the medium of boycott.

It is the economic explanation also of the tepidity of the reception accorded by the other Powers to what has become known as Great Britain's Christmas memorandum, in which Great Britain announced its policy towards the nationalist movement. All the treaties which regulate commerce in China have a most-favoured-nation clause, by which the rights created in favour of the subjects of any one Power are automatically extended to those of other Powers. Modification or abrogation of any group of rights by any one Power must, therefore, weaken the claim of other Powers to their continued enjoyment. The rights referred to either specifically or inferentially in the Christmas memorandum have hitherto been regarded as composing the corner-stone of the foreign economic fabric in China. The other Powers have naturally hesitated to welcome proposals to change them, particularly as the two most important Powers sell more to China than we sell.

That Japan's exports to China exceed ours most people probably know: few appear to realise that America's are also greater, or were in 1925. Imports from Japan in 1925 were over 31 per cent., those from the United States over 14 per cent., and those from Great Britain under 10 per cent. of the whole; Japan's superiority being established before the war, America's during it. Our share of China's import trade, which in 1913 was 16 per cent., while Japan's was 20 and America's 6, reached its lowest point in 1918, America's figure exceeding ours first in 1917.[4] It would, however,

[4] These figures are those of the Chinese Maritime Customs returns, which do not show the provenance of goods imported into China from Hongkong. Examination of the official British, American, and Japanese figures of exports to China and Hongkong makes no difference to the statement regarding Japanese trade, but shows that the total of American exports to China and Hongkong exceeded the British total first in 1918. In 1919 the American total exceeded the British; in 1920 the position was reversed. In 1921 the two totals were practically the same, the British exceeding the American in 1922. In 1923 American exports

be a mistake to ascribe the present position of American trade in China to the opportunities which it enjoyed during the war years. Approximately 54 per cent. of the value of her exports to China is accounted for by commodities which do not enter into competition with Great Britain's, for the simple reason that Great Britain does not produce them—namely, kerosene oil, copper ingots and slabs, raw cotton and tobacco. Where the war helped American trade was in commodities required for China's nascent industrialism, such as machinery for her cotton mills, electrical materials, machine tools, pipes and tubes, safes and strong-room doors, hand tools and miscellaneous machinery, in the supply of most of which, however, we are still ahead of our American competitors. We are not ahead of Japan, however, as regards these goods, except in the case of textile and miscellaneous machinery, which fact leads to a brief description of another interesting aspect of the Chinese market, and one of special importance to Lancashire.

On a superficial view it might be said that by supplying textile machinery we are helping China to cut our own throat, or at all events Lancashire's. That, certainly, was the view taken in influential quarters in London when the British Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai was in favour of obtaining funds from the outstanding portion of the Boxer Indemnity to establish a textile school there. As a matter of fact, such a school would, in the first instance at all events, react not to our but to Japan's disadvantage, for Japanese competition has been the chief cause of the greatly diminished trade which Lancashire is to-day doing in China in low-quality cloths. Japan's sale of grey shirtings and sheetings, drills, jeans and T-cloths very greatly exceeds ours. China is now manufacturing these cloths in steadily increasing quantities. For some years past, in fact, she has been in a position to export them, though not in very large numbers, the number of pieces of shirtings, sheetings, drills and jeans exported in 1925 being about one-and-a-half million. The establishment of a really efficient textile school might be expected to encourage this development and to reduce importations from Japan. There would, of course, come—at least, so it must be supposed—a second phase when China advanced to the manufacture of higher class cloths. That phase, however, is generally considered to be a long way off. On the other hand, opinion in China in regard to Japan's capacity to compete with Lancashire in the sale of such cloths has modified considerably during the last few years. Five years ago the British section of the Shanghai piece goods

exceeded ours, in 1924 they were practically the same, and in 1925 the American total was again in excess of ours. American figures for 1926 are not available. Our official figures show that our worst year was 1917, and that our best in the period 1913–26 was 1920.

trade had no fear at all of Japanese competition. In the face of recent Chinese customs returns, however, it is by no means so confident, long though Lancashire's lead still is.

Several other facts connected with China's industrial movements fall outside the scope of this article. Clearly included in it, however, is the effect the movement has in diversifying the country's import trade, which nowadays includes a much greater variety of commodities than used to compose the import list. Certain changes of taste, too, are of great importance from a British standpoint, notably a growing liking for woollen goods; for foreign style clothes of all kinds; for canned goods; for modern housing and sanitation, modern office appliances, chemicals and medicines. Farmers of forty centuries are, not unnaturally, apt to be conservative, but the demand for fertilisers and agricultural requisites of all kinds is gradually growing and should become very large.

The industrial movement is directly connected with another development likely to be of considerable commercial importance, the demand for tariff autonomy. At present, as most people are aware, foreign shippers have only a 5 per cent. tariff to contend with, recently increased by a surtax of 2½ per cent. on all goods and a luxury surtax of 5 per cent., these additions representing increments agreed to at the Washington Conference. All import duties are collected impartially on a uniform basis with a minimum amount of friction and delay. It is morally certain that in the near future China will enjoy tariff autonomy, and while she showed no disposition at the international tariff conference held at Peking in 1925–6, in pursuance of the Washington Nine Power Customs Treaty, to demur at the revised rates then proposed, representing an average rate of about 12½ per cent., it is unlikely that an autonomous tariff would be as moderate. It is doubtful also whether, having obtained tariff autonomy, she would continue for long to acquiesce in foreign administration of the Customs—greatly to her advantage though foreign probity and efficiency have proved themselves to be. Another uncertainty of equal if not greater importance is whether an autonomous tariff would remain a uniform one, or whether regional tariffs would be instituted, corresponding with the changing boundaries of regional governments. Logically speaking, tariff autonomy should come as the economic fruit of political co-ordination and stability. In fact, however, it was promised in circumstances which gave assurance of neither; it was promised, indeed, when the political barometer indicated not merely change, but stormy change. True, the promise was intended by the Powers to be conditional on the abolition of an internal tax known as 'likin,' but the Chinese regarded the juxtaposition of the two clauses in

which the agreement was published as a face-saving device designed to give them what they wanted, while at the same time letting the Powers down easily, and ensuring the continuance of the tariff conference, whose arrangements for an interim tariff they hoped and tried to capitalise.

Commercial prospects in China are likely to depend to a much greater extent than is usually supposed on fiscal arrangements. For behind the tariff lie a number of internal taxes of which likin is only one. Even with a low tariff of 5 per cent. these have contributed to the restriction of trade to treaty port areas noted at the beginning of this article: with a high tariff they would be much more inhibiting. Moreover, at the present time foreigners and their enterprises stand outside the Chinese fiscal system; they are amenable to export and import duties, to a 5 per cent. tax on their factory products, and to transit dues of 2½ per cent., payment of the latter freeing their goods, theoretically, from all other dues. With a view to meeting China's 'legitimate aspirations,' however, His Majesty's Government now propose to place British subjects on the same fiscal footing as Chinese subjects. There being no such thing—outside the administration of the maritime customs—as fiscal equality in China, taxes being payable on the basis of the maximum obtainable, and avoidable through bribery, there is not a tax collector in the country who would not regard our merchants not merely as fair game, but as the most seductive within range.

This and other changes appear to have been determined upon without enough inquiry on the one hand into the genuineness, on the other into the actual effects of the anti-British boycott, while belief in the wisdom of long views appears to have resulted in unchallenged acceptance of such maxims as 'trade is what matters, not the traders.' Recent revelations in Peking and London of the extent and intricacy of Bolshevist activities in China support the view, repeatedly expressed in British commercial circles in Shanghai and elsewhere, before the raids on the Soviet Legation and Arcos took place, that the anti-British boycott has been largely artificial, and that without the stimulus of Bolshevist intrigue, organisation and money, it would not have been anything like as serious as it has proved. The degree of this seriousness is shown by our Board of Trade figures, which register a decrease of a little over 9,000,000*l*. in the value of our exports to China and Hongkong in 1926 as compared with 1924. It is instructive to compare this result with the effect of the anti-Japanese boycott, which was declared on May 7, 1919. At the end of that year Japan's exports to China were a little over 24 per cent. bigger than in 1918. The figures for 1920 were also bigger than those for 1918, but showed a drop of 8 per cent. as

compared with those for 1919, those for 1921 showing a decrease of 30 per cent. as compared with those for 1920. Nothing like the whole of this difference, however, can be ascribed to boycott: a great deal of it is ascribable to the world-wide fall in values, which began in 1920 and continued till the middle of the following year, resulting in a decrease in the value of Japan's trade with Europe of over 60 per cent., and in that of her trade with America of over 18 per cent. Some of the difference, too, was due to the fall in the tael and to the revival of Great Britain's trade with China and of the trade of other European competitors.

That Japan's commercial position in China was damaged there can be no doubt. Nor can there be any doubt that her experience of boycott is partly responsible for the cautiousness which her attitude towards the nationalists displays. There are, however, other reasons for her caution, as those in the inner circle of international affairs know very well. And her caution has not resulted in any capitulations, as ours has done. True, she has not been attacked as we have been. On the other hand, she has risked attack; indeed, as those in the inner circle, to refer to them again, know, she is facing grave risks in several directions at the present time. Her statesmen, however, have made a closer study of the psychology of the Chinese problem than ours, and they are relying partly on their superior knowledge. Also they realise that *clichés* masquerading as maxims are dangerous guides in Chinese affairs, in particular the one referred to above, that 'trade is what matters, not the traders.'

All our Eastern markets, and others as well, have been opened up by traders of the same type as those we have in China, hard-headed men, with the limitations of hard-headedness no doubt, but honest, energetic, patriotic, as their war record shows, and expert in the commercial affairs of the country. The organisations which they and their predecessors created are extremely valuable selling agencies, and to suppose that they can be replaced by others equally good is a delusion. If the Chinese were able to undertake the work, how is it that, with all the natural advantages which they possess, not the least of which are very much lower overhead expenses, more of them are not doing it? There are no artificial barriers to an increase in their number, which is small. The view that Germans are available—a view which I have heard expressed—loses sight of the fact that, while German traders have regained their pre-war position without themselves enjoying extra-territorial rights, they enjoy many of the advantages which extra-territoriality confers on their rivals—for example, ability to operate in properly governed and peaceful trade centres. It also loses sight of the psychology of Germans, who retain their pre-war preference for selling the goods of their own country, and

o not share the fraternal indifference to nationality which liberal Manchester displays. 'Trade is what matters, not the traders' would not appear to commend itself to bankers, whose business all the world over, more particularly in the Far East, is an extremely personal affair, as anybody who has opened a credit will testify.

An emptier, more superficial and misleading maxim with which to legislate for our commercial future in China could not be invented: as well to say that government is what matters, not the governors—a *reductio ad absurdum* to which, by the way, democracy is rapidly leading us. Yet the maxim is being glibly used, and is already partly responsible for losses to British capital in China equal to at least half the damage which boycott has done to trade. It is not surprising that, when asked, as it was recently asked, whether it would prefer boycott to a repetition of the Hankow agreement, the British Chamber of Commerce in Tientsin voted for boycott. For Tientsin, like Shanghai, knows that the boycott has been what in the States they term a 'frame up,' and having helped, through long and arduous years, to amass at least 250 to 300 millions of British capital in China, it knows, too, that in existing circumstances the policy of the Hankow agreement, if continued, will result in the capital's dissipation and in the ruin of the trade which it helps to support.

E. M. GULL

(*late Secretary of the British Chambers of Commerce in China and Hongkong*).

JUTLAND AND THE 'UNFORESEEN'

INTEREST in the Battle of Jutland has this year been revived by two studies of the action, one by Mr. Churchill and the other by Admiral Harper, and the publication of the 'Record,' produced in 1920 by the Committee of Officers over whom the latter presided. Admiral Harper's *Truth* does not touch any of the real issues. A careful perusal of the Record makes the reasons for withholding it unintelligible. It was withheld partly because details coming from Germany showed its conclusions to be premature and inaccurate. A better reason for having stifled it at birth is that it is a record of movements only, and therefore meaningless. Even with accurate plans, no one but a student with almost a professional understanding of the subject could have made head or tail of what happened and why. This is not a criticism that can be levelled against Mr. Churchill. His account is clear and brilliant beyond words. And it is introduced and illumined by a full statement of the principles and intentions of those who, being in control of naval policy for the ten or eleven preceding years, saw, or should have seen, the fruit of their work in the event. For the Fleet was as they made it, and its Commander was one of their own group, long marked out for the supreme command in the battle that would decide our destiny. If Mr. Churchill can be criticised it must be for this, that he makes Lord Jellicoe a scapegoat, when it would be fairer to say that he was a martyr. Given the doctrine of this group, their particular way of preparing the Fleet for war followed naturally; and, given the Fleet as he found it, it is difficult to see how Lord Jellicoe could have been expected to do other than he did. But Mr. Churchill seems to be disappointed.

When he has brought his story to the point where the Grand Fleet and the High Sea Fleet are about to meet, he pauses to make this remarkable statement.

> The supreme moment on which all the thought and efforts of the British and German Admiralties had been for many years concentrated was now at hand. On both sides nearly the whole naval effort of the nation had been devoted to the battlefleets. In the British Navy, at any rate, the picture of the great sea battle had dominated every other thought, and its needs had received precedence over every other requirement.

Everything had been lavished upon the drawing out of a line of battleships of such a preponderance and in such an order that the German battlefleet would be blasted and shattered for certain in a very short space of time. Numbers, gun power, quality, training—all had been provided for the Commander-in-Chief to the utmost extent possible to British manhood and science. Unless some entirely unforeseen factor intervened or some incalculable accident occurred, there was no reason to doubt that thirty minutes' firing within ten thousand yards between two parallel lines of battle would achieve a complete victory.

Therefore for years Jellicoe's mind had been focussed upon the simplest form of naval battle; the single line and the parallel course; a long-range artillery conflict; and defensive action against torpedo attack. Everything beyond this opening phase was speculative and complicated.

Now we know more of the bare facts of the operations that extended from the evening of May 1, 1916, to the dawn of the following day than of any other military event in ancient or modern history. We can see now that things were not quite so simple as it was hoped they would be. They present a paradox that eleven years after is still unexplained. How was it that a fleet, whose preponderance in gun power was in the ratio of 2 to 1, was for ten hours within a few miles of its enemy and destined victim without once bringing him under fire by its own volition? Mr. Churchill, it will be observed, says that there was no reason to doubt a complete victory unless some 'incalculable accident occurred,' or 'some entirely unforeseen factor intervened.' We know that there was no incalculable accident. What, then, was the 'unforeseen factor'?

It is not necessary to retell the sad and disappointing story. The Jutland despatches and the Admiralty narrative, with their diagrams and plans, cover the whole ground. They have been interpreted to us by Lord Jellicoe, Corbett, Bacon, Altham and Harper, to show that Lord Jellicoe was right. A wholly contrary interpretation is implicit in the Admiralty narrative, and explicit in Bellairs, Dewar, Wilson, and Churchill. It is agreed that there were three crises in which Lord Jellicoe had a choice of tactics, and their significance appears from the following summary.

Contact between the Battle-Cruiser Fleet and the Battle Fleet took place at about 6 p.m. The Battle-Cruiser Fleet was being pursued and in action. It came into sight at a bearing the Commander-in-Chief did not expect. The information he had received as to the position of the enemy was to this extent vitiated and, apart from this, contradictory. For a quarter of an hour, therefore, he could not decide on the direction of his deployment, and then suddenly realised that his decision had been postponed until only an unfamiliar signal could bring about the general engagement he wanted. Corbett tells us that he could not entrust its correct execution to the intelligence and seaman-

ship of his captains, and had accordingly to deploy away from the enemy. The first engagement, therefore, was partial and desultory. And from it the enemy made his escape without loss or difficulty by the 'battle-turn' everyone expected.

Half an hour later, by design or accident, Scheer charged plumb and almost perpendicularly into the centre of the vast mass of the British Battle Fleet, which, on his disappearance, had turned by divisions through more than a right angle and now faced him in echeloned squadrons, a huge crescent compact of 15-inch and 13·5-inch guns, some five or six miles long from horn to horn. Never in the worst of nightmares had a sea leader been in so inconceivable a predicament. And never had the wildest hope of the most sanguine tactician been more joyfully realised. But in a trice the Germans had broken away. There is no dispute as to how the break-away was made. A half flotilla or so of destroyers was rushed into our very centre to attack. What Mr. Churchill picturesquely calls its 'torpedo stream' was delivered over a small arc. The whole Grand Fleet was turned away. The torpedoes passed harmlessly between a small number of the rear ships. The greater number were not even menaced. But the action was over, for a second battle turn had carried the enemy into safety. The Grand Fleet, which ten minutes before seemed to have the Germans at its mercy, never saw an enemy capital ship again, save as looming shadows in the semi-darkness of the night, while Scheer crashed his way through our light craft a few miles astern of Lord Jellicoe's command.

Finally, we know why there was no renewal of the action on the following morning. When he steered south at 9 p.m. it was Lord Jellicoe's intention to close the Horn Reef at daylight, as he judged that this was the only probable line of the German retreat. Long before the action began he had placed submarines there, though, unfortunately, with orders that debarred them from attacking. And shortly after turning south he had sent Abdiel to mine the passage that had been swept in readiness for the enemy's dash for home. A succession of engagements, visible from the Grand Fleet, beginning shortly after 10 p.m. and continuing till past midnight, showed conclusively that Lord Jellicoe's forecast was right. It hardly needed the Admiralty intercept, received long before midnight, to confirm it overwhelmingly. But when the time came to cut across the enemy's now obvious path he did not lead his twenty-six untouched ships against the German sorely battered twenty. It was 'obviously necessary,' he tells us, 'to concentrate the Battle Fleet and the destroyers before renewing action.' This concentration took some hours. The overnight orders to the destroyers and light craft were limited to telling them to keep away from the Grand Fleet, a safe

few miles to the south. They had no directions to attack the enemy; none to keep in touch either with the enemy or with the Grand Fleet; none to tell them when and where to rendezvous next morning. And for that matter, though he had ordered the Battle Fleet to assume a compact formation, so that it should be under his hand at daylight, he did not see to it that these orders were obeyed. Further, the battle-cruisers were left wholly in ignorance of the Commander-in-Chief's overnight intention, of the anticipation on which it was based, and of its double confirmation during the dark hours. And, like the destroyers and the light cruisers, they were given no daylight rendezvous. There was therefore no battle on the morning of June 1 because there was *no fleet, with its attendant scouting force, with which to fight it.* Thus the case against the conduct of the battle resolves itself, so to speak, into three counts: first, the deployment at 6.14 was out of action, and not into it; secondly, the turn away from the 7.15 *torpedo attack ended the battle on May 31*; thirdly, the inability to keep the ships together during the night or to rally them in the morning made it impossible to renew the battle on June 1.

These counts involve issues of three wholly different kinds. First, there are the issues of professional honour and competence. On these only one tribunal can adjudicate. There was no court-martial after Jutland, and these issues—raised by the first and third counts—must now for ever remain without authoritative decision. But on the other issues a layman can judge as well as a seaman, and if we are to find Mr. Churchill's 'unforeseen factor' we must look for it amongst these. These issues are of two kinds. The first is closely allied to the purely professional issues, though really distinct from them—Lord Jellicoe, that is, has been charged with a fundamental heresy, and, if it is a true charge, we do not have to look elsewhere for an answer to the puzzle.

We are all familiar with the once prevalent fallacy—long since exposed by Admiral Custance—that the primary purpose of the Navy is the protection of communications. It is a theory that puts the cart before the horse. Communications are safe only when they cannot be threatened. Victory disposes of the threat, and is therefore a condition precedent to command of the sea—that is, its steady user for military and civil purposes. To suppose otherwise is to stipulate the result while eliminating its only conceivable cause. And this is why a stronger fleet cannot dally with but must instantly seize a chance meeting, and must by blockade inflict all and every hardship and humiliation upon the enemy. Only so can his Government be harassed by his hungry civilians and goaded into sending an inactive sea force into action. To men unaccustomed to intricate philosophic reasoning, but nurtured in the sound and gallant traditions of a fighting service, this elliptic

misstatement of the Navy's purpose might not do great harm. It is when it is the obsession of those preparing a fleet for war that it may be disastrous. For it may induce the thought that a preponderance of mere force is more important than the assurance of a more efficient force. Numbers and material, that is to say, may seem vital, and the study of weapons, as these affect the attack and defence of fleets, quite secondary. To be unconquerable may seem more important than to conquer.

But is there not a world of difference between the chaotic thinking by those on office stools in time of peace and cowardly and unmilitary thinking by those on the bridge in active command in war? It is therefore as depressing as it is bewildering that some of Lord Jellicoe's defenders have set out to excuse his abstinence from resolute attack on the ground that he never thought the advantages of victory worth having; that his chief thought and his chief duty was to save the Grand Fleet from any and every injury; and that its intact but inglorious survival on June 1, 1916, was the first, and the surrender of the German fleet—as a term of surrender after defeat on land—the second act of a process indistinguishable from the victory that could have been achieved had Scheer and his gallant force been annihilated at Jutland. If this were a well-founded charge, it would be, I submit, one that landsmen would be perfectly qualified to judge. And no judgment could be too severe. But we do not have to judge this issue, simply because the accusation is untrue. That it is untrue is self-evident from what Lord Jellicoe himself has written. Its falsity must be established if we are to get at the real explanation of the event.

Take first his famous letter to the Admiralty of October 1914. In this, it is true, he did dwell on certain difficulties which would prevent his seizing what might seem the first chance the enemy might offer. But the very reason why he brought these to the Admiralty's attention was that the tactics he proposed were a surer way to the end he had in view. 'So long as I have the confidence of their Lordships,' he said, 'I intend to pursue what is, in my considered opinion, the proper course to defeat and annihilate the enemy's battle fleet.' Throughout his command this annihilating is his constant thought. He may complain of the enemy's superiority in destroyers, but he will 'strike at them first' and ignore it. He tells us (page 39, *The Grand Fleet*) that the holding back of the High Sea Fleet from action created 'by far the most difficult situation for us.' It was then our first and most urgent interest, and his first and most urgent duty, to make certain that the High Sea Fleet should not remain a 'fleet in being.' His thought before action was his thought immediately after. In his Memorandum to the Fleet of June 4 he said that 'weather condi-

tions of a highly unfavourable nature robbed the Fleet of that complete victory which I know was expected by all ranks, which is necessary for the safety of the Empire, and which will yet be ours.' A fortnight later he has posted to Whitehall his Jutland Despatch. In this, after dwelling upon the 'fine qualities of gallant leadership, firm determination and correct strategical insight' of the officer commanding the Battle-Cruiser Force, he went on to make an *amende*, surely unique in the relations of a Commander-in-Chief and a subordinate. And of it we can only say that it was as generous as it was sincere. 'I can quite sympathise with Sir David Beatty's feelings when the evening mist and failing light robbed the Fleet of that complete victory for which he had manœuvred and for which the vessels in company with him had striven so hard.' Can one imagine stronger proof that whatever his comrade's disappointment his own must be more poignant still? For Beatty at least had tried to win.

Had the British Fleet been commanded at Jutland by a man determined to face no risks at all, we should have a complete, and I venture to say wholly indefensible, explanation of our failure. The puzzle is that it is with an exactly contrary case that we have to deal. It arises on the second count. The issue is purely technical, and is a subject-matter in which laymen, and not seamen, have been the pioneers and masters. And, oddly enough, it does not arise primarily because the British Fleet was turned *away* from the German torpedoes. It was always known, from the day that the hot-air engine torpedo was invented, that no fleet could keep in a closely formed line ahead if subject to perpendicular torpedo attack. The ratio of ship's space to water space, about 1½ to 1, was supposed to ensure that, on an average, two torpedoes in five must hit. But a battleship is approximately six and a half times as long as she is broad. If the ships turn together from line ahead to line abreast, the chances against a hit are not 5 to 2, but 15 to 1. If instead of into line abreast they turn in sub-divisions, the chances fall to 30 to 1. As a defensive measure it is, as Lord Jellicoe points out, immaterial whether the turn together, or by divisions, is towards or away from the enemy. Comparative, if not complete safety, is secured by either.[1]

[1] I cannot forbear at this point from drawing the reader's attention to another passage in Mr. Churchill's book. On page 112 we find the following. Mr. Churchill is dealing with the unique position of Lord Jellicoe:

'It might fall to him as to no other man . . . to issue orders which in the space of two or three hours might nakedly decide who won the war. The destruction of the British Fleet was final. Jellicoe was the only man on either side who could lose the war in an afternoon.'

The simplicity of the defence against torpedoes, as set out above, of course, makes arrant nonsense of this rhetoric. Had Jellicoe possessed the means of

It is a disadvantage, though, of the turn away, he adds, that it increases the range. Why, then, did he not turn his ships towards the flying Germans? The secret despatch of July 1916 tells us:

The German tactics . . . were those which were always anticipated and for which provision had been made, so far as was possible, in my Battle Orders. The turn away of the enemy under cover of torpedo-boat attacks is a move most difficult to counter, but which has been closely investigated on the Tactical Board. Vice-Admiral Sir D. Sturdee has rendered me much assistance in the study of this particular movement and in devising a counter to it. There is no real counter.

From what has just been said it is clear that it was not the torpedo risk that made the obvious counter impracticable, for a fleet in sub-divisions disposed abeam would for practical purposes be in very little danger. Why, then, was a chase in sub-divisions disposed abeam ruled out? Not, of course, because the bow guns only would bear, for the enemy would be in the worse case of having only his stern guns in action. There must have been some other reason. And to realise what this was certain things must be remembered. To keep a chase within hitting range of the guns—say 15,000 yards—meant that the pursuers must keep within range of any torpedoes that might be despatched from the enemy's battle fleet. Assuming the destroyers to be driven off, they would have to stand ready to dodge the battleships' torpedoes, and dodging implies being under constant helm. As there could be no object in chasing unless the enemy could be kept under continuous and accurate fire, no ships could chase profitably unless their artillery were as accurately served by their fire control with the ship manœuvring as when upon a steady course and a constant speed. Now we know from *The Grand Fleet* that this is precisely what our fire control at Jutland could not do. In the case of large alterations in the course there would, we learn, be such a difficulty in getting correct fire control data as to make our gun fire totally ineffective. This inability to find and keep the range under helm was in fact one of the determining considerations in the first deployment. The ships could not even begin to prepare for firing until steady, and finding the range, the bearing, and determining the speed and the course of the enemy, and then integrating all these with the firing ship's movements, was a

destroying the German fleet, he could indeed nakedly and off his own bat have won the war in a very much shorter period than an afternoon. But by no stretch of the most diseased imagination could he have brought about the final destruction of the British Fleet. At close quarters and in darkness Scheer ran the gauntlet of all our destroyers save for one flotilla. He lost the oldest of his pre-Dreadnoughts, and nothing more. Is it conceivable that at long range, and in daylight with almost every torpedo visible, the whole of the British Battle Fleet, or even 10 per cent. of it, could have been destroyed?

matter of some minutes. Hence to put on helm was to put the Fleet's guns out of action for the period of the turn and for a further period after.'

If this was indeed so, we see why there was not, and could not be, any real counter to the enemy's battle turn, or any object in evading the 7.15 torpedo attack by turning towards instead of away from the enemy. For the torpedo attack, if evaded, did not affect what must happen afterwards. To turn towards was, it is true, to make the torpedo menace constant though doubtless small. It was a risk worth taking if it was the only condition of destroying the enemy. But it was not worth taking if there was no chance of such destruction. The fact seems to be that if the Fleet chased under compulsion to manœuvre, it could not either get the enemy under effective fire, nor keep him under it, till his business was settled. Was this the unforeseen factor that prevented the victory ?

The passage quoted from Mr. Churchill on page 2 continues as follows :

> It is now argued that it would have been better if, instead of riveting all attention and endeavour upon a long-range artillery duel by the two fleets in line on roughly parallel courses, the much more flexible system of engaging by divisions, of using the fastest battleships apart from the slower, and of dealing with each situation according to the needs of the moment, had been employed. It may well be so ; and had there been several battles, or even encounters between the British and German Fleets in the war, there is no doubt that a far higher system of battle tactics would have developed. But nothing like this particular event had ever happened before, and nothing like it was ever to happen again.

Well, it is simply not true that only battle could have shown what was needed in battle. It is true that nothing like this had ever happened before, but it is also true that long before this all that did happen was foreseen. That ships would be under helm more often and for longer periods than on steady courses was obvious long before the long-range torpedo made it certain that they would hardly ever be on steady courses at all.

It was argued then, and to all men of sense convincingly demonstrated, that never again would there be 'long-range artillery duels between two fleets in line on roughly parallel courses,' simply because the weaker fleet could refuse to fight in such conditions altogether, or if caught in them, could escape with ease. And it was precisely because it was foreseen that a fleet to be victorious must be prepared for the abrupt and frequent changes of course and formation necessary for 'dealing with each situation according to the needs of the moment' that it became very desirable that naval gunnery should be made 'helm free.' But with the advent of the long-range torpedo what might hitherto

have been considered a luxury of tactics became self-evidently the first and most fundamental of its necessities. For if a ship could not fight under helm, manifestly it would hardly ever be able to fight at all. It was not without difficulty that the Admiralty between 1906 and 1910 was made to realise these truths and adopt the only path that promised a solution of the problems they raised. The finding of the solution was long and costly far beyond the means of any private individual. But as a fact Whitehall was kept on a steady course till 1912, in spite of sporadic efforts to box the compass of conflicting policies. And in 1912 the problem was at last solved. But a generation had succeeded to power in the gunnery branch that either did not know, or simply did not understand, what the whole thing was about. For eight years the new system had been kept secret. Much more than 100,000*l.* of public money had gone to bringing it to perfection. For months together fully commissioned ships had been at the inventor's disposal. An overwhelming preponderance of gunnery experts were unanimous for its monopoly and adoption. Compared to what had been spent on it, the cost of trying it out would have been a bagatelle in money and an affair of a week or two in time. That there was a rival invention in the field should, of course, have secured not only a trial, but one that was competitive. It was exactly this that had to be avoided. How it was avoided Mr. Churchill can perhaps tell. It ended in the rejection of the original and adoption of a worthless imitation.

It is one of the strange features of the present position that Mr. Churchill should not yet understand that the reason why Lord Jellicoe could not take the initiative and keep it at Jutland is the same reason why the battleships at the Dardanelles could not attack the Turkish forts except when at anchor. The decision that sent the Grand Fleet hamstrung to its task was the same decision that caused the initial failure of the Gallipoli adventure. The mystery of Jutland is not that there was an 'unforeseen factor' that robbed us of victory. It was simply that a factor that was foreseen and provided for was not understood by those to whom the nation had entrusted its security. And, finally, the villain of the piece is not the brave but unfortunate man who was forced into commanding a fleet unequipped to fight, but the whole group, of which indeed he was one, that held the Navy in pawn from 1905 till their final fiasco, and whose greatest triumph was the capture and enthralment of Mr. Churchill himself.

The Jutland failure, we must not forget, led to the swift and terrible retribution of the submarine war in 1917, when for three months we simply did not know that we should not have to surrender to Germany before the year was out. The sky may be clear to-day, but all our greatness is derived from sea

power victorious in battle. Sea power failed us in 1916, not because the nation had ever grudged a farthing to the Navy, but because its directing minds could not be brought to understand a forecast of the future battle. Has the present Admiralty learnt its lesson? Can the Fleet to-day fight as it should have done eleven years ago? Have we, once and for all, ensured that when next the unforeseen is foreseen that the seer will not receive at Whitehall the welcome an astronomer might expect if he foretold an eclipse to an African savage?

ARTHUR HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

WAR, POLICY, AND PROGRESS

A recent article in this Review [1] touches, among other matters, a question at present very difficult to answer, that of the future war 'policy' of the Empire, as it may be affected by the political rearrangement of Europe, and by the progress of material science. Opinions may differ as to whether the Empire can ever have a definite 'policy' of this kind, other than its general endeavour to keep on good terms with its neighbours; but there can be nothing but agreement with the forecast that the framing of 'policy,' if left till war actually breaks out, will not take place at all.

A clearly defined, steadily pursued purpose, such as led President Kruger to arm his burghers and organise his commandos for a future attempt to drive the English into the sea, or that which created from nothing the modern German navy, and augmented and perfected the German army of 1914, may be cited as examples of 'policy' governing armaments; the 'policy' in each case being preparation for offensive war, and carried on through a number of years of peace. To find British political and military foresight of this kind examples can, indeed, be sought among the records of Indian Governors-General, notably Auckland and Dalhousie—men who, in the comparative independence that their far-off situation conferred, conceived, the one a policy of expansion beyond the frontiers, the other a gradual absorption of the native autonomous States within them. Even here 'policy' marched ahead of resources; the first Afghan War was a rash enterprise with insufficient preparation, and the 'retrenchment' of Indian potentates a chief provocation of rebellion and mutiny, at a time when the British garrison was heavily outnumbered.

Modern British Governments, so far from having during peace-time a definite aim to justify expenditure on armaments, or the development of any particular branch of the forces, have constantly been hard put to it to justify the existence of such forces at all; and at the conclusion of any fortuitous wars they

[1] 'The Changing Conditions of War,' by Colonel Fuller, C.B.E., D.S.O., *Nineteenth Century and After*, May 1927.

[illegible]

[illegible] the continuity of a 'policy' in [illegible] conditions has been rendered almost useless by the inevitable cry for wholesale military reductions. Not only the vanquished, but the victors as well, are at once stripped of their arms.

It is true that occasionally a certain nervousness induced in the nation by the too obvious preparations of one of its neighbours for presumed warlike enterprise has in the past caused a British Government to frame an armament 'policy' of defence, such as that which fortified the southern coasts and ports against French intentions, or later maintained the 'two-Power standard' of the Navy against that of Germany. The growth of the Entente with France from a series of conversations into the mutual agreement about a definite, though problematical, military combination might, however, be better described as a 'liaison' than a 'policy'; while the adoption of the standard set at Washington in the Naval Agreement was not so much a 'policy' as a 'gesture'—which tends to make the fulfilment by Great Britain of its multiple commitments in the Locarno Pact a pious hope rather than a possibility.

The political and economic conditions that must first be considered by the ministerial framers of 'policy' are to-day so complex and so strangely unlike those of twenty years ago that even the ordinary political life of a statesman may well be too short to master them. As to forecasting the actual conditions in which the fighting forces may have to act when perchance the 'policy' which they are to carry out has been pre-determined, that will be the business of the General Staffs. If the 'policy' be sufficiently definite, these can give their verdict as to the requirements for enforcing its ultimate warlike conclusion. But this is not to say that such a verdict, however unanimous, will necessarily be accepted. After the minimum requirements have been ascertained they may still be so considerable that the concrete part of the 'policy' cannot be completed; in fact, the coat must be cut to suit the cloth, or perhaps not cut at all. Somewhat in this haphazard way was the estimated size of a probable German invading army whittled down by British experts to suit the deficiencies in the newly-raised pre-war Territorial Force.

Leaving aside the financial difficulty, which can only be rectified by emergency measures on the outbreak of war, there remains the purely political problem of determining the future 'policy' of the Empire towards all the world across which it is spread. In reality the natural tendency of all who sit in office at the centre of things must be to consider the old vital relations of Great Britain with the continent of Europe as governing the

whole situation. It is now suggested that, 'Balkanised' Europe being no longer in a state of equilibrium, the Balance of Power is finally destroyed. It is even argued that because it has been upset the Balance has always been the source of danger, and therefore must never be restored, as though the risk to a ship of its cargo shifting would be best overcome, not by careful stowing, but by refusal to load any cargo whatever. No doubt many of the weights of the old scales are broken or lost, but it will be the future task of the Great Powers to provide others. In the meanwhile, though all Continental States may be concerned with the maintenance or the rectifying of their new frontiers, and though the military complications that might arise were each to fight for its own hand alone can scarcely be conceived, the tendency for these States to form themselves into groups, if not regular alliances, becomes steadily more marked and significant.

The wave of so-called pacifist idealism, natural reflux after four years of war, can hardly, at the utmost, outlast the generation that fought and suffered: already the few genuine 'idealists,' against whom no one would think of employing the terrors of 'military force,' are all but silenced by the unceasing clamour of the propagandists, with whom it is a mistake to confuse them. Though these others have a definite aim in view, to attain which any methods are good enough, none of the leaders and very few of their followers are looking for a martyr's crown. It is not 'military force' which has failed to meet this insidious, Russian-made war of propaganda in the various countries attacked, but the nerveless attempt to obtain, by empty threats of its employment, the effect of 'military force' rightly used; or, in other words, to reach a peaceful if inglorious compromise by bluff.

Between the slowly developed industrial revolution in Europe, with its concentration of masses of manual workers in towns, under machine-made conditions of life, and the modern Communist-Bolshevist war against ordered society the relation is merely that of the culture medium to the bacillus. The order of preparation for a 'Red war' is very like that for any other, though a vast preliminary manufacture of discontent and disloyalty by means of propaganda and 'boring from within' is rendered necessary by the fantastic numerical disparity between the 'Red' and 'White' forces, and is the first step to successful hostilities. When the ground has been thus prepared, 'military force,' directed not by idealists but by soldiers, will play the deciding part.

For what else is the 'Red Army of Workers and Peasants' maintained at its present strength? A law of compulsory military service for all males in Soviet Russia, a first-line regular army of about 600,000 men, a militia of some 300,000, the whole

[illegible] controlled by a Communist political organisation—these things have nothing 'idealistic' about them. Nor have the supplementary establishments, such as the air fleet, 'tank' corps, engineer corps, or the score of regiments for line of communications, supply and transport services, and the special artillery units, to say nothing of the particular infantry, cavalry, and frontier guards of the 'Che-Ka,' amounting to another 50,000 men. That the 'Red' armies and their secret sympathisers in the countries attacked may have other rules as to how, when and where 'military force' is to be applied than those of the Geneva Convention will not make their warfare in any way like a crusade; and should the calamity of such a war ever occur in Europe, ruthless military counter measures will alone effectually terrorise these materialist revolutionaries and render their attack on civilisation abortive. If physical force were to fail in such a crisis, the opportunity for fashioning a 'new instrument' would be sought in vain; nor has the nature of such an instrument been yet imagined by the wit of man.

The terms of our national strategical problem are certainly changed by the substitution for a former powerful European ally of a malevolent, obscure, many-headed, semi-Asiatic despotism, vowed to our destruction. But so far, fortunately for us, the grandiose conceptions of a gang of world revolution mongers have resulted in a constant dispersion of force, so that the 'fronts' attacked are *in all parts of the earth*. It was not so that the old Russian menace to India grew, filling with anxious thoughts the minds of Victorian statesmen. To them there were only two clearly defined lines of Russian advance—the one to Constantinople, to be resisted by a united Europe, and the other to Herát and Kábul, which the British-Indian forces could alone prevent. These threats appeared formidable enough at the time; but just as the opinions of historians have been divided on the question of Russian ambitions in the thirties and forties of last century, and of the practicability of any supposed Russian plans for a march into Afghanistan, so to-day it is questionable whether the old bugbear of Indian Frontier policy has not been replaced by one equally unsubstantial.

The expansion of Asiatic Russia resembled and was as inevitable as that of British India. But in the days when the Indus was coming to be recognised as our next natural frontier vast, independent, mostly unexplored territories, inhabited by hardy, warlike tribes, lay between Hindustan and the Muscovite hosts, even then supposed to be massing for its invasion. Such an invasion, on any scale appropriate to the enterprise, is now recognised to have been then, and to have remained for many subsequent decades, impracticable.

In the eyes, however, of Lord Auckland and his advisers the arrival of a small Russian mission at Herát seemed like the advanced guard of that great army of the Czar, which was reported ready, in every particular, to follow in the track of Alexander the Great. The transport and commissariat arrangements of the old world conquerors can now only be surmised; at least the character of those once populous and wealthy lands over which, in succession, their armies passed like swarms of locusts had gradually changed for the worse, while communications had scarcely developed since the days of Darius. Writing in 1885, Professor Vambéry [2] says of the Merv oasis and the country between the Murgháb and the Hari-Rud, 'The wanton desolation by wars, by the tyrannical despotism of the native rulers, and, above all, the depredations inflicted by reckless Turcomán robbers, have deprived the country of its splendour, and have made it naked and bare like the desert in the north.' Nevertheless, a 'forward policy' which would counter the supposed Russian designs by an advance on Herát, and simultaneously establish on the throne of Kábul a sovereign friendly to the British, if uncongenial to his own subjects, was rashly adopted. A British-Indian army, leaving on its flanks the hostile Amirs of Sind, the suspicious and truculent Sikh Sirdars, crossed the Indus and penetrated the barren defiles of the Border hills, and, with a line of communications extending to hundreds of miles, reached its objectives, escaping starvation by a miracle. For a time the policy seemed to have succeeded; in the end its costly failure was all the more tragic! Perhaps the worst that can be said of such failure is that no single Russian soldier quitted his far-distant cantonment to help bring it about.

Still the spectre of Russian invasion was not laid. With Skobeleff's victory over the Turcománs, followed by further advances to Merv and Sarakhs, the relations of the two Governments threatened to become strained. It became now the policy of the British Government that in future Afghanistan must at all costs be maintained as a buffer State between the rival Empires; a joint Delimitating Commission was formed with a view to fixing the Russo-Afghan boundary. In spite of a great deal of sharp practice on the part of Russian frontier officers, who had the advantage of being first on the ground, and of the notorious Penjdeh 'incident,' a definite line was drawn, which remains practically intact at the present day. Yet of that settlement the high authority already quoted wrote,[3] 'The unheard-of short-sightedness of British statesmen has handed over to her [Russia] the very keys with which she can now open,

[2] *The Coming Struggle for India*, by Arminius Vambéry (Cassell & Co., 1885).
[3] *Ibid.*

[illegible]

[illegible], the gate of India! All these [illegible] remained closed to the invading hosts of the [illegible] dream.

Frontier policy, even when British dominion stretched across the Punjáb up to the fringe of the tribal territory, continued perforce to be one of passive defence tempered by reprisal. Many an ambitious scheme of occupation and development of that territory was proposed, discussed, and consigned to a dusty pigeon-hole. Those were the comparatively spacious days of balanced budgets and growing revenues, yet not sufficiently so to warrant an attempt to spread civilisation across the border by means of roads, railways, and military posts. It is, perhaps, an exaggeration to picture the Pathán tribesmen as being imprisoned within territories that offer them nothing but starvation. Back as far at least as their traditional arrival with the Lost Tribes in these inhospitable valleys, the tribesmen have lived, cultivated their fields, fortified their villages, and brought up their children to a standard of well-being certainly not inferior to that of the dwellers in the Deraját or the Peshávwur valley. The villages of these latter they have been wont light-heartedly to raid whenever boredom or the wild spirits of their young men prompted such adventures. In the ranks of the Punjáb Frontier Force, or the Border Militia, their own brothers, sons, and cousins were wont to find well-paid employment, and, recognising the rules of the game, were quite ready to help us defeat the activities of their fellow-tribesmen. Of law and order in their own country there was little sign, but at least they were there free. In all the years of this give-and-take *régime* there was no policy of 'obliteration' or 'occupation' undertaken by the British-Indian Government, unless the temporary 'lifting of the purdah' by the Tiráh Expedition of 1897 could be so called. The financial position of the Government, to say nothing of the sentiments of the Indian members of that Government, does not warrant the adoption of any extended policy of pacification in the present or suggest its likelihood in the near future.

An 'offensive' defence of the frontier against a Russian army is, of course, quite a different matter to an attempt to stem the flow of Bolshevist propaganda across it. No doubt the Afghan War of 1919 opened many eyes formerly shut, not so much to a new phase in Imperial strategy as to the insidious power that could so easily exploit Moslem fanaticism to our disadvantage. It is, however, equally difficult to see how this danger, any more than the other, can be met outside its frontiers by the Indian Government. The exiguous British garrison must be used to cope with the unfortunately prevailing conditions of racial and class hatred among Indians themselves, aggravated by

revolutionary agents into constant resorts to physical violence, and until some day the promised gift of self-government shall have created a public spirit capable of suppressing these disorders, the white garrison must remain arranged in cantonments by police considerations.

As to those expected radical changes in the nature of warfare itself, and the future transformation of armies, as we know them, into unrecognisable units of unknown mechanical power, there is no reason to assume that these changes will be sudden, capricious, or catastrophic; military evolution will probably proceed, as it has hitherto proceeded, step by step rather than by leaps and bounds.

'The old war instruments of 1913,' far from failing in 1914, proved remarkably effective in the hands of those who were well provided. Certainly no particular one of those weapons was in itself powerful enough to finish the war there and then; no more so were any of the weapons of 1918, evolved through years of conflict. And though it is no doubt true that both sides called in science, industry, and invention to their aid, in many particulars warfare reverted to an earlier type, selecting, from the armoury of the past, hand-grenades, mortars, steel helmets, war-chariots, and reinstating the bayonet in its former pride of place. Of course, in a restricted sense, the Allied armies and fleets of 1918 won the war, but they were not raised, trained or equipped in that year alone. Equally it may be said that the war was lost by the contemporary armies and fleets of our enemies; but from this could hardly be argued that they, in many respects the models for all the others, were out of date in methods or armament.

A tendency to see in everything no longer quite new something obsolete or useless is in the military field fully as dangerous as the too fond worship of tradition. Perhaps excusably the infantry soldier still believes in the vital importance of his arm, as does the sailor in that of the capital ship; and, though some nine years have passed since any considerable action was fought at sea, on land a succession of operations has at least demonstrated that the new war is remarkably like the old. Especially prominent is the fact that the aerial arm is only partially capable of fulfilling the main functions of an army mostly composed of infantry. Science may continue to arm and transport the infantryman in ways more and more effective, while, of course, doing the same for his opponent; whether in the end the mechanised and armoured forces of the future will produce on each other better or quicker results than did their forerunners of the bow-and-arrow period remains a matter of conjecture.

It is a fallacy to suppose that at any period in the Middle

[illegible]
[illegible] foot soldiers, owing to their terror of armour-clad knights, disappeared from the battlefields of Europe, or were only capable of being employed in swamps or on mountains. Long before armour had changed from the imperfect chain-mail to the complete plate-armour period the long-bow was, for its day, as deadly in trained hands as the musket. Niccolo Machiavelli, in his *Art of War*,[4] describes the infantryman of his time as armed with a pike 5½ yards long, breastplate and sword; the pike was 'a moste profitable weapon, not onely to withstande horses, but to overcome them; and the Duchmenne have by vertue of these weapons, and of these orders, taken soche boldnesse that XV or XX thousand of them will assault the greatest nomber of horse that maie be.' The 'orders' referred to were those of the ancient phalanx, adopted by both 'Switzers' and 'Duchmenne' to cope 'with the ambition of the Princes of Almain, who being rich were able to keep horse.' Machiavelli mentions also another branch of the infantry—'the Harkebutters, the which with the violence of fire doe the same office which in old tyme the slingers did, and the crosse-bow shooters.' In fact, by the time that cavalry, as such, had acquired the panoply and weight and manœuvring power to seem irresistible, the foot soldiers of the day were ready with weapons and tactics to meet and defeat it. Any argument, therefore, that the modern 'tank,' replacing the armoured knight, must, like him, send the foot soldier scuttling like a rabbit to his burrow is based on a misreading of history. The chief function of chivalry in shining armour was to tilt at its opposite number; when, however, it encountered a steady mass of bristling pikes, or felt arrows, bolts and balls rattling on its plated sides, it knew that the game was likely to prove unprofitable, and turned to seek a more congenial adversary, who, if unhorsed and captured alive, might pay a substantial ransom.

To-day advanced military thought appears divided into two schools—the 'human' and the 'mechanical.' But whereas the latter, concentrating attention on land and air machines, is in danger of forgetting the soldier's existence altogether, the former, strongly represented abroad and in the States, neither undervalues the machine nor forgets the far greater importance of the man and his traditions. These traditions, the inheritance of an honourable past, may perhaps dazzle but will not blind the serious student of war. New theories of war are comparatively easy to elaborate; it would be a matter of labour, stress and difficulty to remake or improvise, in an hour of crisis, the weapons proved by experience yet rashly cast aside.

A. G BAIRD SMITH.

[4] *The Arte of Warre*, by N. Machiavelli—'set forthe in Englische by Peter Whitehorne: M.D.L.X.' (Gray's Inn, 1560).

THE FARMER'S SHEET-ANCHOR

It is with some hesitation that I venture to add to the flood of literature which the present wave of agricultural depression has evoked. Being, however, neither a politician nor an economist nor a journalist, but a teacher and investigator with many years' experience of farming against my own cheque-book, it occurs to me that a survey of the livestock industry from my own point of view may possibly throw some light on that very important subject. I shall confine my survey to the livestock side of agriculture because I know more about livestock than about crops, and because the general trend of opinion and of events shows that the arable area is decreasing and the number of livestock is increasing.

Under the Census of Production Act of 1906 there has just appeared a most interesting and instructive document, *The Agricultural Output of England and Wales*, 1925 (Cmd., 2815). According to this document the total value of the output of the 31,000,000 acres of agricultural land of England and Wales in 1925 was 225,000,000*l.*, which is approximately 7*l.* 5*s.* per acre. Towards this grand total livestock and its products contribute 154,000,000*l.*, or 5*l.* per acre; farm crops 46,000,000*l.*, or 1*l.* 10*s.* per acre; and market garden crops and fruit 25,000,000*l.*, or 15*s.* per acre. Clearly the livestock industry provides by far the greater part, nearly 70 per cent., of the farmer's gross takings. In this sense livestock is truly the farmer's sheet-anchor.

The farmer, however, does not, or should not, live on his gross takings, but on his net takings—that is to say, on the difference between his gross takings and their cost of production. It does not help him to live if, though his takings from livestock are high, their cost of production is still higher. Since the war one of the many useful items in the educational policy of the Ministry of Agriculture has been their encouragement of the collection of cost accounts. Some of these accounts have already been published, and, although cost accounts of farming operations over short periods are apt to be misleading, enough information is available to show quite clearly that the economic results of the several branches of the livestock industry vary very greatly.

Beef and mutton are almost invariably produced at a loss to the farmer; the production of pork and bacon is speculative; milk production has very generally given a fair profit; in the case of poultry and eggs the profit has invariably been high.

These somewhat tentative conclusions from the comparatively small number of cost accounts which have been published are abundantly confirmed by comparison of the value of the output of these items in 1908 and in 1925, value being calculated in both cases at 1925 prices. This comparison is shown in the annexed table quoted from Cmd. 2815. p. 78:

VALUE OF OUTPUT AT 1925 PRICES.

	1908. (Millions of £.)	1925 (Millions of £.)	Increase or decrease per cent.
Meat	88·2	79·0	− 10
Dairy produce . . .	49·8	57·6	+ 16
Poultry and eggs . . .	11·1	15·1	+ 36
Wool	4·1	3·0	− 27
Total livestock and products .	153·2	154·7	+ 1

Thus, whilst the total value of the output of livestock and its products at 1925 prices has only risen by 1 per cent. since 1908, the value of the output of meat and wool has declined by 10 per cent. and 27 per cent. respectively, whilst the value of the output of dairy produce and of poultry and eggs has increased by 16 per cent. and by 36 per cent. During the same period, 1908 to 1925, the number of milch cows has increased considerably, the numbers of poultry enormously, whilst the increase in the numbers of meat-producing animals is comparatively inconsiderable. Obviously the farmer has recognised that his best chance of profit lies in the direction of milk and eggs, and has increased his numbers of cows and hens.

There is one more item in this connexion which is worth noting, though the evidence is in its case not so clear-cut. Though beef production as a whole has been uneconomic, one aspect of it, namely, what is known as 'baby beef' production, is often said to be profitable. There are, however, no very definite cost accounts bearing on this point. Nevertheless, the fact that the average carcase of beef in 1908 weighed 672 lb. and in 1925 only 628 lb. tends to show that the farmer is selling for slaughter smaller and therefore presumably younger animals, and the numbers of cattle of different ages recorded in the census point to the same conclusion.

The facts recorded above indicate that the production of meat, with the possible exception of 'baby beef,' is uneconomic or

speculative, and that the farmer's best chance of profit lies in the direction of dairy products, poultry and eggs. Further, that the farmer is tending to increase his cows and his hens, and to fatten his cattle at an earlier age.

Two questions arising out of these conclusions are clearly worth careful discussion. Why are milk, egg, and 'baby beef' production more profitable than meat production in general? What factors limit the extent to which the farmer can drop meat production in favour of the production of the more profitable items?

As regards milk production, a possible explanation of its profitableness is of course the fact that the farmer is practically secure of the home market. Fresh milk is not imported, and its only competitor for the home market is imported dried milk. This, however, is not the case with other dairy produce. Cheese and butter are imported in vast quantities, and there is a world price for these articles. The farmer has no monopoly for the supply of dairy produce as a whole, and the reason for the profitableness of the dairy industry must be sought in another direction.

Now the dairy industry and the meat industry differ fundamentally in one point, namely, that in the dairy industry the farmer possesses in milk recording an exact numerical measure of the production of his individual animals. By means of this measure he has been able to keep those cows which produce profitable yields of milk and to discard those which fall below this standard. The study of the inheritance of the capacity for giving a high milk yield has pointed out the way in which by introducing bulls of the right type the yields of the herd may be continuously raised. Furthermore, the practice of milk recording has been accompanied by a very great improvement in the practice of feeding and management of dairy cows. All these improvements in milk production have followed the wide adoption of milk recording by progressive farmers, and depend on the fact that milk recording has provided an accurate measure of individual production.

The same idea explains the sound economic position of the poultry industry. It is true that Russia and China have dropped out of the world's egg market and that competition has therefore decreased, but the real cause of the profit-making capacity of poultry is the development of strains of fowls and ducks which lay in the neighbourhood of 200 eggs in the year, and this has been made possible by the use of trap nesting, which has given the breeder a numerical measure of individual production. Armed with this weapon and a knowledge of the inheritance of egg-laying capacity, he has been able to raise the standard of

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[illegible] a sound economic proposition. This improvement has [illegible] followed by a similar improvement in feeding and management.

The order of events which have placed milk and egg production on a sound economic basis is—first, the invention of an accurate and generally applicable measure of individual production. This has made possible the breeding of improved productive strains. Finally, there has been a great improvement in the practice of feeding and management.

The state of things in the meat-producing industries is entirely different. There is no ready method by which the farmer can ascertain the individual production of his cattle, sheep, and pigs. He seldom weighs them, or even buys or sells by weight. As a rule he does not possess a weighbridge, for such a machine suitable for weighing cattle is a costly apparatus. Furthermore, animals resent being weighed, and the activity which their resentment provokes uses up food which would otherwise be converted into increased live weight. Consequently the progress of meat-producing animals is judged by hand and eye, a method which in accuracy falls far short of weighing milk or counting eggs. Even the more progressive pedigree breeders in many cases are guided by the verdict of the judges at shows, given in the main for æsthetic and not for commercial points, rather than by the actual weight of meat produced. There has been, however, some attempt to assess actual meat production by means of carcase competitions at certain shows, and this has formed the basis on which early maturing races of meat-producing animals have been produced.

Meat production on the farm, however, is still in the main a haphazard process. The ordinary farmer has no numerical measure of production. He cannot accurately assess the results of his feeding and management, which is therefore still behind the feeding and management of milch cows and poultry.

These are the considerations which explain the uneconomic condition of the meat-producing industry. The remedy is the introduction of some kind of measure of production which will do for meat production what milk recording and trap nesting have done for cows and poultry. There are admittedly great difficulties. It is possible to weigh milk and to count eggs without disturbing the cow or the hen. It is not possible to weigh an animal without disturbing it so much as to retard its rate of increase. All meat-producing animals are, however, weighed once, namely, when they are slaughtered. The butcher or the factory weighs the animal and ascertains not only its live weight, but the quantity and quality of the meat and other products which it yields. If, therefore, it were possible to bring together the farmer and the man who kills his animals, the latter could give the former at

least a final verdict on the quantity and the quality of the produce of his animals and their money value. In the case of cattle and sheep, no doubt an individual progressive farmer might sell his animals to a local butcher, see them killed, and draw conclusions on which he could act. In general, however, cattle and sheep change hands so many times during their life, especially during the short period between their sale off the farm and their slaughter, that general communication between the butcher and the feeder is impracticable, and this is even more so in the case of the butcher and the breeder. Under present conditions, therefore, there does not seem to be much hope in this direction in the case of cattle and sheep.

The case of pigs is somewhat different. A very large proportion of the pigs raised in the country remain in the hands of their breeder until they are sold to the bacon factory. There should therefore be no insuperable difficulty in establishing communication between the producer and the factory. I hope in the near future to have the opportunity of testing the efficacy of this idea in collaboration with a factory which draws most of its supplies from farmers in its own neighbourhood. I hope to employ one or more 'recorders'—I use this name from analogy with milk recording—to visit farmers supplying the factory in order to earmark their young pigs soon after birth. At the same time they will enter in their books, opposite the earmark, date of birth and particulars of breeding, with a statement of the methods of feeding and management adopted on the farm.

I hope further to place at the factory an experienced pig husbandman who will look out for the arrival of earmarked pigs, and take their live weights on arrival at the factory. In collaboration with the factory experts he will weigh and examine carcases and send the producer a report on the quantity and quality of meat their animals have produced, and the length of time they have taken since birth in reaching factory size. I anticipate that, in the first case, variation between the animals of different producers will be found to be caused by varying efficiency in feeding and management. I hope that communications between the factory and the producers will result in raising the general standard on these points. After this stage is reached variations in quality due to breeding will be apparent, and these may be difficult to deal with. Anyhow, I hope to be in a position to organise a strenuous attempt to give to the farmers in one particular district an accurate numerical measure of the individual production of their pigs. If the attempt is successful, and the results are found useful to the farmers in improving their feeding and management and in demonstrating the type of animal which the factory requires, and to the factory too in the latter direction,

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[illegible] In this case it may possibly do for the pig industry what [mi]lk recording has done for the dairy industry.

For reasons stated above, I see no immediate prospect of [us]ing such a method to improve beef and mutton production. [The]re are no possibilities in this direction until the preliminary [step] has been taken of establishing co-operative slaughter-houses [for] sheep and cattle. There are many reasons why such a step [sh]ould be taken, not the least among them being that such [sla]ughter-houses might form centres from which information as [to] the quantity and quality of meat yielded by different types of [an]imals could be circulated to breeders and feeders. Another [ste]p which is also well worth consideration is the organisation on [a l]arge scale of the present transference of cattle from the breeding [dis]tricts of the West Country to the feeding areas of the Midlands [an]d East Anglia. This transference, amounting almost to a [wh]olesale migration, is at present carried out on haphazard lines [by] dealers with much loss to the producers in transport charges [an]d intermediate profits. Its large-scale organisation might well [en]gage the attention of the National Farmers' Union, whose policy [wit]h regard to livestock sometimes halts because the breeders of [th]e West do not see eye to eye with the graziers of the East. The [or]ganisation of the traffic in store cattle might well unite both [par]ties. The saving of transport charges and commissions would [be] good alike for the breeder and the feeder. If in addition the [an]imals were weighed in transit, the information thus provided [wo]uld be valuable to breeders as to the production of their [an]imals. If, further, sales to graziers were on the basis of live [we]ight, an extra inducement would be given to breeders to [im]prove the breeding, feeding, and management of their stock. [Th]ere is scope also for the large-scale organisation on similar [lin]es of the transference of calves from milk-producing areas to [oth]er districts where conditions are favourable for 'baby beef' [pr]oduction.

My main thesis in the preceding pages has been that the [pro]vision of an accurate measure of production in the form of [mi]lk recording and trap nesting has been a main factor in im[pr]oving the dairy and poultry industries, and I have tried to [sug]gest lines on which a somewhat similar measure of production [co]uld be devised for the various branches of the meat-producing [in]dustry.

But it must not be overlooked that if our animals are to be [ma]de more highly productive they must be better fed. To [ill]ustrate my meaning it is, I fear, necessary to make a short [dig]ression. The ration which an animal consumes must, in the [fir]st place, supply the energy necessary for the maintenance of

its normal vital functions, such as breathing and the circulation of its blood. Any food left over after the demands for 'maintenance' are satisfied is converted into live-weight increase, milk, work, or some other form of animal production. The appetite or capacity for food of an animal is limited. Highly productive animals, such, for instance, as the cow which yields 5 gallons of milk per day, the hen which lays 200 eggs in a year, the pig which weighs 220 lb. when six months old, the steer which fattens at the rate of 3 lb. per day, require a diet which contains a large proportion of real nutriment in a small bulk, in order that they may be able to consume enough real nutriment within the limit of their normal appetite to satisfy their needs for maintenance and high production.

In discussing this point it is convenient to classify feeding-stuffs and fodders into two classes: concentrated or productive feeding-stuffs which contain about 70 per cent. of real nutriment, and coarse fodders which contain about 30 per cent. of real nutriment. The first class comprise such articles as the cereal grains and their products, oil-seed cakes and meals, beans and peas, whilst the latter class of coarse fodders include hay and straw. Roots and green succulent crops form an intermediate class, which if dried to the same condition as the other classes would contain about 55 per cent. of real nutriment.

It is possible to feed animals of low productivity on coarse fodder. Thus a cow fed on hay alone may be able to consume enough nutriment within the limit of her normal appetite to enable her to yield 2 gallons of milk per day. A cow yielding 5 gallons per day, in order that she may be able to eat enough real nutriment, must get a very large proportion of her ration in the form of concentrated food. The same is true for the yearling steer being pushed on for 'baby beef.' Furthermore, pigs and fowls of high productivity require a diet consisting almost exclusively of concentrated foods. Summarising these facts, the conclusion is reached that to attain an all-round standard of high productivity, such for instance as that of the 1000-gallon cow, the 200-egg hen, the pig which is ready for the factory at six months, and the steer which makes 'baby beef' at eighteen months, the national bill of fare of our livestock must include concentrated foods and coarse fodders in equal proportions. It should be added that for this purpose the dry substance of root crops may be reckoned as concentrated food.

Now the annual supply of concentrated foods available in the British Isles, consisting of home-grown oats, barley not good enough for the maltster, wheat not good enough for the miller, wheat and barley by-products, beans and peas, and of such imported feeding-stuffs as maize, oats, feeding barley and oil-

[illegible] To this may be added the dry substance of the turnips, swedes, mangolds and other succulent fodders, amounting to about 4,500,000 tons. This makes an annual total supply of 16,000,000 tons of concentrated productive feeding-stuffs.

There are in the British Isles 34,000,000 acres of land under grass of one kind or another. It is difficult to assess its average productivity. There is, however, one figure on which an estimate can be based, namely, the average yield of hay on that proportion of the grass land which is mown and harvested, and that is approximately 24 cwts. per acre. If all the grass land were mown and yielded at this rate, the produce would be 41,000,000 tons of hay. To this must be added the hay equivalent of the aftermath and the straw of the grain crops. The grand total of coarse fodder, clearly, is about 48,000,000 tons, and the ratio of coarse fodder to concentrated or productive foods is in the region of 3 to 1.

The bill of fare which our present system of farming provides for our livestock therefore supplies a predominance of coarse fodder, and as long as this state of things prevails we can never attain an all-round standard of high productivity. We are producing too much coarse fodder and not enough concentrated or productive foods, and it is this fact which sets a limit to the productivity of our flocks and herds, and is responsible for the long unproductive store period through which many of our animals are condemned to pass. This long store period slows the rate of production, and consequently the rate of turnover of capital. It increases the economic lag, and accentuates the farmer's financial difficulties. It is true that many progressive farmers surmount these troubles and maintain a high rate of production in their animals, but to do this they scramble for the short supply of productive foods, with the result that concentrated and productive foods at present prices cost 1½*d.* per lb. of real nutriment (starch equivalent), whilst real nutriment (starch equivalent) in hay costs only ¾*d.* per lb. Clearly any extension of a high rate of production under present conditions can only be attained by an increase in the disparity of cost of real nutriment in concentrates and coarse fodders. Furthermore, as the acreage of arable land declines and as sugar-beet replaces other crops, the supply of concentrates will contract and the yield of coarse fodder will increase.

It follows from this that attempts to improve the general level of productivity of our livestock must prove abortive unless they are accompanied or preceded by a change in the proportion of concentrated and productive foods and coarse fodders.

The necessity of such a change is obvious. Fortunately the method by which it can be brought about is not far to seek.

During the last few years a concerted attack on the problems of grass land husbandry has been carried out at a number of centres of agricultural research. The Rowett Research Institute at Aberdeen has studied the mineral content of pasture grass and has shown that the failure of the herbage of certain areas at home and in the Dominions to produce normal healthy growth in sheep and cattle is caused by deficiency of certain mineral substances—sometimes lime, sometimes phosphates, and sometimes other constituents. It appears, too, that the ill effects resulting from such deficiencies can be prevented by an appropriate supply of the deficient substance. The Plantbreeding Institute at Aberystwyth has studied the subject from the botanical point of view, and has recorded important facts about the seasonal prominence of certain grasses and clovers and their effects on the production of a steady growth throughout the grazing season. The Cambridge Animal Nutrition Institute has investigated the chemical composition of pasture grass as eaten by animals, and has kept up throughout two seasons a continuous determination of the real nutritive value of freshly cut and newly grown grass by feeding it to sheep under controlled experimental conditions. The results show that in the case of two very sharply contrasted pastures, differing radically in soil and herbage, the real nutritive value of the dry substance of the grass, provided it is cut repeatedly and never allowed to grow for more than a week, is approximately the same as that of linseed cake. This result, taken in conjunction with many other well-known facts, points to the general conclusion that all grass in the early stages of its growth passes through a stage at which it is a concentrated productive food. The problem of increasing the supply of concentrated food has moved onwards one stage. The 34,000,000 acres of grass land in the British Isles are for the most part capable of growing fodder which is essentially productive. The problem now is to catch it at the productive stage, a problem of practical farm management, which should not be beyond the wit of the agricultural community when once the fundamental fact is recognised that grass closely grazed remains productive throughout the season, whilst grass allowed to grow long is essentially a coarse non-productive fodder. There is certainly no single idea which will solve the problem for all cases. Each case must be solved on its own merits; but it may help those who are working out the practical details if cases are analysed on the following lines.

In the first place, it seems to be established that all closely grazed grass has the same composition as long as it is closely grazed or cut. That being so, the nutritive value of a given weight of grass in the young state is about the same for all pastures.

[illegible] does it lie?

A first-class pasture has two characteristics—dense herbage, so that animals grazing it fill themselves without walking far; a steady rate of growth throughout the season so that, when the season begins, it can be stocked to its full capacity and carry the same number of animals for most of the season. There is no difficulty in using the grass of such pastures whilst it is young and productive. They are, as a fact, well managed in this particular.

Second-class pastures usually differ from first-class pastures in producing herbage of less density, so that animals grazing them have to walk further in order to satisfy their appetites. The Cockle Park investigations of Somerville, Middleton, and Gilchrist have shown how to increase density of herbage by manuring with phosphates and potash. As the herbage becomes denser the pasture becomes more productive, for the animals which graze it waste less food in walking about to fill themselves.

Third-class pastures are those which produce a flush of grass when the first warm, moist period comes early in the summer, after which their yield falls off very rapidly. Such pastures are extremely difficult to deal with. If stocked to their full capacity early in the season, the animals starve as soon as the flush of grass is past. If, however, the stocking is on the basis of their later rate of growth, then the animals cannot cope with the flush of grass when it arrives. Much of the grass grows long and unproductive, and the animals feed on old grass—a coarse fodder for the rest of the season. It is this kind of pasture which presents the most difficult problem. The basic trouble is often defective supply of soil water, the remedy for which is too costly to be an economic possibility. Consequently we must take them as they are and try to make the best of them. They do produce a large amount of valuable herbage for a short period, and at this period their yield can be greatly increased by nitrogenous manuring. A possible method of turning this flush of produce to good account is to cut it repeatedly whilst it is still young and preserve it either by ensiling it or by drying it at once and compressing it into bales or cakes for winter use. Analyses of grass cakes made in this way on a very small experimental scale indicate that they possess a nutritive value not far short of that of linseed cake. Through the good offices of Synthetic Ammonia and Nitrates, Limited, I hope to get sufficient grass cake made this summer to make possible a series of large-scale feeding trials next winter. If these trials confirm the high nutritive value indicated by analysis, the economic possibility of making grass cake will be worth careful investigation.

Many other attempts are being made to utilise grass in the productive stage. The Hohenheim method of rotational grazing is one of them. The idea is to divide the grazing area into a series of paddocks each with its own water supply. The paddocks are grazed in rotation by enough animals to eat them bare in ten days. As soon as a paddock is bare the animals are moved to the next. Early and continuous growth of grass is encouraged by very liberal use of manures, including a large proportion of soluble nitrogen. Something like eighty large-scale trials of this system have been organised by Sir Frederick Keeble and put under skilled supervision. At this rate a very few years will serve to demonstrate its economic possibilities. Scientifically it is sound because it aims at using grass in the young and productive stage. But it entails considerable outlay, and, as things are with agriculture, that is a heavy handicap.

Scientific research on the better utilisation of grass is being pursued in many other directions too technical for description here. An interesting attempt to diffuse the knowledge already gained, much of which is ready for absorption into practice, was recently made when the Ministry of Agriculture held in April at Cambridge a Conference of County Agricultural Officers and Agricultural Research Workers. The addresses given to the conference and the debates which ensued will shortly be published by the Ministry, and should be interesting to those who wish to pursue the subject in its more technical aspects.

In writing this review I have tried to follow constructive lines. I believe that the measure of production afforded by milk recording and trap nesting has done much for the dairy and poultry industries. I have tried to suggest how such a measure of production might be evolved for the meat-producing industries, and to show how it might improve production. But I feel that a general increase in production is impossible unless we change the ratio of coarse fodder to concentrated foods, and I see no economic method of doing this except by the better utilisation of the produce of our continually expanding area of grass land. Finally, I have indicated certain lines on which such better utilisation can be worked out. This will need co-operative effort on a large scale. The scientific workers will co-operate for their share of the effort. They are, in fact, co-operating already.

Much new and valuable information has been added to our knowledge of pastures. It is to be hoped that the great national agricultural organisations will step in and ensure that this new information is rapidly absorbed into improved practice.

T. B. Wood.

HISTORICAL MYSTICISM AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

Two main problems confront the provident statesman of to-day: the problem of education, with which is bound up, as cause and consequence, the question of an electorate in enjoyment of reasonable economic independence, and the problem of technical efficiency in administration. 'Governments,' Mr. Lowes Dickinson has said, 'in every civilised country are now moving towards the ideal of an expert administration controlled by an alert and intelligent public opinion.' His remark has been quoted with approval by those who have personal experience of the governmental process. The advice of experts has for long been sought by governmental departments in such admitted fields of specialised knowledge as agriculture, trade, and chemical research; and Lord Balfour only the other day stressed its importance. But the work of legislation and administration cannot indefinitely be conducted upon a basis different from that which we feel is necessary in the case of agriculture and fisheries, and in amateur disregard of such knowledge as we may possess of the more fundamental social facts. The politician will have to recognise that it is part of his business to take into account such considerations as the alleged connexions between wages and population, between health and crime, or between housing and drunkenness. It is his business to be acquainted with the conclusions of the student of those underlying social processes, flowing from psychological needs, which are profounder than any dictates of a human Government. Legislation cannot remain a hit-or-miss matter, giving general expression to the 'will of the people'; it should be an affair of social prescription after painstaking diagnosis. In the happily chosen words used by Professor H. J. Laski in a recent pamphlet, the citizen must live under conditions of which he has 'the sense that they are intelligible in the same way that the orders of a medical man or a sanitary engineer are intelligible; they must be referable, that is to say, to principles which can be established as rational by scientific investigation.'

In its manifesto of 1918 the Labour Party rightly declared, 'If Law is the Mother of Freedom, Science, to the Labour Party,

must be the Parent of Law.' What is this science? The programme itself defines it. It is a political science, involving a study of the adaptation of means to ends and endeavouring to supply genuine solutions of social problems. It involves organised research as well as the collection, repetition, and dissemination of existing information. Just as modern engineering requires the study of pure mechanics, so a sound technique of government demands the development of a science of politics. As Mr. H. G. Wells declared with pardonable emphasis in his Sorbonne lecture, 'We have no Governments, we have nothing in the world able to deal with' these problems set us by an increasingly complex civilisation, 'this three-headed sphinx which has waylaid and now confronts mankind.' And 'the perils of these present times,' and especially of the next thirty years for England, demand that we shall be impatient with those who impede the work of surveying the foundations of such a science by introducing irrelevant speculations, however alluring.

It is easy to advocate such a science, to bid the young student 'plunge in.' But, unhappily, it is one thing to prophesy a science and quite another to wrest from Nature the secrets which enable us to produce it. The intervening period will be one of charlatanry. It is necessary to remind ourselves that precisely the same experience was passed through before alchemy and astrology, not to speak of mathematics, rid themselves of delusive hopes, of debased theology and of more sordid elements, and developed into chemistry and astronomy. Our business is to shorten this period of guess-work and pseudo-science so far as possible. But, if we make a cursory inspection of the history of chemistry before Paracelsus or of astronomy in the days when kings thought it prudent (if scarcely orthodox) to employ, along with Dragon Rouge, an Astronomer Royal as court magician, we shall notice that the very mark of this period of infancy is a desire to take short cuts. Men were concerned with nothing less than the philosopher's stone or the divine influences for human weal or bane emanating from the stars, or, as Bruno and Galileo himself, with constructing an entire philosophy or disputing a moot point of theology. In political science we have not yet left behind this stage. Just as a century ago manufacturers of barometers or thermometers advertised themselves as 'makers of philosophical instruments,' and as one spoke of 'natural philosophy,' so political science is still regarded as a synonym for political or social philosophy, and anyone who would discuss politics is expected to introduce appropriate reflections about human destiny. Now there may be no such thing as a political science, but at least the words do not signify what is meant by political philosophy.

There is no ground for prejudice against a social philosophy

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[illegible] although a doubt may be entertained whether the task of such a philosophy will be to reveal a purpose for modern civilisation and not to detect that it has no purpose—no one fundamental purpose—but merely a challenge to live the skilful and fitting life. But assuredly such matters as the inconsistency of the demand for better material conditions of civilisation with the countenancing of war as a political method are susceptible of detailed demonstration in terms of the political and economic sciences. The proof is made less and not more cogent by treating it as a question of philosophical estimate and point of view. Political administration has been regarded, certainly in ancient times and definitely enough in modern times, with its sentiments and ritual, as a semi-sacred matter, much more comparable to the direction of a church than to the efficient management of a large business. As a matter of the political art and of moral education this procedure may be beyond quibble. But in the prosaic task of actually adjusting means to ends, and of actually securing harmony in social relations, this attitude is too primitive. We require the de-theologising of political methods and the application to the work of government of the dispassionate, undoctrinaire common-sense and efficiency required in great industrial undertakings. But we require more than this in order to get this much. We require first a purely objective study of social situations and of how men in fact do act; and in these studies we must be able to regard human beings with the detachment which we should preserve if we were studying the antics of frogs. There has been much talk in many fields of learning of 'Copernican revolutions'—so much talk that it has become almost a journalistic habit. But if there is to be a 'Copernican revolution' in politics it will involve not only a changed attitude towards such matters as the doctrine of the sovereignty of that mortal god, the State, but the recognition that political problems must not be studied, anthropocentrically, from the standpoint of the wish of a group of men, but, naturalistically, from the survey of recurrent social processes in a civilisation no more completely under the control of man than is the coral-reef under the control of the coral insect.

Such a naturalistic survey, however, itself requires an appropriate method. The solid basing of chemistry and biology upon verified observations does not depend upon pretentious world-views of matter or of evolution. The epoch-marking changes in these fields date from the publication of careful work upon earthworms or from the discovery of artificial urea, which was the first compound known to organic chemistry to be artificially produced. The political scientist who understands his task will probably recognise that its successful execution requires a combination of minute study of concrete data in a limited field with a deliberate

method in the study of the field and with a treatment of the material governed by considerations as theoretical and 'abstract' as the atomic theory or the James-Lange hypothesis.

Political science is not concerned with the drafting of a specific piece of social legislation. This is a matter for the technique of the politician, although, as the Webbs have insisted, and as has been very successfully demonstrated in Wisconsin, a legislature will be well counselled to seek expert advice[1] and ministers to treat it as obligatory to avail themselves of expert information. Political science is concerned with the fundamentals of all social legislation and with the principles of social mechanics underlying all social engineering. But the politicist obviously can only study these principles through the analysis of concrete instances. In this sense it is emphatically true that he must study, not abstractions, but life, and each detail with meticulous attention to its historical context. An examination of a series of similar social situations will alone show what factors (whether introduced by legislation or otherwise) accompany a healthy condition of social harmony and what are habitually present where there is social trouble. Is 'misery-drinking' constantly associated with the social condition of bad housing, or has the situation of decreasing fecundity any constant connexion with high wages (despite Malthus), with education and the development of a higher standard of living or with urbanisation? Is there a connexion between an intelligent and talented population and immigration policy, or a connexion between 'feminism' and the maintenance of a good stock? These are instances of the problems before us, partly medical and biological and partly political problems of human association. No physician has ever yet discovered the cause of disease in general, but it is not futile to hope that we may discover the causes of specific diseases, social as well as physical. The ground for this is not belief in the absurd myth of a 'social organism,' but conviction of the validity of assuming a certain constancy in human methods in dealing with pragmatically similar situations, and a conviction that like effects will be produced by like causes if we are careful enough to distinguish what causes are genuinely alike.

In the sister discipline of economics, order was introduced from the strangely compounded chaos of business detail and of reflections upon the 'moral sentiments' by assuming (one-sidedly) that at the root of all business transactions was the desire for gain. This assumption supplied the first clue to the similarity among superficially dissimilar operations, and shed a new light on the constant forms of the economic process. Later economists and psychologists have supplied other clues to the interpretation

[1] C. McCarthy, *The Wisconsin Idea*.

[illegible] that of acquisitiveness. The additional
new considerations has indeed introduced an element of
reased difficulty into any narrowly systematic statement, just
physics can no longer be stated with the erstwhile Newtonian
nplicity. For example, it is perceived that some of the 'laws
economics' are merely 'laws of the growth of the wheat-
ant.' Distrust of the treacherous simplicity of a single clue has
many to the opinion that, since every interpretative expedient
partial, all such expedients are misleading. Hence they return
m the too keen air of theory to heavy repasts on history and
the unspeculative task of digesting facts about institutional
anges. The most *up-to-date investigations*, however, into
onomic motives appear to recognise that history, unless it be
ssed with theory and abstract hypothesis, is likely to be sterile
scientific results. No amount of study of change will yield
e conclusion of the doctrine of evolution save by the use of some
ch inspired hypothesis as that of natural selection.

Our first task is to observe what actually does happen; our
cond is to put forward some carefully selected explanation of
y it happens that way; our third task is to test that explana-
n by further observation, more specific and detailed. Any
re ambitious undertaking must be eschewed. In this way
ly can we hope to discover that little modest cubic foot of certain
owledge thanks to which we may lever up the whole world.
possess this certain knowledge is imperative if the practice of
itics is going to be a little more like business and finance, which
ve their background in a study of economics, or like medicine
th its background in physiology, and less like an Arthurian
mance or a Niebelung tragedy. As civilisation advances in
mplexity and in integration the time inevitably comes when we
n no longer *afford those generous errors of judgment* which
nder stimulating the affairs of an Oriental court or permit our-
ves to indulge the simple impulses of an Attila the Scourge or
a Wenceslas the Good.

The greatest enemies of political science, and hence of the
ospects of democratic government aided by scientifically
lightened intelligence, are the various forms of historical
ocalyptism popular at the present time, which hold out the
pe of enabling us to look unto the future. Of these the most
torious is perhaps that of Otto Spengler which professes to pro-
de us with 'the incontrovertible formulation of an idea which,
ce enunciated clearly, will be accepted without dispute.' The
sis of Spengler's contention is that 'the means whereby to
derstand living forms is analogy.' From 'a high plane of
ntemplation,' and by the aid of 'an organic logic, an instinctive,
eam-sure logic,' he sets out to calculate the future of the West,

and the analogy of Rome provides grounds for the certainty—and inward certainty and godlike insight are, we learn, the means of historical research—that this future is one of material civilisation, of disciplined intelligence, of technique and machines, of scepticism, of interest in politics, not metaphysics. With much of this Ezekiel's vision of the future of civilisation it may well be that, as a matter of opinion, we may happen to agree. The stress on the importance of politics, on the value of the study of social forms, on the interdependence of the various aspects of any culture, on the relative nature of ethical standards, is all unexceptionable. But we protest that Herr Spengler is no Moses who sees the promised land with the prosaic eye of the flesh, that we have here nothing more than prophecy and opinion, and that the analogical method is the merest occultism, from which charge the invocation of the great name of Goethe will not save it.

There are, however, many Spenglerians in method who will not acknowledge Spengler. That the study of history is a means by which we invest life with a deeper reality is profoundly true. That historical events and human deeds belong to 'the living world of Goethe,' and not to 'the dead world of Newton,' is either a platitude or a dangerous half-truth very generally accepted. This kind of statement speedily lead us to placing the 'dead,' abstract, mathematical methods of physics into violent antithesis to the 'living' (and therefore, by implication, more valuable) concrete, chronological methods of history. To me all this appears to be nothing more than *abracadabra*, born of impatience with the painfully slow progress which is all that we can hope from the application of naturalistic methods in the field of social phenomena. The so-called 'methods of natural science' are neither limited to the study of inorganic nature, nor are they the only method of studying this inorganic nature and of appreciating its full reality. It would be preposterous to contend that the non-human world does not admit of study by the poetical methods of a Wordsworth or Emerson, and it is entirely unproven that the human world does not admit of study by the experimental and quantitative methods of natural science employed by Newton or Darwin. Whether we are dealing with the science of matter or of man, qualitatively the time factor has to be taken into account in the application of our logic, although in degree and perspective this may be more the case in human history than in cosmic history. The word 'science' has no different meaning when we speak of the science of politics than when we speak of the science of biochemistry. But advance by the non-intuitive method, if useful, is slow, and there are always those who will rattle the door-knob of the laboratory and inquire whether the laws of gravitation will be discovered at least by next month, or

... it be not true that all that there is valuable to know ... ... and prophets told of long ago.

For people of an impatient temperament, however, there is an ... honoured and traditional way out. The course of the ... ience of politics has been dogged by that of the pseudo-science ... history, which possesses for many an irresistible attraction. It ... yet surely true that history does not admit of interpretation by ... ientific laws, save in the sense in which we may say that the ... iverse itself is subject to law. The writing of history is a ... erary interpretation of life which may rise to the heights of ... etic insight. The science of politics must indeed draw upon ... story for its material as well as upon specially arranged con... mporary observations, just as it draws upon psychology for ... me of its principles. But scientific politics is not political his... ry, and their functions are different. The one has an instru... ental function as a means of social control and the other an ... uminatory function as a means of social education.

To many people this distinction is not clear. History is the ... cord of human affairs, and public affairs, it seems to them, are ... be interpreted better by the general study of history than by ... ry *soi-disant* science. In a certain sense of the word 'interpreta... on,' this is indubitably true. Opportunity for such insight into ... e as we find in the pages of Horace rather than of Lucretius we ... all find far more amply in the broad canvas of history, whether ... inted by a Voltaire, a Gibbon or a Ranke, than in the sparse ... signs of political science, with its statistics, technical apparatus, ... d catalogue of facts arranged according to their particular ... gnificance, not 'freely and equally' or by artistic merit. And ... re comes the great temptation. A science often produces tedium ... the lay soul, a religion seldom. A little 'vision,' a few assump... ons, and the whirlpool of human motives becomes a stream ... owing straight to the ocean of the history-writer's or history-... der's philosophy. The ordinary reader certainly cannot be ... pected to escape the temptations to which a Froude and a ... acaulay succumbed. History can be so poetically interpreted ... to give us a conspectus of the civilisation of the world which for ... e rest of our lives becomes an open-sesame and an article of ... ith. Much reading for its own sake of the massed information ... lled history is more likely to add to erudition than to increase ... sdom in the art of government, while the reading of surveys of ... story, brief or not so brief, is but one way of multiplying those ... ho have the privilege of sharing the philosophies of Professor ... mes Harvey Robinson or of Mr. H. G. Wells.[1]

The history of thought is full of historical apocalypses and

[1] *Vide* G. R. Stirling Taylor: 'History and Politics' (*Nineteenth Century and ... er*, March 1927).

Messianic readings of history. Augustine, Joachim of Flora, Bossuet, Hegel, Marx have all used history as a dark glass in which could be detected the shadowy face of the future. And this crystal-gazing still goes on, even now when theodicies and the gospel of Progress are alike in discredit and the avocation has to be pursued by more gloomy seers such as Lord Balfour (whose brief pamphlet *Decadence* is too little read), Nordau, Lothrop Stoddard, Dean Inge and others. In brief, mankind still clings to certainty, to prophecy in the midst of change. And science, which tells nothing of the future but only of what are the necessary means which the future will use, cannot satisfy this mystical craving of a religion-starved public.

This is not to say that the historical future is a completely sealed page to us. No scientist can tell us, as a certainty, the details of what is going to happen. The astronomer can only predict the eclipse on the assumption that the present movements of the solar system continue uninterrupted. Similarly, political science can only make contingent assertions about the content of future history. Certain non-scientific considerations, however, permit many statements about what is probable. It is impossible that the benefits in the field of medicine flowing from the study of bacteriology, or the Einstein theory, which required verification from astronomy, should have developed prior to those technical improvements in the making and polishing of lenses which permitted the use of the microscope and telescope. Conversely, the use of electricity renders probable a series of inventions, and the corresponding development of civilisation, along a certain line which would have been entirely impossible prior to the use of electricity. Thanks to the interconnexion of the various elements of civilisation, an interpretation of history is possible in terms of the chronological procession of inventions. This method has been used with impressive effect by such writers of genius as Mr. Wells, and marks an indisputable advance over the old philosophies of history. It yet has its limitations, and these are not always well observed. Some writers, such as the Beards, authors of the epic *Rise of American Civilisation*, are content merely to describe historical movements, while drawing our attention to the economic and geographic factors and to the tools at the disposal of a civilisation. Others, however, endeavour to augur coming developments. But the incalculable factors in the development of the future are too many for this principle of determinism by invention to prove of guidance in the interpretation of anything but the past and the immediate future. The temptation, nevertheless, is great to deduce from the 'spirit of the times' or from 'the course of history' that the future of the world lies with the democracy of the plain man, or with humanitarianism, or

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pt, of course, follow that such assertions are not sound and important opinions in their own right. But my certainty that internationalism will triumph rests on nothing better than the energy of my personal conviction that private war, whether waged by States or by individuals, is bad and must be avoided, coupled with an intellectual apprehension of the principles of social structure which tells me that international co-operation under certain circumstances is not merely a fantastic dream.

History is however the basis of political science in some more real and justifiable sense than in that according to which there is a 'direction of growth' (as with a tree or a turnip) which enables us to predict to-morrow from the observation of the past. There are laws to be detected by the study of history. These are the laws which formulate those methods which human beings, their nature being what it is, recurrently adopt in confronting what are, for purposes of action, similar social situations. The illustrations which history supplies to the lessons of psychology are sufficient to enable us to frame hypotheses, for further research, about what consequences will result from the adoption of given methods. We need not concern ourselves with the antique owl-and-egg controversy about whether events produce the great man or the great man produces events. But we may observe that a natural law governs both, that these sequences are so sure, and the 'cunning of the idea' is so strong, that the single great man or the many small men having once started upon a line of action, whether it be world-reform or world revolution, must accept certain consequences of their initial method even if the result be to lead them whither they would not. The organisation of human nature in the world, called civilisation, has a mechanism which is stronger than the will of individual man or of a generation of men. France, although victorious, has to accept the financial consequences which she did not will of a resort to defensive war which she did will, for the structure of civilisation is stronger even than the victorious power of a nation. The most useful historical lessons are those provided by instances where the laws of economic and political science have been defied in vain. The *sic volo, sic jubeo* of conquerors and rulers is a childish boast where their will runs contrary to those final social facts to which Mr. Walter Lippmann, Mr. Norman Angell, and M. Delaisi have, in their different ways, recently drawn our attention. And all social legislation must remain unscientific until we direct our attention to studying these laws, and recognise that the task of legislation is to prescribe, according to the rules of political medicine and physiology, for social diseases duly diagnosed. It is not enough merely to transfer

onto the Statute-book an expression of the uninstructed will and pious aspirations of an impatient electorate.

Historical mysticism is an attitude of mind and one worthy of respect. By accepting what is good in our world, by comprehending it, by making its tendencies our own, we become free men of this world. But political science is a practical task and a life-task for students. It is not exclusive of faith in the ideal tendencies in history or of acceptance of dominant tendencies; but it is not identical with it. If we can succeed in distilling political science from the bubbling cauldron of history and the steam of private philosophising, we may perhaps be able to control the social process, thanks to that grain of intelligence which makes man the first among, and master of, things. The hope is that by understanding, not discursively and emotionally, but precisely and technically, with the mind of a scientist and not of a dilettante, a doctrinaire or a dictator, we shall be able to live in a world where much of civil strife will no longer have the excuse of human helplessness or of a plausible fatalism. The wheels of civilisation revolve at full speed. The problem is whether man is to have his hand upon the controls.

G. E. G. CATLIN.

CRAFTSMANSHIP AND THE SCIENTIFIC ECONOMIST

It is over a century since Ruskin was born, during most of which time the quarrel between culture and the spirit of craftsmanship on the one hand, and specialised science and the scientific economist on the other, has seemed to be one which was never-ending and incapable of solution. It is true we have had great scientists, like Huxley, Tyndall, Thomson, Russell and many others, who were, in a very real sense, also great humanists, men who not only endeavoured to relate their scientific discoveries to the conditions of contemporary life and the alleviation of human pain and discomfort, but who actually saw in the spread of the scientific spirit a great instrument of mental and spiritual liberation. Other scientists, however, have been less wise and less far-seeing, ranging not in the wide fields of science proper and imbibing its synthesising spirit, but specialising intensely in some narrow cabbage-patch of a mere sectional interest. The result has been that their humanism has suffered and their contribution to the stock of knowledge has contained little human value, or indeed value of any kind. This narrow specialism must not be confounded with concentration on an immediate problem, a task indeed for the most wide-ranging scientist.

The so-called scientific historians and economists have offered us their sectional works, asking us to take them as complete works capable of giving us a correct perspective of human life and endeavour. They believed that the scientific spirit demanded that humanity and ethics should be rigorously excluded from their inquiries. Economics, in their view, was the study of wealth production only, measured in terms of money values, and politics was the art of acquiring power in public affairs. Thus spoke the economic Machiavellis. Question was not made as to why men should produce unceasingly goods they could not themselves consume. Still less was any question raised on the ethics of production, for wealth was very ill defined and had in practice a very narrow meaning. Neither did any real philosophical discussion ensue upon the fundamental questions, why power was desirable and sought eagerly by all men, or what values and social ends it served.

Fortunately the last thirty years has witnessed the growth of something like a social conscience in Europe. It has been chiefly the gift of the Socialist movement to the world, and has been made almost despite the shallow scientific materialism with which its propaganda has been so much bound up. Early Socialists like Owen tried to moralise the growing machine industry of their time by internal arrangement within the capitalist economy. It was only when those efforts had quite definitely and unmistakably failed that the modern social economy came to be regarded as a struggle of classes, the lower ever pushing upwards to displace the higher. There was little regard, in the general conception of the class struggle, for the higher issues for which the new movement was ultimately to stand in human values. A social conscience did develop, only because the movement was a blind instinctive one, rather than a reasoned scheme, for a reasoned belief in inevitable progress and triumph would render conscience, an organ of doubt, unnecessary. Easement of conditions of labour in the matter of shorter hours and healthier factories was the chief aim of reformers, for as yet the dynamic possibilities of industrial freedom and self-expression were undreamt of. Culture and labour were at opposite poles of the nineteenth-century world of thought.

It was outside the ranks of the scientific economists and the official reformers that the first rude blasts of the bugles of the new humanism were heard. Amidst the grime and smoke of his cellar forge Carlyle, like a lame Hephæstus, sought to forge the sword of liberation by preaching hero-worship and the dignity of labour. Ruskin took up the hammer of the wearied god and sought to break the idols of the economists. In prose which, despite its prolixity and rhetoric, had magnificent passages he strived to draw men's attention to the paramount necessity of bringing craftsmanship and honest purpose into living contact with everyday work. He saw around him a few magnificent relics of a great past, relics which the barbarism of progress sought to obliterate completely. He saw sectionalism and routine replacing sound perspective and self-expression; honest craft giving way to a debased and dishonest multiplication of shoddy, and against these tendencies he protested vehemently.

It was not only as an art critic that Ruskin approached the problem of production, or even as a middle-class philanthropist. He was both of these, but the problem of industrialism to him appeared more fundamental. He saw it in part, chiefly as the problem of the place of machinery in a sound social economy. He sounded, as Morris and others have done since, a call to craftsmanship, to the understanding and appreciation of beauty in common as well as in uncommon things. He preached the value

of definiteness and attention to detail, an attention only possible for extended periods when workmen have a deep interest in their work. Ruskin tackled the problem not only from the æsthetic and the moral sides, but from the social and economic sides as well. In every true and proper sense *Time and Tide* and *Unto this Last* are economic works of significance. Alike from their content, style and effect on later thought, they deserve to outlive, and doubtless will outlive, more orthodox and more pretentious works on the dismal science. The science was not dismal to Ruskin, because through it he sought to impress upon a sceptical generation the cardinal fact that in all proper economic considerations the ethics of production must have first place—that is, in regard to method and the destiny of the product. It was also necessary to treat the labourer with human dignity and to provide him with opportunity for self-expression of his personality. Ruskin saw clearly that the object of modern production was the securing of dividends rather than the performance of social service. Consequently, a great deal of what the orthodox economists called wealth he termed 'illth.'

Much that Ruskin wrote on economics, as upon art, will not live, if indeed it has not already perished. He passed the torch on to men like Morris however, men who, half-mad with beauty like Guinevere, sought to make the production of common things—furniture, wall-paper, enamels, dyes, printing, etc.—things of worth, ministering to a great communal æsthetic. The impress of Morris in actual production of home furniture and in revolutionising Victorian taste was considerable, although economically he had very little influence. He has bequeathed a spirit and a tradition, however, to the whole Socialist movement, the best thinkers of which have been forced back since his time on basic considerations, æsthetic and moral, rather than economic. To determine the true ends production should serve is the problem of the future. Involved in it are problems of the place of machinery in large-scale reproduction, self-government in industry, functionalism, and the distribution of the social reward. These problems have so far been tackled by few men, and even then, often with woefully inadequate mental equipment or industrial experience. It is to the solution of these problems the scientific economist must bend his energies, becoming less an exponent or analyst of current economic and financial practice than a prophet of things to come, a master-builder of the new economic humanism.

The study of the physical sciences in the middle of the nineteenth century had considerable influence on contemporary social thought, an influence not wholly for good. The evil influence it exercised in some directions was not due to any fundamental

defect in the method of scientific inquiry itself, but because of the wrong application of scientific method to social problems. Physical and biological science achieved great triumphs in England during the nineteenth century in the hands of such men as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Clerk Maxwell, Faraday, and many others. Unfortunately, among so many genuine scientific giants there were pigmies who used a pseudo-scientific method in other fields, and by the use of false biological analogies and by the muddle-headed application of physical laws built up a whole series of social theories, which are only now in process of demolition at the hands of a more thorough psychology and more understanding sociology. There grew up a tendency for amateur sociologists to generalise widely and dogmatically on insufficient data. Biological analogies led to bad economics, in which field for the most part they were inapplicable, although many people were impressed by their use. The use of scientific terms conveys a sense of certitude to the average mind, where plain English reasoning does not.

Greatest perhaps amongst the pseudo-scientists was Herbert Spencer, who is perhaps more responsible than any man for some of the cruder beliefs of social statics, very prevalent amongst those to whom science opened up a new heaven and a new earth, and to a lesser extent prevalent still. Neither physical nor biological laws can be applied exactly to social organisation in the way they have been applied. The method of applying them was extremely unscientific, to say the least about it, and the false analysis to which it gave rise had some extremely vicious and unfortunate results. Political and municipal problems, as well as those larger industrial and economic problems which call urgently for solution, must be dealt with in detail. They are not susceptible to treatment by a generalisation merely, although the eminent Victorian philosopher mentioned was reputed to have fished with one—with little success, it is to be feared.

This apparently scientific treatment of a vast complex of difficult problems led to a hardening of belief in a necessary and inevitable progress made possible by the pursuit of scientific method. In Socialist philosophy it was assumed that the capitalist system, through capitalists and labourers forming ever greater and fewer combinations, would inevitably lead up to a great final struggle, with inevitable victory for the workers. Unfortunately, it is not the day of revolution which matters so much as the days and the months after. Men and women cannot live in a breadless Utopia, or upon revolutionary excitement.

The doctrine of progress developed a smug complacency in Liberal England and even in landless and workless England. It was felt that all was for the best in the best of possible worlds, and

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that without conscious effort society must inevitably move up to better and higher things, a common ground upon which Radical and Socialist met. The spiritual book-keeping of Victorian philosophy had only one side, that of credit. It knew that early human society was of a primitive and lowly type, and it believed that the line of progress was always upwards, at an ever-accelerated rate. From its early undeveloped and miserable condition the race had developed to the high type of European culture of which the Victorian Englishman was the flower. It was difficult to believe that the race could be further improved, but scientific faith held out hopes of even a higher and a nobler destiny, that England's mission of civilisation was world-wide. To naïve readers of history, believing in something they imagined to be the scientific spirit, the universe was simplified accordingly, and English youth, like crusaders of modernity, went out to colonise the earth. By 1900 the disillusionment was complete, and their successors found that the problems which once seemed so simple were highly complex. They have been forced by the weight of all the unintelligible world to a condition of greater intellectual humility, content if they may but spell a few letters of the alphabet of social life.

No longer could evolution be defined as a development from the simple to the complex, a progress from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the undifferentiated to the differentiated. No longer could students hold the simple faith that Greek empire followed upon Assyrian and improved upon it, Roman following and superseding Greek because it was the better, and finally Western Europe improving upon Rome—last link in a long and regular series, invariable as a mathematical progression. This doctrine of progress in its simplest terms—and it was in its simplest terms it was most widely held—assumed that civilisations were necessarily an advance on those which had preceded them. There was an uneasy feeling about Greece and Rome; but we were comforted because we knew they could not have attained the highest reaches of freedom and culture, because their civilisations had been built upon a slave economy. This seemed a triumphant answer on the part of those who had abolished negro slavery half a century previously, and who were unaware of the practical slave economy of the modern wage system. The belief in the false doctrine of progress had also the effect of stifling inquiry into historical causation, as it was assumed that the laws which determined development had been fully uncovered by the scientific historian and economist, and that historical events had only to be measured by a formula to be fully understood.

The methods and habits of commercialised industry affected the social and economic thought of the time. Industry had grown

by leaps and bounds because of the new inventions, and by enfranchisement from many of the old restraints which the burghers of the Middle Ages had found necessary to their collective and individual security and well-being. These restraints had in many cases neither an economic nor an ethical justification, but some of them at least showed a live interest in the condition of the labourer and the disposal of the produce. The new industry had neglected exactly those parts of the problem of production where restraints had been beneficial. Economics was no longer a science of qualities, but of numerical relationships. Dividends replaced social purpose in the mind of the producer, and the term 'fair wage,' like that of 'fixed price,' had no meaning for the new economists. Wages were fixed in a competitive market, like the price of commodities, by chaffering and the operation of the law of supply and demand. The market was no longer the old social regulated market, whose necessities had to be studied closely by the seller. Production now determined the market, which was an over-simplified thing in which producer and buyer ceased to occupy the centre of the arena, their places being taken by chaffering and huckstering merchants and the demons of the stock exchange pit. Prices and wages were fixed by forces external to producer and workman, a famine at the other end of the earth, speculation in America, or a bumper harvest. They were subject to wide and loose general movements, which constantly threatened the stability of particular industries, and often overwhelmed hundreds of helpless people in ruin. The age of business speculation was in full flood, and it is the wreck of the storm with which we are concerned to-day.

Living and writing in this environment, economists and social philosophers were affected by it, even where their interests did not lead them to support the new system. Facile generalisations were made about society, and universal laws of wealth production and distribution were propounded, chiefly by neglecting the most pressing problems of social life and the important and intricate subjects of psychology and social dynamics. It was fatally easy to analyse so-called historical factors when such had been arbitrarily fixed upon to suit the inquirer's taste and convenience. Fallacious physical and biological analogies were employed to categorise human faculties and activities. The age-long heresy of dealing with 'factors' in historical inquiry developed apace, and was carried in the way of specialised studies to extraordinary lengths, but with disastrous results. Mankind was assumed to be an economic unity where indeed there is great diversity, and as an unrelated collection of individuals in the world of ideals and culture where there should be essential unity.

The science of history became split into a multitude of studies,

as if the spiritual, intellectual and political sides of a people's life could be regarded each as something separate and distinct from its economic and social life. Thus there were histories of politics and histories of religions, histories of intellectual development and histories of art, histories of prices and histories of invention, but little conception of the rich history of mankind itself in its diverse unity. Economics became an extremely abstruse and abstract subject, and was nicknamed the 'dismal science.' It was separated strictly from any theory of social and moral sentiments. It ceased to concern itself with the ideals, or even with the physical well-being, of peoples, and was inclined to insist that business should not be subject to any restrictions of a political or moral character.

This was a position which was bound to prove untenable ultimately, and this false science, which was also false economics, translated itself into little more than an attempt to justify by special pleading the perpetuation of social iniquities. Men felt justified as business men in actions which they would never have dreamt of doing as private persons. There grew up two moralities, private morality and business morality, having absolutely no connexion with one another. The social contradictions were complete, whilst the eminent scientific economists of Victorian England lost their wits in a fine maze of ratiocination. The whole productive economic world was explainable to themselves in terms of formal logic, buying and selling, producing and consuming, prices and values, being invariably equated with each other, and the answers always found to come out correctly. The clearness and exactitude of their great treatises are more apparent than real. Real values cannot be equated with competitive prices, the supply of products has no necessary connexion with real demand on the part of hypothetical consumers. The equations are not simple, for there are whole series of differentials of which account must be taken in the calculus of society, making the result a wholly unexpected one. Facilities for increased production through labour-saving machinery did not result in plenty of food and ample leisure to the mass of working people. Markets were over-stocked and business languished at periodic intervals (due to spots on the sun, we were told), but bellies were understocked all the time. It is a paradox that bumper harvests may mean poor prices and over-production spell starvation and ruin. The scientific economist found no solution to the paradox, for his first premise was a contradiction—that production should be for profit, and not for service.

He conceived production as an end in itself. It had no relation to communal demand. Merchants who had to market a greater volume of merchandise year by year conducted a sleepless search

for ever-expanding markets. At all costs the wheels of industry had to be kept going and even speeded up. Work, not leisure for art or any worthy life, was the motto. Britain, if not the workshop of the world, had yet a proportion of world trade out of all relationship to her population, yet her people were hungry and unclothed. Her mills and her factories called out for more and more raw material. The American crop, the Egyptian crop, and the Indian crop could not keep the looms of Lancashire going, whilst the earth had to be ransacked for raw materials as well as for markets, so that a mass of shoddy and cheap ginghams could be unloaded to clothe jolly niggers by the banks of the Niger. As the rest of the world took part in the feverish race, there could only be one result. The war which broke out in 1914 wrote a terrible footnote on economic materialism.

It was only men like Ruskin, Morris, Kropotkin, and their fellows who asked the significant question, Production for what? What shall it profit a nation that it clothe a whole world whilst its children go hungry and the soul of its people sink in despair? The failure to answer that question, a more terrible one than the Sphinx could ask, meant the decay of culture, the corruption of communal morals, and the terrible price of a war in which ten millions of young men died and several times that number suffered unspeakable tortures. The failure to answer it has meant that the *decree nisi* between culture and labour has been made a *decree absolute*.

But the scientific economists did not sin alone. Their sin was shared by professional moralists in the Church and amateur moralists outside it. Liberal theories were propounded which bore little relationship to liberal conduct in business. By being generalised too widely those theories were not susceptible of practical application, whilst the practical activities of men and societies were confined in watertight compartments—at least, so it appeared to the philosophers. Religion, art, business, politics, and amusement were all segregated and treated as distinct, not to mention as antagonistic, interests of the genus man. Morality ceased to be social and communal, but became an affair of the individual only. The moral man and Christian might be the inhuman slave-driving and dividend-hunting employer living in luxury whilst children slaved twelve hours per day in his mill, and society did not feel shocked at the contradiction.

The counterpart of this spirit of individualism in morals and lack of social responsibility was to be found in the prevalent dogmas of the orthodox economists, *laisser faire* and economic anarchy mirroring with remarkable exactitude the current morality. The contradictions in ethics involved an insoluble contradiction in social life, chief fruit of the hedonism of the time.

There was no escape from the economic entanglements, except, apparently, by way of social convulsion and revolution. The revolution did not take place and the antagonisms generated inside the body politic exist to-day, with the result that instead of the nation of a hundred years ago growing into a great functional society, it has developed into a somewhat amorphous and functionless mass of men and women without that basic morality and love of beauty which alone can save a civilisation.

Art and craftsmanship suffered in the spiritual decline, despite a display of great individual talent in certain fields of activity. Commercialism invaded the arts, whose exotic votaries were not quite blameless in accentuating the rot. Decadence begins when sensations and smartness are cultivated more than emotions and deep thought. Our public places were used to express the bad taste of a smug self-complacency ; and who will dare to speak of Victorian art with the Albert Memorial in existence to confound him ?

Bad taste was not an isolated affair or an accident, neither was it a thing for which self-made men only were responsible, for it was implicit in our whole educational and social outlook. The attempt to separate art and culture from the common affairs of the world had far-reaching effects on artists of talent as well as upon the average citizen, making our public and private buildings alike unsuitable for their purposes and false as works of art, and the minds of the citizens incapable of appreciating a noble beauty in simplicity of line. The bizarre or the wooden tastes of idle rich and business-engrossed men alike, both thinking of culture and business with different parts of the brain, caused the democratic birthright of art to be sold for a mess of plutocratic pottage. Art surrendered its prophetic and ennobling mission ; it lost its high symbolism and strove for verisimilitude only ; its momentary appeal was the waxlike expression of rootless water lilies. Beauty was no longer strength, but fragility. The bloom we find upon much of the century's achievement is not a bloom of health, but the hectic glow of decay, for the spiritual soil in which our life is set is shallow and possesses little nutritive properties. A growing culture is a hungry and a thirsty plant, and can only bloom when it is once more closely united with the labour of common everyday life.

But the world cannot for ever remain void of beauty. The desire to create new forms of loveliness will spring up even in the most unlikely soil. Craft will once again enthuse the heart of the worker and become the stepping-stone to great art and true scientific achievement, when the scientific economist of our time shall be no more. Orthodox economics are doomed to failure because the criticism they afford is on the surface of life and is too

simple and facile to be true, also because they seek to separate life into categories rather than to synthesise its activities in a strong, free culture. It may be that craftsmanship shall be reborn into the world as the child of modern science itself. Such a craftsmanship will be the child of a great creative age, an age when mankind shall enter into joyful occupation of its true land of birth.

Why, it may be asked, should craftsmanship depend on science and the humanistic spirit? Why should craftsmanship be a necessary ingredient of ordinary dull labour—the making of food, clothing, and machinery? Should it not be reserved for the more expensive furniture, jewellery, enamels, and other articles of luxury? Certainly not, for those productions are but the by-product of craft. The significant inventions and discoveries upon which they depend have surely wider applications than to pander to luxury. The time will surely come when the proportion of working time spent on articles of luxury for the few will be much less than it is to-day, being spent rather upon the necessities—spiritual, intellectual and physical—of the many. It may well be that beautiful furniture, jewellery, and enamels may be amongst those necessities, but they will then be in their proper social setting and adorn our common life. Craft, to be general and deep, must be applied to all production, and it can be applied consciously to all production only when we produce for quality rather than for quantity, for use rather than for profit, for society rather than for the individual.

Purely imitative work is never great craftsmanship. It is true the great artists and craftsmen have copied ancient models in their nonage. Great periods of art and literature even have been presaged and stimulated by a study of the past. In the period of the Renaissance the first stimulus came from Greece, but very quickly the narrow bounds of the great achievement of Attica, or at least what was left of that achievement, were passed, and Italian industry, genius, and gift for expression clothed Europe with new glory. It was in no vain and slavish attempt to reproduce the forms of the past that the great craftsmanship of Florence and her sister cities came to fruition. It was not the exceptional thing only, but the common thing, which was glorified and made beautiful, for essentially the spirit of craftsmanship has a moral basis. It worked quietly and unceasingly at its task, which it approached with earnest and even reverent awe. The service of beauty and truth was what it struggled for rather than for an excess of exports over imports or other economic foolishness.

What the scientific economist has missed the poet has understood. *The Ode to a Grecian Urn* is not addressed to kings and generals and economists, not even to successful business men, but to the spirit of craftsmanship in common people, who in their

[illegible]

[illegible] beauty anew each day. A few urns of deathless beauty remain to us as priceless possessions of a vanished day, but thousands equally good and beautiful were in common everyday use and met a common fate. It is no matter for regret, for the age that cannot create beauty for itself has no right to enjoy that of the past. And so the poet has spoken not only to the Greek who shaped the urn, but to the Greek who made the marbles of the Parthenon and the Long Walls and the galleys which scattered the Persian at Salamis. And perhaps he has a word to whisper to those who loitered in the market-place or supped together whilst Socrates spoke of love and immortality. This ceaselessly working and leavening spirit of craftsmanship lifts an age beyond the narrow confines of its national economy and sets it blazing in the sky of culture. It was not a single conception of art, but a great many workmanlike hands and minds, which created the mediæval cathedrals and cloth-halls of Europe, great poems in stone and music frozen into sculpture. It is true no such striking monuments of culture and craftsmanship are being reared to-day, although it is the same spirit which lately fashioned articles of beauty in furniture and wove fabrics of beauty like Paisley shawls, putting to shame the infinite production of cheap factory cottons and ginghams. Perhaps some of it indeed has penetrated the great steel industries and given us things of beauty to span rivers and to sail upon the seas of all the world.

So we may hope that our own time will not be so barren as we sometimes dream. Shapes of beauty will crowd upon our imagination until the dross of quantitative production is burned out of our mind. To isolate the spirit of craftsmanship is to deny it light and air and the deep nutriment of the earth. It can only flourish properly in freedom and when its roots go deep down into the soil of our social economy. How shall we insure that it do so if it be not by creating a true and fundamental science of economics? But this science must take all activities of life into its purview. It must understand the strong, silent tides of the soul if it would create a great craftsmanship.

Let us not dream too much of the past. The revival of the arts and crafts of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries will not save our civilisation from decay. We may form societies for their resurrection, we may imitate their minor achievements, but to revive the spirit rather than the mere form of craftsmanship requires more heroic methods. Ancient handicraft will not displace machine production, because for the most part it cannot rival the latter in efficiency. The problem of the machines lies not in their use or their non-use, but in their control. Men's lives are dominated by the machines to-day, and that is vicious and deadly to craftsmanship, but when the machines become the

servants of man the achievements of craftsmanship may well be greater than they have ever been. It is here that the central problem lies, and from its nature it cannot be solved by cliques and coteries who have little knowledge of modern industry, and indeed little knowledge of any kind, in the real sense of the word.

Salvation is not a matter for individuals, no man living or dying to himself alone. One great instrument, and one alone, seems capable of engineering the great revolution to craftsmanship, the trade union movement, most unlikely of all as it may seem to the scoffer. But if the insurgence and feeling after self-expression and self-government in the labour world have not a deep significance for craftsmanship, then the future of our industrial civilisation will be black indeed.

Perhaps we are tired of hearing of the dignity of labour, for certainly the labourer would like to know something of the dignity of leisure. Leisure is not idleness, for it connotes a time of work, and a time to survey work and to gauge its worth. Rightly used it is the time when the mind sits in judgment upon its own activities. There can be no dignity of labour until the labourer has leisure to ask himself whither his efforts lead. He must ask himself what worthy and social ends his labours serve, and must feel, in short, full satisfaction in his work, knowing it to be right work devoted to right ends.

In this sense a revival of the sense of the dignity of labour is the precursor to the growth of craftsmanship. Nothing good can come of mere task work or work which serves an immoral or an unsocial end. It is because, however falteringly the claims are made, the unions demand a human status for their members that there resides in them the chief hope for this revival. Nor is this a mere claim that the individual workman shall be treated with decency and his work with respect. It is that, but also something more, for it is to recognise the functional value to the community of his craft, to realise that it is from its practice that a fine culture grows. When society does recognise such value, each man will become conscious of his brotherhood to his fellow-craftsmen and be jealous for the honour, not only of his craft, but of his humanity.

What the world requires is neither elaborate machinery of production nor a change of heart. The heart of man is sound. What is necessary is a true and a scientific analysis of work and its worthiness. The work that cannot be done in joy is condemned, for joyless work cannot be good work. Once jealous for craft, we need not fear for beauty, for in good craftsmanship beauty of form will surely emerge, whether it be in the building of a bridge or a ship, a locomotive or a building, furniture or clothing. And, if works of art may be rare, a piece of fine craftsmanship,

[illegible] serving aesthetic and useful ends, will yet abide and be its own justification.

What remains of antiquity? A few sculptures from Hellas and Egypt—a vase, a helmet, or a piece of wall. But perhaps greater than many pictures may be our fields, a stretch of road, some fragment of gracious domestic architecture. Our fields in their rolling billows, our hedges, our Sussex hamlets, speak to us with eloquence of a great day that is passed. Yet there is comfort in the thought that the Roman road has outlived the Roman statue, because its creator possessed a greater and a finer, because less derivative, spirit. Its solid achievement speaks of purpose and good craftsmanship.

Surely here is work for the scientific economist, to make possible, by creative criticism, the conditions in which, and in which only, fine craftsmanship can truly flourish. And to it will be added art also.

G. W. Thomson.

THE VICTORIAN WOMAN

A DISTINGUISHED ex-civil servant lately described himself in a Sunday newspaper as 'one of those who have shamefacedly to confess that we are the products of the Victorian age.' On the same day, in another journal, a reverend canon (also a Victorian) referred to 'the godless Victorian age,' and sarcastically asserted that it was typified by the 'top hat.'

Why the Victorian age should be so frequently thus derided is surely astonishing when its record is considered. The age that produced Tennyson, the Brownings, Swinburne, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Trollope, the Kingsleys, Mrs. Gaskell, Ruskin, Macaulay, Froude, Lecky, Fitzgerald, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, Meredith, Stevenson, Morris, Morley, and Bryce has no reason to feel ashamed of its achievements in literature; nor, having regard to Faraday, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Adams, Lyell, Geikie, Lockyer, Lord Kelvin, Crooks, Sir Oliver Lodge, and others too numerous to mention, was it 'top-hattish' in the way of science. Moreover, in other matters—the substitution of humane and reasonable laws, both criminal and civil, for the cruel injustice and absurdities of preceding eras, the levelling up of the great middle class, the improvement in the conditions of life and the education of the working class, the creation of the British Empire, and the wonders following on the discovery of the applications of steam and electricity—the Victorian progress was far greater than that of the whole of the Hanoverian epoch.

But the canon's reproach of godlessness seems to me even more than usually inept. I should have thought that the Victorian age was an era of bewildering religious revivals, beginning with the Oxford Movement and ending with the Salvation Army, accentuating the gibe of the witty Frenchman that the English are mainly distinguished as having thirty-nine religions and only one sauce. Certainly, up to 1860 or thereabouts there was nothing like the agnosticism and indifference that abounds now, and anyone who was bold enough to express doubts found himself looked upon with cold disapproval if not with actual dislike.

For myself, born in the year 1850, I am a Victorian unashamed, and even more unashamedly firm in my admiration for the

Victorian woman—not that I have any serious quarrel with the young woman of to-day, the 'modern girl,' as she loves to call herself. All that I claim is that, misled by young writers who know little or nothing about Victorian women, or by writers who, being themselves Victorians, are suffering from an 'inferiority complex,' she is too often disposed to feel and express a very ill-founded contempt for her forebears.

My text is that the modern girl greatly deceives herself in thinking that she is on a different plane to her predecessors, the fact being that it is her environment only that has changed her outlook, her status and her manners. *Au fond*, except for a certain lack of graciousness, she is very much the same capricious, plucky, illogical, enthusiastic, incomprehensible, but generally delightful being as the woman of Victorian times. In fact, to use a hackneyed quotation, '*plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.'

Now, what is meant by the Victorian woman? I think that the term only fairly applies to women whose adult life began and whose character was formed during the reign of the great Queen. Moreover, I am obliged to confine myself to women of the middle and working classes, for of *le monde où l'on s'amuse* I have but little experience. If, however, its present members are truthfully depicted in the works of Mr. Michael Arlen, Mr. Beverley Nichols, and Mr. Somerset Maugham its women most certainly cannot compare favourably with their Victorian forebears either in character or manners. I am told, indeed, that the younger generation of 'society' people regard good manners as a sign of insincerity and servility. If so, I think they greatly err, for, as Tennyson puts it,

> Manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of loyal nature and of noble mind.

I knew well three generations of Victorian gentlewomen of the upper middle class—namely, the generations of my mother, my late wife, and my daughter—and I have also known many of that fourth later militant non-Victorian generation which is now in the full bloom of womanhood.

It is, of course, difficult in a case of this kind to avoid the reproach of arguing from the particular to the universal. One can only speak of one's own experience, and during the earlier years of life that experience is, of course, confined to those devoted women who looked after us in childhood. Thus my chief impressions during the fifties of the last century are derived from my mother and her sisters and a very efficient but severe lady who ran a school for small boys at which I, in the company of most of the youngsters of the district of my own class (for she had a widespread vogue), received the foundations of my education.

[illegible] have [illegible] of the [illegible] theory of [illegible] a child do what it dislikes would certainly have been [illegible]. After I was sent to a boarding school in South Devon, in [illegible] or thereabouts, I also became acquainted with the mothers and sisters of several of the day-boys, who were uniformly kind to me, and, while insisting upon obedience and respect from their own children, never, in my experience, lost their affection. These gracious ladies and their daughters of my own generation will always remain in my memory as noble examples of womanhood—kind and courteous to everyone, but firm and efficient as rulers of their homes and children, yet always cheerful and full of interest in life.

I propose, then, to give some account of these women, and I have no reason to suppose that they differed in essentials from other women of their class of the same period.

And first let us compare them with the modern girl in relation to physical strength, nerve and grit.

We are frequently told that the Victorian woman fled from mice, screamed at a spider, fainted at the sight of a cut finger, and generally behaved like a pampered and neurotic infant. This is all moonshine. I do not think that I ever saw a woman faint before I came to live in London in 1869, and not often after then.

My mother (who was born just 100 years ago) married my father in 1849, and I was their first child. My earliest recollection (about 1855) was that we lived in a large country house on the border of Staffordshire and Salop, about four miles from Wolverhampton. This part of the country was hunted by the Albrighton Hounds, and both my father and mother were constant and active attendants at the meets. She was a tall and commanding woman and a bold and skilful rider. In those days women universally rode side-saddle with long 'riding habits,' and to take a brook or a 'bullfinch' in that guise was a very different affair from taking it riding athwartships. More than once she had bad falls, and I remember that on one occasion her boot jammed in the stirrup and she was dragged for some distance, but this did not prevent her continuing the sport. She also habitually drove a pair of spirited horses, a task requiring, I think, more grit and nerve than steering a motor car, for each of the horses has its own views, which do not always coincide with those of the driver.

But there is no need to labour this. Have the heroic labours of Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War and quiet courage of the English women in India during the Mutiny and in countries where civilised government had not been established been forgotten? The modern girl prides herself, and quite rightly, on her work in the Great War, but her grandmother or great-grandmother did 'her bit' as efficiently as her environment

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] And how about the [illegible] Victorian ladies who, [illegible] secured for English women the political status which they now possess? Some of their methods may have been questionable, but their courage no one can deny.

It is very generally assumed by modern writers that the early Victorian women wore ringlets and giggled shyly when addressed by a man. This, again, is purely imaginary. They mostly wore their hair at that date in plaits coiled at the back of the head and fastened with a comb, which I cannot help thinking was at all events as becoming as the coiffures of the shingled maids and matrons of to-day. Nor do I ever recollect my mother or her sisters, or any of their contemporaries beyond the 'flapper' stage, giggling or looking shy. On the contrary, they enjoyed a hearty laugh, and a good many of them a contest of wits, with any man. I certainly never saw my mother weep but once, and that was when—poor soul!—she returned to my chambers over fifty years ago from a visit to a Harley Street doctor under an unexpected sentence of death; and I think even the most stoic of modern girls would forgive that weakness.

With regard to athletic games, at the date of which I am speaking (the fifties and sixties) lawn tennis had not, I believe, been invented, or, at all events, was not generally played, and I think that croquet and Badminton and a very graceful French game called la grace were the only athletic games available for women. Most certainly they did not play the rougher games of hockey, football, or even cricket. Indeed, the long dress of that period would have made it impossible; and I think that, even if public opinion had permitted it, they had too much consideration for their appearance to run about in trousers or 'shorts' looking like stumpy, perspiring and unlovely boys. Anyhow, they had not the opportunity. As now, so then, they delighted in balls and dances. There were, if I remember rightly, three large balls at our country town every year—namely, the Bachelors', the Benedicts' (a fancy dress function), and the Hunt; and in addition many of the upper middle class who had daughters gave dances at their own houses. These were not the somewhat sad-looking affairs that one now sees in hotels and like places. The round dances were mostly waltzes and galops interspersed with the rather ridiculous polka and schottische. But the waltzes and galops were much more strenuous affairs than the modern waltz or foxtrot, and I fancy that the modern girl would find that they took quite as much out of her as she could give without undue fatigue. Nor was sitting out in cosy corners tabooed, and many a match was made or initiated at these joyous entertainments.

I think that face powder was not so extensively used before 1880 as it is now, and certainly the lipstick or any equivalent was unknown; but we young fellows had seldom reason to criticise the beauty of the girls' complexions, which (at all events in the country) were almost always unaided by art.

My maiden aunts, then girls just out of their teens, were very lively young women. They were frequent week-end visitors at my parents' country house along with one or two young fellows from the town, and these parties, even now after seventy years, remain in my recollection as very pleasant. According to my memory there was not only none of that imaginary 'stiffness and primness' which the modern writer, both male and female, attributes to the Victorian woman, but there was a good deal of innocent tomboyism. It is true that there were no battles with soda water syphons (which, indeed, did not then exist), or even with pillows (which did); but I was habitually enlisted by my lively aunts to prepare 'apple-pie beds' and other like traps for male guests, and in turn I treacherously assisted the men in carrying through penal expeditions against the girls.

The 'grown-ups' dined much earlier in those days (six-thirty, if I remember rightly), and, of course, I was not permitted to be present except on dinner-party nights, when I was allowed at dessert, so that I have no very distinct recollection of how they passed the evening after dinner. I think, however, from later experience, that the elders played whist and the younger ones billiards or some game (card or other) of the kind which appealed to their age as having more fun and less thought in it, interspersed with music. I am quite sure that at that period there was more music in the home, and a far greater proportion of people, particularly women, who played or sang than is the case now, when anything but professional music is practically barred. Whether this was better or worse than the modern habit I am not prepared to say. Some of the amateur music of that and a later date was, no doubt, very often banal in composition and excruciating in execution; but it had at least the advantage of providing family amusement for the younger people in the home, and of being free from that distressing tremolo by which singers of the present day, whether male or female, attempt (at least so I am told) to express their soulfulness. However, there was always a class which loved music of a character which is still held in esteem in other than ultra-modern circles, and Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Handel, Haydn, Rossini, Verdi, and others of like quality were held in high estimation; and, unless I am much mistaken, the Saturday 'popular concerts' of classical music were a Victorian invention.

These musical diversions were, however, not confined to the

[illegible] for some time about 1860 amateur concerts [illegible] held in country [illegible]. Whether these would be tolerable to present-day taste is, perhaps, more than doubtful, but they were certainly extremely popular at the date in question. I remember well that the great hall at Wolverhampton was crowded every Saturday evening by all classes. The colliers were particularly enthusiastic supporters, filling the penny seats without fail, and I remember my mother, who was reckoned a kind of prima donna, was greatly amused (and I think not a little flattered) by hearing on one 'St. Monday' a burly miner remark to another in the market-place, 'See 'er, Bill, with the red cloak. That's 'er as sings so beautiful; see what they penny concerts 'as done for 'er.'

And now a word or two about the artistic culture of the Victorian women otherwise than in music. It must be confessed that this was the weakest part of early Victorian civilisation, with regard, at all events, to domestic art—the art of the house, its furniture and decoration. I find it impossible to put Victorian architecture and furniture on the same plane with those of the eighteenth century. But Victorian houses, if ugly, were at least comfortable and homelike, and the workmanship of Victorian furniture was well and faithfully carried out in a way which is rarely, if ever, found in furniture of the twentieth century.

It must also be confessed that the so-called artistic amateur productions of the Victorian woman were generally bad, with the exception of lead-pencil drawings, of which I still have some beautiful specimens. I remember that in the early sixties there was a craze for what was called 'potichomania,' a dreadful craft in which a clear glass vase as a base was converted into fictitious porcelain by gluing golden paper Chinese figures (such as dragons and the like) inside the vase and then giving the interior two coats of thick tinted body colour in oil. Also, later on, there was an equally objectionable treatment of photographs, which were cemented face downwards on to glass, then made semi-transparent with varnish or melted wax, and finally painted at the back in colours which showed through the photograph and made it look something like a painted underglaze plaque. But I am doubtful whether the art of the amateur young lady of the present day is much better, or at all events will escape the jeers of her successors, although she has far better opportunity of being properly taught.

Every generation, of course, differs in taste, manners and ideals from that which precedes it, and the fashions of to-day will no doubt become the laughing-stock of to-morrow. Thus I naturally fancy that in the seventies of the last century the taste of my generation had to some extent improved both in the

[illegible] elaborate wall-papers and highly coloured hangings or [illegible], stained-glass windows, nor the crinolines of the early Victorian women or the peg-top trousers, Dundreary whiskers, and pork-pie hats of the men. Yet one has only to look at old photographs (for instance of the University crews of 1873 or 1874) to see how different they were in outward appearance from their successors of 1927. Nearly all younger men then sported mutton-chop or straight whiskers and moustaches, and I suppose the girls liked it, although those photographs strike one now as almost comic. So with the women. The huge crinoline of my infancy had given way to tightly-fitting garments, which again later on were supplanted by the 'dress improver' or modified 'bustle,' all of which can be seen in the delightful drawings of the late George Du Maurier in the pages of *Punch*. I doubt not that in another quarter of a century drawings of the present fashions, both male and female, will seem ridiculous and ugly, not only to the young people of that day, but even to the survivors among ourselves, and that the fashionable 'condemned cell' style of room with whitened walls decorated with two or three etchings will seem to be cold, unattractive, and unhomelike. What will succeed it, Heaven knows. It is quite likely that it may not be an improvement.

But all the above-mentioned changes were merely external. The characters and dispositions of the girls of 1875 were much the same as those of 1855. Perhaps they were rather freer in thought as well as in manners, and I think that they had become more addicted to slang and unconventionality and what was then called 'fastness,' which was however little more than innocent flirtation.

At all events, a writer (generally reputed to be a woman) of the latter date seemed to think so, for she contributed vitriolic articles to the *Saturday Review* on 'The Girl of the Period' and 'The Frisky Matron' which created quite an excitement in female circles at the time, although I am unable to recall exactly what particular course of conduct she objected to.

I think, however, that there have been two legal changes which have made a radical alteration in women's mentality. One of these is the ease with which divorce may now be obtained. The idea of the serious character of a dissolution of marriage, which during the first ten years of my life could only be obtained by a private Act of Parliament, has, I think, vanished entirely, and I have no doubt that the Victorians would have been genuinely shocked at the levity with which divorces are now sought, and the facility with which (in many cases collusively) they are obtained. Indeed, some post-Victorian (I forget who) has been

[illegible]
[illegible] to allege that but for the Divorce Court marriage would be an act of inconceivable folly.

Another change was brought about by the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, which destroyed the outrageously unjust laws which, in the absence of a settlement, practically handed over all a woman's movable property to her husband and gave him the administration, during their joint lives, of her land. I think that many married women bitterly and very reasonably resented this, and its abolition (while leaving the unfortunate husband liable for their torts) has no doubt made them feel freer and less economically dependent on men than the women of an earlier date.

And how about 'education'—that sacred word almost as comfortable to the modern scribe as 'Mesopotamia' was to the traditional old lady?

It is, of course, undeniable that the education of the modern girl is quite different from that of her Victorian mother. The idea of the Victorian girl's school was not to make the pupil a classical scholar or a deep mathematician, still less to make her an international forward or half-back. Its object was to beautify her body by gymnastic exercises (not rough games) and to cultivate her mind with history, geography, English, French, and sometimes other foreign literature, and to teach the fluent use of at least the French language, to impart a gracious and attractive manner, and generally to turn her into an agreeable woman of the world. I suppose that I shall be considered by many of my readers as a senile reactionary if I say deliberately that, while the modern school undoubtedly produces a different type of culture approximating to the male standard, I do not believe that it is materially superior to the Victorian school, and I am supported in this view by a letter in the *Spectator* of March 26 last from a well-known post-Victorian lady who alleges the futility of the present fashionable education. As she puts it, she herself spent many fruitless and painful hours struggling with Latin and mathematics while all her inclinations were towards literature, while cooking and sewing, domestic arts of the utmost importance (as she herself asserts), 'are very wrongly regarded' as 'extras' at most schools. Even modern languages, she says, are inadequately taught, and European history and literature practically never touched upon. In writing this I am by no means belittling scholarship in women. The creed of Tennyson's 'fat-faced curate Edward Bull' is certainly not mine, and no one enjoys the society of women of real intellectual attainments more than I do. But in every generation they, like men of intellect, are the exception, and Victorians like Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, Adelaide Anne Procter, Mrs. Fawcett,

Mrs. Garrett Anderson, and others too numerous to mention were not behind the more modern female intelligentsia.

And what of Victorian women of the working class? They were, in my recollection, women of fine character and capable of the utmost devotion. Many of them were no doubt quite illiterate, but so are, curiously enough, many post-Victorian girls and women who, having somehow scraped through the council schools, have forgotten all they learned there—even how to read.

In early and mid-Victorian days it was quite usual for servants to remain for years in a family. My father's servants seldom left except to be married; they were regarded as friends of the family, and a kindly eye was always kept upon them afterwards. But this was before the apostle Marx managed to tickle English ears with the new gospel of Envy and Sloth. Now it is notorious that this friendly sympathy is rarely found between mistress and maid. Whether this is due to faults of our educational system or the faults of temper or lack of kindliness on both sides I will not venture to say.

To sum up, I see but little difference between the modern young woman and her Victorian predecessor except that to innocent feminine vanity (from which no era has been exempt) the former has added some mental sex conceit, and not a little apparent hardness and worldliness, with a corresponding loss of the graciousness and charm which was the chief asset of the Victorian lady. Nevertheless, the girls of to-day *can* be very charming and attractive when they like, and I rejoice to think that I enjoy the quasi-contemptuous friendship of many of them.

I suppose that this hardness and worldliness is a tacit compliment to man and expresses the widespread desire of the younger women to ignore sex. But the facts of Nature are against the uniformity they desire. Men and women may be 'equal' (whatever that may mean), but equality is not the same as uniformity. The two sexes are essentially different, not only physically, but in outlook on life; and women who endeavour to imitate the appearance and the hardness of men remind me somewhat of that curious insect which, outwardly resembling the scorpion, erects its tail well over its head in order to complete deception, relying upon the fact that it will be taken at its face value although it has not been furnished with a sting.

ARTHUR UNDERHILL.

THE PRESENT-DAY EDUCATION OF GIRLS

AN INDICTMENT

No thoughtful person will deny that one of the greatest evils of the present age is the tyranny of catchwords and phrases.

To take an example: the term 'progressive' is now applied in a quite meaningless fashion to all those tendencies and movements which aim at levelling down the natural differences between men and women. To maintain that the sexes are almost, if not quite, identical in mental and moral attributes, and that they should enjoy identical education and pursue identical careers, is to be 'progressive.' On the other hand, those who see a profound meaning in the eternal polarity of the sexes, and maintain that civilisation will be enriched and vitalised through a full cultivation of this fruitful diversity, are without further ado stamped as 'reactionaries.'

Historically considered, there is no doubt a reason for this apparently quite senseless use of labels. In the early stages of the Woman's Movement it was necessary to struggle for woman's right of entry into many professions and occupations from which she had hitherto been barred, and accordingly to lay special weight on the factors common to men and women. The idea of progress thus became associated with an approximation on the part of women towards masculine modes of life and thought; and the Woman's Movement has never really disentangled itself from the mentality of these early stages.

It no doubt appeared to John Stuart Mill and the Victorian rationalists, who knew nothing of scientific psychology, that the difference between the sexes was purely physical. But since those days there has been an immense development of psychology, biology and sociology, and many new avenues of thought have been opened up. The study of physiological psychology has shown that human personality must be looked upon as a single whole, that mind and body act and react so intimately that it is practically impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends. It thus follows that the sex of a given individual must exercise a very important influence on all his or her mental attributes.

In view of the valuable researches of such students of sex psychology as Stanley Hall (in America), Havelock Ellis (in England), and Moll, Freud and others (on the Continent), it is puzzling to imagine how anyone can maintain, as do many feminists, that sex is a matter of little or no significance in education or vocation. Such a statement, for example, as that in *Women and Economics*, by Mrs. C. P. Gilman, 'There is no female mind. The brain is not an organ of sex,' now appears wholly obsolete.

The influence of the above indicated Victorian rationalism, with its peculiar sexless utilitarian life-outlook, is unfortunately still very great. A large proportion of the teachers in our girls' schools and colleges were themselves brought up in its shadow, and their whole view of woman's education and her place in society is coloured by preconceptions which date from a bygone age.

The refusal of feminists to accept sex distinction as a basic social principle has made it impossible for them to develop any positive aims or ideals of their own, since these could only arise through a recognition of woman's specific character. As a result, the superior positivity of the male has triumphed. The progress of modern feminism has come to mean little more in practice than the penetration of women into a man-made social and industrial system. To-day it is the woman, with her inborn pliability of character, who is busy adapting herself to all sorts of masculine careers. The girl of to-day has been hypnotised by male influence. Devoid of any philosophy of life of her own, she is content to follow where men have gone before.

After these few words of introduction, let us look a little more closely at the problem of sex psychology.

In a recent lecture to the Ethnological Society, Dr. Bernard Hollander gave a very clear explanation of some of the main characteristics of the typical woman, and related these to the specific structure of the body, brain, and nervous system. Owing to the greater relative importance of the sympathetic nervous system in women, and its greater fineness, women are more capable than men of experiencing and expressing feelings, such as joy, fear, grief, hope, and are more instinctive and subjective in all their reactions. Men will never equal women in intuition, quick receptivity, adaptability and 'emotionality.' On the other hand, the greater stability of the male nervous system is the result of a different constitution. Nature knows her own job; and if women were in nervous constitution like to men they would be unfitted for their racial functions. (Even George Eliot, so often quoted by feminists as an example of

[illegible], admitted that she was 'wayward, excitable, over-emotional and unstable.')

Dr. Arabella Kenealy, in her thought-provoking work *Feminism and Sex Extinction*, lays weight upon the basic significance for our civilisation of sex difference. She makes it clear that masculinity in girls or women is as much a symptom of degeneration as would be femininity in men, and carries with it dangers no less serious for the welfare of society. Amongst savages on a low level of culture sex differences are not highly marked; they 'become ever further intensified and more complexly defined as development rises in the scale.' Dr. Kenealy explains that, while each parent transmits something of his or her sex type to the child, in the normal girl the feminine characteristics are dominant and the masculine recessive. Each sex contains potentialities of the other. The best men are those with a dash of the woman. But should the opposite sex characteristics be *over*-developed, we get degeneracy. The forcing of girls along masculine lines may result in serious and lasting injury to health. As leading feminine characteristics, Dr. Kenealy classes—instinctive qualities, intuitive sensibility, 'psychic capacity,' and 'delicacy of aptitude'; while men excel in the rational qualities, in judgment, analysis and general objectivity. Men have more initiative than women and more *available* energy; but women possess more latent vitality and more endurance.

In reviewing the opinions of psychologists on the subject of feminine character we find remarkably little difference of opinion. They are all in agreement with Professor Möbius, who attributed to women a superior instinctive power, a closer relationship to Nature, and a greater emotional sensibility as compared with men. The views of Havelock Ellis are so well known that I need not expand them; he emphasises very strongly the depth and importance of the psychological sex distinction (along the foregoing lines), and, while befriending the emancipation of women, severely criticises that section of the feminist movement which seeks to minimise the importance of sex in education and life in general. Perhaps less known in this country is the work of Stanley Hall, who during many years of study collected an immense mass of material indicating the vital significance of secondary sex characteristics in the educational world, and underlining the danger to national health and efficiency which must follow from their undervaluation (see *Adolescence*).

Space is lacking for a detailed account of the painstaking labours of the many German investigators in this field. Dr. Otto Lippmann examined with extraordinary care the results of over 8000 observations made upon schoolchildren in England, Germany, Sweden and America. He drew the conclusion that

girls excel markedly in 'keenness,' in quickness of apprehension, and in patience and docility. They took first place in religious subjects, in languages, and in many tests requiring imagination and intuition (in all the nationalities alike). Boys showed a clear superiority in mathematics, geometry, in the technical sciences, in drawing, and in all subjects of a logical nature. (Very interesting was a test in drawing railway trains: the boys, for the most part, drew the technical details accurately; while the girls paid little attention to these, but carefully put in the people travelling in the carriages; here we see at an early age the personal tendency of the feminine mind and the objective masculine tendency.)

The Dutch psychologist G. Heymans, in his work on the *Psychology of Woman*, sums up the results of a wide series of experiments in Holland, England, France, and elsewhere (mostly on students). He finds the girls leading in perseverance, industry, in a 'sense for the concrete,' and above all in 'instinctive apperception'; while the men excelled in logical sense, in initiative, and in the practical application of knowledge.

The reader will notice that the feminine qualities and characteristics suggested above correspond closely with the interpretations of womanhood in the works of our great novelists and poets. Many interesting illustrations might be taken from Shakespeare, Balzac, Goethe, Meredith, or George Eliot. I am not aware that any first-class intellect has ever supported the modern feminist view of the almost negligible importance of mental sex distinctions. (With the possible exception of Mill; and there are many passages in his works which tell against the neuter philosophy of the feminists—notably where he lays weight on the significance of variety and diversity in human development.)

Sir Rabindranath Tagore is unquestionably right in looking upon the equalitarian movement as the temporary product of a materialistic age, unable to perceive the deep spiritual meaning of sex polarity:

> If woman's nature were really the same as that of man it would be a superfluity, a mere tautology. . . . If women acquire the view that sex difference is only physical, and that mentally and spiritually they are of the same nature as men, and if they act on this assumption (thus giving life a one-sidedly masculine form), then our civilisation will sooner or later sink into utter confusion and chaos [from an article in *Die Frau*].

I do not, of course, maintain that the foregoing brief review of some of the results of sex psychology gives us a clear-cut scheme. There is no such scheme. But if we should err in attempting too sharp a differentiation of the sexes, those err far more who believe, with the feminists, that sex distinction can safely be ignored in education and occupation. Red may fade

imperceptibly into yellow. Nevertheless, there is such a thing as red and such a thing as yellow. And, however vague may be the borderland of mental and emotional sex distinctions, there is a masculine psychology and there is a feminine psychology, and these possess certain fairly well-defined qualities which I have sketched above.

It is very important to emphasise that the outstanding feminine characteristics are not empirical. They are not simply the qualities that woman happens to have. *They are those that she must have.*

For untold thousands of years women have developed along lines biologically different from those of man's development; and this history is stamped in woman's physique and mentality. Even if we wished to work against this line of development—and why should we?—it is now too late to do so. It would be as impossible to reverse, at this time of day, the qualities that woman has acquired in a million or so years as it would be to reverse any other product of evolution, such as the shape of the human skeleton or the habit of going upon two legs!

It is dangerous and unscientific obscurantism to maintain that men and women do not differ essentially in their psychological structure and hence in their social needs and aptitudes. Such an argument places those who use it on the level of the 'Kentucky die-hards,' who sought to prohibit the teaching of evolution in that State. The wide prevalence of this prejudiced and wholly doctrinaire attitude towards the question of sex difference is a peril to the cause of education, which is thus placed at the mercy of catchwords the very meaning of which has never been defined by those who use them.

The line of social progress consists in duly recognising the broad distinction of sex and so moulding the educational system that it shall bring to full fruition all the potentialities of human bi-polarity. It is my charge against the existing system that it tends to obliterate the life-giving difference of sex, that it trains girls to imitate and compete with men, rather than to fulfil their own natural gifts and to rejoice in all their feminine potentialities, welcoming even such limitations as they may impose.

The utilitarian and unpsychological philosophy which lies behind the modern education of girls has caused their teachers to forget the great truth that men and women are *complementary opposites.* Each best fulfils itself by developing precisely those qualities lacking in the other. Polarity is a law running through the universe; and it is the polarity of sex alone that can enable human culture to reach its highest activity and its richest content. Sex equality in the cheap sense of the catchword (which ignores the spiritual significance of sex difference) is the most reactionary

of [illegible], since it seeks to reverse the purpose of evolution, working towards a higher and higher differentiation of species.

The entry of women into politics, which I do not seek to oppose, loses all its meaning if we conceive of women as being in no really vital way different from men. It is just in so far as women represent a female element in life, as distinct from the male element, that they are able to bring fresh forces to bear upon our political life and that their presence in Parliament has any purpose at all. (Curiously enough, the argument that women should enter politics because they can carry with them a new view-point is often used, most illogically, by the very feminists who, at other times, deny vigorously that there is any important psychological difference between the sexes!) Logically all supporters of woman's suffrage should be opponents of sex equality, since the best argument in favour of the suffrage is undoubtedly that based upon the importance of sex difference.

We must endeavour to cleanse our schools and colleges of those false modes of thought which cause every attempt to make a wise distinction between the sexes to be regarded with suspicion as a probable attempt to assert male superiority. There is here no question at all of superiority or inferiority. In the light of male standards the female sex will certainly seem inferior. In the light of female standards the males would seem inferior. But if we adopt the comprehensive view-point of biology the sexes are seen to be equal in value while differing in function.

Under the influence of the utilitarian-equalitarian philosophy which dominates them, girls' schools are degenerating into adjuncts of the economic machine, turning out yearly so and so many thousand potential secretaries, teachers or chemists.

It is commonly supposed that the new *régime* has created a type of girl much superior in health and capacity to the 'fainting miss' of early Victorian or Georgian days. This is a complete delusion. The women of the nineteenth and latter eighteenth century period were certainly less masculine and less fit for sport or business life than the modern girl; but they were extraordinarily vital and capable in their own sphere of life. In maternity they suffered less than the wife of to-day, and were better able to nurse their children. We know that they mothered a race of great personalities. The woman of to-day will be well justified in boasting her superiority when she has given England such personalities as Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Wordsworth, Rossetti, Gladstone, Stanley, Gordon, Darwin, Spencer, George Eliot, the Brontës, Jane Austen, Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Despard, George Meredith, Swinburne,

[illegible]

There is every reason to believe, with Dr. Arabella Kenealy, that the efficiency of the modern girl in all sorts of masculine occupations and sports has been paid for with a high price. Nature has built up the physique and nervous system of woman with a view, primarily, to her racial functions, which require a large potential energy; and when girls are unduly 'forced,' or when they develop a masculine robustness of muscle (unnecessary for women), much of the nervous force which should remain stored up for future racial uses is either used up or deflected into other channels. In *Feminism and Sex Extinction* we read:

> Just at the age when Nature locks the door upon her constitutional resources for the purpose of evolving these to higher organisation, the schools and industries do a strenuous best to keep the door forcibly open, and to wrest the resources from the storehouse of potential . . . the natural languors and disabilities of the girl's adolescent phase are vigorously combated.

In consequence of this mistaken type of education, the finer and softer attributes of womanhood, which are as indispensable to the race as they are superfluous to the machine of industry, often fail of fruition. We get 'Amazons of the hockey, football, tennis or hunting-fields, only just distinguishable in general characteristics from the male'; and later in life these types often pay severely for their unnatural development. Dr. Kenealy points out (p. 120) that when adolescent girls are 'strained by athletics, by over-culture or industrial exhaustion, the vital resources are so diverted from the evolution of function as to cause incapacitation in them, partial or complete, for wifehood, and for the bearing of sound and fine offspring.' On p. 135 she quotes a well-known American gynæcologist, Dr. Gaillard Thomas, who estimated, some years ago, that 'only about 4 per cent. of American women proper were physiologically fitted to become wives and mothers.' Professor Stanley Hall also published a large mass of statistics (see *Adolescence*) showing the positively alarming unfitness of the Anglo-Saxon woman for maternity; and he attributed this very serious state of things largely to the failure of present-day educators to pay sufficient attention to the vital difference of the sexes. Another well-known authority, the late Professor G. J. Engelmann, who possessed an exceptionally wide experience in America, wrote: 'It appears to be a fact that women who develop their muscular system highly suffer exceptionally in child-birth' (quoted from *Weib und Mann*, by Dr. Heilbronn).

No one will dispute the right of the most distinguished of English writers on sex subjects, Havelock Ellis, to express a

weighty opinion on this matter. We find him throwing all his authority against the masculinisation prevalent in our schools. If space permitted I would quote him at length; but I am compelled to limit myself to a couple of passages, both from *Sex in Relation to Society* (Chapter II.):

> A proper recognition of the special nature of woman, of her peculiar needs and her dignity, has a significance beyond its importance in health and hygiene. The traditions and training to which she is subjected in this matter have a subtle and far-reaching significance according as they are good or evil. If she is taught, implicitly or explicitly, contempt for the characteristics of her own sex, she naturally develops masculine ideals which may permanently discolour her vision of life and distort her practical activities. . . .
>
> I have noticed that women who have lived a very robust and athletic outdoor life . . . sometimes, in confinement, have very seriously difficult times, imperilling the life of the child.

He speaks, further, of the 'extreme frequency' of sexual arrest and nervous breakdown amongst overstrained adolescent girls; and, while referring to swimming and dancing as excellent recreations for girls, is very severe in his condemnation of boyish sports: even violent tennis-playing or cycling is dubious, and games such as hockey or football are dangerous to the welfare of growing girls.

Mr. A. M. Ludovici (see *Woman: a Vindication*) emphasises the same point of view:

> Genuine and gentle reverence for the body, particularly for the young female body, is startlingly rare in England . . .; frequently owing to a deliberate refusal to recognise the needs and fragility of an equipment that is vital, elaborate and easily disordered, girls are as much as possible handled and treated as if they were boys of their own age.

Feminists will boggle at the term 'fragility.' But those very qualities in which women are so much superior to men are the accompaniments of a nervous organisation more responsive and more susceptible to disorder than that of the average man. A girl who is as hardy as a boy is most likely suffering from some nervous disturbance that has blunted her natural fineness. When once we have confused our values to the point of judging a girl's qualities by boyish standards we have departed from every sound principle that can guide our educational practice. In England we possess, in the great boys' schools, what is (in spite of all defects) probably the finest system for the training of men in manly qualities that the world knows; it is all the more pity that we have so signally failed to evolve a corresponding organisation for the rearing of womanly women.[1]

[1] It would take me too far afield if I were to elaborate the plain connexion between the above described state of things and the deplorable condition of our

Dr. J. W. [illegible], who has made a special study of the problem of adolescence in its relation to the internal secretions (the ductless glands), comes to the conclusion (in which he is supported by other students in the same field) that the conditions of growth for boys and girls are so widely different that we should remodel the educational system in order to bring it into line with our psychological knowledge. Girls should certainly not be prepared for the same examinations as boys, since this involves a forcing of the female nervous system at the wrong time ('It is monstrous that girls should be thrust into the masculine educational scheme . . . ; there are deep-going mental differences'). We must not forget, he says, that the existing system of higher education, with all its examinations, etc., was evolved to suit boyish needs and periods of growth, and is totally unsuited to girls. In the interests of national health and of the happiness and well-being of the female half of the population, he considers it 'urgently necessary' to set up a system of girls' education (including special universities for women only) adapted to the specific psychology of women.

Amongst other doctors who have studied the education of girls are Stratz (Amsterdam), Menge (Heidelberg), and Sellheim (Tübingen) ; and we find that they agree on the following points : that girls should have a very thorough general education, including domestic science and the care of children, lasting till the nineteenth year, by which time the nervous system will have become stable ; that no intense specialisation or preparation for difficult examinations should be allowed before this age ; that technical schools for further training should be specially graded ; and that only such girls should take up academic work as are thoroughly fitted for it in mind and body. They lay weight on the fact that no people can be vigorous and productive which allows its girls to be educated in such a manner as to injure their functional potentialities.

The ego-centric, materialistic, unpsychological and unbiological mode of thought which now sets the tone in our girls'

national health. In France it has been shown that districts in which breast-feeding is the rule yield a proportion of first-class recruits double that found in districts where it is neglected. In many parts of England barely one-third of the adult manhood is in normal physical health. Sir Auckland Geddes described the Army reports as to health as 'appalling.' The *British Medical Journal* speaks of 'a mass of physical inefficiency.' In Devon, which is certainly not the worst part of England, the medical inspector for the county refers to a 'steady and progressive decline in the general physique of the children.' He puts this down to bad housing, bad feeding and bad breeding (low fertility of the best stocks). To fight against these gigantic evils is woman's true task. But for this purpose we need women who are home- and race-builders by nature and by *training*.

schools and colleges is firmly entrenched, and those who are fighting against it have a hard struggle before them.

They must aim at nothing less than a re-orientation of the whole system. It must be placed upon a sound socio-centric basis, relating the growing girl from the beginning to the life of the community and to her own racial tasks. The new philosophy of education must take fully into account the facts of biology and do adequate justice to the deep social significance of the psychological differences between the sexes.

The existing system is profoundly dysgenic. It might almost have been invented with the object of accelerating the deterioration of the race. The girls with the best abilities and the richest store of hereditary qualities are picked out for higher education, and go on to the universities and technical schools, where a large proportion break down in health. Two-thirds of those who survive pass into celibate careers, and their valuable racial characteristics perish with them. True, some marry on the way; but these, often weakened in health and mentally alienated from domestic ideals, produce very few children, and often cannot feed these few. It has been shown that every 100 girls entering into technical and academic careers produce some 50 to 60 children (this is less than one-fifth of the proportion needful to secure survival of the racial characteristics of the mother). I submit that this is a state of things which a nation conscious of a purpose and a future simply cannot afford to tolerate. It is more than time for an energetic attack upon the entire system.

The girls' school must cease to aim at turning out women whose first aim in life is economic independence. *The school must relate itself to the life of the race.* The nation has a right to demand from the schools which it supports women who shall be fitted in every respect to carry on the cultural and biological tasks of the nation.[1]

We must begin by breaking down the tyranny of cheap phrases. The phrase 'sex equality' is utterly meaningless unless it be accurately defined. To secure absolute equality it would be necessary, not only for women to have the right of entry into masculine pursuits, but conversely for men to enter into feminine

[1] Some readers may urge that it is essential to train girls solely for careers in these days of poor marriage opportunities. We find ourselves here in a vicious circle. It is precisely the entry of so many girls into the labour market which more than anything else destroys the marriage chance of girls. The natural excess of women over men is very small, barely 10 per cent. As far as nature is concerned 90 per cent. of girls could marry. But we have set up an educational system which plays straight into the hands of home-destroying competitive industrialism, with the result that in the more educated classes barely 40 per cent. of the girls marry, while nearly half the men of this class under forty years of age are unmarried.

[illegible]

pursuits, of which the most important is maternity. Since this is impossible, it is clear that full equality of the sexes is impossible, too; and we must content ourselves with justly balancing the different functions of the two sexes, so that woman's work shall be *in every respect classed as of equal value*, morally and financially, with man's work. We must combat in every way the idea, so deeply ingrained in the mind of the modern girl, that she can demonstrate her equality only by copying everything done by men—an idea which is rooted in an 'inferiority complex' (itself derived from the over-valuation in current thought of the mechanical, rational, one-sidedly masculine aspect of life).

What England needs to-day is a great revival of feminism—in the original and proper sense of the term. On every side we see statues of generals, politicians, discoverers, erected to do honour to the masculine side of life. I should like to see statues of women—not of women who have done something which a man might also have done, but of women who have excelled in their own specific tasks. Let us have a statue of Mrs. Jones, of Camberwell, who was left a widow with six children and brought them all up to lead useful lives, single-handedly. She did more than most generals! Or why not a monument to Miss Robinson, of Ealing, who worked hard for twenty years nursing an invalid father? She well deserves it. Or if on the north side of a square we have a statue of a famous statesman, why not, on the south side, have a memorial to his mother, to whom he very probably owed much of his success? In modern England we are suffering heavily from the fact that public opinion underrates the value of woman's work in the home: this, perhaps even more than material factors, has helped to break down family life. Spirited girls feel that they will not work where their efforts meet with no proper appreciation.

Is there any hope that the educators of the young womanhood of to-day will break away from the tyranny of empty phrases and the stale philosophy of the last century in order to play their part in such a revival?

MEYRICK BOOTH.

THE FOLKLORE OF EDINBURGH

II

Passing from Myth to Legend, we enter a somewhat different sphere, and perhaps encounter a separate layer of racial tradition, for while the myths of Edinburgh seem to be of mingled racial provenance, its early legends are almost exclusively Celtic, although its later märchen certainly exhibit other influences. The legend which details the circumstances of the founding of Holyrood Abbey and the miraculous intervention whereby King David I. was saved from the horns of an infuriated hart displays every sign of deliberate manufacture, yet is replete with the spirit of popular folklore. But whether it had its origin in the minds of priests or people it is now impossible to say. It is not to be found in the *Chronicle of Holyrood*, which was written within the abbey walls, and which closes its record some thirty-five years after the date of the alleged miraculous occurrence. The tale is first encountered in the pages of Bellenden's translation of Boece's history, published in 1535, as an interpolation, and the abbey seal first bears a stag's head in the reign of James I. of Scotland.

The tradition affirms that David, hunting in the forest of Drumselch, which then surrounded the mediæval burgh, and which seems to have been the last vestige of the ancient Caledonian forest, had broken the sanctity of the day of the Holy Rood, the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross (September 14). Separated from his companions, he espied a great hart with branching tines and gave chase. But the deer turned, lowered its mighty antlers, and charged him. Horse and man went down before its onset, and as the king fell he commended himself to the heavenly mercy. Suddenly he found a crucifix in his right hand, and the deer, terrified by the light which shone from the celestial symbol, fled in the direction of the 'Rude Well,' where it vanished. The site of this well is now lost, but is indicated on a map of Edinburgh dated 1817 as 'St. David's Well.' This seems to signify that the animal was a pagan spirit resident in the well—the deer in all mythologies has a close connexion with pools and springs—which had sought to take advantage of the king's

[illegible] neglect of the holy day. Demons and enchantresses who assume the cervine shape are commonly to be encountered in Celtic legend, as, for example, in *The Lay of Gugemar*, a Breton story of the Arthurian cycle in which the hero wounds a fairy deer which lays him under a spell. David, the legend concludes, founded the Abbey of Holyrood in gratitude for his miraculous rescue, and deposited therein the crucifix which had been the means of saving his life.

It is impossible in an article of this scope to deal adequately with the very considerable mass of legendary material relating to the cycle of King Arthur, which is so definitely associated with Edinburgh, and which reveals itself in place-names as well as in tradition. That Edinburgh was at an early period inhabited by people of Brythonic stock speaking a 'P Celtic' or 'Welsh' dialect, and that it had cultural and other relationships with the British kingdom of Strathclyde, admits of no doubt. The district of which it was the nucleus was known in the sixth century as Manaw of the Gododin—that is, the settlement of the Gododin or Otadini tribe, who had formerly worshipped the British god Manawyddan, and in the epic poem of the Welsh bard Aneurin it is alluded to as Dinas Eiddyn. German scholarship has associated the site of Edinburgh with the Grail legend and its holy mount of Montsalvat, and the claim of the locality to be the actual centre from which the Arthurian myth emanated has been warmly discussed. In reality it seems to have been a kind of debatable land between Cymri, Pict, and Saxon during the sixth century; but be that as it may, all that it is necessary to discuss here is the place-name 'Arthur's Seat.' I can discover no folklore sanction for the name save the remark made to Sir Daniel Wilson by Sir J. Y. Simpson's butler that 'Arthur and the auld Picts are sleeping beneath the hill.' This is sufficiently slender, but reveals an undoubted traditional horizon, as it is most unlikely that the man would have of himself invented such a legend. A similar story is told of Eildon Hill, however, and is reminiscent of the legend of Barbarossa's slumber in the depths of the Greifenhorn.

The Scottish connexion of Arthur is to some extent strengthened by his identification with Airem, a hero of Gaelic romance, and, as Rhys indicated, the names Airem and Arthur certainly proceed from a common verbal root. Professor Lloyd, the eminent Welsh historian, also inclines to the belief that Arthur's associations were Caledonian rather than Welsh. 'Wales,' he says, 'was not the theatre of his deeds of prowess. So far as the localities of his many battles can be fixed they belong to the north, and thus *lend support to the theory of a northern* Arthur.'

Others of the Arthurian personages seem also to be associated with Caledonian soil. Thus Lot, who appears to have been the same as the Brythonic god Llud, or Lud, from whom Ludgate Hill in London takes its name, was the mythical King of Lothian, having his headquarters at Traprain Law, now unveiled as a site of ancient British culture, and the find-spot of a large hoard of early silver plate. He was associated with Glasgow as the grandfather of its saint, St. Kentigern. And Merlin, the Druidic companion of Arthur, is frequently alluded to in Arthurian story and Welsh bardic literature as 'Merlin Caledonius.' It seems, therefore, not improbable that the mount called by Arthur's name at Edinburgh had formerly a close connexion with his myth, and that it was a centre of the Druidic faith we shall see.

There is a possibility, too, that the name 'Arthur' in its connexion with Arthur's Seat may refer to the Brythonic hero in his later character of a giant, for just as gods are frequently degraded into heroes or mere enchanters, so heroes in popular story may develop into giants. Thus in some parts of the south of Scotland certain hills are associated with William Wallace, the hero of Scottish emancipation, who by the people in their vicinity is regarded as having been a giant. A portion of the mountain between Salisbury Crags and the peak of Arthur's Seat is known as Samson's Ribs, and another part of it, towards the north-east, as Samson's Grave. The name Samson would seem to be a mediæval and ecclesiastical rendering for that of one of the race of giants in which these islands were so prolific. Did the legend of Arthur and that of this giant become fused, and is 'Samson' only the early Arthur in terms of mediæval legend? There are several sites in Britain where Arthur is locally regarded as of giant race, and in any conclusion regarding the folklore of Arthur's Seat such a possibility should be borne in mind.

The legends relating to the patron saints of Edinburgh, St. Giles and St. Bernard, are only of slight local interest. St. Giles, if he ever existed, never trod Scottish ground. Probably the name of the saint was bestowed upon Edinburgh's first parish church by some member of the Frankish monastery of which St. Giles had been the original abbot. The deer shown in the city arms is associated with him, and, says tradition, he was wounded in its stead whilst Wamba, the Frankish king, was pursuing it, an occurrence which brought him to the notice of that monarch. St. Bernard's Well, in the Stockbridge district of Edinburgh, and situated in the Dean Valley, perhaps the most beautiful and romantic civic area in Britain, was in Sir Walter Scott's time a 'spaw,' where drouthy advocates assembled of a morning to purge their mouths from the staleness of last night's claret. To a

cave in the vicinity came St. Bernard of Clairvaux, bent on preaching the sacred crusade. The cavern was filled in by the building of the retaining wall of Randolph Crescent. From this hermitage the saint observed that flocks of birds frequented an adjacent spring and that these appeared the sprightlier after drinking its waters. He followed their example with benefit to himself, and drew the attention of the inhabitants to the medicinal virtues of the fountain. The legend is given in the *Acta Sanctorum*, and appears to be of venerable age. The healing fountain indicated by birds and beasts has numerous analogies from China to Peru.

That the Calton Hill, not much more than 100 yards from the General Post Office, was once the resort of a cult which believed itself in touch with the elfin realm so lately as the year 1670 or thereabouts, might seem incredible, were it not vouched for by Captain George Burton, an Englishman, who visited the city about that period, and who communicated certain information regarding it to Richard Bovet, the author of *Pandemonium, or the Devil's Cloister*, published in 1684. Shortly before the Great War a zealous guardian of public morality described this mount of many monuments as 'a vestibule of hell.' But nothing is new under the sun, and he had been forestalled by at least 230 years.

Burton, taking his ease at his inn at Leith, had his attention drawn to a strange boy about ten years of age, who was introduced into the common-room by his hostess. The lad entertained the company by telling them that every Thursday a band of revellers assembled beneath the Calton Hill, where they danced and regaled themselves with choice viands, he himself acting as drummer to the party. He suddenly broke off his narrative, saying that he was due to be present at such a festivity that night, and left the room. Burton, greatly interested, followed him, and says that the 'Fairy Boy of Leith' was 'set upon in the street' and carried off swiftly into the darkness.

This story bears a close resemblance to the general circumstances of what is known of the cult of witchcraft, so common in Scotland at that period. Witchcraft, it is now recognised by students of folklore, was no mere phantasy of diseased mentalities, but a definite cult having a well-defined ritual of its own, the last survival of a very ancient folk religion connected with the rites of fertility This especial story is valuable in that it identifies this cult in some measure with the popular notions concerning the subterranean Kingdom of Faerie, and therefore constitutes a notable link between the popular conceptions of witchcraft and elfdom. It seems probable, moreover, that the Calton Hill (*choille dun*, or 'wooded hill'), more anciently known as the Dow or Dhu Craig (the Black Height), was in early times a hill fort or

other human dwelling, which at a later period came to be regarded as an abode of the *sidhe*, or fairy folk. Such a tradition would naturally be seized upon by the adherents of the witch-cult as affording sanction for the use of the site in connexion with the amorous revels which are known to have been associated with their ritual, and the hill would thus acquire that tradition as a somewhat disreputable nocturnal locality which seems to have haunted it until quite recent times.

If it seems strange at first to discern the legend of Faust buried among the wynds of Leith, the port of Edinburgh, it is necessary to recall the former intimate association of the locality with the Hanse Towns of Germany and the Low Countries. The story of *The Warlock Laird* reproduces almost exactly the details of the German mediæval legend, with the exception that the gracious figure of Marguerite is not to be encountered in its gloomy narrative. The Warlock Laird, we are told, dwelt in that part of old Leith known as the Lees, the site of which is now covered by the Kirkgate, but the period of his residence there is uncertain, although by internal evidence it may be fixed at some time early in the eighteenth century. His habitation was an ancient house to which was attached a tall, circular tower, graced with curious little turrets, and lit by narrow, old-world casements. Anthony Gordon, our local Faust, arrived in Leith after serving for many years at sea, and, finding employment in a cooperage, rented the mysterious old dwelling in the Lees very cheaply, living there alone. He took an occasional holiday, from which he invariably returned with a well-filled purse. This naturally aroused suspicion, and on one of these trips he was followed by a curious neighbour disguised as a woman, who tracked him to Kirkcaldy, whence he rowed down the Firth in a ferryman's boat, attended by a single companion. His acquaintance chartered a similar vessel and followed him. The holiday-maker and his pursuer eventually arrived off Dirleton, near North Berwick, where Gordon was seen to steer his craft to the rocky islet opposite that village known as the Lamb. On this he landed, and the Leith man, gazing ahead, thought he could discern two gigantic figures moving to and fro upon the island engaged in digging. But the boatman who rowed the amateur detective grew nervous and insisted on returning to the Fife shore.

Gordon returned as usual, and this time startled the neighbourhood by purchasing the entire buildings on one side of the North Wynd. But when his tenants came to pay their rents, they found him closely attended by a tall dark man of authoritative mien, who seemed to control his every movement, and who forced his callers to cut capers of the most fantastic kind. On the next occasion when they came to pay their dues a dreadful

hubbub sounded in the passage outside, and Gordon rushed into the room, piteously imploring their assistance. Too late, however, for his dread companion was at his heels, and, with loud cries for aid, the doomed wretch was dragged from the room. A terrible detonation shook the house to its foundations, and the tower with which it was connected fell into ruins, from which a strong sulphurous odour arose. Never again was Anthony Gordon seen of mortal man.

The manner in which the legend ends bears a strong resemblance to at least one version of the Faust story—that given by Wierus or Wier, the great demonologist, who in his *De praestigiis daemonum* (Basel, 1563) tells how Faust was found with his neck wrung after his dwelling had been shaken by a terrific din. Some students who occupied a chamber in the neighbourhood said that between twelve and one o'clock at night there blew a mighty storm of wind against the house as though it would have shaken the foundations out of their place. The students, alarmed, leapt from their beds, and then they became aware of a hissing in the hall as of thousands of snakes and adders. With that the hall door flew open, and Dr. Faustus rushed out crying 'murder, murder'; but after a little they heard him no more. Next day they found his mangled remains in the hall. There can be very little doubt that the Leith legend was based, in part at least, upon the German. The story of Faust was commonly known in Britain by the end of the sixteenth century, and so had plenty of time to take on local colour and evolve under local superstition into the shape in which it is here given.

But the tale has other than a mere traditional interest, for it seems to the writer to have given Robert Louis Stevenson the basis for his 'Legend of Tod Lapraik' in *Catriona*, some of the details of which bear a strong resemblance to certain passages in *The Warlock Laird*.

Less tragic, but still vivid with the unfailing colours of legend and of real mythical importance, is the romantic story of *The Flower of Leith*. The ancient feudal superiors of the town were the Logans of Restalrig, whose residence was the moated Castle of Lochend, the site of which is now occupied by an old but substantial dwelling-house. They exercised a tyrannical sway over the burghers of the port, and at the end of the sixteenth century the race was represented by a nobleman who regarded the inhabitants of Leith as fair game for spoliation. The chief instrument of his exactions was a certain Ludovic Wilson, a man of giant height, whose savage and remorseless character made him the terror of the neighbourhood.

In the year 1599 there resided in Leith a merchant of substance and repute named John Balfour, whose only daughter

Lucy, because of her exceptional beauty and charm, was known as 'the Flower of Leith.' One moonless night she was abducted by Logan's gigantic retainer, whose master's reputation was such that he was at once suspected as the originator of the affair. But, as everyone feared him, few were found who dared accuse him openly. Lucy's brothers, however, were not to be trifled with, and, collecting a band of young men of their own age, they proceeded to Lochend Castle for the purpose of demanding an explanation from its lord, who treated them with contumely.

Time passed, and Logan fell upon evil days. He was accused of being an accessory to the Gowrie conspiracy, and was forced to seek concealment. In his absence the people of Restalrig and Leith began to make matters unpleasant for his retainers. Pressed by hunger, Ludovic Wilson and three of his companions came to Leith with the object of obtaining supplies. They were returning to Lochend, when they were confronted on the Links by the brothers Balfour and their friends. A fierce combat ensued, and, though several of the townsmen were killed, the giant and his three comrades were overpowered and slain. A great crowd collected on the spot to exult over the downfall of the monster who had so long harried and tormented them, and it was agreed that he should be buried where he had fallen.

A huge grave was dug, and into this the bodies of the giant and his friends were cast. The crowd, not content with this, dug out the earth in front of what is now Vanburgh Street, and piled it on the top of the grave, either for the purpose of marking the spot or in accordance with ancient tradition to make sure that the spirit of the dreaded giant would not 'walk.' For many years after this occurrence the place was known as 'the Giant's Grave,' but in course of time the name became corrupted into 'the Giant's Brae.' Lucy Balfour was discovered unharmed in a chamber in Fast Castle, another residence of the Logans of Restalrig.

Not long ago a farm hand whom I met on the road near Lochend Castle pointed out the adjacent and solitary tomb of a well-known Edinburgh bookman and antiquary, whose library was recently disposed of at a London sale for over half a million, as 'the Giant's Grave.' The mausoleum in question, which was built a generation ago, stands near the car-line, and is conspicuous for its gorgeous bas-reliefs of the destruction of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea and the triumph of the Israelites. In such a manner do local traditions become confused with the sites connected with later unusual circumstances. But the legend of the Flower of Leith is easily recognisable in Cymric myth. Indeed 'Ludovic,' the name of the Restalrig giant, seems rather obviously to identify him with Lud, or Llud,

the Sun god, or Lot, the tutelary deity of Lothian, later regarded as a giant. The maiden whom he abducts is known locally as 'the Flower,' and this at once identifies her with that Blodeuwedd, or 'Flower Face,' who in Celtic myth was the wife manufactured for Lud out of flowers by Math and Gwydion. The derivation seems plain enough, and in all probability 'the Giant's Grave' marks the spot of one of the traditional burial places of Lud or Lot.

The balm well of St. Katherine, near Liberton, a well into which a deposit of petroleum and bitumen constantly flows, possesses a saintly legend of its own. The surface is perennially coated with an oily black substance, and this gave rise to the belief that its waters were a sovereign cure for cutaneous diseases. The story tells how the pious St. Katherine was requested by St. Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore, to procure for her some holy oil from Mount Sinai. On her return journey from the Holy Land she stopped to rest herself by the Liberton pool, and inadvertently dropped some of the precious oil into its depths. From that moment the supply of oil in the fountain has never ceased. Unfortunately for this story, although vouched for by Hector Boece, none of the five St. Katherines in the Roman Calendar was contemporary with St. Margaret. It is most probable that the proximity of the convent of St. Katherine of Sienna to the well caused her name to be applied to it, and a mediæval lack of chronology would accomplish the rest. James VI. ordered it to be walled round in 1617 for its better preservation, but in 1650 Cromwell's troopers almost totally destroyed the guarding cincture. Near the well a chapel dedicated to St. Margaret was erected, and it is traditionally asserted that in this edifice the bones of St. Katherine, who conferred on the well its miraculous flow of oil, were laid. The place where she rests is still pointed out, but the chapel has long since been removed. The legend was obviously created to account for the association of the well with the saintly name of the patron of the neighbouring shrine.

Edinburgh has also her own Dick Whittington—with a difference—who went to Morocco, and made his fortune, but returned with sentiments to his native town very different from those of his London exemplar. In the reign of Charles I. the Provost of Edinburgh had made himself obnoxious to the city mob, formerly the most violent in Europe, who set his house on fire. The ringleader was a certain Andrew Gray, a man of influential family, who was condemned to death. But he contrived to escape. Time passed, the days of the Civil War arrived, and with them a terrible pestilence. One day a large armed vessel of foreign appearance entered the firth, and was recognised

as an Algerian pirate. Her crew came ashore, headed by Gray, now a captain in the service of the Corsairs, who demanded a large ransom from the city. But when the provost acquainted him with the plight of the community, and informed them that his daughter lay at the point of death, Gray, who had evidently acquired some knowledge of physic during his term of exile, offered to cure her, admitting at the same time that he had returned to Edinburgh for the purpose of avenging himself upon those who had injured him in the past. In the end he restored the maiden to health and married her, ultimately settling down in the city and building the large tenement in the Canongate afterwards known as Morocco Land, and embellished with the carven head of a Moor. Scores of such stories exist in mediæval romances, and we find a very characteristic one introduced in Thomas Heywood's play *The Fair Maid of the West*, first staged in 1617. It is impossible to verify this most interesting tradition, and the civic records appear to present not the slightest trace of it, so one must reluctantly conclude that it partakes more of the nature of a myth than of legend proper.

At the same time, Robert Chambers supplies a variant of it to the effect that a young woman belonging to Edinburgh, having been captured at sea by an African rover, was sold to the Emperor of Morocco, whose favourite wife she became, and it was the brother of this 'empress' who had grown rich in Africa who built Morocco Land. In his *Picture of Scotland* Chambers says that at a place known as Mill of Steps, in Perthshire, dwelt an old woman who claimed to be the mother of the Empress of Morocco alluded to, who had kept up a correspondence with her Scottish relatives. Her sons applied for British aid to assist them in asserting their rights to the throne of their father on the plea that they were of British descent, and an expedition was actually fitted out at Gibraltar in accordance with their request, when news arrived that the two young men had been assassinated. It may be that this accounts for the legend of Morocco Land, and that the tenement was built by the brother of the Algerian empress, but the events described by Chambers are distant from those of the older legend by at least 150 years.

In the sphere of pure folklore—that is, of beliefs the remnants of which have still a popular sanction—the King's Park appears as a nucleus of many of the traditions associated with Edinburgh. Around the lion-like mass of Arthur's Seat the fogs of legend cluster thick as cloud. That the hill was at one time the home of prehistoric man seems undoubted. In 1839 Dunsappie Loch, a lakelet on its eastern shoulder, was drained, and such a treasure of bronze armour was recovered from its waters as made it clear to investigators that a workshop for the manufacture of bronze

tools and weapons must have existed on the hill. That it was permanently occupied, as were Traprain Law and the Castle Rock, is proved by the still visible ridges on its slope, as viewed from the east, the vestiges of irrigation terraces for the growth of barley in the soft hill soil.

That the site was anciently one of great sanctity is proved by its former association with the Celtic ceremony of Bealltain or Beltane, the vestiges of which still survive locally. There is good evidence that the ancient Celtic church confounded, or deliberately fused, this festival with that of the Rood, which celebrated the discovery of the true Cross by the Empress Helena. There seem to have been only two Rood churches in Scotland, those of Holyrood and Peebles, both of which were built on sites where the festival of Bealltain, or May Day, had been celebrated formerly. The ritual of the feast seems to have consisted, in later days at least, in the baking of a custard cake, which was offered to beasts of prey as an inducement to spare the flocks and herds, and one of its especial rites seems to have been the washing of the face in dew, an ancient Druidic custom. This latter rite is still respected in Edinburgh, and on May Day many young women piously repair to Arthur's Seat to renew their good looks for the year by bathing the face in early morning dew. Indeed, it seems to be one of the few spots remaining in Britain definitely associated with the rite.

The Well of St. Anthony, near the ruined chapel of the saint, on the north-east slope of Arthur's Seat, was formerly a place of pagan rites, the partial observance of which only recently died out. Thirty years ago an Edinburgh antiquary, Mr. J. R. Walker, observed three women dip a bandage in the water and wrap it round the eyes of a child, evidently with the intention of restoring its sight. There also remains in the King's Park hard by a great inclined stone, down which, as in other Celtic localities, women desirous of issue were wont to slide. Other strange folk beliefs are associated with the hill and park. It is said that a diamond of great magnitude and brilliancy is embedded in the side of Arthur's Seat, and that its beams can be observed by night from the Castle. It is also rumoured locally that a great treasure lies buried beneath the hill, but that 'the king will not allow it to be dug up'! Can this refer to the burial of some treasure of ancient plate such as was discovered some years ago on Traprain Law? The legendary indication is not infrequently a sound guide to the archæologist, and perhaps the Chapel of St. Anthony was preceded by a still older Celtic shrine, which, like a possible edifice on Traprain, may have been the scene of the hurried concealment of early Christian plate.

The Grange district, on the south side of Edinburgh, seems also

to have been in ancient times a nucleus of Druidic worship. It constituted the grange or church lands of the Cathedral of St. Giles, and it is well known that such ecclesiastical properties frequently descended to the church from Druidic ownership. Its Lovers' Loan, a walled lane skirting the Grange cemetery, has all the appearance of a walk which led to one of those Druidic cromlechs, where lovers were wont to plight their troth, and which had the significance of fertility. Towards its southern end the walk has a slightly serpentine shape, in which it resembles many other Druidic avenues in Britain and elsewhere. Further to the east, in Grange Loan, is the Penny Well, or Pinny Well, one of those wells into which pins were cast as an offering to the presiding genius in lieu of an anciently more valuable pledge. Not far away, also in Grange Loan, and built into the lower part of the retaining wall, is an ancient 'wish-stone' at which children were once in the habit of casting pebbles, their desires being granted or otherwise as they hit or missed the boulder.

The remains of other time-honoured Celtic folk beliefs may be traced in the legend of the 'death-coach' formerly seen and heard at Leith, which recalls the Breton story of the Ankou, or skeleton who patrols the countryside with a cart in which he carries off souls, and in the presence of 'Green Ladies' who haunt the wells at Caroline Park, near Granton, and Craighouse, and who are undoubtedly one and the same with the Breton Korrigan and the Welsh Keridwen. We seem also to find a Celtic basis in the superstition formerly prevailing at Newhaven that dead fishermen became seagulls, and in the former presence in the same locality of a special 'boat language,' which, though its verbiage is English, is nothing but a plain translation of the Gaelic terms employed by the fishermen of the North of Scotland when at sea. Thus, if the word 'salmon' were mentioned, the whole crew would grasp the nearest metal object, and exclaim 'Cauld iron,' in order to avert the omen, iron presumably being the magic metal which alone could ward off the sorceries of a bronze-working folk. The name of the minister or priest was also taboo, and cat and dog must be called 'Theebet' and 'Sandy.' These observances in all probability had reference to the belief that at sea a separate set of deities had to be placated, and that an allusion to land spirits or divinities might bring upon the fishermen the wrath of the ocean gods.

The outstanding fact which emerges from the consideration of the traditions of Edinburgh is that the great majority of these are of Celtic origin and association. Only one, 'the Warlock Laird,' seems to be of Teutonic provenance, and only two appear to have more remote associations—that connected with Brounger, which appears to indicate a possible Slavonic relationship, and

the Shellycoat legend, which may have come from the far north. The greater number are undoubtedly Celtic, and Brythonic Celtic rather than Goidelic Celtic at that, although Goidelic influence is apparent in some instances.

So far as the typology of Edinburgh's traditions is concerned, its outstanding mythical stories fall into well-known classes of tradition. The story of Triduana is a legendary memory of the myth of Bridgit or Brigantia, pure myth metamorphosed into personal legend. The tale of Brounger is obviously ætiological, that is, it was invented to explain the existence of a flint fetish. 'Totems,' says Jevons, 'aroused curiosity and necessitated explanations,' and he considers that when the beliefs connected with them were dead and forgotten, the stories invented to account for them would appear no longer as reasons or explanations, but as statements of facts which occurred 'once upon a time.' So Brigantia becomes the actual living Saint Triduana, and Brounger the 'old fisherman.'

The tale of the Piper who essayed the underground passage is connected with the great Cycle which once described the journey of the soul through the Underworld, and which later disintegrated into the story of the search for the fairy queen in her hill. The legend of the Giant's Grave is plainly the remains of a myth intended to explain the movements of the constellations, the sun, Lud, and the 'flowery' sky, Bloddeuwedd.

In the sphere of legend, that connected with Holyrood is clearly explanatory of the circumstances of its foundation, and probably late in origin, as is the tale of St. Katherine's Balm Well. The 'Warlock Laird' is a pure legend, imported during the sixteenth century and applied to the local scene. The legend of Morocco Land seems to be partly ætiological and partly accounted for by an obscure personal history. The folklore beliefs are one and all obviously survivals from Celtic ritual.

This provisional survey of the traditional data relating to Scotland's capital may possibly serve to arouse a keener interest in the mythical and legendary lore of the Northern Athens, which, if she cannot boast of a pantheon as rich and classical as her Hellenic prototype, may still rejoice in the ownership of palladia of her very own, of shrines not ignoble or unconnected with the great names of British myth, and in the possession of an Olympus which will bear comparison, as regards interest and variety, with that of any British community

LEWIS SPENCE.

CONRAD'S SHIP

SHE was fast, she was dry, she was beautiful to look upon. In the days of her prime she was famed for her speed, and could still boast of being able to show a clean pair of heels to nine out of ten barques on the long sea route from Gravesend to Port Jackson. She could beat across the Bay when steamers had to slow their engines and lie to. She could wing her way across the tropics when other ships would lie almost becalmed. She could make her easting in the 'Roaring Forties' at 300 miles from noon to noon with the wind right aft, as steady as a P. & O. liner; yet she never dipped her catheads under water or ever shipped a sea aboard the poop. In stays she was a marvel of perfection and rode the biggest seas with the ease of contempt. She could tack through the Backstairs Passage careening like a yacht to the off-shore breeze, and it was even asserted by her bo'sun that she could sail three points closer to the wind than any other square-rigged craft on the surface of the globe. Be that as it may, her sailing capabilities were unrivalled at the time—she all but broke the record in sixty-four days on the great trade route to Australia.

She was christened the *Torrens* and was a composite copper-bottomed clipper—in fact, a 'ship' of 2500 tons burthen, square-rigged on the fore, main and mizzen, 235 feet from stem to stern, with a beam of 27 feet. Her poop was 90 feet or more in length, and her double-ported state-rooms (twenty in number) would have done credit to many a modern liner: a ship of bygone days that still weighed her anchor to the chant of the crew at the windlass and manned her capstan to raise her heavy spars.

She was cradled in Sunderland in the seventies in the yard of a world-famous firm, and was the envy of every packet owner in the United Kingdom. Every twelve months she turned up in one of the Australian ports with the regularity of the seasons, and the history of the Colonies could be traced from her records. Expressly built for speed, she lived up to expectations and never lacked for passengers or cargo. Even to the end of her career she was sought out by those who travelled for the sake of the sea and longed to be far from the madding crowd: Her freights had varied as the years went by, and many a yarn could

she have told of the emigrant days, and the great gold rush, when ships by the dozen were stranded for weeks for want of a crew to man the windlass.

Her adventures had been many, but she had always pulled through, even when she got taken aback in a squall to the south of the isles of Martin Vas and lost her fore-topmast and much running gear and had to put into Montevideo for three weeks to refit. Once she ran into an iceberg and stove in her bows, and the passengers thanked God she was a composite ship, or she would have crumpled like an eggshell and gone to the bottom.

Her skipper (or 'the old man,' as he is always called) was the son of his father in seacraft and had sailed the ship for many years, and the clipper *Torrens* was looked upon almost as a family heirloom. He knew his ship, and she knew him. He would cover the binnacle with a bit of awning, and the helmsman would steer with his eye glued aloft on the quivering canvas. He would carry his royals and his gallants when other men would have let the halyards go and had them stowed. He could shorten sail and heave to in half a gale with the smartness and skill of an old-time naval captain with three score men at his beck and call. He knew the 'trades,' the currents, the doldrums, how to find them, how to avoid them, and all that any man knows about the 'Roaring Forties,' and the vast, unlimited South Atlantic Ocean.

It was in October 1896 that I first beheld her in the Shadwell basin. The grime of London lay thick upon her decks and spars, clung to her shrouds and stays, and she looked anything but inviting in a steady drizzling rain.

Never in my life had I set eyes on an ocean-going ship before at close quarters. The height of her masts, the spread of her yards, and the maze of her rigging filled me with wonder. Her hull was low in the water ; her fine lines and sweeping bows were lost upon me, and to my ignorant mind she was just one of the crowd that added to the forest of masts in the Port of London.

She was heavily laden, full to the main hatch covers with miscellaneous merchandise, and her slippery decks were littered with crates, bales, ropes, spars, straw, and a tangle of cordage and all the odds and ends that are used to stow a cargo. Stevedores and porters, travellers and their friends, thronged her decks in busy confusion, passing and repassing on the gang planks from quay to ship and ship to quay, and to my unaccustomed eye there was no sign of the sailing hour being near at hand. Her deck cargo interested me : crates of fowls, ducks, geese, and turkeys, a cow in a loose box, a pen of sheep, and a cage of pigs—food for the voyage, I learned at a later date.

At last the ship's bell clanged out a warning ; belated cases of fresh provisions were hurriedly pitched aboard ; the crowd on

the decks melted away; the gang planks rattled on the stone quay, and the dock hands slipped the hawsers from the bollards as the swing-bridge opened to let us pass into the river. A panting tug, by name the *Gamecock*, with steam whistling from her safety valves in clouds, fidgeted around our bows; the tow-rope was made fast to the bitts, the syren gave a sharp blast, and to the cheers of a small knot of well-wishers on the dock head we were outward bound for 16,000 miles on the great trade route to Australia.

We carried a crew of perhaps some thirty-five hands, including half a dozen apprentices, lads in their teens, and one and all, under the direction of the mate, worked with a will to clear the decks, batten down the hatches, and make things shipshape as we followed the windings of the river on the ebb tide.

It was already afternoon when we cleared the basin, and that night we dropped anchor in the pool at Gravesend. With the break of dawn the *Gamecock* was again straining at the tow-rope, and so we progressed down the estuary, past Ramsgate, Margate and the North Foreland, and at night dropped anchor in the Downs. Another dawn with scarce a breath of wind, and the *Gamecock* still tugged doggedly at the tow-rope. How much longer, I wondered, should we be towed like a lighter on the Thames?

But the crew, who had been busy bending sail the day before, now shook out the fore-topsails to the freshening breeze, then the main-topsails were let go, sheeted home, and the yards trimmed; the ship gently heeled to starboard, and by the time we stood off Eastbourne there was good steerage way. The tug hove to, the tow-rope slackened; slipped through the fair lead, and as we glided past the *Gamecock* she gave us a parting cheer and a final blast from her syren.

Our pilot was to pick up his boat off Plymouth, and with his departure we should have no more communication with the shore till we dropped anchor in Largs Bay. The breeze freshened, and so smooth and gentle is the progress of a ship under sail, and at first, to me, so deceiving, that we soon passed Spithead and St. Catherine's Point

Then the wind veered to the south-west: up sprang a squall in true Channel style, and the *Torrens* plunged forward as if stung by a whip: it was all the watch could do to sheet the foresail home. Amidst the general shouting of orders, the wind hummed through the shrouds and rigging, stays tightened to the straining masts and spars, parrels rasped, chains grated, cordage chafed, blocks squeaked, eyes and shackles long disused in port wheezed and creaked with the sound of a hundred rusty hinges, and, to add to the excitement, the main gallant-sheet parted, and the

canvas rattled and cracked above our heads like a salvo of artillery. White horses streaked the rapidly rising sea in all directions; the ship's bows shouldered aside the waves in smothering foam, and as she thrashed her way down Channel with slanting decks the seas time and again would leap the weather bulwarks amidships, flood the well-deck, and go hissing through the lee scuppers. The crew donned their oilskins and sea boots, doors and portholes were secured, and tarpaulins hastily lashed over the pens of livestock in drenching spray.

All in a moment, as it were, one's youthful notions, pictured fancies, and romantic thoughts of Marryat and Russell, of frigates and 74's, and the thrilling exploits of a century ago came true with startling suddenness. Night came, the wind increased to half a gale, and I lay awake in my bunk listening to the swirl of the water in the well-deck, hurrying footsteps, and the heavy thud of cordage on the poop above my head, amidst the strange rustling and creaking of the ship's timbers, like the sough of forest trees in a winter's gale.

Dawn broke with nothing but tumbling seas and scudding spray on every hand; on we drove past Plymouth, Falmouth and Land's End, and away went the pilot with us, in spite of his entreaties to the 'old man' to run into the Sound. But no captain would lose a minute of so grand a wind to get clear of the Channel, let alone endanger his ship by making port in such a gale, and the pilot had to rest content with the 'old man's' assurance to put him ashore at Madeira. But before we had half crossed the Bay of Biscay a cattle steamer, the *Zeno*, hove in view on the starboard bow. We spoke her—she was bound for Antwerp; the 'old man' adroitly backed his sails and hove to, lowered the gig, and sent the pilot aboard. The pilot was pleased to go, the 'old man' was pleased to send him, and the master of the *Zeno* pleased to receive him—indeed, so pleased that he sent us a sheep in the gig in return for the pilot; and we argued the question threadbare as to which of the three parties in this triangular exchange had the best of the bargain. It was not, so I was told, by any means the first time a Channel pilot had found himself on board an outward clipper in the Bay of Biscay.

From that day never another steamer crossed our path, though we sighted many another sailing vessel like ourselves. Fine weather favoured us, and after sighting Madeira our course was set for Fernando Noronha, Trinidad, Tristan d'Acunha and far-off Kerguelen Isle—that great highway across the ocean which is more than half the world's circumference. As we approached the tropics the crew bent the summer sails, and in the light winds our daily runs decreased to some 140 miles, and once we logged a bare 60 miles from noon to noon. At times the canvas would flap idly

from the yards for hours together, and the helmsman would lash the wheel as there was no steerage way, and when we crossed the line Father Neptune came and went in time-honoured style after providing sports and much good cheer for all on board.

As the days passed my admiration grew for this stately vessel. With her lofty spars and tapering yards, a sense of quiet strength and beauty struck all who beheld her. Just to see her on the blue Atlantic gently slipping through the swell with her bleached white summer sails and graceful figure head was to look on an exquisite work of art. If a poet or an artist could do her justice now, he would surely for ever win immortal fame. To me she was, and will ever be, 'the symbol of freedom in space.'

It is in these latitudes of gentle airs and turquoise skies that a full-rigged ship with every stitch of canvas set is seen in all her spell-binding magnificence of towering sail and tapering spar, and at night it is a scene of transcending beauty as the stately fabric gently, swaying to and fro, with phosphorescent water-line and wake, wings her way across the undulating swell under a canopy of indigo shot with myriads of twinkling stars, and the sailors sing their shanties as they haul at sheet and brace, while the wind goes droning through the shrouds and rigging like the hum of some celestial organ in the skies.

The 'old man' was the life and soul of all on board. I can see him now abaft the saloon light on the poop with legs apart, his head thrown back, clinching his bull-dog pipe between his teeth, and his blue eyes fixed aloft scanning every detail of the sails and running gear; he would shout his orders to the officer of the watch and resume his measured stride athwart the heaving deck, oblivious to the roaring wind and motion of the vessel.

At times in the dog watch he would take a lanyard and a marlin-spike and with the dexterity and speed of a conjurer instruct us in the art of tying cunning knots and splices, accompanied with a running conversation of dry humour that never seemed to flag. He would show us how to catch the bonito and the albicore from the martingale, how to spear the coryphene, how to lure the flying-fish aboard at night, and how to angle for the shark in the tropics where the 'Portuguese men of war' (Neptune's fairy mariners) set their jaunty little sails and drift in thousands on the oily swell. And again on those wondrous cloudless nights when the effervescent wake trails away astern, in a sparkling phosphorescent streak across the darkened waters, he was ever ready with an answer to our questions as to the names of planets and constellations which gleamed in myriads from the spangled vault above our heads.

When we were tacking with the ship close hauled and the order came 'about ship' the extra watch, as he styled some of us

travellers, would tumble over one another down the poop ladders to the well-deck, throw down the coiled-up gear, lay to on the main braces, and race the port watch at the foreyards till the mate would cry in stentorian tones above the clatter of the running gear and wind, 'Belay there, belay,' and the ship would be forging ahead on the new tack with scarce the loss of a knot. Then the 'old man' would jerk his chin forward and give us a quizzical glance of approval. Though the extra watch were often a source of much merriment and chaff, and it must be admitted could not shin up to the main truck or swarm a backstay, by the time the ship drew nigh Cape Willoughby and the look-out cried 'Land ho, on the port bow,' they could jump to the down haul, sheet home the mainsail, man the capstan, or splice an eye into a lanyard, and do much other useful work with creditable smartness and skill.

For 16,000 miles the *Torrens* was a ship of nerve and life even in the stillest calm—she rose to the gentle swell and sighed. Or perhaps a passing catspaw bellied out the idle sails, and she would glide gently forward as if in fear of frightening the countless shoals of glittering fish that gambolled on the surface or darted from the ocean like a flight of arrows through the air beneath her bows.

With Trinidad astern the 'trades' increased, the warm airs cooled, and the nights became chilly. As she slowly wandered southward the winds blew fierce and strong, and gradually before our eyes she seemed to grow in the exhilarating joy of life. No need for her to hug the shore and run to port as the 'trades' increased to hurricane force. She had no screws that race, no shafts that jar, no blear-eyed engineers worn out with watching the tell-tale pointer on the dial to check her speed as the counter rose to the passing of each swell beneath her keel.

She was one long, glorious display of never-ending strength and power as she raced along before the furious 'trades' from the west; superbly indifferent to the gigantic foam-flecked seas that surged around her, she would rise higher and higher, till, balanced on the crest of a mighty wave, she would plunge forward and downward with fearful speed into the next green watery valley, only to rise again with the ease of an albatross skimming the seas on his motionless wings.

Her stays are taut, her sheets are iron-hard, her topmasts bend, and the bulging canvas bids fair to burst asunder under the terrific strain. Day after day, week after week, she races onwards, never faltering for a moment from noon to noon, or sighting ships or land, for all the world as if Nature had breathed life into her structure and given her wings, and Jove himself had endowed her with the secret of eternal flight.

She revelled in the dangers of untraversed seas, and would go, as she did go on this particular voyage, far south of Table Bay and the track of all weather-beaten tramps—where the unchecked wind blows with a steady never-ending blow, and the giant league-long rollers roll on and on and never, never stop; where the cold blue-grey glittering icebergs (great mountains and islands of ice), sparkling in the brilliant sunshine in a halo of bursting seas and shimmering haze, appear and disappear from all points of the compass; where enormous whales wallow in the trough of the swell and almost rub their massive sides against her paint, and the albatross roam in countless hundreds, gliding and soaring, contemptuous of the elements, with scarcely a movement of their long, thin, tapering pinions. Unlike the 'never-never' country, with its cheerless solitudes of brazen sky and devastating stillness devoid of life that drives one to distraction, this vast expanse of watery waste and scudding cloud is never for an instant still, and teems with a restless feathered population, that seemingly exists and thrives in boundless space and is a source of never-failing interest from day to day. Do they ever tire of their ceaseless flight? At times they will settle on the heaving seas, but then they seem less at rest than in the air. Truly these regions are as much a world apart from earthly sights and sounds and inland seas as the planets in the heavens that we see at night.

They told me her days were numbered, because, forsooth, for five-and-twenty years she had ploughed these seas. But why? I asked myself, and mused. Her tough teak walls, iron sinews, and untarnished copper skin are as strong and supple as the day she first skimmed outward bound with bending masts and bellying sails, a mass of outspread wings. True it is, her decks are bleached, her crotchet (cross-jack) yard hangs naked now, and she carries fewer staysails than on her maiden trip. But what of that? Her vital strength and speed are as they always were in these boisterous winds and furious seas.

We ran amongst the ice on Christmas Day, and the bergs, superb serrated monsters, were spread out in a panorama around us in all their glorious shades of ever-changing colour. If you can negotiate the futtock shrouds and gain the maintop, or, better still, the cross-trees above your head, it is a sight that defies description for impressive grandeur. Poised aloft, 100 feet or so above the water level, you can see almost down into the 'shrieking fifties' and command a vast expanse of tumbling waters and scores of bergs that are lost to view from the deck below, each one surrounded by a drifting halo white as snow; and from minute to minute, as the giant rollers, striding after one another in magnificent procession, hurl themselves against the bergs, a seething mass of foam shoots high into the air with

explosive force and pours in torrents down the glassy walls of ice.

But the sun sinks in a mass of murky clouds ; for a brief half-hour the bergs stand out in amazing beauty silhouetted in the ocean's inky blackness and the pall of gathering night. The wind rises 80 miles an hour to hurricane strength. Double topsails are reduced to narrow bands of canvas which drive us forward at a terrific pace. You dare not trust yourself to stand alone upon the poop, and the stinging spray drives like hail across our decks as the wind screams through the rigging. A shackle snaps with the report of a pistol shot, and nought but tattered rags flutters from the bolt ropes of the upper mizzen topsail yard.

Buoyant as a cork, trim as a racing cutter, the *Torrens* rises from trough to crest, flying onward with a never-failing speed that just outwits each chasing roller as it towers up astern, and threatens like an avalanche to fall upon the poop with a thundering roar—a terrifying spectacle to unaccustomed eyes and those who doubt the staunchness of the ship.

But her life seems charmed, like some ethereal beauty of the ocean wilfully defying the fates.

Two bells in the midnight watch, and still she flies undaunted through the pitch-black night. Every nerve and eye on deck is strained to pierce the scudding spray, when—Heaven help us !—there looms up in the darkness an iceberg straight ahead. With well-nigh superhuman strength the helmsmen wrench the wheel till, like some stricken creature, she plunges madly on her altered course. Minutes of intense expectancy seem like hours as we wonder what our fate will be. Then to the crash of breaking seas and the shriek of frozen blasts she staggers for an instant in the backwash of the berg—a seething, hissing maëlstrom where all is glistening white. From stem to stern she shudders as in the shadow of the storm-lashed icy mountain she parries death's embrace. Blurred and indistinct, the berg slips past us ; the *Torrens* once more gathers way, and then again this masterpiece of man's creation races onward, ever onward, heeding not the fiendish furies of these panic-stricken wastes.

Surely the Great Twin Brethren were astride the yards that night ? I mean the Great Twin Brethren to whom the Dorians prayed.

If it were not for my records, which are before me, I should hesitate to tell you of the great speed at which this vessel would travel in these fierce storms and mountainous seas of the South Atlantic. She was, indeed, an example of the highest art and refinement to which shipbuilders ever attained ; nor must we forget the skill and resource of the old sea captains who sailed

these vessels. Deep-sea mariners and travellers of to-day, think of this: 350 miles from noon to noon without a ton of coal or a gallon of oil or the expenditure of a single horse-power!

On we drove day after day, past the rocky bastions of the Crozet Islands in the far distance—the home of the sea lion and the sea elephant, who live undisturbed by the unceasing roar of thundering breakers—till in the longitude of the Leewin we hauled northwards. Royals and gallants were again unfurled, and under full sail we made Cape Willoughby on a glorious summer morning.

Not even the far-famed *Thermopylæ*, who winged her way in sixty days from England to Australia, or the immortal *Cutty Sark* herself, could have eclipsed our last day's run. Past Kangaroo Island and Page's Rocks, through the Backstairs Passage, she raced as if bewitched with speed and cunning, so smartly was she handled. I can see her now, and even feel again the moments of intense excitement. The ship laid steeply over, the glittering foam-flecked sea beneath a cloudless sky, the scudding spray across the decks—all hands standing by at their respective stations and the 'old man' at the poop rail. You watch her course fascinated as she dashes forward at break-neck speed, apparently heading straight for destruction on the rocks ahead. How much longer will the 'old man' hold his course? Then 'ready ho': down goes the helm hard-a-lee; the mates let the sheets fly; up into the wind comes the towering fabric, and for a moment staggers; every man to the braces for all he is worth, shouting as they haul together in perfect time amidst the din of flapping sails, clattering blocks, rattling chains, squeaking shackles, and the swish and thud of heavy cordage on the decks, as the great yards come swinging round and she is off again on the new tack. You feel the safety of the ship is dependent on your individual effort: a maddening joy, a wild exhilaration, surges through your veins each time she comes about, and you realise you are taking part in a sport for giants, which needs the highest skill and coolest head and a well-trained crew to jump to every order as they fly in quick succession, if the wind and waves are not to hurl you to destruction with remorseless certainty.

Right on to the Semaphore she races with the ensign and her number at the gaff. Sail is shortened, and she glides to the anchorage in Largs Bay. 'Let go,' the anchor plunges from the cathead; the cable roars through the hawse-pipe, a cloud of rusty dust drifts away above the windlass, and a strange stillness, an almost death-like hush, settles down upon the ship.

Romance there may still be in plenty for those who go down to the sea in ships, and admiration we all have for the iron-walled hotels that science sends hurtling through the seas in a bee line

from port to port as with remorseless energy and power they ignore the elements; but the glory of conquest, the thrill of victorious achievement in mastering the mighty winds and seas that sweep the globe, remains for ever with the clippers and their captains who sailed the 'Roaring Forties' at 300 miles a day.

E. C. BOWDEN-SMITH.

CORRESPONDENCE

'CHESS IN HISTORY AND FICTION'

To the Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

SIR,—In the article 'Chess in History and Fiction' in the July issue of the *Nineteenth Century and After* Lieut.-Colonel Whitton, who has provided so much interesting information on the history of chess, has nevertheless left a most tantalising lacuna. He traces the game from its Oriental origin down to and beyond its feudal honours at the courts of Europe, but he omits to notice its position among the Celtic Irish of pre-feudal times.

Among the nobility of legendary Ireland proficiency at the game was apparently regarded as a common accomplishment of well-born men and women. In the story known as the 'Courtship of Etain' King Eochaid Airem stakes his wife Etain upon the result of a game of chess which he plays (upon a board of silver with men of gold) with Midir, Etain's fairy husband in her former incarnation. Midir wins, claims his stake, and escapes with Etain, who is finally won back by Eochaid after long warfare. Again, in the 'Exile of the Sons of Usnach' Naisi and Deirdre are playing chess in the House of the Red Branch when a spy of King Conor peers in through the window. Naisi hurls one of the pieces at the man and strikes out his eye. 'She [Deirdre] was so lovely,' reports the spy to his master, 'that if Naisi had not struck out my eye, I should be looking at her yet.'

The manuscript authority for these tales is, as Mr. A. H. Leahy states in his preface to the *Heroic Romances of Ireland*, 'older than the Norman conquest of Ireland, older than the Norse sagas.' There seems little doubt that the manuscripts now in existence are compiled from writings older still. The origin of the stories is said to lie in or near the first century B.C.—at any rate, they are prior to feudal ideas. I am not so rash, being all unlearned in the subject, as to guess at the identity of the shapes which loom through the mists of early Irish history, but the honour paid to chess in its legends is a remarkable feature of that rugged landscape. How did the game acquire this prominence in Ireland apparently before it was known in Western Europe? Perhaps Lieut.-Colonel Whitton or some Celtic scholar has a clue to the problem.

I remain, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
I. G. KELLY.

1, Temple Gardens, Temple, E.C.,
July 13, 1927.

P T O

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Founded by JAMES KNOWLES.

1927 SEPTEMBER No. 607 Vol. CII

Is Anglo-Japanese Rapprochement Practicable ? By KIYOSHI K. KAWAKAMI 293

The Imperial Parliament and the Empire By SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, M.P. 302

The Capture of the Co-operative Movement By BRIG.-GENERAL F. G. STONE, C.M.G. 315

French and English in the Province of Quebec . By JAMES B. M. CLARK 327

Science and Truth . . . . . . By GEORGE H. BONNER 337

Early and Modern Golf . . . . . . By BERNARD DARWIN 347

Restrictive Legislation . . . . By F. J. P. VEALE 356

A Dramatic Episode in the History of Russia By C. HAGBERG WRIGHT, LL.D. 368

Lockhart's Treatment of Scott's Letters . . By DAVIDSON COOK 382

Parish Life in the Fourteenth Century By THE REV. CANON A. T. BANNISTER 399

A Country Gentleman in London in the Eighteenth Century By MRS. HUGH MACDONALD 405

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CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER

I. Is Anglo-Japanese Rapprochement Practicable? By Kiyoshi K. Kawakami 293
II. The Imperial Parliament and the Empire. By Sir John Marriott, M.P. 302
III. The Capture of the Co-operative Movement. By Brig.-General F. G. Stone, C.M.G. 315
IV. French and English in the Province of Quebec. By James B. M. Clark 327
V. Science and Truth. By George H. Bonner 337
VI. Early and Modern Golf. By Bernard Darwin 347
VII. Restrictive Legislation. By F. J. P. Veale 356
VIII. A Dramatic Episode in the History of Russia. By C. Hagberg Wright, LL.D. 368
IX. Lockhart's Treatment of Scott's Letters. By Davidson Cook . . 382
X. Parish Life in the Fourteenth Century. By the Rev. Canon A. T. Bannister 399
XI. A Country Gentleman in London in the Eighteenth Century. By Mrs. Hugh Macdonald 405
XII. George Gissing: a Character Sketch. By Ellen Gissing 417
XIII. John Burgoyne. By F. J. Hudleston 425
XIV. Poems. By G. Eileen Trevelyan 435

London: Constable & Company Limited, 10 & 12 Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C. 2.

Paris: Messageries Hachette, 111, Rue Reaumur. New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co.

Registered for Canadian Magazine Post.

Price Three Shillings.

THE

NINETEENTH

CENTURY

AND AFTER

No. DCVII—SEPTEMBER 1927

IS ANGLO-JAPANESE RAPPROCHEMENT PRACTICABLE?[1]

WHEN the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was abrogated at the Washington Conference there was great disappointment in Japan. Rightly or mistakenly, Japan felt that she was not given a square deal. She felt, indeed, that Great Britain, for no other reason than to ingratiate herself into America's favour, spurned and deserted an ally who for twenty long years had faithfully co-operated with her. At Washington Japan hoped almost to the last moment that the historic pact might in some way and in some form be preserved. Downing Street, of course, had fully been apprised of Japan's desire in this respect. In its eyes, however, the critical Senate at Washington was far more important than the old and faithful ally, and Mr. Lloyd George and Mr.

[1] An article 'Anglo-Japanese Co-operation and the Far East,' by Captain M. D. Kennedy, of Tokyo, appeared in the August number of this Review. The present article gives the writer's view of the general feeling amongst the Japanese.—EDITOR.

Balfour had, before the opening of the Washington Conference, come to the decision that the Alliance must, regardless of Japan's wish, be terminated. The so-called Four-Power Pacific Treaty, an innocuous, meaningless instrument salvaged out of the wreck of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, was, in fact, a sop offered to placate Japan and to save her face. This, at least, is what the Japanese generally thought of the British strategy at the Washington Conference. Japan faced the music with what grace and dignity she could, and she went home 'officially' satisfied but 'privately' piqued. That was the situation in 1922.

The important question is whether to-day Japan feels as she did six years ago—whether she still believes an alliance or an *entente* with Great Britain not merely desirable but essential. It is a question particularly pertinent at this moment when Britain unmistakably is in a reflective mood, wondering if she acted wisely in bartering away Japanese good-will for the American co-operation which has proved almost as unreal and as elusive as the proverbial bag of gold at the end of the rainbow. No one can deny that in the last two or three years, chiefly owing to the distracted condition in China, sentiment has been growing in certain British quarters for reunion, for *rapprochement*, between the two island Powers. In the years immediately preceding the Washington Conference the British, especially those resident in the Far East, joined hands with the Americans in what appeared to us a crusade against Japanese interests in China. They went out of their way in encouraging and abetting, openly or clandestinely, knowingly or unknowingly, the Chinese politicians and students who made business of anti-Japanese agitation for selfish purposes. The cry of 'Wolf!' was on the lips of almost every Englishman and every American in China. Japan was hounded out of Shantung, and was almost compelled to beat a retreat even in Manchuria. If only the Japanese would leave the Chinese alone, all would be well with China and, what is more important, with British and American interests: this, as we saw it, was the sentiment which was prevalent in those days among the Englishmen and their cousins across the Atlantic. Now the Britishers are disillusioned. Japan has left China alone; but all has not been well either with China or with the Powers. Indeed, the shoe that once pinched Japan's foot is now on England's foot, and the British are at a loss to know how to get rid of it. What should be done? How could we restore tranquillity to China and place foreign lives and property and foreign commerce and trade once more upon a secure basis? The natural answer, to many, is Anglo-Japanese *rapprochement*—call it an *entente* or an alliance—in lieu of disappointing American-British co-operation.

But the plain fact is that it takes two to make an *entente*.

Is Japan in responsive mood? Has she forgotten how England left her in the lurch at Washington in order to fraternise with the Americans and to please Messrs. Lodge, Borah, Johnson, and other knights-errant of the American Senate? Has she forgiven the British in China who in the pre-Washington days worked hand-in-glove with nondescript Chinese, good, bad and indifferent, for the expulsion of Japanese interests? Perhaps she has, for she is not in the habit of nursing rancour when nursing rancour serves no good purpose. Even so, the question still remains whether Japan, in the light of her experience since the Washington Conference, would wish to restore the old relationship with England. She must consider changed alignments among the Powers, and she must take cognisance of the new condition in China itself. Certainly she would think more than twice before she would cast the die. Would it be to the benefit of either England or herself, or of both, to revive at this time the old pact even in modified form? How would China look upon such a step? How would it affect Japan's relations with Soviet Russia? And, above all, what would be its repercussion in America and in the Pacific? We cannot ignore the obvious fact that China, Russia, and the United States are our next-door neighbours, with whom we wish to be on friendly terms as long as they will let us. Frankly, then, Japan is not enthusiastic about any proposal looking towards the resuscitation of the defunct alliance with Great Britain.

First, let us consider our relations with the United States. The British, I think, often make the mistake of imputing belligerent motives to our disagreements with America on the question of Japanese emigration. True, the exclusion clause of the American Immigration Law is extremely distasteful to us, and Japan still looks upon it as a pending issue which sooner or later must be discussed in earnest. But the question, as we see it, is not one to be solved by the arbitrament of the sword. There is little sense in upholding national honour by national suicide. The question before us is essentially one of honour, involving little material interests, much less affecting Japan's national existence. Japan, solicitous of the peace of the Pacific, has long since adopted a policy virtually stopping of her own accord the emigration of her nationals to the United States. Her only desire is that America, appreciating this self-denying spirit, desist from embarrassing her by flinging her into the fold of legally excluded, and by implication inferior, races. The point at issue is one of sentiment, not of interest. Is it worth the candle to wage war on account of such an issue? Japan's policy towards America, then, is one of peace and friendliness. We purpose to readjust the emigration question through patience, tolerance, and good-will.

With the emigration problem thus excluded from the category

of possible causes of war, there is no reason why America and Japan should not be on friendly terms, as they actually are. Certainly Japan does not want an ally with a view to demonstrating her prowess or power before America. She thinks, indeed, that an alliance with England or any European Power would at once rouse American suspicion, and set back the hands of the clock, as far as American-Japanese relations are concerned, to the uncertain days prior to the Washington Conference. Why invite such suspicion when we know that it will bring no benefit to counteract its possible evils ? Japan, moreover, wonders if the day will not come when England, given an *entente* with Japan, may call upon the Far Eastern Power for help to check the rising tide of American influence. We think that the war debt problem continues to be the serious cause of irritation between America and Great Britain. We know that the United States looks with suspicion upon Britannia's 'rule of the waves,' while England views with equal apprehension America's rise as a sea Power and as a commercial rival. In the years to come the two English-speaking nations will be the keenest rivals we have ever seen in international trade and international finance. Whither will it all lead ? The interrogation may sound extravagant, but that it is in the Japanese mind cannot be doubted. To those who have witnessed the bitter duel between America and England at the Naval Conference at Geneva the question certainly seems pertinent. That contest has indeed been a revelation to us, for we have long been wont to take it for granted that 'blood is thicker than water.' In all sincerity we of the Orient hope that the two great Anglo-Saxon nations will never fall out, but the regrettable fact is that we have seen them fall out more than once; and who shall say that history will no longer repeat itself ? When two great and powerful nations confront each other—one determined to retain supremacy, the other equally resolved to wrest it—they are as often as not liable to come into collision. That is a lesson taught by history.

In such a sitation, what should be Japan's attitude ? As far as essential disagreements between the two Atlantic Powers are concerned, there is, I fear, little that Japan can do to compose them. She can, however, lessen the chances of their conflict by avoiding any action which will be interpreted as taking sides with either Power. Japanese aid, if assured by an alliance or *entente*, might have the effect of encouraging England to take steps from which she might in different circumstances desist.

So much for Japan's position *vis-à-vis* England and the United States. In the disruptive propaganda of 'Red' Russia, England and Japan find another matter in which common action seems, apparently, desirable. But here, too, Japan has been

following a course different from that of Great Britain. She knows full well that the Soviet Republic, or at least the Third International, has not entirely given up the idea of carrying damaging propaganda into Japanese territories. Japanese enterprises in South Manchuria and Japanese rule in Korea are particularly vulnerable. And yet Japan realises that this propaganda cannot effectively be met by an armed 'sanitary cordon' or by the provocative policy of 'boring from within.' She, like England, tried both in the years 1918-1921, only to find herself in 'hot water.' The entire withdrawal of Japanese forces from Siberia in 1922 marked the beginning of the readjustment of Japan's Russian policy upon a new basis—the basis of tolerance and friendliness. Evidently she has come to the conclusion that whatever destructive agitation Russia may be scheming to launch in the East can best be met, not by a policy of hostility, but by taking the Soviet authorities into her confidence as far as they will let her. Acting upon this belief Japan recognised the Soviet Republic three years ago, and has since been on amicable terms with it. Whatever be anti-Soviet views in Europe and America, Japan has had no occasion to regret the policy of friendliness she has initiated towards Russia.

In such circumstances the Japanese are not likely to lend ear to the opinion that the menace of 'Red' Russia demands closer co-operation between England and Japan. We face a different situation in the Far East. Soviet agitation has not been making inroads into Korea or South Manchuria, much less into Japan itself. Even in China, where Russian influence has to a large extent been instrumental in fomenting anti-foreign agitation, Japan has not been made to bear the brunt of the assault. Frankly, then, Japan cannot see her way clear to cast her lot with Great Britain only to court Soviet, as well as Chinese, enmity. It is, of course, quite possible that 'divide and rule' is the Soviet strategy, and that time may come when we shall find ourselves the butt of the agitation which has so far been directed chiefly against our former ally. The plain fact is that such a time has not as yet come. Nor is it certain that the possible danger cannot be forestalled by statesmanship and far-seeing diplomacy. Why adopt 'rush' measures to precipitate the very situation we have been trying to avoid? Japan, moreover, is fairly confident of her own ability to cope with the situation without foreign alliance, should the Soviet Republic turn upon her and instigate China against her with no justifiable cause. Even Premier Tanaka, hero of our Siberian misadventure eight years ago, has made this sanguine statement :

We cannot remain indifferent to Communist activities in China. We must be fully prepared to guard ourselves against the violence and destruc-

tive acts attendant upon Communist agitation. This, however, does not mean that we entertain any apprehension as to the preservation of our friendly relations with Soviet Russia, for we believe that Russia fully understands our position in this respect.

This leads us to the consideration of the Chinese situation—the most perplexing of all foreign problems we are called upon to solve. We owe it to candour to admit that Japan, for several years following the celebrated 'Twenty-one Demands' of 1915, made serious blunders in China. In the last seven years, however, she has gradually retraced her steps and has inaugurated a new Chinese policy. She has long since ceased to lament her expulsion from Shantung. She has frankly recognised that the Americans and British, in pursuing her in China, were actuated by a natural and legitimate desire to promote their own interests. With this sportsman-like admission came a decision to readjust her diplomatic orientation, and particularly to put her relations with China upon a new base. We need not prate about Japan's prompt withdrawal from Shantung, nor about her remission to China of the Boxer indemnity and of the money due to her on the sale of the Shantung Railway, nor about the removal of her troops from Hankow and a few other points where they had been placed for the protection of foreign life and property. These were nothing extraordinary. What made a profound impression upon China was the stand taken by Japan in the wake of the Lincheng incident of May 1923—an incident resulting from the kidnapping from a railway train of some thirty foreigners by Shantung bandits. Shocked by the enormity of the crime, certain Western Powers proposed a plan for international control of all Chinese railways as to both traffic and policing. Japan stood firm against the proposal. But for her opposition the railways of China, like her customs, might have passed into foreign control.

It is a noteworthy fact that at the League of Nations the Japanese and Chinese delegations have shown marked signs of friendliness. Whether on the opium question or on the question of the seating of China at the Council of the League, Japan has extended a helping hand to the Chinese delegation. Nor can one fail to recognise Japan's stand at the International Conference on the Customs Tariff of China, which sat at Peking in October 1925. On the very first day of the parley Japan boldly came out for China's tariff autonomy. The proposal was not unconditional, but whatever conditions were attached thereto were regarded by the Chinese as worthy of friendly consideration. Although the Conference, due to the disintegration of the Government which convened it, adjourned without results, this Japanese proposal made a lasting impression upon the Chinese mind. Again, the Japanese Government, when asked by Peking last October to

negotiate for a new treaty on the basis of equality, replied as follows:

> The Japanese Government have on more than one occasion made clear their settled intention of extending every reasonable assistance to China toward the attainment of her legitimate national aspirations. The two nations have so many of their essential interests in common. Nothing would be more gratifying to the Japanese people than to see China enjoy the blessings of peace and good government within her borders, and take her rightful place in the family of nations. . . .
>
> The Japanese Government are happy to accede to the request of the Waichiaopu (Chinese Foreign Office) made in pursuance of Article 26 of the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation of 1896, and are ready to enter into negotiations with the Chinese Government for a revision of the tariffs and of the commercial articles of the Treaty. . . . The Japanese Government, however, have no intention of limiting the scope of the negotiations to the questions defined in Article 26 of the Treaty. Without prejudice to their legal position in the matter, they are willing to consider sympathetically the wish of the Chinese Government for a more extensive revision.

The restraint with which Japan has faced the anti-foreign agitation in China is a most remarkable page in the history of Japanese diplomacy. Even when the Japanese Consulate at Nanking was raided and robbed by Nationalist soldiers, the Japanese warships refrained from joining the British and American ships in shelling the city. The Nationalists on their part have not been unappreciative of Japan's lenient attitude. Is it not significant that the Japanese have been comparatively free from the damaging effects of the anti-foreign uprisings, except in cases where ignorant mobs and irresponsible coolie-soldiers have got out of the control of the Nationalist leaders. To demonstrate their friendliness toward Japan the Nationalist Government last January sent a special envoy to Tokyo. Other Nationalist emissaries have followed him. What messages they have conveyed is a matter of conjecture. It is, however, reported that the Nationalists have signified a desire to establish a close relationship with Japan on the basis of reciprocity, and that in order to attain this end they have intimated a willingness to inaugurate a sort of economic co-operation between the two nations. In regard to Japanese enterprise in Manchuria, the pivotal point of Japan's diplomacy in China, the Nationalists are said to have stated that they would not be unreasonable, and that they understood and appreciated Japan's position in this respect.

When last April the Kenseikai Cabinet, under the leadership of Premier Wakatsuki and Foreign Minister Shidehara, gave way to the Seiyukai Ministry under Premier Tanaka, there was a general feeling that Japan's Chinese policy would undergo a change. In certain Western quarters the hope was entertained that under Premier Tanaka the policy of 'watchful waiting'

followed by his predecessor might be altered to a more positive and vigorous policy. And, indeed, the new Cabinet in May last did send troops to Tsingtao to be in readiness to protect Japanese life and property. Immediately the Nationalists at Nanking and at Canton declared a boycott against Japanese trade. But the Nationalists soon understood Japan's true intentions, and the boycott is reported to have come to an end. For, after all, Premier Tanaka had no intention of reversing the policy of tolerance pursued by the preceding Cabinet. At the conclusion of the conference called by the Japanese Government last July to hear the views of its Minister and Consuls-General in China the Prime Minister summarised his Chinese policy, based upon their recommendations, as follows:

1. The stabilisation of the present chaotic political situation in China and the restoration of public safety should be realised by the Chinese themselves, not by foreign Powers nor with their help. The Japanese Government, therefore, thinks it the part of wisdom not to interfere in the Chinese civil war or in the domestic political quarrels in China. Japan should also respect public opinion in China.

2. The Japanese Government will co-operate with other Powers to meet the reasonable demands advanced by such of the Chinese people as entertain moderate ideas in regard to China's regeneration. Japan has genuine sympathy for China, and earnestly hopes that she will make a steady economic development. Japan, in co-operation with other Powers, will be ready to help China to this end.

3. The realisation of the above desiderata depends upon the establishment of a strong central Government. This cannot be expected for the time being in view of the prevailing chaotic state. Japan, therefore, will wait for the formation of a moderate cabinet by the co-ordination of moderate factions in the various provinces.

4. Japan's policy as above outlined will remain the same whether the possible new central Government of China be by the coalition of the Northerners and the Southerners, or by factions of a certain local origin. In the event of the appearance of such a central Government Japan, with other Powers, will support it, whether it be located in the North or in the South.

5. Agitators and unruly elements, taking advantage of the present chaos, have been actively engaged in causing trouble. Japan will rely upon China's own efforts to control these elements. But should Japanese lives and property in China be endangered, Japan might be forced to take positive measures.

6. Peace and order in Manchuria and Mongolia have a vital bearing upon Japan's national existence and national defence. The Japanese Government, therefore, feels the responsibility of maintaining peace in these regions not only in view of Japan's special position there, but also in the interest of China herself.

The idea has been advanced, especially in England, that the turmoil in China can be terminated and foreign life and property made secure only by international concert, particularly between Japan and Great Britain. I wonder if this idea is well con-

ceived. We must recognise that a new age, whether desirable or undesirable, has dawned upon China. No longer can the Powers act in China as they were wont to do in the old days. For this changed condition the Powers themselves are responsible. During the World War the statesmen and politicians of Europe and America seemed to outdo one another in professing liberal and humanitarian ideals in dealing with international relations. Of this 'humanitarian rivalry' was born the doctrine of 'national self-determination,' tabooing any attempt which savoured of interference in the affairs of any foreign nation. In China, at one time the ignorant masses were made to believe that President Wilson himself was coming over to deliver them from the 'misery' of 'foreign bondage.' It was the irony of fate that Mr. Wilson should thus appear in the *rôle* of a forerunner of the Bolshevist propagandists! At any rate, China to-day knows that, whatever be her internal disorganisation, and however she may act towards the foreign Governments, the Powers no longer dare employ force to coerce her into submission. China, in short, has become powerful by reason of her own weakness. In such circumstances, what would be the use of international concert—of reviving the Anglo-Japanese Alliance? We cannot use force, except for the strict purpose of protecting our own nationals resident in China. As for the threat of force, China simply laughs at it, for she knows that the threat will not materialise. To-day an Anglo-Japanese Alliance can never operate in the same way as in the pre-war days. For weal or woe, wittingly or unwittingly, the Western Powers, by their own acts and utterances, have created a new China, and they do not dare stultify themselves by castigating the child, an *enfant terrible*, of their own creation.

As for Japan, she has accepted the inevitable, and faces the new situation with confidence though not without apprehension. Whatever may be in store for her in the direction of China and Soviet Russia, she feels herself capable of coping with it without foreign assistance. As long as she follows a just course and cherishes no aggressive designs, she may rest assured of her own security in the regions where she is unquestionably supreme. Certainly it is not Japan who feels the need of a 'security pact,' notwithstanding rumours and Press reports to the contrary. Nor does she need an alliance with any European Power as long as the alignment of the Powers remains what it is. Unless she embarks upon perilous schemes of imperialism, her position in the regions of the Western Pacific and of Far Eastern Asia is not only safe but impregnable. All she has to do is to keep her head and 'mind her own business.'

K. K. KAWAKAMI.

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT AND THE EMPIRE

'Happy,' said a French philosopher, 'is the nation that has no history.' 'India,' said a distinguished Englishman, 'will be lost on the floor of the House of Commons.' These familiar sayings might lead us to infer that it is a sign of health when the affairs of the Empire call for no discussion in the Imperial Parliament. If this be so, it is clear that the Empire is at the present time enjoying exceptionally good health, for a glance at the index of *Hansard* will show that the House of Commons finds little opportunity, in these days, for the discussion of Imperial affairs.

On one of the last days before the summer adjournment there was indeed a short but valuable discussion on future policy in regard to East Africa. In the course of that discussion Mr. Amery made it clear that the question of closer union between our possessions in East Africa was rapidly advancing towards the sphere of 'practical politics.' A White Paper (Cmd. 2904), 'recently issued,' hints at the possibility of proceeding by two stages. Closer union may well be found practicable in the first instance only between Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, while it may be left open to Zanzibar, Nyasaland, and Northern Rhodesia to come into any new structure that may be devised, as and when the development of communications permits. At present we have in that interesting and rapidly progressive territory a number of Governments set up independent of each other, though between the spheres of the several Governments there are no natural boundaries, and the region is a unit not only geographically, but in all essential characteristics.

I must not, however, permit myself to be involved in more detailed reference to this debate. I mention it only as a partial exception to the general neglect of Imperial affairs characteristic of the present House of Commons. But in fairness this should be added: during the hour or two devoted to the discussion of our future policy in East Africa the House of Commons (apart from a miserably sparse attendance) showed itself at its best: anxious to discharge, without the intrusion of party spirit, a high Imperial responsibility.

About a month previously a couple of hours had been obtained, through the courtesy of the Liberal Whip, for the discussion of the Report of the recent Imperial Conference on Inter-Imperial Relations. On this occasion also the Secretary of State delivered an important speech to about thirty listeners, and apart from these occasions, wholly inadequate alike in time and opportunity, I doubt whether, excluding a Friday devoted to India, half a dozen hours in the whole of the present session have been devoted to the affairs of the oversea Empire.

For this extraordinary state of affairs there are many reasons, into some of which it were perhaps more discreet not to pry. But two or three reasons stand out. One of them is the fact that more than two-thirds of the present House of Commons are supporters of the Government, and, by an extraordinary anomaly, can exercise, apart from the luck of the private member's ballot, little control over the allocation of the time of the House. For the discussion of matters of administrative policy the best—almost the only—opportunity is afforded by the twenty days allotted by Standing Orders to Committee of Supply. Of these days, seven are controlled by the 40 members more or less united under the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George, thirteen by the 150 Socialists—the 'official Opposition'; the 400 Conservatives control none. Apart from this curious anomaly, which depends only on a relatively recent convention and has no parliamentary authority behind it, there are two more general reasons for the neglect to which I have alluded. On the one hand, there is the ever-widening measure of autonomy which has been by degrees conceded to all the self-governing Dominions. On the other, there is the ever-increasing absorption of the House in problems which, by way of contrast, may be described as 'parochial'—questions of unemployment, wages, hours and conditions of labour, housing, social insurance and the like. Under a system of legislative federalism, or even of devolution, many of these questions—vastly important as they admittedly are—would be appropriately relegated to local or provincial legislature. Two causes have contributed to this tendency towards parochialism in politics. The war bequeathed to us a whole sheaf of social, industrial and financial problems as complex as they are insistent. It is, therefore, nothing but natural that a Parliament elected on a wide suffrage should be absorbed in the attempt to solve them. Even in the years immediately after Waterloo something of the same phenomenon was discernible, in spite of the fact that the electorate was so narrow. To-day the tendency to parochialism has been greatly accentuated by the rapid rise of the Socialist Party and their occupation of the benches allotted to 'His Majesty's Opposition.'

Labour parties are not, however, unknown in Dominion Parliaments, and the attention bestowed upon Imperial affairs in those Parliaments is in marked contrast with the neglect of them in our own.

Particularly is this true of the question as to the relations between the several States of the British Commonwealth, and the effect upon those relations of the deliberations of the Imperial Conference of 1926. This matter was, for example, the subject of an exceedingly important debate in the Canadian House of Commons on March 29. At the outset of that debate Mr. MacKenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, was at pains to make it clear that the Conference was merely a *conference*, and 'in no sense was it a Cabinet Council'; that the Canadian Ministers who attended it 'had no authority from the Parliament of Canada to become members of an Imperial Council seeking to lay down policies in regard to Imperial affairs'; that they were there as representatives of the Dominion of Canada to confer with representatives of other Governments of the Empire, to reach such conclusions as it might be possible to reach and then to report them to their respective Parliaments, but that they had no authority whatever in any particular to bind in advance the Parliament of their country.

Mr. MacKenzie King stated his position with emphasis and precision. The experiment of an Imperial Cabinet was, however, tried during the war, and with such success, that on May 17, 1917, Mr. Lloyd George reported to the House of Commons that the members of the Imperial War Cabinet had unanimously resolved that 'the new procedure had been of such service not only to all its members, but to the Empire, that it ought not to be allowed to fall into desuetude.' Accordingly it was resolved that an Imperial War Cabinet consisting of 'the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom and such of his colleagues as deal specially with Imperial affairs, of the Prime Ministers of the Dominions or some specially accredited alternate possessed of equal authority,' and of a representative of India, should meet annually or more often if occasion demanded. Mr. Lloyd George concluded by the expression of a hope, common to his colleagues and himself, that 'the holding of an annual Imperial Cabinet to discuss foreign affairs and other aspects of Imperial policy will become an accepted Convention of the British Constitution.'

That hope has not been fulfilled. The experiment was indeed repeated in 1918; the Imperial Cabinet functioned at the Paris Conference under the name of the British Empire Delegation; and the Dominion statesmen reassembled in London in 1921, though in a somewhat ambiguous status. But as to the general result of the 1921 Conference there was no ambiguity; it was to give the

coup de grâce to the idea of an Imperial Cabinet. It was then made abundantly clear that, in place of the *Bundesstaat* for which many of us had hoped, we should have to be content with that looser form of confederation which the Germans have graphically described as a *Staatenbund*.

This brings us naturally to the latest of the lengthening series of Imperial Conferences—that of 1926. The main significance of that Conference consists in the formal statement of the terms of the *Staatenbund*. The Report on Inter-Imperial Relations, masterly in its dialectical subtlety, and not less masterly in its evasion of the difficulties inherent in the existing situation, goes further in the direction of a written Constitution for the Empire—though in terms repudiating with emphasis the intention of framing one—than any single document in the language. But it has naturally failed to satisfy critics both in the Dominions and in the homeland. Mr. Guthrie, the Conservative leader in the Canadian Parliament, is one of them. He is very far from dissenting from the main tenour of the Report, but, like others, he finds it difficult to reconcile the statements subsequently made as to its effect by three Dominion Prime Ministers.

Mr. Bruce, Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, speaking in Canada, said: 'There is nothing really new in the status or relations of the British Dominions as a result of the recent Conference. The rights now enjoyed have existed ever since the termination of the war.'

Mr. MacKenzie King said on December 13: 'I believe the work of this Conference will take its place in history by the side of those great charters which have stood in one form or another for a larger freedom.'

General Hertzog was reported to have said: 'The British Empire exists as a name only.'

Which is the true version? Is Mr. Bruce accurate in saying that the Conference of 1926 did not alter inter-Imperial relations? Or is Mr. MacKenzie King right in hailing the Report as the charter of a larger freedom? Down to June 29 we were left to grope among these ambiguities without any specific guidance from the Imperial Government or the Imperial Parliament. On that date we did manage to evoke a short debate on the subject in the House of Commons and to elicit an important statement, to which reference will presently be made, from the Secretary of State for the Dominions. Down to that moment the only reference to this matter, so far as I am aware, in the House of Commons was a casual, and perhaps not too discreet, remark by the Home Secretary, who said on March 15: 'The Dominions of the Crown, the great self-governing Dominions, are, *certainly since the last Imperial Conference*, coequal with the United Kingdom.

They do not belong to this Parliament; they are not in any sense subject to the jurisdiction of this Parliament.' I italicise the words to which I wish to draw attention. Do they imply agreement with Mr. MacKenzie King rather than with Mr. Bruce? Has a change taken place 'since this last Imperial Conference' or not? If there has been a change, what precisely is its nature? Has it affected, or will it affect, the prerogative of the Crown? Has it affected, will it affect, the rights or duties of the Imperial Parliament? Such questions would seem to demand an answer. Are we to accept as authoritative, and as representing the views of all the Governments concerned, the answer of the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa given in the Dominion Parliament on March 16? General Hertzog is reported to have said that 'they (presumably referring to the Union of South Africa) had received from the last Imperial Conference the acknowledgment by Great Britain of their sovereign national freedom, with full abandonment of any claim to control or superior authority, with the acknowledgment of all rights or privileges, both local and foreign, as equal free peoples . . .'

General Smuts, speaking on the same occasion, did indeed enter a protest against 'the idea that some revolutionary change has taken place in the Empire'; but the Minister of Justice (Mr. Roos) emphasised the view 'that at no time prior to the last Imperial Conference did the Dominions have equal status with the United Kingdom'; that, in fact, that Conference did confer a new charter 'of larger freedom.'

It is surely important to know whether this view is accurate; whether in November 1926 the Dominions did or did not receive an '*acknowledgment*' of any *rights not* previously enjoyed; whether there was a 'full abandonment' on the part of the Imperial Government; if so, what precisely it was that the Imperial Government 'abandoned,' and by whom they were authorised to abandon it.

The words of Mr. Guthrie in the Canadian Parliament sound rather ominously in this connexion. 'Recommendations' he said, 'were made by the Conference involving what we must pronounce to be grave constitutional changes in Canada.' If those changes concerned Canada only, in a domestic sense, it may be no part of our business to inquire further about them. If, as was surely inevitable, they had any repercussions in the sphere of inter-Imperial relations, we are clearly entitled to know what precisely they were. In point of precision Mr. Amery's explanation on this point left something to be desired. 'The last Conference has not introduced any substantial new departure' in the status of the Dominions. It clarified and made visible what was inherent and there already. 'There is really nothing new in it.'

Nevertheless, the last Conference 'marked a great turning point in the development of the British Empire.' But is it possible, in reference to a Constitution so flexible and conventional as that of Great Britain, or as that of the British Commonwealth of Nations, to define, 'clarify,' or 'make visible' anything without a risk of modification and alteration ?

Before formulating any further questions it may, however, be well to glance briefly at the Report itself.

In a literary and in a philosophical sense the Report is beyond all doubt a masterly production. Historically it may well prove to be second only in importance—if indeed it be second—to Lord Durham's famous Report on Canada. But whether that be so or not will depend much on the spirit in which it is interpreted and operated. In the forefront there is a statement to which no one will take exception :—

> The Committee are of opinion that nothing would be gained by attempting to lay down a Constitution for the British Empire. . . .

It then proceeds :

> There is, however, one most important element in it which, from a strictly constitutional point of view, has now, as regards all vital matters, reached its full development—we refer to the group of self-governing communities composed of Great Britain and the Dominions. Their position and mutual relation may be readily defined. *They are autonomous Communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.* . . . Equality of status, so far as Britain and the Dominions are concerned, is thus the root principle governing our inter-Imperial relations.

There then follows a curious sentence. 'But the principles of equality and similarity, appropriate to *status*, do not universally extend to function. Here we require something more than immutable dogmas.' To read of 'immutable dogmas' is to raise a doubt whether it was entirely prudent to let a metaphysician loose upon the Constitution of the British Empire. A metaphysician in politics is apt to be at least as dangerous as an Athanasius in theology. But let that pass.

The first of the specific recommendations of the Report concerns the Royal title, which has since been amended and is henceforth to run as follows : 'George V., by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.' It seems to have escaped notice that the change thus registered—a change which is understood to have been due to the wish of the Irish Free State—might seem by implication to exclude Ireland

from that Dominion status which she so ardently sought. It has, however, been explained that 'Dominions' being used not in the constitutional but in a geographical sense, the new title corresponds to the political realities of the new situation created in 1922. With that explanation we must perforce be content.

The Report next proceeds to deal with the exceedingly important question as to the position of the Governors-General. On this point the Report runs as follows :—

In our opinion, it is an essential consequence of the equality of status existing among the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations that the Governor-General of a Dominion is the representative of the Crown, holding in all essential respects the same position in relation to the administration of public affairs in the Dominion as is held by His Majesty the King in Great Britain, and that he is not the representative or agent of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain or of any department of that Government. It seemed to us to follow that the practice whereby the Governor-General is the formal official channel of communication between His Majesty's Government in Great Britain and his Governments in the Dominions might be regarded as no longer wholly in accordance with the constitutional position of the Governor-General. It was thought that the recognised official channel of communication should be, in future, between Government and Government direct.

On this important paragraph several questions arise. The first, clearly, is as to the facts. Has there been, in fact, since November 1926 any change in the status of the Governors-General, or in their relation either to the Dominion Ministers or to the Imperial Ministers. If so, has that change been accepted by the Government of Great Britain and by it notified to the Governments of the Dominions? To this question Mr. Amery replied as follows :

No, the change in the status of the Governor-General from an agent and instrument of the British Government to the representative of the Crown in a Dominion, and nothing else, was a change which, like the whole of the changes in our constitutional evolution, has taken place gradually over a long period of years, and was in substance the consummation of many years before the present Conference took place. All that the late Conference did was to suggest that the purely historic survival by which communication from the British Government to its partner Governments went *viâ* the Governor-General's office—as it had done in the old days when the Governor-General still was, as the Governor of a Crown Colony is, the agent and instrument of the British Government—should be eliminated and the position brought up to date with present day facts. (Official Report, June 29, col. 540.)

But the matter can hardly be allowed to rest there.

If the Governor-General of a self-governing Dominion is no longer to be the representative or agent of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain, or 'of any department of that Government,'

it is pertinent to ask on whose advice the King is to act in appointing him. Further, we must ask through what channel is the Governor-General to communicate in future with the Crown. Are his communications with the Crown to be brought to the knowledge of His Majesty's responsible advisers in this country or not? These questions are not, I submit, devoid of constitutional significance, and they have never, as far as I am aware, been answered.

The next questions to which the Report on Inter-Imperial Relations referred were connected with the operation of Dominion legislation: in particular His Majesty's 'powers of disallowance' of the enactments of Dominion legislature; the reservation of Dominion legislation for the signification of His Majesty's pleasure; and the legislative competence of the Imperial Parliament ('the Parliament at Westminster,' as the Report significantly terms it) and the Dominion Parliaments respectively. The Conference wisely concluded in reference to these matters that 'the issues involved were so complex that there would be grave danger in attempting any immediate pronouncement other than a statement of certain principles which in [their] opinion underlie the whole question of the operation of Dominion legislation.' For the rest they held that it would be 'necessary to obtain expert guidance as a preliminary to further consideration by His Majesty's Governments in Great Britain and the Dominions.'

As to the advisability of that cautious procedure I cordially concur. My only doubt is whether, having decided to adopt it, the Conference was wise in going as far as it did and formulating the 'underlying principles.' To have done this is surely to have tied the hands, to a large extent, of the expert Committee which it is proposed to set up. We learn, for instance (Report, p. 17), 'that it would not be in accordance with constitutional practice for advice to be tendered to His Majesty by His Majesty's Government in Great Britain in any matter appertaining to the affairs of a Dominion against the views of the Government of that Dominion.'

That is, indeed, an incontestable proposition, but it does not help to a solution of the question how we are to secure the passing of legislation which affects the Empire as a whole, and every constituent part of it. There exists, for example, a long series of statutes relating to merchant shipping enacted by the Imperial Parliament, but binding on every part of the Empire. I am not aware that, up to the present, anybody has questioned the sovereign authority of the King in Parliament to legislate for the Empire as a whole, to enact laws possessing equal validity throughout the Empire. It is, of course, true that the actual sphere of the legislative activity of the Imperial Parliament has

in practice been severely and strictly limited. It has been virtually confined to securing objects which are common to the Empire as a whole, but outside the competence of any single Dominion legislature. But is it prudent to disclaim within this practically limited sphere the competence of the Imperial Parliament ?

That the Imperial Government has shown itself scrupulously careful to respect the autonomy of the Dominions will hardly be denied. Even during the war their susceptibilities were consulted in every possible way. Thus the restrictions imposed on the transfer of British ships from British ownership by Acts passed in 1915 and 1916 were not extended to British ships registered in the Dominions. Again, British subjects who, though residents for a time in Great Britain, were ordinarily resident in the Dominions were explicitly excluded from the Conscription Acts (1916-1918). Even more remarkable was the abstention on the part of the Imperial Government from any interference with the discretion of the Dominions in regard to the conduct of their military expeditions and their occupation of enemy territory. Thus it was General Botha who decided the terms on which the German forces in South Africa laid down their arms, and it was Australian and New Zealand officers respectively who arranged the terms of the capitulation of German New Guinea and Samoa. On the other hand, the procedure in prize cases taken into the Prize Courts set up in the Dominions was regulated, properly and necessarily, by Acts passed by the Imperial Legislature in 1914 and 1915. But for the paramount jurisdiction vested in the Imperial Parliament infinite confusion must have ensued.

Is that paramountry now questioned ? If the Report has said the last word in this matter, paramountry would seem to be not merely questioned but denied. It is, of course, true that neither the Report nor the resolutions of the Conference have any binding force, but they would seem (to judge from the speech already quoted of the Secretary of State) to have received the imprimatur of the British Executive, and to have been accepted *sub silentio* by the Imperial Parliament.

Is this acceptance due to mere carelessness, to complacent optimism, or to deliberate adherence to the philosophy of Burke in preference to the philosophy (and the practice) of Alexander Hamilton. The latter pinned his faith to the 'forms and machinery of a Constitution. 'A union resting upon sentiment,' wrote Hamilton's biographer, 'a Government depending upon the good-will of its members are only the make-believes of amiable enthusiasts or the cheats and counterfeits of quacks and sophists.' Though penned less than twenty years ago, Mr. Oliver's words

sound harshly in the ears of the post-war generation. The pendulum has swung all in the direction of Burke, who had 'in general no very exalted opinion of the value of paper government.' His 'hold of the Colonies' was 'in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred bloods, from similar privileges, and equal affection. These,' he said in a notable passage, 'are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron.'

It is the spirit of Burke which permeates the Report on Inter-Imperial Relations. I have not by any means exhausted the topics with which it deals. Space forbids that I should, but to illustrate the lengths to which optimism may be carried reference may be made to the paragraph dealing with the appointment of separate ambassadors at Washington by Southern Ireland and Canada. 'We felt,' runs the Report, 'that most fruitful results could be anticipated from the co-operation of His Majesty's representatives in the United States of America, already initiated, and now further to be developed.' Could complacent acquiescence in the accomplished fact go further ?

One further observation seems to be called for. Throughout the whole proceedings of the Conference there rings a note of deep devotion to the person of the King and of fidelity to the Throne. From the opening message to their Majesties down to the address to His Majesty the King-Emperor of India with which the Conference closed, the note is unmistakably present and unmistakably sincere. It was evidently no empty form when the Conference at its first meeting and as its 'first official act expressed' the earnest hope that the King and Queen might 'long be spared to strengthen the ties of affection and devotion which unite the peoples of the British Commonwealth *under the Crown.*' I hope it is not an act of *læsa majestas* to italicise the last three words. Similarly in the concluding address we find words not less significant : 'The foundation of our work has been the sure knowledge that to each of us as to all Your Majesty's subjects, the Crown is the abiding symbol and emblem of the unity of the British Commonwealth of Nations.'

This sentiment is wholly admirable and indeed incalculably valuable. Twenty years ago the most acute and most sympathetic American critic of English political institutions wrote : that 'as a political organ it [the Crown] has receded into the background.' President Laurence Lowell's diagnosis, though intelligible, was inaccurate. The political sphere of the activities and the utility of the Crown has in the last half-century immensely increased with the growth of the idea of Imperial solidarity.

> The loyal to their Crown
> Are loyal to their own far sons who love
> Our ocean Empire with her boundless homes
> For ever broadening England, and her throne
> In one vast orient, and one isle, one isle
> That knows not her own greatness.

The obverse is equally true. The loyalty of the oversea Dominions is evoked, not by an institution, but by a person—the King-Emperor. I well remember hearing General Smuts give utterance in 1917 to the same sentiment. 'How,' he pertinently asked, 'are you going to keep this Commonwealth of Nations together? . . . It seems to me that there are two potent factors that you must rely upon for the future. The first is your hereditary kingship . . . . You cannot make a republic of the British Commonwealth of Nations.'

This is the language not merely of sentiment, but of common sense; taken by itself no one can applaud it more whole-heartedly than I do. But I confess to a certain misgiving when I find this sentiment coupled with a tendency to deny the Imperial competence of the Imperial Parliament. For Parliament, as the jurists remind us, consists of King, Lords and Commons; legislatively the three component elements are inseparable, and I detect some danger in the obvious attempt to separate them The attempted differentiation between the functions of the King in Council and the King in Parliament appears, to my historical imagination, to be of somewhat sinister augury. When disputes first arose between the original thirteen colonies in America and the Mother Country a precisely similar contention was put forward on behalf of the Colonies. They acknowledged to the fullest extent the authority of the Crown; they denied in effect the jurisdiction of Parliament. A similar position was taken up by the leaders of the agitation in Ireland which preceded the concession of 'Grattan's Constitution.' I have no desire to press the parallel too far. On the contrary, I wish it were consistent with my responsibility as a jurist and a historian to ignore it.

No one, however, who has followed closely the course of events during the last twenty years can avoid some feeling of disquietude and disappointment. I chance to pick up as I am concluding this article a copy of an address delivered by the late Lord Milner at a Conference held in the summer of 1916 between representatives of the Home and Dominion Parliaments at Westminster. Lord Milner assumed as axiomatic that at the close of the war an attempt would be made to adjust the constitutional relations of the several parts of the Empire, and that the readjustment would be in the direction of 'closer union.' 'I assume,' he said, 'that, broadly speaking, our ideal is that of a number of Communities

individually autonomous, but constituting collectively a single State, speaking with one voice, acting as a unit in international politics.' He advocated the formation of an Imperial Cabinet responsible to a truly Imperial Parliament—in short, the whole apparatus of federalism.

Within six months of the day on which his address was delivered an Imperial War Cabinet had come into being, and no single man was more responsible for creating it than Lord Milner himself.

Everything seemed during the year 1917-18 to be moving steadily towards the realisation of Lord Milner's ideal. But at Paris a rift in the lute appeared. There was a demand on the part of the Dominions for 'separate representation'—a demand which was, of course, conceded. The Peace Treaties consequently bore the signatures of Sir Robert Borden, Mr. Hughes and the other Dominion representatives, not only as members of the British Empire Delegation, but as representing their several Dominions. Into the League of Nations the Dominions were admitted as separate entities.

The story is familiar and need not be retold; but it must be recorded that from this moment there was a perceptible lowering in the Imperial temperature. There has been no quarrel, not even any bickering. On the contrary, perfect friendliness has been maintained, but (to put it in a sentence) things have moved, not towards the development assumed as axiomatic by Lord Milner, but in the direction indicated in the Report of the Imperial Conference of 1926. After the Paris Conference the Imperial Cabinet not only never met but was only referred to *sotto voce*. In June 1921, as already mentioned, the Dominion statesmen did indeed reassemble in London, in response to an invitation to take part in an 'Imperial Cabinet,' but before they parted the term 'Cabinet' had been dropped and they had formally resolved that no 'advantage is to be gained by holding a constitutional Conference.' Mr. Lloyd George, the father of the Imperial Cabinet, the statesman who in 1917 had made the formal announcement that it was henceforward to be a permanent feature of our constitutional machinery, declared in 1921 that the British Empire was too big a thing to be brought within the compass of a constitutional definition. 'You are defining life itself when you are defining the British Empire. You cannot do it, and therefore . . . we came to the conclusion that we would have no constitutional Conference.'

In 1926, however, definition was not merely attempted, but achieved in the Report with which this paper has been concerned, though the definition has been in terms fundamentally different from those anticipated, nay assumed as axiomatic, by Lord

Milner so lately as 1916. And the odd thing is that nobody seems to care; not even the most devoted and distinguished of Lord Milner's own *alumni*.

What can we say save that the British Constitution (if, *pace* de Tocqueville, it can be held to exist at all) is *sui generis*, and that the cubs of the British lion bear a remarkable resemblance to their parents—yet we cannot forget that the cubs all live under written and, for the most part, rigid constitutions in their several lairs. But that fact has not availed to reconcile them to definition when there is a near prospect of a Constitution for the Empire as a whole.

It may well be that this is only another and a temporary swing of the pendulum which has been swinging ever since the Empire came into being. If so, the wise man will possess his soul in patience. Meantime, he will pray that no great crisis may suddenly arise and compel us to improvise again, as we improvised between 1914 and 1918. True we emerged from that crisis without disaster, but at a cost in lives and money which improvisation always entails, and which, even now, we can hardly compute. From every point of view—political, economic, military and humanitarian—it were surely wiser to take some thought for the morrow.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

THE CAPTURE OF THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT

At the Co-operative Congress at Cheltenham in Whit week, on the motion of Mr. Barnes, M.P., it was decided, by the narrow majority of 117 on a card vote, that the National Executive Committee of the Co-operative Union should go into politics as the ally of the Socialist Party.

To grasp the full import of this fateful decision, it is necessary to devote some little time to studying the history of the Co-operative Movement. That it is worth while to do this will be evident when it is realised that the Co-operative Union of Consumers and Producers have a share capital of 90,064,875*l.* and a membership of over 5,000,000; the number of employees in 1926 was 103,080 in the Consumers or Distributive Societies, and 47,984 in the Productive Societies, earning respectively in wages 12,991,323*l.* and 6,232,190*l* per annum; the progressive character of the movement is shown by the fact that in 1925 200,000 new members joined, and in 1926 362,431, while the retail trade in 1925 jumped by eight and a half millions and in 1926 reached the colossal total of 191,312,596*l.*; the total sales of the Co-operative Wholesale Society for 1927 are estimated to reach 80,000,000*l.*!

In 1884 twenty-eight flannel weavers of Rochdale formed themselves into a co-operative society for the purpose of buying goods which they required, at wholesale prices, for distribution among the members. This pioneer society was born out of the travail through which the weavers had laboured in 1883 in their struggle with the mill-owners for better conditions of labour and better wages. It was the darkest period of the Industrial Revolution, when the principle of buying in the cheapest market included the enslavement of human beings, men, women and children, and when Robert Owen's teaching was everywhere inspiring the revolt against capitalist exploitation, which has since become a religion with the Socialists and a consuming fire in the hands of the Communists.

The men who founded the parent Co-operative Society stated their objects in the following 'Laws of the Association':

The objects of this society are to form arrangements for the pecuniary benefit and improvement of the social and domestic condition of the members, by raising a sufficient amount of capital in shares of one pound each, to bring into operation the following plans and arrangements.

1. The establishment of a store for the sale of provisions, clothing, etc.

2. The building, purchasing, or erecting a number of houses, in which those members desiring to assist each other in improving their domestic and social condition may reside.

3. To commence the manufacture of such articles as the society may determine upon for the employment of such members as may be without employment, or who may be suffering in consequence of repeated reductions of wages.

4. As a further benefit and security to the members of the society, the society shall purchase or rent an estate or estates of land which shall be cultivated by the members who may be out of employment, or whose labours may be badly remunerated.

5. That as soon as practicable, this society shall proceed to arrange the powers of production, distribution, education, and government: or in other words, to establish a self-supporting home colony of united interests, or assist other societies in establishing such colonies.

The idea was, in short, to proceed by slow stages: first, to acquire capital by weekly deposits and the profits from the establishment of a retail shop; second, to settle their members in houses built or purchased by the society; and third, to employ their own members in manufacture and agriculture for the society. In other words, to attain Communism through an association of producers, and to obtain the capital necessary for financing the undertaking by opening a retail shop.

Co-operative societies which had hitherto attempted to carry their Communist theories into practice had found that wherever the retail shop was sufficiently well managed to produce the capital necessary to finance the Communistic experiments, the members became, by force of circumstances, *de facto* capitalists; they were the shareholders in a profitable business, and the more the profits accumulated, the more inclined they became to withdraw their gains for personal use rather than risk them in probably uneconomic Communistic experiments.

The Rochdale experiment solved this difficulty by introducing the system of repayment to members of a rebate or deferred discount on the purchases made by them during the half-year, out of the accrued profits of trading.

Thus the accumulation of capital was avoided; but at the same time the Utopia of the Communist colony was definitely removed from the material to the ideal plane, which was undoubtedly better for the co-operators but bad for Communism.

Probably the Rochdale pioneers did not realise what a big thing they were doing when they introduced the system of a deferred discount on purchases, affectionately termed the 'divi'

by every housewife who draws it. This system at once planted the co-operative societies on a firm and lasting foundation based on the very general desire of the mistresses of working-class households to receive their savings in a lump sum from the 'Co-op.' instead of painfully and laboriously trying to put by a few pennies weekly which only constitute a little hoard liable to constant raiding and never likely to accumulate to a sufficiently respectable sum to pay for a child's school outfit, a holiday by the sea, or some other equally essential requirement.

The certainty of receiving the 'divi' on a fixed date is the loadstar which buoys up the spirits of the wives and mothers in hundreds of thousands of working-class families through weary months of toil and anxiety in the endeavour to make ends meet, and it is the cornerstone of the co-operative edifice.

But it is not Communism! The Communistic ideal has receded far into the background, or, on the other hand, has been relegated to such a distant future that no one bothers about it except the people who have a political object in view which may be very remote from the aspirations of most of the members of the Co-operative Societies.

The co-operators have their feet firmly planted on the earth; the Communists may believe that they have their heads in heaven, but their feet are most certainly in the air.

The outstanding discovery and practical achievement of the Rochdale pioneers was to organise industry from the consumers' end instead of from the producers' end: to place it from the start upon the basis of production for use instead of production for profit, under the control and direction of themselves, not as producers, but as consumers; and to popularise mutual co-operative societies by the payment of a dividend or deferred discount on purchases, instead of accumulating capital for Communistic experiments, or paying dividends to shareholders on the principle of joint stock companies which trade for profit.

The growth of the mutual co-operative movement from this pioneer society was rapid. A new society is usually formed by recruiting about a hundred members who promise to deal at the new store and to take one or more shares of a pound each, for which they pay by small instalments. With the capital thus obtained a shop is rented and a manager engaged. The stock is usually limited at first to the articles of grocery in general demand, and is obtained either from wholesale dealers or preferably from the Co-operative Wholesale Society, which facilitates the starting of new shops to an extent undreamed of by the early adventurers in co-operative dealing.

Retail prices are usually fixed at about the same level as those ruling in the neighbourhood, the excess over the wholesale rates

serving to cover maintenance and running expenses, allow for depreciation, provide a reserve fund, pay the fixed rate of interest on the share capital (usually 5 per cent.), and finally to provide the 'dividend' which experience has shown to be the mainstay of 'co-op.' popularity.

It is this returning to the purchasers of the margin between the cost of production and marketing, and of the price paid by them in the retail shop, in direct proportion to the value of their purchases, which distinguishes these *mutual* co-operative societies from other so-called co-operative societies, which are merely joint stock undertakings for the profit of the shareholders in proportion to the amount of their share holding, and altogether irrespective of the value of their purchases as members; in the latter case the disposable balance is paid over to the shareholders, while in the former it is paid out to the members in proportion to their purchases, irrespective of the number of shares which they may hold. In the mutual co-operative societies all members are equal, and have an equal voice in the management whether they hold one share or a hundred shares; so far as their shares are concerned, they can only draw the fixed rate of interest just as debenture-holders in a joint stock company.

It may be argued that the mutual co-operative stores should sell their goods at a reduced figure instead of charging the prices current in the neighbourhood, and thus abolish the 'divi,' the existence of which free of tax arouses the resentment of the income tax payer who is not a member of the co-operative society.

The reply is that the 'divi' is a deferred discount on purchases and as such is not taxable; that it is an extraordinarily popular plan for accumulating savings; and finally that if the co-operative shop substantially lowered its prices it would create bitter ill-feeling among the small shopkeepers in the neighbourhood.

The question of income tax, however, deserves more than passing notice, and, as it was recently raised in the House of Commons in the debate on the Finance Bill, we cannot do better than give the Chancellor's reply in his own words:

> The other question which had been raised was the allegation that co-operative societies did not pay their proper share of income tax. He had used the full machinery of the Inland Revenue to explore that subject, and in the result he had been convinced that the societies very nearly paid the full tax that could be exacted from them under the law. The published accounts of the trading co-operative societies showed that as a result of their year's work, they had about 21,000,000*l.* in hand, and of that sum they paid away 14,000,000*l.* as discount on their purchases, which was known in working-class communities as 'divi,' and which could not possibly be charged with income tax. It was a trade discount, and trade discount was immune, in every sphere of our taxation, from income tax.

If an attempt were made to charge income tax upon it, that could be evaded by the simple expedient of selling the article at a cheaper price. If it were decided to alter the law in regard to trade discounts, although they might surcharge individual co-operators on their dividends for income tax, in nearly every case they would be below the income tax level.

Calculated on that basis, 100,000*l*. would be recovered, and to obtain that 100,000*l*. it would be necessary to impinge upon the principle of mutual trading, which ruled over a wide sphere. He had done his best to test the figures which he had given, and he believed that they could not be shaken, and he did not see what good an inquiry could do. One could sympathise with the private traders who felt themselves oppressed by the immense collective powers of the co-operative societies. He thought it was a great pity that the co-operative societies did not come forward themselves in some way and endeavour to bridge the gap of 100,000*l*., as it was hardly worth their while to have all those aspersions cast upon them, with their immense wealth and power, for the sake of such a small sum.

The taxation of the 'divi' would mean that millions of working men and women whose income is below the income tax level would be irritated beyond endurance by having to put in claims for a rebate of the tax on their 'divi,' and the Inland Revenue Department would be snowed under with application forms. The net result to the Exchequer might be 100,000*l*., but the whole force of the co-operative movement would be employed to bring down the Government which had perpetrated such a blunder, and the Socialists would have the whole co-operative movement in their pocket without any further trouble.

The operations of the Co-operative Wholesale Society are controlled by an executive or 'general committee' of thirty-two directors who are elected by the societies; the executive is responsible to the quarterly business meeting of the delegates of the federated societies in which is invested the ultimate control of industry. Each society has one vote for every 500 members in the election of directors, and can send one delegate for the same number to the quarterly business meeting. The unit of control is thus, in theory, the individual man or woman who is a member of the retail society—a perfect democratic system theoretically; in practice, however, it is found that the system may be liable to grave abuse.

It is interesting to note that at the quarterly meeting of the Co-operative Wholesale Society held at Manchester on July 23 this year the question was raised as to whether the grant of 1000*l*. to the Co-operative Party as a political entity should be renewed or not. It was decided that, as this point was the same as that raised by the decision of the Cheltenham Congress in favour of action which would really make the co-operative movement an appendage of the Socialist Party, the question should be referred to the individual societies. Many protests were made

against the policy of uniting the co-operative movement to the Socialist Party.

The majority of members of a trade union or of a co-operative society will always be slack in attending lodge meetings, a slackness which is by no means repugnant to the executive officers of the organisation, since it affords them a considerable degree of freedom of action without tiresome interference. Trade union rules provide that each member shall pay 1*s.* per annum to the political fund of the Labour Party, and that those who do not wish to pay may obtain exemption; the Trade Unions and Trade Disputes Act, 1927, deals with the abuses which have arisen in the matter of the political levy; nearly 41,000*l.* a year has hitherto accrued to the coffers of the Labour Party from this source. The certainty of a considerable fall in the amount of political contributions when under the provisions of the Act they become *de facto* voluntary is regarded in Socialist circles with much apprehension, and renewed efforts to 'capture the "co-op."' will follow as a natural result from the decision of the Cheltenham Congress that the Co-operative Union should go into politics as the ally of the Socialist Party.

There has always been a small but active party in the co-operative movement with a distinctly Communist bias, which has tried to bring about joint industrial and political action with the trade unions and the Labour Party. The proposals for combined action were for a long time defeated by the traditional opposition of the co-operative movement to identify itself with any particular religious or political party; the opponents to 'fusion of forces' considered that the existence of a joint programme of the movement and the political Labour Party might make Conservatives and Liberals shy of joining co-operative societies and would be certain to lead to dissension by the introduction of political controversy and bias into a purely unpolitical democratic organisation. From the very nature of things, the co-operative movement is primarily a 'working class' movement, but it by no means follows that all its members, or even a majority of them, are either Socialists or Communists. Moreover, membership of a co-operative society is not confined to any particular class or creed or party; on the contrary, some of the leaders of the movement cherish the aspiration of a co-operative commonwealth which shall come into existence, not by any revolutionary upheaval, but automatically, by the gradual absorption of the majority of society into the organisation. Identification with any political party would obviously bring the movement into direct conflict with such an ideal.

'The triumph of Co-operation would have nothing to do with class antagonisms, or class victories, . . . it would imply merely a reconcilia-

tion of class interests . . . one of the most pressing problems of modern industry is to reconcile the conflict of the interests of Labour with those of the employer and consumer.'[1]

Labour leaders are too fond of assuming that every organisation of working men must necessarily support the political Labour Party, and there is no doubt that the name alone secures many votes which would not so readily be given to Socialism or Communism. There are, of course, hundreds of thousands of working men whose political affinities are Conservative or Liberal, but they do not take the trouble to oppose Socialist and Communist penetration into their societies and unions, though they will in many cases vote for the Conservative or Liberal parliamentary candidate or the local government candidate under the protection of the secret ballot. The fact is that the majority do not want to be bothered with politics, and probably not more than 30 per cent. in the trade unions pay the political levy willingly. Prior to 1887 there was no independent Labour representative in the House, though in 1874 fourteen trade union working men went to the poll, and two secured election by arrangement with the Liberal Party. In 1885 the number increased to eleven and in 1892 to fifteen, of whom only one—Keir Hardie—was an independent Labour man, the remainder being 'Lib.-Labs.' In 1893 a conference was held at Bradford under the presidency of Keir Hardie, at which the Independent Labour Party, consisting of individual members, was formed. This organisation was purely socialistic, and during the ensuing years made repeated efforts to capture the trade unions, and gradually succeeded, notwithstanding the indifference, or even active opposition, of the rank and file, in penetrating the executive of the trade union machinery to a steadily increasing extent; the Taff Vale judgment assured their success. In 1906 fifty Independent Labour Party candidates went to the poll, and twenty-nine were returned to Parliament. In addition to these there were twelve working-men members elected under the auspices of the Liberal Party; the subsequent accession of the miners' representatives brought up the total working-class representation in the House to forty-one and formed the official Parliamentary Labour Party. The rapid saturation of the trade union movement by the Socialist Party and the class legislation which the Liberal Government passed in order to secure the 'Labour' vote followed, and the complete capture of the trade union machine by the Socialists became assured. The indifference of the bulk of the members to politics allowed the executives a fairly free hand, and the system of card voting enabled delegates to amass the

[1] *Co-operation and the Future of Industry*, by Leonard S. Woolf.

most astonishing majorities in favour of any Socialist resolutions which it was desired by the executive to carry.

From the inception of the Socialist Party in 1900 under the title of the 'Labour Representation Committee,' attempts were made to gather in the co-operative societies as well as the trade unions, but for a long time the co-operative movement held aloof and kept resolutely apart, not only from Socialism, but from politics altogether, and from the trade unions.

It took a quarter of a century to convert the trade union movement from its original objects into an aggressive political force with a programme of extreme Socialist aims, a force which, in the creation of the Triple Alliance and the Council of Action, assumed its most threatening aspect soon after the war, and from that time never ceased to cultivate closer relations with Moscow and to become more openly Communist than was altogether convenient for the orthodox Socialist. The Miners' Federation appears to have definitely adopted a policy of nationalisation as a step to pure Syndicalism—*i.e.*, 'the mines for the miners' (Conference of Miners' Federation at Southport, July 26).

It is of the deepest interest to study concurrently the attitude of the Federation of Labour in the United States towards the same problems. The late Mr. Samuel Gompers, who was its leader for forty years, was inflexibly opposed to any Socialist doctrine or to any attempt to achieve the ends of trade union effort by means of a political party pursuing the Labour policy. The Federation has consistently opposed any move towards the recognition of the Soviet Government or for dealing with Russia in any shape or form, and has recently organised a vigorous campaign in New York to stamp out Communism in the clothing trade. Mr. H. H. Butler, deputy director of the International Labour Office of the League of Nations, in his report (published July 25, 1927) on Industrial Relations in the United States, says: 'At the present time a transitional stage seems to have been reached in which the creed of combat is being challenged by a new doctrine of co-operation which has found considerable support among employers and workers.'

The fiasco of the General Strike in England, and the object-lesson of its deplorable results to the workers, have given a salutary check to the influence of the extremists which is likely to be rendered really effective by the Trade Unions Act, 1927; an impetus has been given to the further development of non-political unions [2] to co-operation between employers and em-

[2] At the Special Delegate Meeting of the National Union of Seamen in London on August 1 a resolution to grant 10,000*l*. as a loan free of interest to assist the non-political miners was agreed to almost unanimously, there being only three dissentients.

ployers in industry, and there is a feeling among the rank and file that individual liberty will be restored and the workers will be able to hold up their heads as free men, and that the spectre of the boycott will be banished for ever from the industrial field. All these things will assuredly come to pass if employers will scrupulously avoid giving any pretext to the unions which would serve to unite the whole of Labour against the working of the Act. The action of a single employer who might take what appears to be unfair advantage of the wording of a clause capable of being twisted by legal jugglery into expressing something which was far from the intention of the framer of the Act would at once 'put the fat in the fire.' The only hope for the smooth working of the Act is that employers, *all* employers, shall interpret it, in the spirit as well as in the letter, in such a fashion as to ensure its success and thus give no handle to the firebrands who live by the class war. And it is well to take note of the attitude of such firebrands as indicated by Mr. Mardy Jones, M.P., at the recent congress of the Miners' Federation at Southport when the Trade Unions Bill was being discussed. 'You need not be unduly alarmed about the Bill,' he said; 'we shall be able to ignore it and outwit its every clause.'

The distinctive note of the Conference, however, on that occasion was the outspoken condemnation of Moscow methods, the ridicule cast upon the delegate who advocated another General Strike, and the severe trouncing which the President administered to the Communist element: truly a more robust attitude on the part of the moderates than has hitherto been shown in face of the Communist and minority movement attacks on the Labour leaders.

Socialism is, however, always a destructive force which acts as a perpetual irritant on the nervous system of the worker by substituting the false doctrine of a 'divine discontent' with his lot for a healthy ambition to improve it by his own exertions. It has no creative or constructive energy and is essentially the antithesis of the co-operative movement inspired by the doctrine of self help by mutual help, and mutual help by self help.

The foundation principle of the co-operative movement is sound, and, 'so far from being Socialism, it is the very antithesis of Socialism.'[3] There is no socialistic element in it, though there is a social element which is its very life. It makes no appeal to and places no reliance on the State; its appeal is to the legitimate self-interest and pride of the workman. The same might have been said of trade unionism before it was captured by political Socialism and tainted by Communism, for the trade union movement in its inception had much in common with the co-operative movement; both were spontaneous in origin and voluntary in

[3] *Religion of Socialism*, by Belford Bax, p. 44.

character and distinctly 'workers' organisations for self-help and mutual support based on personal and corporate responsibility.

Up till 1917 the small politically minded Socialist elements in the co-operative movement were unable to make any headway, but in that year a strong feeling of resentment against the treatment of the societies by the Government in regard to food control and the excess profits tax caused the Congress at Swansea to reverse its former attitude and to pass a resolution to enter politics and make common cause with the Socialist Party. This decision met with general approval subsequently when Mr. Lloyd George refused to receive a deputation to lay the grievances of the co-operators before the Government on the ground that he had no time, although he found time to receive the Jockey Club. The effect of this insult was electrical, and later in the year a special conference adopted a policy of joint action with the trade unions and a scheme for parliamentary and municipal representation. This departure from the traditional policy of the co-operative movement, however, was not due so much to any spontaneous outburst of revolt on the part of the rank and file as by the leaven of Socialist yeast working as a ferment in the comparatively inert co-operative dough. Having secured a hold on the executive machinery, the Socialists proceeded to dig themselves in by methods which are painfully familiar in all nominally democratic societies which include an aggressive left wing, but they were careful not to show the cloven hoof in their first programme, and the attempts made at the Congresses of 1920 and 1921 to establish political union with the Parliamentary Labour Party were unsuccessful. But in 1922 the co-operative programme included such purely Socialist items as land nationalisation, the capital levy, and work or full maintenance for the unemployed, and the four Co-operative members of Parliament voted with the Socialist Labour Party.

Steady spade work ever since and a policy of peaceful penetration into the executives of the co-operative societies have brought about the result obtained at the Cheltenham Congress, and the impetus thus given to Socialist domination may, unless it be checked, ultimately swamp the co-operative movement as it formerly swamped the trade union movement and convert it into a machine for the aggrandisement of a political party and sort of milch cow to provide the funds to finance it.

But will these funds prove inexhaustible ?

The whole principle of saving and the system of the 'divi' is anathema to the Socialist because it savours of capitalism. The experience of those who have engaged in social work among the working classes is that the Socialists bitterly resent any attempts to persuade workers to invest in National Saving Certificates,

on the ground that such action converts them into capitalists and thereby plants them firmly in the opposition camp to Socialism.

It may be inferred that if the Socialists ever succeed in getting complete control of the co-operative movement the ' divi ' would very soon disappear under their unsympathetic *régime* and the ' disposable balances ' would be poured into the greedy maw of the political machine.

A twofold process of decay would then begin to sap the wonderful prosperity of the co-operative societies: for, concurrently with the diversion of the ' disposable balances ' from the members' ' divi ' to the political fund, there would ensure a steady loss of membership on the part of those who had no sympathy with political Socialism as part of the co-operative programme, as well as from the unpopularity of a policy which deprived them of their dividends and was frankly antagonistic to the saving interests of the consumers.

Socialism would assert itself again as a disruptive force, true to its past and present record, incapable of constructive realism and too often the tool of destructive Communism. It has steadily and successfully fought against any sort of understanding between capital and labour, between employers and employees; it has preached a gospel of class hatred which has affected the mentality of masses of our people to an extent bordering on fanaticism and utterly beyond the reach of reason; it has made a bugbear of capital as the enemy of labour, instead of harnessing the pair of them in the interests of both; and it has fashioned a political weapon which, if ever the day of revolution should come, will be snatched from its nerveless grasp by the Communist vipers which it has covertly nourished in its bosom.

Co-operation, on the other hand, is a great constructive force conserving the resources of the society and of the individual, making an equitable distribution of the profits on trading and industry, and capable of restraining capitalism from the unrestricted exploitation of the workers, by methods far more effective and lasting than any ill-considered political experiments in the economic field.

Seen in its proper light, the co-operative movement should be the representative of the consumer in a triple entente with capital and labour, maintaining the balance of power between the three interests, which, in harmonious adjustment, should ensure the well-being of the worker, the conservation and intelligent employment of capital, and the protection of the consumer from exploitation by a purely selfish combination of the other two partners at his expense.

The success of the non-political unions in the mining industry

and in the National Seamen's Union already shows the strength of the reaction in the trade union movement against political exploitation. It rests now with the members of every co-operative society to rouse themselves from their indifference, and drive out the menace of Socialist domination from their midst before it can capture the executives which are the driving force of the movement.

F. G. STONE.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

A VISITOR to the Province of Quebec usually has his attention attracted soon after entering by hearing about him a language to which he has not been accustomed—the French language. One hears French spoken in cities like Montreal and Quebec in the stores, on the street cars, in the railway stations and hotels, and on the public thoroughfares. It is the language of the majority of the people of the province. And if the visitor be from the United States or Britain, as so many of our visitors are, the first question that occurs to him will be to ask how the thing works, how the French language 'gets along' with English, the official language of the country and of the continent generally, and the recognised medium of communication of the world of business and commerce.

The answer is not easy, and if the inquiry be pursued a variety of opinions are sure to be forthcoming, from the 'abolitionists' on each side (those who want nothing but English on the one hand and those who want nothing but French on the other) to the 'moderates' of different shades of thought, some of whom consider that the present arrangement is a good one and is working well enough, while others believe that we are simply making the best of a bad business. When due allowance is made for racial, religious, and other bias, the truth of the matter appears to be that the endeavour to run two languages side by side results in a good deal of inconvenience, wasted labour, expense, and misunderstanding. There is no confusion like the confusion of tongues, and people separated from one another by the barrier of language are apt to drift further and further apart.

When the fate of Canada was finally decided at the close of the Seven Years' War between France and England, which culminated in the signing of the Treaty of Paris in 1763, and Britain, by force of arms, had established herself as the dominant Power, the British Government found itself in possession of a country of practically unmeasured extent inhabited by some 65,000 people of French extraction, mainly working on the land and settled principally along the shores of the St. Lawrence River. Apart

from the British army of occupation there were practically no English settlers in this area. To have forcibly converted this French-speaking population into an English-speaking one would have been a task of enormous difficulty and expense, and would have undoubtedly caused much bitterness, bad feeling, and internecine strife at a time when the impoverished British Government could ill afford to be so burdened. Wise statesmanship seemed to demand that as far as possible the French people be left to themselves. Accordingly the French in Canada, or the 'Canadians' as they became known as distinct from the English-speaking people who for many years called themselves 'English,' were left to their own devices. With the exception of their clergy their leaders had deserted them, and accordingly it was the clergy who took the educational question in hand and in whose hands it has remained ever since.

In 1783, at the close of the American War of Independence, many loyalists came over into Canada, and the Province of New Brunswick was founded. In 1791 what had hitherto been Quebec was divided into Upper and Lower Canada, Upper Canada comprising that part known to-day as the Province of Ontario. On account of the friction and discontent caused by this arrangement the two were then united as the 'Province of Canada.' However, bickering and frequent deadlocks still continued, and in 1867 Confederation took place, when the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were united, the other provinces joining later. After representatives of the provinces had agreed upon the terms of union this arrangement was formally ratified by the British Government, and the written Constitution of Canada, the British North America Act, was then drawn up and passed by the British Parliament. That Act contained this provision for the French language for the benefit of the Province of Quebec:

> Either the English or the French Language may be used by any Person in the Debates of the Houses of Parliament of Canada and of the Houses of the Legislature of Quebec; and both these Languages shall be used in the respective Records and Journals of these Houses; and either of these Languages may be used by any Person or in any Pleading or Process in or issuing from any Court of Canada established under this Act, and in or from all or any of the Courts of Quebec.
>
> Acts of the Parliament of Canada and of the Legislature of Quebec shall be printed and published in both these Languages.

In theory this appears to be sound enough. It meant at the time of its establishment that a conquered and recalcitrant people were left without what would undoubtedly have been a very specific grievance, and one that could hardly have failed to prove a fruitful source of trouble and rebellion, and in this way Britain

made friends of the main section of the people of the new country. Prominent French-Canadians are insistent in maintaining that on three distinct occasions—in 1775, 1812, and 1849—when Britain was at war with the United States, or Canada was threatened with internal trouble, French-Canadians were the decisive factor which kept the country under the British flag, and they speak of their province as 'the keystone of Confederation, and the Gibraltar of the British Commonwealth in North America.'

The strength of French-Canadian attachment to the British connexion is not altogether easy to gauge, and the rampant nationalism of Mr. Henri Bourassa (who has a large following among the masses) is probably more significant than is generally supposed. The following extract from the Montreal Liberal daily *Le Canada* may be considered as representative of a wide section of French-Canadian public opinion:

> There is another extremist doctrine the extravagances of which are even more to be feared than those of exaggerated nationalism, and this is the imperialist doctrine. Those who hold this doctrine place Canadian interests second to the interests of the Empire; they are BRITISHERS before being Canadians; far from being nationalists, they are not even nationals; in their thoughts, traditions, ideals, tastes, mental attitude, they are British subjects and not citizens of Canada. . . . The dynasty of the imperialists is not yet extinct. Their spirit still inspires far too many of our public men. Imperialism is the most pernicious and dangerous doctrine which can exist in Canada. . . . We must throw in our lot with Imperialism or Canadianism. . . . It is on this field that political struggles will before long sort out our citizens and on which the battalions of the future will form up. They have already started to collect in groups.

French-Canadians of nearly all shades of political thought are anxious to maintain the present *status quo* in which Canada is an independent unit in the British Commonwealth of Free States. They have grasped very thoroughly the rather obvious fact that under hardly any conceivable circumstances could they find themselves in a position of such security at so little cost to themselves. Their hostility to annexation by the United States, which they have demonstrated on many occasions, possibly has its roots in this, and in the fact that, situated as they are and with the privilege of using their own tongue in official and educational matters, the Roman Catholic Church, which is all-powerful in the province, can control its flock in a way that might not be possible were the main seat of government at Washington. This should be clearly understood. The force that keeps French-Canada loyal to the British Crown is primarily the force of self-interest.

It is generally conceded that the regard of French-Canada for the present state of things and her anxiety for the preservation

of the existing external arrangement are largely due to the vision and broad-mindedness of the statesmen responsible for the treatment of French-Canadians after the defeat of France, and their successors, both British and Canadian, who drew up the British North America Act and carried out its terms. These no doubt imagined they were laying a foundation on which something solid and enduring could be built. And yet . . .

When one sees at first hand how it is working out and just what the practical effect of bilingualism is in the workaday life of the people, with the very best intentions towards French-Canadians one cannot help having misgivings. And when one hears educated French-Canadians declare, as they do quite frequently, that permission of the official use of the French language was a mistake, and that had it been firmly put down at the beginning it would have been far better for the country at large and the province in particular, and any bitterness or hardship thereby engendered would have long since been forgotten, one cannot but sympathise with the force of this argument and be slightly dubious about the wisdom of the policy that has brought us where we now are. For while at the inception of the business the number of French-Canadians in Canada was not so very great, they are now, according to the latest figures, estimated to number something like 2,500,000 in a population of 9,500,000, or about 26 per cent. of the whole. When it is remembered that of this number a great many (the exact percentage is difficult to estimate) can neither speak nor read English, it will be understood that what was originally merely an inconvenience is now something in the nature of a problem that tends to get worse as the proportion of French to English Canadians increases (Quebec leads the other provinces in births in a ratio of nearly 3 to 2), which it always tends to do when there is such a slackening in the flow of British immigrants as has been manifest in the last few years.

When it is borne in mind that there is not only a difference in language but likewise in religion and in habits and modes of thought, and that this religious difference is in the main responsible for the fact that there is little intermarriage between the two races, it becomes apparent that this is leading to the old problem of a nation within a nation and something separate and distinctive growing up within the fold of the main body of the people, a problem that all statesmen view with alarm, and one that the pages of history show to be always difficult and occasionally dangerous. The United States recognised this difficulty long ago and put her foot down firmly against any language other than English getting a place in the public life of the nation, with the result that there is to-day no 'language' problem in the United States at all, and sectionalism of the kind found in Quebec has

(with the possible exception of the coloured people and Asiatics) practically disappeared. The melting-pot is functioning as it should.

The inconvenience and expense of running a city like Montreal on a bilingual basis will be understood when it is stated that all public notices have to be printed in the two languages, court trials are conducted in either tongue or in both (with all the delay and waste of time involved in the use of interpreters), the 'exit' and other directions on the street cars have their French equivalents alongside, and many of the stores follow the same procedure with their cards, notices, circulars and catalogues. Even the motion pictures exhibited in the province in these days have French translations of the titles and sub-titles alongside the English. The affairs of the city are of course conducted almost entirely in French at the City Hall, as they are likewise at the Provincial Parliament in Quebec, where the great majority of the elected representatives are French. In the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa the French members have the right to speak in their own tongue, and sometimes do; but as they generally wish to have as large an audience as possible and most of their English *confrères* do not know French, they are not often found availing themselves of this privilege. But *Hansard*, the official record of the debates in the Dominion Parliament, is printed in both languages.

Such a mixing of two tongues in these busy times leads to considerable confusion, and anomalous things happen not foreseen by the founders of the Act, who, from the fact that they stipulated English to be an official language in the Province of Quebec but did not stipulate French to be an official language of Ontario or any of the other provinces, undoubtedly meant the language clause to be to the advantage of the French-speaking people rather than to the detriment of those speaking English. An English-speaking person who knows no French, for example, is liable to be served with a writ in the cities of Montreal or Quebec printed in the French language only and enjoining him to appear at a certain court on a certain day. If he fails to put in an appearance his plea of ignorance of the contents of the notice is not accepted, and he is deemed guilty of contempt of court and punished accordingly. Of course, as French-Canadians point out, a French-Canadian living in Ontario who knew no English would be in precisely the same position if served with a writ in English, the only difference (rather an important one) being that French is not an official language of that province.

On the whole, however, the thing is working itself out slowly in the way that was bound sooner or later to follow any attempt to establish a strange tongue in one corner of a continent containing so many millions of people speaking a different one. The

French-Canadian simply must learn English, and in consequence he does learn it. The English-Canadian and the British immigrant, being under no such compulsion as regards the French language, either do not learn it at all or only in a very superficial way. So French gradually tends to give way before English. All the department stores and the shops in the large cities are filled with French-Canadians of both sexes able to wait with equal facility on customers speaking either tongue. English is the commercial language of the country, the bulk of the wealth is in English hands, and French-Canadians (as many of them admit) could hardly find employment at all in the large stores unless they had a speaking acquaintance with both languages. In process of time there is little doubt that English will be universally spoken.

While this may be considered satisfactory enough in the main, it must be remembered that the process of changing over entails a good deal of unnecessary hardship on all concerned, particularly on the rank and file of French-Canadians themselves. To be brought up in one language and then be under the necessity of mastering another to the extent of being able to conduct business in it involves the expenditure of a great amount of hard labour, and tends to handicap the French-Canadian in his chosen career according to the degree in which his mastery of the strange tongue is more or less incomplete. Many of the better class French-Canadians place their children when young in English homes and leave them there for some years in order to master English thoroughly (which they invariably do), and indeed of the great bulk of French-Canadians who speak English it must be admitted that they speak it very well on the whole.

Yet the business does not by any means end with the solution of the problems of barter and exchange, nor does it follow from the fact that a makeshift has been established which enables the affairs of commerce to be carried on smoothly that the worst part of the difficulty is disposed of. Far from it. That is indeed only one phase of the situation. It is on the intellectual and spiritual side that the chief problem lies. The language of a man's home, his people, his school, and his church is the man's native tongue. That is, if I may so express it, the language in which he thinks. He may learn another language, but unless he hears and reads nothing else for many years it will be a long time before it becomes the language of his thoughts. And if his native tongue remains that of his intimate life the new one will never oust it completely. Hence a new issue arises in cases like that of the Province of Quebec. Two different mentalities are developed, each finding it difficult, and in some cases impossible, to comprehend the other.

It is this that causes so much bitter wrangling between the

two sections and that endless cropping up of 'questions' which impels the moderate and reasonable people in both camps to form '*bonne ententes*,' and such like, when official delegations from the Province of Ontario visit Quebec, and *vice versâ*, and French and English teachers change schools. Were it properly understood that the interests of the country as a whole are practically one and the same there would be no need for all this. The following from the Independent Liberal *Ottawa Droit* is a typical French plaint:

Can French-Canadians show any readiness to take part in the celebrations which are in preparation? [the newspaper asks, speaking of the coming Canadian Diamond-Jubilee festivities]. How can they rejoice over the creation of a political *régime* which has brought them nothing but disillusionment, and which has been used to violate their natural and constitutional rights? Can they really experience any joy when they know that they are persecuted in every English province, when, in order to safeguard the survival of their race, they are forced to assume the heaviest burdens and to protect themselves against the very people who are inviting them to share in the rejoicings?

It must seem very strange to those who come here from a great distance [says the Liberal *Quebec Soleil*] to find this kind of rivalry, antipathy, almost dislike, which at first appears to exist between Ontarians and Quebecers, between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians. The second fact is the more extraordinary, for one knows that once the most bigoted English-speaking Ontarian has been in real contact with a French-Canadian for a few weeks or at least a few days, they understand each other perfectly well, and have a mutual respect for each other. Behind the barrier of language which some like to think insurmountable, from one cause or another prejudice after prejudice has been accumulated. The result has been mutual distrust, sometimes even hate. Throw down this barrier and the dream of the *bonne entente* so often conjured up will not take long to become a reality.

At the other end of the scale may be quoted the following passage from the English *National Review*, which, although appearing in a London periodical, is nevertheless typical of the Imperialist attitude generally:

Against all Imperial march forward ever drags the ball and chain of Quebec's isolation. Quebec is not France, nor England, nor Canada. Quebec is simply Quebec, and will become with Jesuit obduracy and casuistry nothing else but Quebec. Quebec has long ago forgotten she was a conquered province, treated with the magnanimity with which Britain alone of all conquerors treats the conquered. . . . Quebec's present attitude is untenable. It is incompatible with the progress of Canada as an autonomous nation within the British Empire. For Quebec the Empire does not exist, and the Quebec vote in Dominion elections negatives all Imperial tendency initiated by the English-speaking parts of Canada. . . . Quebec is an ossified limb of a growing body.

In replying to this formidable indictment in the monthly

Quebec, published in London, Dr. L. J. Lemieux, Agent-General for Quebec in Great Britain, refuted these charges and pointed out that it was a French-Canadian, Sir George Etienne Cartier, who secured the principle, embodied in the pact of Confederation, of the division of rights between Ottawa and the provinces, with proper safeguards for minority rights; that, thanks to an almost solid Quebec, Sir John A. Macdonald was able to build the Canadian Pacific Railway and establish the national policy which fostered Canadian industries; and that it was another French-Canadian statesman, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, supported by a unanimous Quebec, who first introduced Imperial Preference into the policies of the Dominions. 'Quebec,' says Dr. Lemieux, 'is rightly proud of her share in the upbuilding of a powerful nation under the ægis of British institutions.'

In the Province of Quebec, where the French element so largely preponderates, the French and English have separate schools and colleges; but in Ontario and the Western Provinces, to which a large number of French-Canadians have spread, English is now the language of instruction and communication in the schools, and this has caused sharp 'issues' to be raised, where the French-Canadian minority felt it was not being fairly treated. This was notably the case in Ontario, where Regulation 17 of the Provincial Code, published in its final form in August 1913, and specifying that the French language, hitherto permitted as a language of instruction and communication in the province, was now permitted only within such narrow limits as practically to put an end to its use, was fiercely assailed and resisted by French-Canadians as a coercive and unfair measure. The same was the case with Manitoba, which entered Confederation in 1870 at a time when the population of the province was almost equally divided between English and French, and began its educational career with Catholic and Protestant schools on the same lines as Quebec. By 1890, however, on account of the volume and nature of immigration in the interval, it was deemed expedient to abolish sectarian schools altogether, and, although the issue was strenuously fought and involved a general election in the Dominion Parliament, the province was upheld and the Act became law. Bilingualism was still legal in the schools, but in 1916 the clause in the Act which sanctioned it was removed from the statutes, and English became supreme. Naturally enough the English provinces of Canada do not want to have two languages spoken any more than they can help. But the French-Canadian cannot help feeling that this is an injustice in view of the fact that in Quebec, where he is numerically superior, he frames his provincial laws in such a way that the English-speaking minority can educate its children as it pleases. As against this the English-Canadian

maintains that since English is the principal language of the country for all practical purposes, and French is only an official language in the Province of Quebec, it would really be impossible to do anything else.

The *Quebec Soleil*, it will be seen, put its finger on the root of the trouble when it spoke of prejudice being accumulated 'behind the barrier of language,' but as regards the 'throwing down' of the barrier this is not quite so simple. To many French-Canadians, naturally jealous of their prerogatives and sensitive about their 'mother tongue,' the way out would seem to be for the English-Canadian to become as proficient in French as he himself has become in English. Some of the English newspapers have also stressed this view, and the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, the leading Conservative organ in that city, said not long ago of the Ontario student who spent some years learning French :

> He can read French and write French, but he has no facility in speaking French and finds it difficult to follow the spoken remarks of any fluent or cultured French man or French woman. Great as a person's efficiency in an acquired language may be, it must remain for him an imperfect instrument if he can neither speak it nor understand it when it is spoken by one born and nurtured in it. . . . If English-speaking Canadians mixed more freely with their French-speaking fellow countrymen and women they would be surprised at the rapidity with which they would obtain a serviceable use of the French language. French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians must be persuaded to come into more familiar intercourse in order to understand one another not simply in the matter of exchanging words, but in the larger matter of perceiving their respective ways of looking at things.

If (as is so often maintained) it is certain that the two languages are destined to go along side by side indefinitely, the matter of learning French thoroughly becomes a very serious duty with English-Canadians unless they wish to see the most dangerous kind of sectionalism, that of racial division, growing up and becoming perpetuated in their country, with ultimate results that no one can foresee, but which can hardly fail to lead sooner or later to disaster of some kind or other. Yet the problem does not seem to be working itself out in that way for the present. The English-Canadian youth maintains (with a good deal of force) that in these strenuous days it is not reasonable to expect him to devote several years of his life to mastering a language which will be of very little practical use to him anywhere in Canada except in the Province of Quebec, and that, however admirable a knowledge of French may be from a cultural point of view, competition is too fierce in the workaday world to allow him to give the necessary time to a purely academic pursuit which could be more profitably used in some practical field of endeavour.

Without the sharp spur of necessity to drive him, as it drives t French-Canadian to learn English, he neither masters French n feels it incumbent upon him to do so.

The manner in which the intellectual life of the province suffe from the fact that two different processes of culture are developi at the same time which tend to flow away from one anoth instead of advancing together, is seen to advantage in the city Montreal, the commercial capital of the country, where the tw peoples are not found to attend one another's lectures, concert and theatres (with the exception of the motion picture houses) i any considerable numbers. This means that the French eleme is restricted to such native talent as it may possess, or to suc French-speaking artists of distinction as they can induce to vis them (not a very numerous body, as far as can be ascertained and that as regards the English-speaking section, the city, whic has a population of close on 1,000,000, is rated by visiting artis as a town of some 200,000 only. This results in loss of a deplorabl kind. Montreal cannot support an English stock company th will put on plays by Shaw, Galsworthy, or any of the moder classics, as is done in Toronto; Shakespeare is seldom or nev seen in our midst; the city cannot boast a philharmonic orchestr or even a modern concert-hall; and library facilities are ver inadequate. Some years ago the French-Canadians ran their ow opera, but the effort was finally discontinued. Generally speak ing, the opportunities for culture compare poorly with any othe town of the same size on the North American continent.

So there the matter stands. English is the language c 120 millions of people on this continent; practically all busines even in the Province of Quebec, is conducted in it; and it seem bound to supersede the French language altogether in thi country sooner or later. Yet so long as nearly one-quarter of th people of Canada continue to be nurtured in the French tongu there can hardly fail to be violent cleavages, misunderstanding and even animosities, engendered, that will call for great patienc tact, and judgment in the handling if no permanent harm to th country is to ensue.

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SCIENCE AND TRUTH

PERHAPS the most noticeable effect which the promulgation of the Theory of Relativity has so far produced is a certain feeling of insecurity in the world of thought. Some theorists have even gone to the extreme of saying that all our ideas about the universe must be rearranged and that the new theory opens to us a new heaven and a new earth.

Then, again, there is a strongly evident tendency to apply the theory in fields which are quite definitely outside its range of application, as in the domain of philosophy, when it is maintained that truth itself is relative, or in that of ethics, when the alleged relativity of standards of conduct and morality is made an excuse for licence. These effects, which are more or less natural and inevitable when a half-digested and imperfectly understood theory is broadcast among minds which have not had the training which will enable them to understand its limitations, are of an extremely dangerous nature, and it therefore becomes more and more necessary to delimit unequivocally the exact scope of the Theory of Relativity, so that the loose thinking of philosophic scaremongers may not infiltrate the popular intelligence with an idea of a go-as-you-please universe where the individual observer, complete with his particular allotment of space-time, makes and breaks his own laws of life.

Mr. Edwin Edser, writing in a recent number of *The Nineteenth Century*,[1] suggests that even from the scientific point of view the explanations supplied by the Einstein Theory must still be regarded as tentative and have therefore altered little of fundamental importance. The aim of this article will be to show that from the ethical, religious, and philosophic points of view it alters nothing at all.

We must set out from the thesis, laid down or implied by every great religion and philosophy since the beginning of time, but which at the present day would probably be regarded by scientific materialism as the worst kind of obscurantist heresy, that the knowledge of the corporeal universe as such is not

[1] 'Science and Wonderland,' by Edwin Edser, in *The Nineteenth Century* for March 1927.

necessarily of primary importance to man. This is not to say that the study of the phenomena of Nature can be dispensed with, since it is perfectly obvious that mankind could not exist for a moment on the earth without the knowledge whereby to utilise the resources of Nature and to protect themselves against her forces. But the point which is often ignored or slurred over in panegyrics of physical science is this. Man has a spiritual as well as a corporeal nature: he has a soul as well as a body. If this be admitted, then it must follow that the physical body, which is of a mortal nature, must exist for the sake of the soul as its subject and instrument, and not *vice versâ;* hence the knowledge which is of real and primary importance to man is that which pertains not only to the body, which is mortal and corporeal, but to the soul, which is immortal and incorporeal.

The soul makes use of the body in order to gain the knowledge of the universe and its own nature through contact with the manifested world, in order to come to know itself, or become self-gnostic. But just as there is behind the changing body the undecaying soul, so behind the whole corporeal universe there lies, in a sense, another universe, an ideal or spiritual universe, a universe of ideas, principles and laws, which is itself unseen and noumenal, but which the forms and creatures of the physical universe perpetually express. This is the real universe; that which we see with our physical eyes is, considered apart from it, but a shadow or reflection, so that it is the knowledge of the reality, and not the image, that the soul needs, for her nature belongs essentially to that which is real and deathless.

The knowledge of the physical universe is necessary, because it is through the forms of the phenomenal world that the soul is enabled to ascend in thought to the ideas of the noumenal world which lies behind it.

The whole question therefore resolves itself into the manner of approach to the knowledge of material things. If this knowledge is pursued for its own sake alone, apart from any considerations as to whether it will help or hinder the soul, then it may be a stumbling-block and even a curse to man, since an excessive attention paid to the outer and phenomenal nature of things may blind his eyes to the reality of their spiritual and inner side.

But if the material is made, as it should be, a stepping-stone to the spiritual, if things are looked upon not only as things but as expressions of thought, if the whole of the universe is regarded as a vast system of symbology, veiling and yet revealing the wonders of the world of the real, then science takes her true place in man's unfoldment, for her scope is widened to include not

only the material but the spiritual, not only the below but the above.

Against such a conception of science there rises at once the age-old objection of the sceptic, the long-exploded theory that real knowledge is possible only of material things. The utter fallacy of this objection reveals itself if we consider briefly the means whereby man actually does obtain knowledge.

His faculties may be divided into two groups—those which are corporeal and those which are not ; and the fact that real knowledge of abstract spiritual reality is possible to man becomes quite evident if we trace the path whereby any sense-impression enters the consciousness and becomes a thought.

The senses, at the lower end of the scale, receive sensible impressions by means of vibrations such as of light, heat and sound. When acting normally they are perfectly reliable, and correctly reproduce the impression they receive. When we speak of the senses being deceived we are not being strictly accurate, for the senses as such are not deceived : when deception occurs, as in, for example, a conjuring trick, it is because the mind, through association or other reasons, draws a wrong inference from the report received from the senses.

At the other end of the scale of faculties is the reason, which not only deals with, relates and co-ordinates the results of sensible impressions, but also has the power of dealing with and relating abstract ideas in themselves, independent of anything material or corporeal. Pure reason, therefore, having the power to deal with pure abstractions, is a distinctively spiritual faculty, and can give to the consciousness real knowledge of things which are not material.

The reason also, when acting in strict conformity with the laws of thought, is infallible in its own domain. At the two ends of the scale, therefore, we have faculties which are quite reliable and have the capacity to give to the consciousness the knowledge of that to which they relate. The senses, when confronted with two similar objects, report the fact to the sensorium. The reason, confronted with the idea of two, can by analysis separate it into two ideas of one, or by multiplying it by 3 arrive at 6. The reason has and employs ideas of numbers quite independently of concrete objects, and, since these ideas or principles are employed by all men in accordance with the laws of mathematics and invariably produce by similar processes the same results, it follows that the faculty of reason, of which the capacity of mathematical calculation is a result, is infallible.

Where, then, does the possibility of error arise in man's quests for truth ? If the two faculties at the two ends of the scale—reason and the senses—are reliable, it would seem to be

at least probable that the intervening faculties should be equally so. It would appear, therefore, that the cause of error must be the confusion of the faculties among themselves and the endeavour to make one faculty do the work that belongs to another. That this is, in fact, the chief cause of error is clear from the well-known case of the relative motion of the earth and the sun. The senses report the fact that the sun goes round the earth, and they would be at fault if they did otherwise, for they belong to the corporeal nature of the observer, and their vision is strictly limited to his position in space and time. But his mind and reason are not so limited, and therefore, by taking the facts reported by the senses and relating them with knowledge derived from other sources, he concludes by a process of reasoning (obviously not by direct observation, which would be impossible unless he could take up a position outside the solar system) that the earth goes round the sun. With this conclusion the evidence supplied by the senses and the naïve or natural conclusion at first arrived at are found to *agree perfectly when the position of the observer is taken into* account.

The distinction is important, because it emphasises the fact that absolute knowledge is not possible to the senses, but only to the mind when in possession of all the necessary data.

The senses, dealing as they do with the outer nature of things, give to the consciousness the impressions received at a definite point in space at a definite point in time ; but the mind is not so limited : it can range in thought over the whole of space and even transcend physical space as such, because it inherently contains the idea of space or space as an idea. The mind is therefore not limited by space. Similarly with time. The senses give the impressions of the vibrations occurring at a particular instant, but the mind can journey in memory and imagination to the past and the future : it can even transcend in thought the idea of time, or duration itself, for it has the concept or intuition of eternity.

The fact that the image-making faculty of the mind, or the representative imagination, cannot reproduce such ideas as infinity and eternity is sometimes adduced as evidence that these ideas are unreal ; but it is clear that this is unsound, because all pure ideas are abstractions, and the incapacity of the representative imagination to confine them to a formal symbol is only evidence of their abstract and therefore noumenal nature.

The difference between the knowledge derived from experiment or by means of the senses and that which is arrived at by processes of pure reason may become clearer if we consider the position which arithmetic and geometry hold in regard to the Theory of Relativity.

In a hierarchical sense arithmetic, or the science of numbers, is prior to and more fundamental than geometry, or the science of enclosed spaces, since it is evident that no calculations as to the nature of figures, even 'ideal' ones, could be undertaken without the assumption of the principles of number.

The principles of number are real and fundamental. They are quite independent of any human knowledge of them or postulates concerning them. The fact that every normal human being is able to make calculations is evidence that this capacity in itself is not the result of observation or of training, since no training in mathematics would be of any avail if the inherent capacity to relate numbers to each other were not first present in the human being.

Since numbers are fundamental principles, and in a certain sense abstract ideas, they are quite beyond and out of the reach of the Theory of Relativity. This becomes obvious when it is considered that mathematical calculations are the very bases upon which the theory rests, and which enable it to be formulated.

We come now to geometry. If we are to believe some of the more ardent of the protagonists of relativity, Euclid is now a back number, an ingenious thinker who would have commanded our admiration but for his naïve assumption that there could be such a thing as a straight line. But before we heap the flowers upon the grave of Euclid's reputation let us pause a moment and decide the question, Would non-Euclidian geometry be possible without Euclidian geometry as a foundation ? In actual practice, how do we decide that a line is not straight ? Either by actual or mental reference to one that is straight.

But we have been told often enough that in the physical universe there are no straight lines. It is impossible, therefore, that we should ever have received through our senses an impression of a straight line. Where, then, does this curious notion come from ?

The truth is this. We have in us an innate idea of straightness. Euclid's definition of a straight line, 'The shortest distance between two points,' still holds. The fact that the curvature of space, the bending of the light rays, and other phenomena of the physical universe make it difficult for us to discover perfectly straight lines in our ordinary life is of not the slightest importance. There are straight lines in the world of thought, and that is the world in which that part of us which is most real naturally lives.

Arithmetic and geometry are not, as we are taught to believe at school, mere aids to the acquisition of worldly wealth, means to help us to add up the accounts of our trading or measure the ground for the erection of factories: they are, or may be,

intellectual disciplines capable of removing from the soul's the blindness caused by her descent into matter and restore her to the contemplation of reality.

The Pythagorean triangle is a reality in the ideal wo where lines are straight and circles are perfect. The formu $3^2 + 4^2 = 5^2$ would be true if no human geometrician had ev drawn a triangle, and all the triangles which have been measu on the earth are but reflections, copies, and imperfect images the perfect incorruptible ideal type.

How should we know that a circle is a figure in which all radii are equal? Our physical eyes have never beheld suc circle. It is the eye of the mind, of the soul, which sees perfect circle, the perfect straight line, and recognises the i or type of it in the figures of the physical universe.

'We, who cannot leave the earth,' says Professor Bertra Russell in *The A.B.C. of Relativity*, 'are incapable of reach a place where Euclid is true.' But this is a delusion. We, th is the real and spiritual part of us, our minds, our souls, *live* the place where Euclid is true. If we allow our consciousn to become so deeply immersed in matter that we fail to recogn this truth, who is to be blamed? Not Euclid certainly.

We are thus led to the conclusion that the Theory of Relativ applies exclusively to the physical and sensible order of thin Its value is of a pragmatic nature. It has brought to our not the fact that in determining the position of certain bodies space in relation to each other we had not previously taken in account all the necessary factors. It is possible that still mo factors may have to be taken into consideration before we arr at the ultimate solution of the problems involved. For t purposes of everyday life it has, as Mr. Edwin Edser points altered very little; of fundamental principles, nothing at all.

Relativity itself, as a concept, implies the prior subsiste of the absolute. In every system the absolute value or standa is first assumed and the remaining values related to it.

Some of the theories postulated with regard to 'space-tim seem likely to lead rather to a greater confusion of the questi than to its elucidation. Space and time are distinct, the o implying extension, the other motion. To speak of time as fourth dimension added on to the three dimensions of space apt to be misleading. The fact that in the consideration of a physical phenomenon measurements of space and time a mutually dependent does not make it impossible to distingu sharply between them in thought. Time is the measure of a motion of a body in space, and therefore it is, as the expone of the Einstein Theory point out, relative in the sense that eve which appeared to be simultaneous to an observer on one bo

might seem to have a different temporal relation to an observer on another body.

But time is relative only in this sense—that the standard chosen by any particular observer refers to the order of the events which he is observing from his own particular standpoint. The measurement of time in any particular system is effected by the observation of the movements of the bodies composing that system relatively to each other. Thus for every system there is an absolute time for the system concerned, which is measured by the movements of the planetary bodies in relation to the centre or sun. An observer on one of the planets could not, by means of merely physical observation, arrive at any but a purely relative standard of time: he would base all his actions on the observed alternations of light and darkness and of summer and winter.

If, however, he takes the data thus supplied by the senses and works upon it with his mind, time comes to have a new significance for him. His day is no longer a period unequally or equally divided by light and darkness, but the measure of the rotation of his planet on its axis. By introducing further calculations he may discover the period of his planet's completion of its orbit round the sun. But the 'day' and 'year' of an observer on another planet would be a different one, either longer or shorter. Even then the observer on one planet is only able to express the days and years of other planets in terms of his own day and year or in terms of some unit which is a fraction or multiple of these.

But if every observer can formulate a standard of time by which to express the movements of other bodies in terms of that of his own with reference to a third—that is, the sun—it must be possible, theoretically at any rate, to arrive at the 'absolute time' of any particular physical universe—which could be measured either in terms of the period of revolution of its most distant planet, or by a factor formed by the greatest common measure of the periods of all its planets. This last measure, sometimes termed by the ancients the Great Year, was the period in which all the heavenly bodies returned to a certain fixed relative position.

But if such a standard is possible in regard to any one planetary system, it must be (again theoretically) possible to formulate it with regard to the physical universe as a whole.

The formulation of such a standard would require a complete knowledge of all the movements of all the heavenly bodies, to which science has not as yet attained. But since it is impossible to speculate about or investigate in any way the relative movements of different objects without some absolute standard, that

which is used in practice is not the greatest movement but the least or most rapid. This movement, which we speak of as the speed of light, is at present the standard to which all other speeds are related.

The fact that certain of the characteristics of the æther, which is taken to be the medium of its propagation, appear to be contradictory is only evidence that our knowledge of its true nature is at present incomplete. The point to be emphasised is that it represents for practical physics the absolute standard of measurement, the measure of a motion in space which is applicable not to one planet only, but, so far as we are aware, to the whole universe.

Yet though we have thus reached the absolute standard of measurement for physical movement, we have not yet reached the Absolute itself. Nor ever shall we do so in the physical universe, since all that is manifested and has extension is of necessity relative.

How then can the Absolute be reached? Paradoxical as it may seem, it becomes evident that we could have no knowledge of anything relative had we not already in our consciousness the idea or notion of the absolute. The human mind is in a certain sense finite, yet it could never be conscious of its own finitude had it not within itself the idea or intuition of infinity. Time, as Plato has said, is the flowing image of eternity. We could never measure time had we not the intuition of eternity. In our ordinary everyday life we measure time from the present; that which has been we call the past and that which is to come the future, but the present moment we cannot measure because it never moves. Eternity is not endless duration, a perpetual extension of time, kalpa heaped on kalpa, æon after æon stretched onward into interminable vistas: these are the measures of time. The spirit of man, his mind, his intellect, his 'nous,' dwells above time and space and motion, beyond the temporal and the perpetual, beyond the regions of change of birth, decay, and death; it lives in eternity, which, as the mystics never tire of telling us, is not some future date but the Everlasting *Now*.

The consciousness which sees only the changing and temporal side of things, which examines the processes of Nature without relating them to the reality which is behind them, becomes chained to the earth with fetters of its own forging: it exclaims in dismay at the apparent fluctuation and relativity of all things, and drifts from theory to theory like a ship that has lost her anchor.

But the true seer, who looks behind the symbol to the thing symbolised, behind the changing to the unchanging, behind the created thing to the idea, is established firmly on the rock of

truth, for he ascends in thought from the material to the spiritual, from the concrete to the abstract, from time to eternity, and, like the true lover of whom Plotinus speaks, loves the beauties of Nature, not for their own sakes, but for the sake of intelligible beauty which they image. The limitations of time and place and circumstance no longer bind him, for though his body dwells at a particular place in the earth and in a particular century, his soul and his mind (which is the eye of the soul) rest in the contemplation of reality above time and space so that he looks upon these and all that they contain, for he is ' the spectator of all time and existence.'

In the light of such considerations the Theory of Relativity is robbed of its terrors and even gains a greater significance. When it is once thoroughly realised that its field is exclusively the external and physical nature of things and that its conclusions can in no way affect the reality of abstract first principles, it can be recognised for what it is—a new method of co-ordinating certain of the phenomena of the material universe.

Since these phenomena do not cause themselves, but are produced by the basic principles or laws of the universe, their highest significance and deepest meaning can only be grasped when they are properly related to these principles and are studied, as it were, not only from below, but from above.

The Theory of Relativity, when it is fully understood and related to absolute first principles, may open out whole vistas of knowledge to the human mind. At present it suffers, like much of the scientific knowledge of the day, from a lack of proper correlation to those underlying bases which are also the foundations of philosophical and religious presentations of truth.

If, as the foregoing arguments have shown, the relative inevitably depends upon the absolute, the concrete upon the abstract, the material upon the spiritual, and if man has besides his physical body a mind or soul which enables him to gain the knowledge of spiritual things, then the argument that human conduct and ethical standards are purely relative, a go-as-you-please affair based solely upon the conveniences or the desires of the moment, is shown to be wholly without foundation, for such a theory would make all spiritual values of no more importance than the accidents of temporal and local situation ; whereas it is obvious that if man has a spiritual principle of any kind, such a principle must be something wholly beyond relativity in the scientific sense, and in fact does imply the inherence in man of absolute standards—sometimes described as innate ideas—of goodness, truth, and beauty.

The fact that the average man is not normally conscious of these standards is no argument against the truth that they are

possessed, for the whole purpose of the journey of the soul into the regions of relativity is that it may come to know itself, and, in Plato's phrase, learn to distinguish the 'same' from the 'different,' the absolute from the relative.

It is to this purpose that education, if it is to be of permanent value to the individual, must contribute; it must enable him to free his mind from the fetters of the particular, the local, and the accidental, and afford exercise to those wings of thought on which it soars to the universal and the eternal.

Just as the mathematical sciences, mistaught as they are at present, confine instead of liberate the consciousness, so the theory of relativity, if presented to a developing mind which is not yet firmly established upon first principles, may stunt and baffle it, leading to the barren places of scepticism and contradiction instead of to the secure fortress of certitude.

It is the same with all else that pertains solely to the below; knowledge of the forces of Nature may be a curse instead of a blessing to man unless there goes with it the knowledge of the purposes for which they are to be used. We are careful to keep dynamite away from a child, but we cheerfully incorporate in our systems of education a half-understood theory, which, if presented as it generally is, will inevitably effect the greatest harm.

The sciences which deal with the spiritual and noumenal nature of things are as real, as certain, and as demonstrable as those which deal with phenomena. When these sciences are more clearly defined, more perfectly formulated, and more universally applied, then and not until then will the Theory of Relativity be understood in its right relationship as the theory which explains the interaction of the manifestations of the Absolute.

George H. Bonner.

EARLY AND MODERN GOLF

'THOU gentle sprite! whose empire is the dark green links and whose votaries wield the bending club and speed the whizzing ball, art as dear to us now in the sere and yellow as when we first flew to share in thy health-inspiring rites with the flush and ardour of boyhood.' Thus wrote the author of *The Golfer's Manual* seventy years ago, just two years before the death of the first great golfer of whom we have any real knowledge, the immortal Allan Robertson. Nobody writes like that about golf nowadays, and if anyone did I am afraid we might laugh at him. Golf has changed out of knowledge in those seventy years, for even Allan Robertson was but a local deity, with his temple at St. Andrews. He had worshippers too in Fife and Forfar, at Musselburgh, at North Berwick, on the North Link at Perth, and a few, no doubt, among the exiled Scotsmen who played upon Blackheath; but how confined was his kingdom compared with that of Mr. Bobby Jones of Atlanta. In July in this Review Mr. Alfred Cochrane drew some pleasant comparisons between early and modern cricket, and it may perhaps be of interest to try to do the same thing, though I fear in a more desultory way, for golf.

Up to a certain point the history of golf is earlier and better ascertained than that of cricket, for we have some knowledge of it at any rate as far back as the beginning of the fifteenth century. The Act of Parliament of 1457 that 'the Fute-ball and golf be utterly cryit doune' has been often quoted. So has that engaging passage from the accounts of the then Lord High Treasurer of Scotland: '1505–6 Feb. 22. Item to Golf Clubbis and Ballis to the King that he playit with.' The names of those early golfing martyrs, John Henrie, Pat Rogie, Robert Robertson and the rest, will never fade; they played golf in 'the time of the sermonnes,' were fined *ad pios usus*, and had to make public repentance. Later on in the eighteenth century we have the minutes of Blackheath, of St. Andrews and of Musselburgh, but these give more details of conviviality than of golf. What we should so intensely like to know is how the early heroes played, and that we really do not know at all. In 1767 Mr. James Durham, of Largo, won the silver club at St. Andrews with a score of 94. That score was

made on a rough course beset with whins, with 'clubbis and ballis' very ill adapted to the purpose as compared with those of to-day. Mr. Durham must have been a good player, but the golf of his day, and indeed of a much later one, lacked its Nyren. There is no one to tell us that he had, like David Harris, 'a noble delivery.' Was the speed of his shots, as with those of Beldham 'as the speed of thought,' or had he the gift of steady plodding amounting to genius, as had the 'anointed clod-stumper' Tom Walker? There was pleasant writing about golf in the eighteenth century, but it dealt in generalities, and among the writers there was no inspired hero-worshipper.

So we have to wait till the time of Allan Robertson, who died in 1859, and the great families of Park and Morris, who succeeded him, before we can learn anything of what manner of men were the champions and how they played. Golf has made such strides in modern times that the most exciting of them all, young Tommy Morris, who died in the pride of his youth in 1875, seems now to belong to a distant age. Yet I, who am not so very old, can remember his record for St. Andrews being first beaten by Hugh Kirkaldy; I have played, and hope to play again, with Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville and Mr. Mure Fergusson, and they both played as grown men and fine golfers, with Tommy. To my eyes he is as far away and romantic a figure as the men of Hambledon, but through the living links with him one can gain a clearer picture of his game. At first sight it would seem far easier to judge how the ancient golfers played as compared with the ancient cricketers The cricketer plays against a living opponent: if we cannot picture Harris's 'tremendous' bowling, how are we to judge of the skill of Beldham, who defied him? The golfer, on the other hand, plays against the links which do not die and are still there for us to see, and against that ghostly enemy who is now called 'Par' and represents perfect, impeccable play. This argument is, however, largely fallacious. There are so many things for which allowance must be made; and how can such allowance be estimated? The courses are so much longer to-day, but then in a parallel column must be set down that the balls fly so much further. The whins at St. Andrews have been hacked away short cuts to the holes are possible now to the most common place player, which would once have meant certain death to the greatest champions. The greens are far better and easier than they used to be; but how can anyone estimate in the hard cash of strokes how much easier they are? If we trust to our reading we should judge that, despite the roughness of the greens on which they putted, the old players were better putters than the new. Perhaps they were; but here, too, is a pitfall. Mr. John Low repeated to me once an illuminating remark of old Tom

Morris as to Allan Robertson: 'Allan,' he said, 'ken'd the muckle side of the hole.' There were no tins in Allan's day, and players in want of sand for their tees took it out of the bottom of the hole. Naturally under this treatment the holes grew bigger and ragged at the edge, and many a ball would just topple in on 'the muckle side' that would have stayed out had there been a clear-cut edge. We have all putted on amateur garden courses at holes which have been cut casually with a trowel and are never changed; we have performed prodigies of skill there which we have never repeated on the most perfect of greens. So for my part I am inclined to believe that, save on the days when the holes were freshly cut, the elder champions had none the worse of the conditions in the matter of putting. I may, however, be utterly wrong, and I only quote the 'muckle side of the hole' as one more instance of the hopeless difficulty of comparison. I once asked Mr. Balfour Melville—no doubt it was a futile question—how young Tommy compared with Vardon, who was then in his prime. He thought a little, and then gave what is I am sure the best possible answer—that he could not imagine anyone playing better than Tommy did.

Nevertheless, I will take the risk of one comparison and declare my belief that Tommy played definitely better than anyone that came before him. He was a slashing hitter and a master of all manner of forcing shots. At all games there comes an improvement when some genius discovers that hard hitting can be combined with accuracy. There had been great drivers, such as the Dunns, before Tommy, but I think we are entitled at any rate to guess that he opened people's eyes to new possibilities in the combination of accuracy and dash. Allan had an 'elegant and beautifully correct style of play'; he depended on 'pure unadulterated science'; he would play a hole in three short spoon shots rather than lash out for glory or the grave; he was a master of the short game and an innovator in approaching with a cleek rather than the baffing spoon. Everything we are told of him conveys the impression of the possessor of an easy, skilful and accurate game, but one lacking the overpowering element that is to be found in the very greatest players of any ball game. It is said that he was never beaten, but this does not seem to be strictly true. If he never was beaten in a really big match, he appears as he grew older to have taken very considerable pains not to be. When old Tom, who was his apprentice, came to his full powers as a player and needed no more strokes from his master, the master obviously preferred him as a partner in a foursome rather than as an opponent in a bloodthirsty single. This is a mood that comes in time to the monarchs of all games—small blame to them. Kentfield, the

first great champion of billiards, steadfastly refused to play the first John Roberts, the upstart who persistently challenged him. His Boswell, Mr. Mardon, wrote: 'I will leave it to the small circle who still adhere to Kentfield as the champion of England to make their last losing hazard in the blissful confidence that their favourite could have won the match had he been induced to try.' So it must have been with Allan: he could not be 'induced to try' to play old Tom. No one has ever held that old Tom could live against his son. 'I could cope wi' Allan masel', but never wi' Tommy'—we have it in his own words. It seems a fair inference that if time had not kept them asunder and Allan and Tommy could have met, each at his best, the young champion would have carried altogether too many guns for the elder and would have crushed him by sheer weight of metal.

Leaving young Tom alone on his pinnacle, a genius so supreme as not to be ignorantly compared with his successors, we may say that the process of combining greater length and strength with equal accuracy has been continued ever since his day. Perhaps this is too sweeping a generalisation. At any rate, it continued for some long time, and it is generally held to have taken a notable step forward with the coming of J. H. Taylor. He first appeared in an open championship at Prestwick in 1893. He did not actually win in that year, for he knocked himself to pieces by knocking out the best players of the day in preliminary games, but in doing so he revealed new possibilities in the playing of wooden club shots right up to the pin. There could be no more taking of cleeks for safety with Taylor playing up to the flag with his brassey, as if it was his mashie. And then came Harry Vardon, who was certainly quite as accurate and had something of additional power, and for some years, until he fell ill, he dominated golf just as young Tom had dominated it in his time.

The coming of the rubber-covered ball in 1902 rather altered the situation. It is true that as far as driving is concerned the best of the newer players have succeeded in driving the ball further than their predecessors without losing perceptibly in accuracy; but that supreme test of power and accuracy combined, the wooden club shot up to the pin, has almost disappeared. The modern ball goes so far that holes and courses cannot be made long enough for it. Golf as played by the leaders of to-day consists in a drive followed by some form of stroke with an iron club, usually a lofted one. Here is another difficulty of comparison. The stroke by which Harry Vardon beat all his contemporaries was the brassey-shot to the pin. We might watch Mr. Bobby Jones play several rounds and hardly see him play such a shot, because the modern ball is such that the courses do not demand it of him. I personally see no reason to

doubt that if he had to play this shot he would play it as well as he plays all the others, although I have heard eminent golfers advance specious, and to me wholly unconvincing, reasons why he would not. The argument is in any case rather futile. The game has changed, and the best epitaph that the greatest of golfers can desire is that he was the best man of his day.

One change which has befallen the game—it has been coming imperceptibly, I suppose, for a very long time—consists in the increased value of the putt. When J. H. Taylor won the first of his five championships, at Sandwich in 1894, his score for the four rounds was 326, and he won in the following year at St. Andrews with 322. That means an average of over 80 per round. To-day four rounds of 75 is scarcely good enough to win except under very difficult conditions, the winning scores in America are nearly always decidedly lower than this, and Mr. Bobby Jones at St. Andrews this summer had four rounds under an average of fours. Two putts per green is supposed to represent perfect putting, though it is not good enough in America. At any rate, the number of strokes played with a putter bears a much larger proportion to the strokes played with all the other clubs than it used to do. I have given a modern illustration, but we find the same process of change taking place a long time further back. Till 1844 there were but five holes at Blackheath, and each of the five was well over 400 yards long. When we consider that these five tremendous holes had to be played with a feather ball, and that the lies were doubtless exceedingly rough, we see that the play up to the hole must have counted for far more, the putting for far less, than it does at present. Even I can remember vividly well playing the seven-hole course upon that noble heath, which is now, alas! a golf course no longer, but is given over to swarms of football-players. For the three rounds of seven holes, which constituted a match, 105, or an average of five a hole, was rightly considered very fine golf—so good, indeed, that I think Mr. F. S. Ireland, who had a genius for that flinty game, was the only amateur who had ever beaten it. Forty-two putts out of 105 strokes is a very different matter from 36 putts out of 72 strokes, though Blackheath, I admit, is an extreme instance.

An ingenious American, Mr. George Thomas, has lately suggested a remedy for the excessive importance of the putt. He proposes that each stroke played upon the putting green should only be reckoned as half a stroke. That this change will ever be made must be doubted. Golf is too good a game for rash tinkering, and the conservative mind recoils at the introduction of vulgar fractions. At the same time, the suggestion is tempting. We can all remember from our last round some hole which we played—in our own judgment, at any rate—to

perfection only to be robbed of victory by an adversary who scrambled on to the green anyhow or nohow and then holed a long putt. By Mr. Thomas's system we should have won that hole. True, we have probably forgotten one or two other holes when the vulgar fraction would have decided the issue the other way, but then our own long putts have always something of worth which the other fellow's lack.

To turn from the game itself to the moods and manners of those who play it, golf has naturally undergone changes which are bound, as in the case of any game, to accompany an enormously increased popularity. Cricket, as far as Nyren was concerned, was to all intents and purposes confined to Hambledon and those nurses of heroes the three parishes round Farnham. Except for Blackheath, golf was till almost modern times practically confined to a very few Scottish courses. Yet already in the eighteenth century there were some to complain that the game was losing its old 'frank and free hilarity' and was becoming too solemn and serious. Here is the lament of one old and crusted Tory over the now long dead and gone links of Leith: 'The solitary parties of players which may now occasionally be seen wandering over the links go through the business of the game with a coldness and heartlessness of manner which sufficiently announces that the true and ancient spirit of the sport is gone.' A little later he speaks of 'the gentle melancholy-looking sportsmen, who resemble more a parcel of love-lorn shepherds with crooks in their hands than a band of jovial young fellows engaged in an active and exhilarating pastime.'

Doubtless the 'ancient spirit' of every game, as indeed of every other human institution, has been, in somebody's opinion, dying ever since its foundation, but golf does seem to have been once upon a time a more jovial business than it is now. In some cases we may even suspect that it was chiefly an excuse for a dinner. There is a great deal about dinners in the minutes of the old clubs, whether of those at St. Andrews, Musselburgh, Bruntsfield and the Edinburgh Burgess in Mr. Clark's book, or those at Blackheath, more recently collated by Mr. W. E. Hughes in his charming *Chronicles of Blackheath Golfers*. Every possible occasion was taken for inflicting a fine upon a member who absented himself without excuse or failed to appear in his proper uniform, and the fines took the form of claret for the general benefit. Similarly every occasion, such as a marriage or the subsequent appearance of a 'young golfer' or 'golferess,' was celebrated with a gaiety only to be rivalled by the solemn mournfulness of conviviality that followed a death. When the famous 'singing Jamie Balfour' died the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, of which he was secretary, devoted no less than

three toasts to him: first, 'To the memory of our worthy and late departed friend'; secondly, 'Comfort and consolation to the friends and relatives of Mr. Balfour'; thirdly, 'May the offices in this society held by Mr. Balfour be agreeably supplied and attended to with that accuracy and precision for which he was peculiarly distinguished.' After that the captain 'proceeded to general toasts,' and a very enjoyable evening it must have been.

The Blackheath minutes are fascinating, and I am always interested in one particular golfer who appears in them, because he has, as I imagine, some claims to be regarded as the first alien golfer. His name was Gotlieb Christian Ruperti, which has not a Scottish ring. He was clearly a person of some consideration in the world. The first mention of him in the minutes of the Knuckle Club (a rather mysterious appendage of the Golf Club) in 1818 records that letters from the governor of Wolfenbuttle, wherever that may be, to Mr. Ruperti were read and were 'highly satisfactory of the club.' Before that he had, as I fancy, had a hand in inducing the Duke of Brunswick and the Duc de Bouillon to dine with the golf club. At any rate one of the many haunches of venison that he presented is stated to have come from a ducal park. This princely and liberal conduct was not without its effect: he must have been a most useful member; he was twice captain of the club, and when he died in 1831 'the silver club was ordered to be put in mourning for three successive Saturdays.'

We do not now—fortunately, no doubt, for our constitutions—end our day's golf with a nice turtle from Tobago or a haunch of venison and the drinking of 'general toasts'; but then more often than not we do not know the people playing in front of us or behind us, and we do not want to; still less do we want to dine with them. Golf must have been a wonderfully snug and friendly game in those Blackheath days when everybody knew everybody else, and, to its honour be it said, the Royal Blackheath Golf Club, though it has lost its sacred heath, still keeps up in noble fashion that old friendly and convivial tradition in a way that does not quite belong to any other club.

Generally speaking, however, we may say that the golfing community is altogether too large for such a tradition to grow up or to be maintained. Anybody who has played golf for forty years or so can remember the very distinct interest with which he once regarded another fellow-traveller on an English railway platform who carried golf clubs. According to whether or not he felt in a conversational mood, he might or might not avoid him, but he could not fail to recognise him as a fellow-mason in an uninitiated world. To-day we think no more of a man with golf clubs than of a man with an umbrella.

So something of agreeable cosiness has inevitably departed from golf and can never come back. No doubt it was a pity (though it may not be for me to say so who earn some of my bread and butter by it) that it ever came to be written about in the newspapers. It has suffered in the same way as everything else must suffer from publicity. May I give one instance—I admit an extreme one. Of the two outstanding lady golfers of the present time one was recently struck by lightning (by good luck only lightly) when watching a match. Next day the telephone bell of the other was kept busily ringing by enterprising reporters who wanted to know whether she too had ever been struck by lightning on the links. Vulgarity can and does go further, but silliness hardly could. If a young lady plays well, we are told what coloured 'bandeau' she wears; if a young gentleman does so, we are told that he is a stockbroker or a plumber, or whatever it may be, and people who have never spoken to him write of him by his Christian name.

This is perhaps a purely sentimental lament. A more practical difficulty due to the popularity of golf lies in the marshalling of the great crowds that now come to see it. Of all games golf is the least well adapted to the spectator, since it is the only one wherein the spectator cannot sit still, but must move with the players. Moreover, there has always been a tradition that golf courses were free to all the world and his wife that wanted to watch. In 1926 the Championship Committee, greatly daring, decided to charge gate money, and that on a Scottish course. There were those who thought that the public 'would not stand it,' but if there were some who would not they only showed it in the most welcome possible manner by staying away. The crowd was reduced to a manageable size, and was entirely free from the ladies who come with their babies—themselves because they have a vague desire for an outing, and the babies because they cannot be left at home. There are, however, some courses where the public has its rights, and among these is the most famous of all, St. Andrews. It is one of the charms of St. Andrews, even though it is sometimes one of its annoyances, that the whole world walks over it, and it is impossible even to think of it otherwise; but the way in which the outcoming and incoming battalions of watchers meet swirling and eddying in that narrow space can be positively alarming, and was so this summer during Mr. Bobby Jones's triumphal progress.

The mention of that illustrious player brings me to one more development of golf—namely, the introduction of the international element. It is true that the late Mr. Walter Travis startled us out of our complacency by winning our Amateur Championship in 1904. In 1907 that great golfer and genial swashbuckler Arnaud

[M]assy took the Open Championship cup to France. A year before [th]e war Mr. Francis Ouimet, a boy of twenty, beat Vardon and [R]ay in playing off a tie for the Open Championship of America. [T]hese, however, were only incidents. Since the war the Walker [C]up has been instituted for regular matches between the amateurs [of] Britain and America, while every year there has come a [fo]rmidable invading force of professionals from America to play [i]n our Open Championship. We have yet to win a Walker Cup [m]atch, and since Jock Hutchison won the Open Championship [a]t St. Andrews in 1921 the run of American victories has only [o]nce been broken. The effect has been twofold. First, our [p]layers, and especially at the moment our professionals, are [s]uffering from an 'inferiority complex'; they are not so good as [t]he Americans, but they are better than they show themselves [t]o be when they play against them. Secondly, our spectators [h]ave got so used to the exciting drug of a foreign invasion that [t]hey find any championship which is a purely domestic affair [ju]st a little flat. The best remedy for both these states of mind [w]ould be a British victory, but it is a long time coming.

BERNARD DARWIN.

RESTRICTIVE LEGISLATION

SINCE 1919 the world has been witnessing one of the most remarkable experiments in restrictive legislation on a colossal scale in history. Throughout the vast territories of the United States, comprising three million square miles inhabited by over a hundred million people of a score of different races, the consumption of alcohol has been totally forbidden by law. After seven years of trial the success of this daring and drastic measure is still an open question. At frequent intervals articles appear in the Press, some giving statistics proving Prohibition to be a complete success, while the others give statistics proving it to be a complete failure.

The balance of evidence on the whole seems to show that, so far at any rate, it has proved unenforceable in the great cities, while it has been moderately successful in the country districts. Complete success, if it ever comes at all, is certainly a long way off, in spite of the most stringent regulations, such as the authorisation of the police to search private houses for home-made drinks, and the formation of a huge fleet of fast motor boats to prevent the smuggling of the forbidden liquor from abroad. Vast quantities of liquor are still consumed in America, some of it secretly manufactured and the rest smuggled across her thousands of miles of coast line and land frontiers. On the other hand, there is unquestionably no immediate prospect of even a partial repeal of the Prohibition laws. It must be remembered that, while in Great Britain Prohibition is chiefly advocated on social or medical grounds, in the United States the driving force behind the Prohibition movement is religious sentiment. Most English readers of such books on American life as Sinclair Lewis's *Elmer Gantry* are surprised to find that the leaders of Christian Churches in America classify drinking, and also, it is important to note, smoking, dancing, theatre-going, and acceptance of the discoveries of science, as sins. It is one of those ironies with which history abounds, and which make history such a fascinating study, that drink should be attacked in the name of Jesus, who was denounced by His contemporaries as a wine-bibber! Religious sentiment of this crude type is enormously strong in America,

1 on this subject it is supported by the all-powerful employers
labour, who hope forced sobriety will enable them to get more
ork out of their employees, they themselves being rich enough
be able to evade the law by paying the bootlegger's prices.

In any case, the struggle between human nature and the
ces supporting Prohibition is bound to last a long time. What
ill be the final result of this struggle? Will a new generation
ise in the United States who have no taste for alcohol? Or
ill Prohibition in the end be modified or abandoned as it has
cently been in Norway?

This question raises the wider question of how far this type
prohibitive law is likely to be successful. Prohibition of
cohol in the United States is by far the most ambitious, but is
y no means the first, experiment of the kind. What was the
ite of these earlier efforts to 'reform' a people by legislation?
/hat answer does history give to the question, 'Can the private
fe of the average citizen be successfully regulated by Act of
'arliament?'?

Oswald Spengler, in his monumental work *The Decline of the
Vest*,[1] divides mankind into two main groups according to their
eneral attitude of mind to life and its problems. First there
re those with what Spengler (following Nietzsche) calls an
pollonian attitude of mind. Mankind in classical times had
enerally an Apollonian outlook. The typical Apollonian man,
ıch as the ancient Greek, was content if allowed to go his own
'ay. He had no desire to impose his way of life upon others.
.ife to him was an interpretation, not a battle. He is entirely
ı agreement with the concluding sentiment of Nietzsche's
Iuman, All-too-Human: 'We should not allow ourselves to be
urnt for our opinions—we are not so certain of them as all that.'
.s Spengler says,

> Epicurus was heartily indifferent to the views and acts of others and
> ever wasted one thought on the 'transformation' of mankind. He and
> is friends were content that *they* were as they were.

The other attitude of mind, which Spengler terms the Faustian,
3 entirely different. It is the attitude of the typical man of
Vestern European civilisation, and it is more predominant at
he present day than in any other period, and is especially so in the
Jnited States. A person with this type of mind is never content
/ith simply holding his own views. On the contrary, he is always
›bsessed with a self-imposed mission to force them on others.
This he calls 'reform.' He is never troubled by doubts: others
re wrong and he is right. From this point of view Torquemada,
Karl Marx, John Wesley, and Pussyfoot Johnson may be all

[1] See Mr. H. L. A. Hart's article in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, October
926.

bracketed together. Men like Epicurus and Omar Khayyá were content to moralise peacefully on 'this sorry scheme things.' Life to them seemed so complex a problem that attempt to find a remedy seemed merely futile. But it is ve different with the Faustian man. Life to him is very simp All its evils might be remedied in an hour if only he be allowed have his own way. As Dean Inge puts it,

> He sees all evil rolled together in a lump, which may be explained by single formula—the thing which he wants to destroy; and all go collected under another formula—the cause for which he lives.

This sublime self-confidence and ruthless intolerance of t views of others manifest themselves not only in such problen as politics and religion, but even in such subjects as architectu or art. Faustian man is always a crusader at heart. As Spengl says,

> The Ionic and Corinthian styles appear by the side of the Doric witho setting up any claim to sole and general validity, but the Renaissan expelled the Gothic and Classicism expelled the Baroque styles, and t history of every European literature is filled with battles over forn problems.

Needless to say, the bitterest antagonism always exis between the Apollonian and Faustian types. The former despi the latter as foolish, interfering, unpractical busybodies: t latter detest the former as selfish and indolent egoists. Dant for example, with his essentially Faustian mind, hated his Faustia political rivals with a bitterness rarely equalled in history, b he reserved his deepest loathing for those common-sense Apo lonians who could not see that the whole fate of the univer was bound up in the outcome of the squabbles between the Ne and the Bianchi factions of Florence. His fiercest hatred pal beside the withering contempt of the famous passage whic describes these neutrals as fit only to mix with those angel 'hateful alike to God and to His enemies,' who in the war betwee good and evil 'were for themselves only':

> Their blind life
> So meanly passes, that all other lots
> They envy. Fame of them the world has none,
> Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both.
> Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by.

It must be remembered, of course, that there were man Faustian minds in classical times, and there are many with a Apollonian outlook upon life at the present day. Anato France, for example, was a typical Apollonian. Plato, on th other hand, in his *Laws* advocates the sternest measures fo those who disbelieve in the gods—five years' imprisonment fo the first and death for the second offence. Typically Faustia

treatment this: Christianity, the last gift of classical civilization to the world, is definitely Faustian. On this point, however, Spengler argues that Christianity was not originally so. 'It was not Christianity which transformed Faustian man, but Faustian man who transformed Christianity.' The original message of Jesus, Spengler says, was 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' It was later that this message became 'Believe or burn.'

In reply, then, to our original question, 'Can the private life of the average citizen be regulated by legislation?' Faustian man answers with an enthusiastic and emphatic 'Yes.' It remains to examine how far the story of his efforts in the past justifies this confidence.

Let us take, for example, the result of his innumerable efforts to stamp out betting by statute. In the eyes of the common law gaming-houses are public nuisances because they are apt to draw together disorderly persons to the disturbance of the neighbourhood, while from very early times the Legislature has regarded all forms of gambling with the greatest disfavour. In fact, such statutes as 12 Richard II., c. 6, and 33 Henry VIII., c. 9, discouraged the playing of games at all on the ground that they interfered with archery practice. The Gaming Act of 1664 was 'the earliest statute to deal with gaming properly so called.'[1] All kinds of expedients have been tried by the Legislature during the last three centuries to discourage gambling. Their success may be estimated by the fact that each Act usually starts by reciting the failure of its predecessor and the consequent need for stiffening the law on the subject. At common law wagers and bets not contrary to morality, public decency, and sound policy, might be sued upon like any other contracts. The Act of 1664 was directed against immoderate gaming, all sums in excess of 100*l.*, not paid at once in ready money, being made irrecoverable by law. In 1710 an Act was passed enabling a person who paid a gambling debt of more than 10*l.* lost at one sitting to recover the same by action if brought within three months. Finally, by the Gaming Act, 1845 (8 & 9 Vict. c. 109), all contracts by parol or writing by way of gaming or wagering were made null and void, and no action can now be brought for any sum of money alleged to be won upon a wager. Since this date the Legislature, with tireless industry, has passed Act after Act in its well-meant effort to discourage gambling, but so far has only succeeded in placing upon the Statute-book a vast quantity of illogical, ineffective and contradictory legislation. Thus, although a betting agent who receives money for bets won and refuses to hand it over to his principal can be sued and forced to pay, yet by an express provision of the Gaming Act, 1892, the converse

[1] See *Jenks* v. *Turpin*, (1884) 13 Q. B. D. 505.

is not the case. If an agent pays for his principal money lost in betting, he cannot recover it from his principal.† Again, by Betting Act, 1853, any occupier of premises who allows o persons to resort thereto for the purpose of betting is liable imprisonment. On the other hand, he may with impunity op a palatial office, employ a large staff, advertise extensively, a receive bets there by letter or telegram! The poorer class cannot afford the credit system, and naturally the inevitabl result of forbidding ready-money betting was to encourage stre betting. So in 1906 an Act (6 Edward VII., c. 43) was passed ' the suppression of betting in streets and other public place (to quote the sanguine words of the Act). In practice its on result has been an intermittent and petty persecution of t poorer classes of bookmaker, whose *clientèle* cannot afford t credit system.

In spite of this vast mass of restrictive legislation, betting probably more universal than ever before. All classes, high a low, rich and poor, both men and women, indulge in bettin To a surprisingly large extent this is probably due to the f that unregenerate mankind is always attracted towards som thing which its legislators forbid and its bishops denounce. T Gaming Act of 1845, above mentioned, by making gambli debts unenforceable, probably encouraged rather than d couraged betting. The unscrupulous man can bet more rec lessly, comforting himself with the reflection that he cannot made to pay if he loses; while the great majority of peop being put on their honour, as it were, by the Act, pay their gambli debts in preference to their legitimate and enforceable debts.

During a recent debate in the House of Lords (May 19, 192 on the subject of street betting it was agreed on all sides that t present condition of the law relating to gambling was illogic ineffective, and unjust. But two entirely opposite conclusio were drawn from this admitted failure of legislation to reme 'the betting evil.' Lord Newton submitted that the only w of stopping street betting was to make it unnecessary by intr ducing a system of licensed betting-houses such as had be recently introduced in Dublin with great success. Needless say, this suggestion was received with horror by those w Faustian minds. To the Bishop of Southwark, and those wl supported him, the fact that legislation has so far failed on proved that more legislation and of a more stringent charact was needed. To the Apollonian mind it seems obvious that t reason for the admitted failure of the Street Betting Act of 19 lies in the fact that not one breach of the Act in a thousand is can be punished. The Faustians admit this, but are confide that if only this one culprit in a thousand was publicly hange

drawn and quartered, the 'evil of street betting' would soon be suppressed. Their philosophy simply does not admit the existence of problems which cannot instantly and satisfactorily be solved by legislation, although history teems with examples of such problems.

Usury, for example, was forbidden in the Middle Ages as a sin, and Dante expressed the orthodox opinion of his time when he places usurers in Hell, in the lowest part of the seventh circle, in the most disreputable company. This prohibition was consistently broken or evaded. Curiously enough, one of these evasions is still preserved in the present form of mortgage. Instead of the borrower charging his property with the repayment of a loan and agreeing to pay interest thereon until repayment, the borrower sells his property outright to the lender at the price of the loan, subject to the right to buy it back again at the same price, and in the meantime to pay rent to the lender. As a consequence of this rigid rule, borrowers lost their property altogether if they did not pay on the precise day named, and ultimately equity had to step in to protect them. Later this downright prohibition was abandoned, but the Legislature continued to busy itself with laying down cast-iron rules as to what was the fair rate of interest on a loan. Henry VIII. fixed it at 10 per cent.; James I. reduced it to 8 per cent., Charles II. to 6 per cent., and Anne to 5 per cent. In 1854 an Act (17 & 18 Vict. c. 90) was passed abolishing the legal rate of interest altogether, although relief could still be obtained in equity in the case of exorbitant or unconscionable loans. Now a Bill is before Parliament, and will probably pass, once more to fix a legal rate of interest. No doubt it is doomed to suffer the same fate as its predecessors. The man in urgent need of money will borrow at exorbitant rates rather than not at all. The greater his need the harsher will be the terms of the loan, and legislation, instead of protecting him, will only force lenders to secure themselves still further, thereby making his lot still harder. The story of this subject is as monotonous as a swing of a pendulum, each swing being hailed as a wonderful 'reform' and another big step in the advance of 'progress.'

When restrictive legislation proves ineffective, definite harm is always entailed in consequence. If unenforceable in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it means most people become accustomed to break the law with impunity—a very bad way to train good citizens. The hundredth culprit who is caught is merely embittered with the injustice of being punished for doing what he knows everybody does. The American who is imprisoned for drinking home-made wine feels as justly aggrieved as the English motorist who is fined for driving on an open road at a

few miles an hour beyond the speed limit—a speed limit which he knows is openly ignored by everyone from Cabinet Ministers downwards.

Worse still, repressive and ineffective legislation too often causes a violent reaction in the opposite direction. Innumerable examples of this can be quoted. During the military tyranny misnamed the Commonwealth the Puritans made adultery a felony without benefit of clergy, and prohibited horse-racing, bear-baiting, dancing, and the festivities of Christmas. As a consequence the Restoration marked the beginning of the most licentious period in English history. The Puritans had waged furious war against the free speech and profanity of the Elizabethan stage, and under Cromwell they closed the theatres altogether. The result of this drastic step was that the occasional coarseness of Shakespeare and Fletcher was replaced by the open immorality of such writers as Wycherley. Macaulay expresses the view that the principal evil of the plays of the Restoration period lies in the fact that they all attempt 'to associate vice with those things men value most and desire most, and virtue with everything ridiculous and degrading.' There is certainly a marked tendency in the same direction at the present day. In the popular and successful plays of Noel Coward and Somerset Maugham the 'villains' are always given a monopoly of the wit and humour. Their plots and those of their imitators all follow the same lines. As Dean Inge says,

> An attack on 'conventional morality' is now the most popular subject for a play or novel. We know what to expect after the first scene or first chapter. A situation is ingeniously created in which adherence to the traditional standards of right and wrong makes the characters extremely miserable.

The reason for this is exactly the same as in 1660. It is simply a reaction from the restrictions and taboos which the all-powerful Faustian minds of the Victorian period imposed on their contemporaries. So far as the present age can fairly be described as lax or immoral, it is simply another example of a recoil from the over-rigid standards of the preceding age.

No matter is too trivial to escape the attention of the Faustian legislator. Women have always been among the principal victims of his reforming zeal, from the days of the Roman Republic, when the amount of jewellery they might wear was regulated by legislation, down to the present day, when the height of the heels of their shoes is limited by law in certain States of America. At the same time, no matter is too difficult to daunt him. He attempts to rebut by punitive legislation the discoveries of science if these do not exactly fit in with his preconceived notions. The Biblical writers did not know (how could they?)

the earth went round the sun or that man is descended from
ial ancestors. His answer to these facts is to impose by law
and penalties, as Bruno and Galileo found to their cost in
eventeenth century and as evolutionists in America are now
ng in the twentieth. Yet, however insignificant or however
ientous the problem in hand may be, all his efforts seem
y doomed in the end to failure. Women, whether ancient
ans or modern Americans, have always dressed according
ieir own sweet will in spite of the precepts and denunciations
the Catos and Chrysostoms. The fossil remains of ape-like
or men-like apes are constantly being found in various parts
e world from Sussex to Java and from Rhodesia to Palestine,
nti-evolution laws of Tennessee and of other benighted parts
ie earth notwithstanding. The earth continues to travel
d the sun although ten cardinals, speaking in the name of
Catholic Church, with the approval of the Pope himself,
ed it could not do so in conformity with Holy Scripture.
eligion has always provided Faustian man with the chief
t for his reforming energies. For many centuries, from the
of Constantine until quite recent times, he maintained his
s to stamp out 'heresy' persistently and ruthlessly.
ary to the general opinion, he achieved considerable success
is direction. Religious persecutions did not all fail.
llian's famous boast, 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed
e Church,' is not of universal application. The Roman
rnment certainly failed to suppress Christianity. But all
oman persecutions, from the first under Nero to the last
Diocletian, were purely official affairs, the authorities
cuting because the Christians were bad citizens. The
ted classes acquiesced, but without enthusiasm, in the
ession of what they regarded as a vulgar error, while the
welcomed the public execution of the Christians as an agree-
change from gladiator shows and chariot racing. But there
o fanatical hatred of Christianity Hence the failure of the
n authorities. Again, the desperate efforts of the Catholics
ppress Protestantism in Holland failed as completely as the
s of the Protestants failed to suppress Catholicism in Ireland.
th cases national feeling was aroused and massacres, execu-
deportations, and iniquitous laws proved vain. In spite
perhaps because of, these persecutions, to this day Holland
rmly Protestant and Ireland an essentially Catholic country.
istory, however, contains many examples of religious
cutions which achieved their object. In the thirteenth
ry the Albigensian movement was so thoroughly stamped
y a papal crusade that even the exact beliefs of the Albi-
are now a matter of doubt. The Lollards were success-

fully suppressed in England by the Lancastrian kings. At the Reformation the Inquisition succeeded in suppressing all signs of nascent Protestantism in Italy and Spain. The Huguenot movement failed in France after more than a century of warfare and intrigue. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 completed the work begun on St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1572, and since that time Catholicism has had no rival for the position of the State religion of France. *But the most striking* example of all of a successful religious persecution is that which stamped out Christianity in Japan during the first half of the seventeenth century. The facts are not widely known, and they are so significant, they must be briefly sketched here. Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549 by Francis Xavier, the famous 'Apostle of the Indies.' It spread with extreme rapidity, especially in southern Japan, and bid fair to become the dominant religion of the country. Nobunaga, the chief minister of the Empire, although not a Christian himself, was a powerful ally. It is said that in 1599 alone 70,000 converts were baptised. Then Christianity fell under the suspicion of the Government. It was feared that the Catholic priests were but the advance guard of the fleets and armies of his most Catholic Majesty Philip of Spain. The Japanese people were determined not to suffer the fate which had recently overtaken the ancient empires of Mexico and Peru. Japanese visitors to Europe brought back unfavourable reports. This is not surprising—to a foreign observer Christianity must have seemed an unmitigated curse to sixteenth-century Europe. In 1607 Christianity in Japan was formally prohibited 'for the good of the country.' All the cruelties which contemporary Christians were inflicting on each other were ruthlessly inflicted on the unhappy converts of the Jesuit and Franciscan missionaries. Christianity in Japan was utterly crushed. When the country was opened up to foreigners, 250 years later, the Christians of Japan had dwindled to an obscure, impotent and tiny sect.

The general conclusion to which these facts lead is that persecutions by Governments generally fail, and invariably fail where they arouse national feeling; but that persecutions supported by popular, and still more by national, feeling often succeed. The religion of a minority, however fervently held, can be extirpated by a patriotic or fanatical majority provided the latter are persistent and also ruthless enough to go to any lengths to achieve their aim.

This general principle applies to all restrictive legislation. To succeed it must have the support of popular opinion. If the public mind is not prepared to accept it, enforcement by police methods is inevitably doomed to failure. The maxim 'You

not make a people "good" by Act of Parliament,' is admitted all as a platitude in theory, although it is constantly ignored practice. However much Faustian man may deplore it, the wers of the Legislature are strictly limited. No Act of Parliament can alter human nature directly. It may sometimes do so directly, however, by imposing a wise system of education upon e younger members of the community. As Sir William rbuthnot Lane said recently, ' Sobriety is greatly on the increase this country. Now the general public are being better *educated* ey realize the folly of drunkenness.'[8] The perfectly educated an, if such an ideal being is ever evolved upon this planet, will stain from alcohol, vice and drugs, will never gamble and obably never smoke, not because he would be in danger of eing fined ten shillings or sent to prison for seven days if he d one or other of these things, but because he would realise at these things were harmful either to himself or to the community and therefore would have no desire to do them. This, course, is the old doctrine of Socrates, that sin is simply a istake. Wrong actions follow from ignorance. The perfectly lucated man would know, for example, that cigarette smoking as bad for him. He therefore would not do it. Admittedly, ith mankind as it is, this would not necessarily follow. Socrates ught his illustrations in the industrial arts, and he knew that ad workmanship follows from ignorance, good workmanship om knowledge. It must be the same, he argued, in the art of te. He ignores, as Aristotle pointed out long ago, the possility of knowing the better and deliberately choosing the worse. ich a possibility no doubt existed in Aristotle's time, and it xists with unregenerated mankind at the present day, but in e future this may not always be the case. In that happy and ery distant epoch right conduct will automatically follow right nowledge. But for this very reason restrictive legislation will en be unnecessary. Adapting Bishop Creighton's well-known iticism of Socialism, we may say, ' Restrictive legislation will ly be effective when we are all perfect, and then it will not be eeded.'

Is direct and penalising legislation, therefore, entirely out of lace in dealing with the problems touched upon in this article? istory shows that such legislation is always dangerous because is so liable to cause a reaction in the opposite direction. It is lso always ineffective unless and until the great majority of the

[8] During a recent debate in the House of Lords (June 21, 1927) on a Bill troducing local option Lord Dawson denied that the admitted decline of unkenness in this country was due either to restricted hours of sale or higher ices due to increased taxation. In his opinion the change had been brought out by better education, better housing, love of fresh air and ' above all other uses the very great love of physical fitness.'

population are willing to conform to its enactments voluntarily. When the trend of popular opinion is definitely in its favour, then penalising legislation may be useful in forcing a reluctant minority into line with the rest of the community. Legislation can regulate an innovation, but it can never produce one, and the innovation in question must never be so far ahead of current opinion that the latter will not soon overtake it.

Examined from this standpoint the present position in America with regard to prohibition of alcohol becomes much clearer. Prohibition has failed so far because it is not supported by public opinion. It is not supported by public opinion, because there is not yet one public opinion in the United States, but half a dozen at least, each with entirely different standards of conduct. What appears glaringly 'wrong' to the inhabitants of the New England States, with the ideas of their Puritan ancestors still strong within them, seems harmless to the inhabitants of cosmopolitan New York, to the newly arrived German and Italian immigrants of Chicago, to the negroes of the South and to the inhabitants of the South-West with their semi-Spanish culture. Unlike such drugs as cocaine, alcohol can be made so easily and so secretly that legislation prohibiting it is bound to be a dead-letter so long as people are really determined to have it. Only when they no longer want it will it fall into disuse. To quote Lord Dawson again :

> It is not likely that fermented drinks can ever be banished from civilised countries. They can be made too readily. There is hardly a country where the materials for making them cannot be found. Potatoes, pineapples, and many other things can be put into a pot and turned into alcohol—poor liquor, truly, but certainly alcoholic liquor.

As we saw above with regard to the suppression of heretical ideas, a determined majority can do what is impossible for the strongest Government. Soldiers, police, spies and informers have never stamped out a religion. Faith flourishes upon official persecutions. But public opinion, properly and persistently directed, can overcome even religious zeal. The abominably cruel sports in which the Elizabethans delighted would be unthinkable now in England, not because the Cruelty to Animals Act, 1849, has mildly penalised the torture of animals, but because public opinion would not tolerate such spectacles for a moment. Progress, if it comes at all, is the result of internal development. Horses are still disembowelled by bulls in the arenas of Spain and Portugal with the approval of all the highest dignitaries of Church and State. Some day the peoples of these countries will, no doubt, become sufficiently civilised to find such barbarous exhibitions merely revolting, and then, and only then, their politicians will start to pass restrictive legislation forbidding

ik "sports," and their cardinals, bishops, and other spiritual
iders will vie with each other in declaring that such spectacles
and always have been displeasing to God. In short, legisla-
n does not lead public opinion: it merely indicates how far
blic opinion has advanced. Reform must always come from
thin, not from without. Once reform from within has taken
ce, legislation may be useful to standardise, regulate and
ntrol. It never initiates. It merely sets its seal upon what
already taken place.

The same factors apply with regard to such questions as the
ohibition of alcohol or of tobacco. At the present time persons
o infringe or evade the Prohibition laws in America are admired
their fellow-citizens for their daring and skill. When the man
o drinks a glass of home-made wine is regarded as an anti-
cial outcast by his neighbours, the success of the Eighteenth
nendment to the Constitution of the United States will no
nger be a matter of doubt.

F. J. P. Veale.

A DRAMATIC EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF RUSSIA[1]

THERE are moments in the history of every country when its destiny is at stake. The historian often fails to attach to these moments the importance they possess, because he is engrossed in the search for inner causes of events, and puts the problem of personal responsibility into the background. The spectator, on the other hand, is not concerned with inner causes, but gazes at the actors on the great and dramatic stage of history, attaching different values to each individual move. The historian naturally places the responsibility for an event of the magnitude of the Russian revolution, both psychologically and morally, on the shoulders of the entire Russian people, while the spectator fastens on individuals, and blames the man of high position and office. Without raising the vexed question so popular nowadays called by the Germans '*Schuldfrage*,' it should be possible, in the light of recently published documents, to fix with a certain degree of accuracy that outstanding act in the history of Russia which decided the course of events.

On May 2, 1915, General Mackensen ordered his artillery to open fire on the Russian lines. This order, given in accordance with instructions from the German G.H.Q., and destined to relieve Russian pressure on the Austrian front, marks the initial moment of Russia's ruin. In the ensuing retreat of the Russian army its fighting spirit and its material strength broke down. The issues involved, however, were even greater than the mere collapse of the Russian military force. This was in fact reconstituted, at

[1] (1) *Arkhiv Russkoi Revolutsii*, edited by J. Hessen, vol. 18: Berlin, 1926 (Russian).

(2) Semennikov, *Monarchy on the Eve of its Fall*: Leningrad, 1927 (Russian).

(3) Semennikov, *The Policy of the Romanovs on the Eve of the Revolution*: Leningrad, 1926 (Russian).

(4) Baron Nolde, *Notes on the History of the Russian Catastrophe*. 'Contemporary Annals' (Russian), vol. 30: Paris, 1927.

(5) *Diary of the Grand Duke Andrei Vladimirovich*: Leningrad, 1926 (Russian).

(6) *Nicholas II. and the Grand Dukes* (Correspondence): Leningrad, 1925 (Russian).

(7) *The Correspondence of Nicholas and Alexandra Romanov*, vols. 3–5: Leningrad, 1923–1927 (Russian).

least to a certain extent. But the retreat of the Russian armies disclosed a new and graver menace, namely, that first great split in the government machine from which Russia was not destined to recover.

The Russian Council of Ministers met in the afternoon of July 15, 1915, when the Minister of War was requested to make his customary report on the military situation. General Polivanov, suddenly raising his voice to a dramatic pitch, made the following pronouncement: 'I consider it my civil and official duty to declare to the Council of Ministers that our country is in danger.'

The few minutes of strained silence which followed seemed endless to those present, until the President of the Council, Goremykine, broke the silence by demanding an explanation from the Minister, and his reasons for such a gloomy statement. In a long speech, the gist of which was as follows, General Polivanov explained that his information was probably belated, since the retreat of the army had developed rapidly and partook of the nature of a panic. G.H.Q. had not considered it necessary to inform the Ministry of War of the situation at the front, and he had to rely on the reports of his Intelligence Department alone. He thought that it was clear to every person even slightly acquainted with military problems that decisive moments were approaching. The numerical superiority of the German artillery over the Russian made resistance almost vain. While the Germans could use their artillery against, he added, 'individual soldiers,' the Russian batteries had to remain silent even in important encounters. The Germans were advancing practically without any losses, whereas the Russian army was losing thousands of men.

> Our resistance is giving way daily. God alone knows where the retreat will end. . . . The army is undoubtedly tired out. Faith in ultimate success is vanishing, and demoralisation is making headway. . . . But on the dark background of the numerical and moral disorganisation of the army a still darker feature is daily becoming more apparent. G.H.Q. has lost its self-control, and the baneful effect of retiring is affecting its psychology. Retreat, retreat, retreat, is the only word they utter. No manœuvring to take advantage of the mistakes of the enemy, no plan is even attempted. G.H.Q. none the less jealously guards its prerogatives; its immediate advisers are not consulted. Commanders on the various fronts have not even been called in consultation to devise a possible means of resistance.

The Minister of War closed his speech with the significant words:

> On the threshold of the greatest crisis in Russian history the Russian Tsar should listen to the voice of all responsible military commanders and of the entire Council of Ministers. The eleventh hour is approaching; heroic measures should be decided upon. It is our duty to beseech the Tsar to convene an extraordinary war council without delay.

The pathetic speech of the Minister of War roused the feelings of some twelve Russian officials. Not that the news of the danger which confronted their country was entirely new, but the frank words of their colleague had stirred their patriotism, and they felt the responsibility attaching to their respective offices.

At this tragic hour the inertia of the Russian bureaucratic machine had brought to the helm of government a Council of Ministers which did not include a single statesman able to command the situation.

The President, whose office corresponded in a measure to that of our own Prime Minister, was the aged Goremykine, a personification of routine. Somewhere in his *Memoirs* Count Witte gives the following portrait of Goremykine:

> When I considered it impossible to play the part of a straw guy, a new Cabinet was formed, headed by that tin 'chinovnik,' who differed from thousands of other 'chinovniks' merely by his large whiskers, and was called Goremykine.

Though hardly justified as an account of the personal capacities of the man, this portrait is none the less true in respect of his political inertness. Russian bureaucracy has had many representatives whose names will be remembered with gratitude in Russian history, but Goremykine does not belong to that class of man. Though not devoid of gifts, or even initiative in things personal, his only concern in political matters was to discountenance any definite policy of reforms. He easily surrendered the reins of government to other more daring Ministers who had the courage to have a policy of their own, for he knew well that the monarch would sooner or later grow tired of his more capable advisers and return to him as a more acquiescing personality. He consented voluntarily to be a man of straw, content to show a well-filled certificate of services. His career was that of a first-class administrator without any merit, except a keen sense of routine and of court intrigue. In a moment of stress, when the fate of the country was in the balance, these gifts were hardly sufficient.

The only competent man in the Cabinet was Alexander Krivosheine, Minister of Agriculture. He had also had a brilliant bureaucratic career, and, unlike his chief, was always prepared to accept responsibility and break fresh ground in the domain of administration. An avowed Conservative, fully alive to the meaning of the Revolution of 1905, he had come to the conclusion that inertia alone was no longer an effective weapon to control a people with ever-growing aspirations. Like Stolypin, he realised that the mere repetition of the political formulas used in the reign of Alexander III. would satisfy no one. He looked for the formation of new classes and of new currents of public

opinion to assist progress. He was, however, only given a secondary post in the Government, while the vital interests of the country were left in the hands of Goremykine.

But behind Goremykine lay that mysterious, unaccountable and unknown force, the source of all honour and office—the throne.

That wonderful creation of Speransky—the Russian bureaucracy—had in the hundred years of its existence and progress transformed the throne into the last institution which crowned the bureaucratic edifice. The monarch himself had been changed into a 'chinovnik'—maybe the highest, perhaps a super-chinovnik, but none the less an official, the supreme wheel of the whole machinery. In as far as the functions of the monarch were strictly determined by the customs of bureaucracy, the machine, on the whole, worked smoothly. There were, however, even in times of peace, moments when the monarch was forced to abandon the position of a 'chinovnik' and to assume the *rôle* of a bearer of supreme power. The acts taken in accordance with such decisions were 'metabureaucratical' acts. They consisted chiefly in the appointment of new Ministers and in the solution of questions in which the Tsar followed either his personal ideas or views inspired by those outside bureaucratic circles. The war had increased the importance of these problems and enlarged the sphere of super-bureaucratical acts a thousandfold. On the other hand, the Tsar himself was jealous of the powers accorded him by the fundamental laws of the Russian Empire. He had reluctantly acquiesced in affixing his signature to the manifesto of October 17, 1905, which meant the limitation of autocracy and the creation of the Duma. His ill feeling to this assembly was undeniable, and he refused to recognise its representative character. The first steps of the Duma, light-hearted and inexperienced as it was, did not help either to create a peaceful atmosphere or to favour normal relations between the monarch and the representatives of the nation. By the use of unconstitutional powers, Stolypin had partially succeeded in securing the formation of a healthy national group that could be relied upon. When he was gone, the desire to use unconstitutional powers remained without a policy to justify it. The petty and intriguing politicians in successive Ministries contrived only to ban the word 'constitution' from Court and Government, wrecking for ever the relations of the throne with the nation. The absence of a constitution became the slogan of all those who wished to approach the Court and was repeated by Ministers, by the Empress, and by the Tsar himself. As late as October 18, 1913, eight years after the inauguration of the Duma, the Tsar wrote to Maklakov, then Minister of the Interior:

I consider it necessary to discuss immediately the clause in the Duma's constitution which provides that Bills should be abandoned, whenever the assent of the Duma is not received for amendments voted by the Imperial Council. This provision is senseless, since we have no constitution.[2]

A tragic misunderstanding thus divorced the Tsar from the representatives of the nation, and broke the only link with the throne—the bureaucracy, that organised body of opinion which, however badly, was the spokesman of the aspirations of the country. The appeal of the Minister of War to convene an extraordinary council was both logically and juridically justified. No hope could be entertained of saving the country and the monarchy against the will of the sovereign. Would the Tsar listen to the urgent appeal of his Ministers, or would he have recourse to the mystical inspirations of his consort? Therein lay the tragedy of the problem.

Ten days elapsed, however, without any decision being taken. Tsarkoe Selo remained as silent and as mysterious as ever. At the next sitting of the Council of Ministers (July 24, 1915) the attack against G.H.Q. was led by Krivosheïne. He had just received a letter from the Chief-of-Staff, General Janushkevich, in which the latter complained of the absence of patriotism on the part of the troops and demanded the publication of an Act granting land to those soldiers who would defend their country.

> The uncommon naivety, or more correctly, the unpardonable stupidity of this letter [exclaimed Krivosheïne] would drive anyone to despair. The front is collapsing, the enemy is nearing the very heart of Russia, and Janushkevich's only anxiety is to free himself from responsibility. Since the very first days of the war G.H.Q. began to complain of the indifference of the authorities at the rear and the bad supply of artillery and afterwards they found fault with the unfitness of the recruits sent to the front. When calamity threatened, G.H.Q. began to denounce the entire nation. Everybody is at fault save G.H.Q. It alone is blameless; alone it does its duty.

The speech of the Minister was received with unanimous indignation. 'If the Chief-of-Staff thinks that heroes can be bought, he should be got rid of,' exclaimed the Council with one voice. In winding up the debate, Sazonov, Minister of Foreign Affairs, said:

> Are we still to remain silent? Will the Council not have the courage to open the eyes of those who should see? In certain circumstances, an excess of caution verges on crime!

Goremykine, unperturbed, warned the Council of Ministers, as he had done before, of the danger of raising the question of the supreme command. 'Feelings,' he said, 'are running high against the Grand Duke in Tsarkoe Selo. It is dangerous to add

[2] Semennikov, *Monarchy*, p. 92.

fuel to the fire.' These words seemed to convey that he had some private knowledge as to the Tsar's decision. We now know that since June 18 he had been in touch with the Tsaritsa and was probably aware of the source from which she drew her inspiration, and of the aims of the intrigue. On that date the Tsaritsa wired and wrote to the Tsar :

> The nice old man Goremykine was with me for a whole hour, and we discussed many questions. His opinions fully coincide with mine.[a]

This letter discloses the double game played by that Minister. He must already have known the decision communicated by General Polivanov to the Council of Ministers on August 6, in the following terms :

> I am consciously breaking a professional secret, and also the promise I gave to keep the matter secret for a time. I consider it, however, my duty to announce to the Council that His Majesty declared to me this morning that he had decided to dismiss the Grand Duke and to assume the supreme command himself.

The emotion created by the news was indeed great. To the majority of the Ministers it meant risking the very existence of monarchy. 'We must protest, beseech, insist, request, in a word, we must use every means in our power to prevent the Tsar from taking this fatal step,' declared Krivosheïne. The Ministers one and all grasped the true significance of the decision. In fact, it meant the political separation of the Tsar from his servants. A decision of supreme importance, under the pretext that it was a military decision, had been taken by him without even informing the Cabinet. Those who advised the Tsar could not have failed to realise its political meaning, and in fact, as we shall see, it was intended to have the further effect of liberating the Tsar from the influence of his responsible advisers. The obvious conclusion to be drawn was that the Cabinet did not enjoy his confidence, and since it also did not possess the confidence of the Duma, resignation was inevitable. In this conclusion all Ministers except Goremykine concurred. He confessed that he had known of the decision, but, being an old servant of the throne, he felt it his bounden duty to help the Tsar carry it out, and he saw no occasion to oppose it, the decision of the Tsar being irrevocable. In fact, he went a step further, and did all he could to prevent Ministers from persuading the Tsar to alter his mind.

In order to appreciate the full meaning of Goremykine's behaviour we must follow the progress of this intrigue as it is reflected in the Tsaritsa's correspondence. The Empress had for several years past been unfavourably disposed to the Grand Duke. At the beginning of the war she had even objected to his

[a] *Correspondence*, vol. 3, p. 228.

nomination as Commander-in-Chief. On September 20, 1914 style), just after the outbreak of war, she wrote to her husba

He [Rasputin] is fearful lest he [the Grand Duke] be given the th of P[oland] or Galicia. Gr[egory Rasputin] loves you with such jeal that he cannot bear to think of N[icholas] playing any *rôle* at all.[4]

Later, when the great victories in Austria led to the hope speedy termination of the war, she started an open and perso campaign against the Commander-in-Chief. On January 1915, she writes:

He [the Grand Duke] is under the influence of others, and attempt assume your *rôle*, which he has no right to do. . . . This should be pu end to. Before God and the people nobody has the right to usurp y powers as he is doing.[5]

Again, on April 4:

N[icholas's] position is high, but yours is still higher. Our fri [Rasputin] and I are furious that N[icholas] writes telegrams in the sa style as you do. He should use simpler and more modest language.[6]

The misfortunes at the front gave her new causes to compla There are several important passages on this point. On June she wrote:

We are not yet prepared for a constitutional Government. N[icho and Witte are responsible for the existence of the Duma, and this brought you more worry than happiness. Ah! I do not like his prese at the great Councils when home affairs are discussed. He understa our country little; he imposes his opinion by his loud voice and gestu His false position makes me furious at times. . . . He has no righ interfere in the affairs of others. This should be put an end to. He sho only be entrusted with the conduct of military matters, like Joffre French. Nobody knows who is Emperor now. From a distance it se as if N[icholas] decides everything and makes whatever changes he plea and chooses the personnel. It drives me to despair.[7]

The last letter written by the Tsaritsa before the dismissal of Grand Duke contains the gist of all her accusations; it is da June 25, 1915.

Thank Heaven, Russia is not a constitutional country, though th creatures [the Duma] attempt to have a say in affairs which do not conc them. . . . I hate your presence at G.H.Q. There you listen to advice of N[icholas], which is not and cannot be good. He has no righ behave as he does and to interfere in your affairs. . . . Ah! Things not progressing as they should. That is why N[icholas] tries to keep there; he wants to influence you. Can you not understand that a r

[4] *Correspondence*, vol. 3, p. 8.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 110.
[6] *Ibid.*, p. 143.
[7] *Ibid.*, pp. 224–5.

who has turned out a traitor to the man of God [Rasputin] cannot be blamed and his acts cannot be good? If it is necessary that he should be kept at the head of the army, let it be so. All misfortunes will fall on his head, but it is you who will be blamed for the errors in policy, since nobody knows that he is reigning with you.*

We have purposely quoted at great length from the letters of the Tsaritsa as they give the clue to the entire policy of the *régime*. All subsequent intrigues developed on exactly the same lines, the source of inspiration remaining the same. The mysticism and the perverted faith of the Tsaritsa made her subservient to the aims of a reckless adventurer and of his clique. She gave up the very semblance of resistance, and her likes and dislikes were governed by the greater or less intimacy of her nominees with Rasputin.

The dismissal of the Grand Duke was of prime political importance, as it meant the removal of the last obstacle which lay in the way of this fatal influence. Up to that time a narrow circle at Court alone had been dominated by Rasputin. The Government had been free from any such dictation. Had it succeeded in retaining its freedom of action, things might have turned differently. The united opposition of the Council of Ministers might have had some result, but the last hope was wrecked by the attitude of Goremykine. The Empress found in him more than an ally: he was also an accomplice. We have pointed out above that from the middle of July he had been in touch with the Tsaritsa; but there is even more. In a letter dated June 16 the Tsaritsa writes: 'I respect and love the old Goremykine, he is so intimate with our friend [Rasputin].' Thus we see how this fatal influence had wormed itself into the very heart of the machine and brought demoralisation with it. Now we understand why the arguments used by Goremykine were irresistible, and all attempts to dissuade the Tsar from assuming the supreme command were defeated. The much-desired Council of Ministers was at last convened in the presence of the Tsar at Tsarkoe Selo, and the criminal policy of Goremykine became apparent. He persuaded the Tsar not to follow the advice of the majority of the Council. Since the dismissal of the Grand Duke had become known throughout the country, his retention, he said, would be considered a political triumph. The colleagues of Goremykine never forgave him these words. 'I watched the Emperor,' Sazonov said to him reproachfully on the following day, 'and I saw by his face how powerfully your words roused his feelings.' 'You touched the weak spot in the relations of the Tsar to the Grand Duke,' added indignantly Samarin, the

* *Correspondence*, vol. 3, pp. 244, 245.

Procurator of the Holy Synod: 'Jealousy, and your words had decisive effect on the Tsar's determination.'[9]

The majority of the Council of Ministers made a last ar desperate appeal to the Emperor, in the hope that a writt declaration might have greater weight. It is significant th Goremykine refused to join in this appeal, which was address to the Tsar on August 21, 1915. It was as follows:

MERCIFUL TSAR,

Do not blame us for the daring and sincere appeal we address to Yo Our duty as subjects, our love for You and our Country and our conscien troubled by the events which are now taking place, command us to act.

Yesterday at the Council of Ministers, under Your Personal Presiden we laid before You our unanimous request not to dismiss the Grand Du Nicholas Nicholaevich from the supreme command. We fear, howev that Your Imperial Majesty was not pleased to grant our prayer, whi is also, we believe, the prayer of all faithful Russia. Tsar, we venture declare once more that this decision menaces the existence of Russ Yourself and Your dynasty.

At the sitting of the Council it was openly disclosed that there is fundamental difference of opinion between the President of the Coun and ourselves in regard to what is happening within the country, and t policy that should be adopted by the Government. Such a situatic never permissible, is at the present time quite fatal.

In the circumstances we are conscious that our faith in the possibili of serving You and our Country with any hope of success is vanishing.

Your Imperial Majesty's dutiful subjects,

PETER KHARITONOV,
ALEXANDER KRIVOSHEINE,
SERGEIE SAZONOV,
PETER BARK,
PRINCE N. SCHERBATOV,
ALEXANDER SAMARIN,
COUNT PAUL IGNATIEV,
PRINCE VSEVOLOD SHAKHOVSKOI.[10]

The Ministers of War and Marine, unable to sign a collecti protest, in view of their office, remonstrated verbally with t Tsar.

Nothing was of any avail, however. The Tsar, embittered opposition, persisted in his decision, which he carried out officia on August 23, 1915.

From a military point of view, the fears of the Ministers we exaggerated. Neither the Tsar nor the Grand Duke possess the qualities of real military leaders. The change in leadershi however, meant a new Chief-of-Staff, *i.e.*, the shifting of t responsibility from General Janushkevich to General Alexeie The latter was certainly a more competent general. Events so

[9] *Archiv*, vol. 18, p. 95.
[10] Semennikov, *Policy*, pp. 87–8.

proved it. The German advance was arrested by the middle of September, and the entire front consolidated. Several great victories were yet in store for the Russian army, victories which saved Italy from a military collapse, and allowed the Russians to transfer the war at least partially to enemy country.

Politically, however, the apprehensions of the Ministers were more than justified. On the dismissal of the Grand Duke the entire country rose in opposition to the sovereign. The Tsar failed to understand that a protest which united men and parties so widely different as the majority of the Council of Ministers and the left wing of the Duma was not merely an outburst of political opposition, but the sincere outcry of the entire nation expressing its terror at the approaching catastrophe.

The astonishing obstinacy shown by the Tsar in this matter, in spite of his well-known weakness of character, still requires explanation. He met all advice with that polite and passive resistance so characteristic of him. But we find the clue to his conduct when we examine the letters of the Tsaritsa.

Three causes may be ascribed to the Tsaritsa's campaign of hate; the growing popularity of the Grand Duke, contempt for the representatives of the nation, who demanded the retention of the Grand Duke, and the influence of that mysterious personality Rasputin.

We possess no independent evidence that the Grand Duke ever had any plan for seizing the throne, but there is hardly any doubt that his growing popularity was prejudicial to the prestige of the Tsar. Though too weak to undertake the responsibility for overthrowing the reigning dynasty, the Grand Duke's followers inspired awe and apprehension not only in the Tsaritsa but also in the Ministers themselves. The obedience shown by the Grand Duke in surrendering the command of the army was unexpected, and both the Tsar and his Ministers drew a long breath when that event was over. The Tsaritsa, who pursued the Grand Duke with relentless hatred even after his fall, was more explicit. On October 10, 1915, she wrote to the Tsar:

> They wanted to play an entirely different game. Our friend [Rasputin] has disclosed their tricks in time; he saved you by inducing you to dismiss N[icholas] and to assume the supreme command yourself. From every side I hear rumours of their low and treacherous conduct.[11]

A year later, on the eve of the Revolution (December 9, 1916), she repeats the words of Rasputin:

> Now the upheaval has come. If you had not dismissed N[icholas] you would now be falling off your throne.[12]

[11] *Correspondence*, vol. 3, p. 331.
[12] *Ibid.*, vol. 5, pp. 172–3.

The Tsaritsa was not alone in having these fears. The well-known historian, the Grand Duke Nicholas Michailovich, wrote the following letter in 1916:

With reference to the popularity of Nicholasha, I will tell you the following. This popularity was cleverly prepared from Kiev by his wife. . . . Thanks to her exertions, it did not decline after the loss of Galicia and Poland, and has risen again after the victories in the Caucasus. This popularity is detrimental to the prestige of the throne and to the Imperial family; it is intended to promote the husband of a Grand Duchess who is a Slav, and not a German. You know my unqualified faithfulness to your deceased father, Alexander III., your mother and all your family, for all of whom I am ready to die at any moment. I do not accept, nor will I ever accept any change in the dynasty.[13]

Several members of the Imperial family, led by the Dowager Empress, were opposed to the decision of the Tsar. She recalled the times of Emperor Paul I., who dismissed all his faithful servants in the last year of his reign. 'The terrible fate of our great-grandfather was ever present in her thoughts.'[14] In the very words of the mother of the Tsar, we seem to detect a Court intrigue, which aimed at nothing short of the overthrow of the reigning branch of the Romanovs. Founded or unfounded, these fears only made the Tsar persevere in his decision, thereby creating a split in the Imperial family itself. The chance of using the popularity of the Grand Duke to reinforce the shaken authority of the throne was irretrievably lost.

Consequent on the defeat of the army, public opinion in the middle of 1915 demanded the formation of a Cabinet enjoying the confidence of the Duma. The Tsaritsa, however, never tired of repeating that Russia was not a constitutional country, while the clamour for a responsible government still further sealed the fate of the Grand Duke. On hearing the news of the coming change, the President of the Duma made a pathetic appeal to the Emperor. 'Tsar,' he said, 'it is not yet too late. On my knees I beg you to hold your hand [to retain the Grand Duke], and to guard the person of the Russian Tsar and the reigning dynasty from the approaching catastrophe.'[15] This appeal served no purpose. Since the advice of the majority of the Ministers was disregarded, and the entreaties of the Dowager Empress were ineffectual, the petition of the representatives of the despised Duma could not hope to obtain a hearing. A tragic choice had been made, and the divorce of the Tsar from his country was complete. A blind tool in the hand of a political intriguer, the Tsar had consciously disregarded the help offered by public opinion, the services of the

[13] *Nicholas II. and the Grand Dukes*, pp. 68–9.
[14] *Diary of the Grand Duke Andrei Vladimirovich*, pp. 73–9.
[15] Semennikov, *Policy*, pp. 84–5.

Government machine, and the advantages that could be drawn from the popularity of the Commander-in-Chief.

The effect was to bring the machine to a standstill. Whatever work was done after that fatal date was done spasmodically by the deadweight of inertia. None of the great problems created by the war were solved, and a country which had for years provided Europe with grain was itself confronted with scarcity and want of bread. The appointment of Ministers was made dependent on the advice of a reckless adventurer, and one after the other had to leave office. Every new nomination brought a decline in the moral standard of the holders of office, until it reached its lowest depth in the nomination of Protopopov.

A dynasty committing suicide was the immediate result of the Tsar's decision. Every Minister, though incapable of assuming the responsibility of energetic action himself, knew or guessed the source from which the Tsar took his inspiration.

The story of the rise and progress of Rasputin's influence at the Russian Court lies beyond the scope of the present article. We must limit ourselves to the analysis of his influence in this particular episode. The reason of Rasputin's personal animosity to the Grand Duke is not very clear, but need not be inquired into here. The Grand Duke had himself previously exploited the mystical disposition of the Empress for private ends. As early as 1902 the Grand Duke Vladimir, uncle of the Tsar, considered him chiefly responsible for the prevailing mysticism at Court, while such an independent observer as Alexander Polovtsov, member of the Imperial Council, notes in his diary :

> A great split has been created in the Imperial family, who, after vain efforts to persuade the Tsar, have almost entirely turned their backs on him [*i.e.*, the Tsar]. He [the Tsar] has kept on terms of intimacy with only two Montenegrins [meaning Militsa and Anastasia, daughters of the King of Montenegro, the former married to the Grand Duke Peter Nicholaevich, the latter to the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaevich] and their husbands.[16]

Since the beginning of the war the attitude of the Grand Duke towards Rasputin was antagonistic, and relations between them were broken off. The Grand Duchess, his wife, had retired to Kiev. The real motives, however, prompting Rasputin to assume the leadership of a fatal political intrigue are not yet clear. There is no doubt that a clique of dealers in office and honours of the worst kind hid behind his name, and were quite ready to betray their country in order to promote their personal interests. The real wirepullers must be sought elsewhere. Though no documents have as yet been published concerning German propaganda during the war in Russia, grave suspicion rests on the activities of Rasputin.

[16] *Red Archiv*, vol. 3, pp. 160–1.

Since the beginning of 1915, and especially after the Russian victories in Austria, the Germans had been making several attempts to induce Russia to conclude peace. A Russian lady, Mrs. Vasilschikov, who had remained in Austria after the war broke out, became the channel through which overtures were made. The three letters which she wrote to the Tsar in March and May 1915 contain the following references to the Grand Duke:

> They say here that the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaevich is making one mistake after another, and that he does not show any pity for his soldiers.[17]

Again, in relating a conversation with Mr. Jagov, she says:

> Une autre chose qu'on ne comprend pas ici est la condamnation à mort de deux officiers aviateurs, . . . changée par la grâce de Votre Majesté à une condamnation aux travaux forcés. Ils auraient jeté des proclamations, simples trucs de guerre dont on se sert, paraît-il, dans toutes les armées.[18]

These statements, side by side with the political proposals of the German Minister for Foreign Affairs, are strange, but must be read in connexion with the text of a proclamation spread by the Germans, which runs as follows:

> Soldiers, in the most trying moments of his life your Tsar addresses you. This war was started against my will. It was caused by the intrigues of Nicholas Nicholaevich and his party in order to win the throne. . . . My treacherous relative and malignant generals usurp the power granted me by God. I fear for my life, and am forced to do what I am told.

This was surely an unsuccessful piece of propaganda. The words of the Minister were, however, more cunning, and were intended to attract the attention of the Tsar to the severity with which the Grand Duke punished an attack against his person. On the other hand, the words of the proclamation bear a resemblance to those inspired by Rasputin. No document exists which suggests that the Tsar ever entertained any idea of making a separate peace. The political effect of the above proclamation, however, was immense, and went beyond the expectations of the enemy. The blindness of the Tsaritsa, the complicity of the Prime Minister, and the treachery of an adventurer succeeded where the combined military forces of the enemy had failed:

> I remember so well the occurrence; when I was standing in front of the great icon of the Saviour in the large church upstairs, an inner voice seemed to persuade me to take a definite decision and to write without delay to N[icholas] quite independently of what our friend [Rasputin] had told me.[19]

[17] Semennikov, *Policy*, p. 18.
[18] *Ibid.*, App.
[19] *Correspondence*, vol. 4, p. 406.

In these words the Emperor recalled these fateful days a year after.

> At last you show yourself a real autocrat without whom Russia cannot exist. . . . This will be a brilliant page in the history of your reign and of Russia—the story of these weeks and days. God, Who is beside you and us, will save the country and the throne.[20]

These words, written by the Tsaritsa to her husband, re-echo with tragic irony to-day. The victory was a victory of the Tsaritsa, but it meant the ruin of the country and the suicide of the throne.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

[20] *Correspondence*, vol. 3, p. 252.

LOCKHART'S TREATMENT OF SCOTT'S LETTERS

I

SIR WALTER SCOTT died in 1832, but he still lives in his most vital works, and Scotland's valiant knight of the pen is for ever enshrined in one of the two greatest biographies in the English language—a work which is inseparably linked with Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. In the seven volumes of the *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, which were published in 1837-38, Lockhart made extensive use of the voluminous correspondence of his famous father-in-law. In 1839 a second edition appeared in ten volumes, the additions consisting chiefly of footnotes. In 1848 Cadell issued an abridged edition in two volumes, the preparation of which Lockhart had undertaken as part of the bargain under which that publisher advanced nearly 30,000*l.* for a final settlement of Scott's financial liabilities. Lockhart writes: 'If I had consulted my own feelings I should have been more willing to produce an enlarged edition.' In this abridgment he inserted names and details which do not appear in the larger work.

In none of these editions, nor in the subsequent re-issues, did Lockhart amend the text of any of the many letters incorporated in the biography, and for ninety years its authenticity has been unquestioned. For the best of reasons—non-access to the manuscripts—Lockhart's literary misdemeanours remain unsuspected, and there has been no hint of text tampering until I ventured the suggestion, but without enlarging on the subject, in an article in the second number of the *Sir Walter Scott Quarterly*.

The original manuscripts were still preserved at Abbotsford when Andrew Lang had the use of them in writing his *Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart*, published in two handsome volumes in 1897. Lang could not have handled the Scott manuscripts without discovering the unwarrantable liberties that Lockhart had taken with these originals in his *Life of Scott*, but the biography of Lockhart betrays no such knowledge. Indeed, Lang too was far from innocent of tampering, and he does not encourage further critical examination of Scott's original

etters. He does not put his taboo on such investigation in the Lockhart volumes, but in the preface of his *Sir Walter Scott*, 1906, he says:

This volume differs from its excellent predecessors by the late Mr. Hutton and by Mr. Saintsbury in being the work of one who comes from Sir Walter's own countryside, and has worked over much of his historical ground, and over most of the MS. materials which were handled by Lockhart. The late regretted Mr. David Carnegie, after twice crossing the Australian desert, summed up his results in the saying that no explorer need go thither again. The Abbotsford MSS. are not a desert, but Lockhart has omitted nothing in them which is of value, nothing which bore essentially on his theme. No explorer need go thither again, save to confirm his appreciation of the merits of Lockhart's work.

This was not very encouraging to one who had the privilege of access to the very manuscripts handled by Lang, but I am naturally sceptical of authorities, for reasons many times multiplied. Literary tradition assigns to poets an inherent 'licence' which is the divine right of bards and versifiers, but some of the early nineteenth century editors seem to have had pirate chests full of 'indulgences.' The liberties taken by some biographers in printing letters constitute a faith-destroying crime. For instance, the value of the text of the letters included by Dr. Currie in the first collected edition of the *Works of Robert Burns* is on a par with the worth of 'Willie Wastle's wife,' of whom the poet sang 'I wadna gie a button for her.' Reference to original manuscripts has so often proved the absolute unreliability of Currie that, where such holographs are not forthcoming, case-hardened literary sceptics can have no faith that the words printed by Currie over the name of Burns are what the poet penned.

It is an editor's privilege to edit, but in the old days when textual purity had not been exalted as a literary virtue, adding, suppressing, and improving were much-exercised functions. What in a former article (August 1926) dealing with Charlotte Brontë's text of Emily's poems was labelled 'Altermania' seems to have been a most infectious editorial disease. Gifford made such alterations in some of the contributions sent to the *Quarterly Review* that sometimes the writers could scarcely recognise their own articles, and on one occasion when some of Croker's interpolations were inserted into an article by Lord Mahon the historian in self-defence separately published the original article. After Gifford's retirement Southey wrote to John Murray in these terms:

No future editor, be he who he may, must expect to exercise the same discretion over my papers which Mr. Gifford has done. I will at any time curtail what may be deemed too long, and consider any objection that may be made, with a disposition to defer to them when it can be done without sacrificing my own judgment upon points which may seem to me important.

But my age and (I may add without arrogance) the rank which I hold in literature entitle me to say that I will never again write under the correction of any one.

In spite of this declaration Southey continued to suffer the same mortification when Lockhart took over the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, and the only satisfaction he could get was to insist on having proofs as per his manuscript. Lang says :

> Charges, which have some truth in them, represent Lockhart as making, or permitting to be made, unwelcome or sarcastic interpolations in the articles of contributors. The custom was traditional, and Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*, had interpolated contributions as freely as Rhapsodists are supposed to have interpolated the *Iliad*.

No doubt the habit of ' improving ' the writings of others became chronic with Lockhart through his wielding of the pontific blue pencil inherited from Gifford.

From its inception Scott was a contributor to the *Quarterly*, and in an unpublished letter written to Lockhart on December 29, 1825, he delivers himself thus :

> I send you a few sentences as you desire. Unluckily I had not brought the book here. But you know I care least of all human beings about the fate of my lucubrations, so use or reject them, or cut and quarter them at pleasure—they are just of consequence so far as they can be useful—not a jot farther.

In another unpublished letter of May 14, 1826—the day before Lady Scott's death—Sir Walter wrote :

> I send you the conclusion of the article. It is too long but you can use the scissors as freely as you like. I cannot even trail over the last pages as I have much in hand. If you can send me proofs it will be a great favour for scarce any one can read my hand now-a-days, and they make nonsense or what is worse bad sense.

When Lockhart incorporated so many of Scott's letters into the famous *Life* he deviated from strict literary honesty by tampering *ad lib.* with the text of the correspondence. Possibly he felt entitled to exercise such liberties because of the permission Scott gave him to ' cut and quarter ' in these and other passages, but a biographer doing violence to the text of the letters of a departed author is quite a different matter from an editor legitimately retouching the work of his contributors.

II

Seven volumes of the Scott letters from which Lockhart made the bulk of his selection, and which were in later years handled by

Andrew Lang at Abbotsford, are now in the magnificent Honresfeld Collection of Sir Alfred James Law, by whose kind permission I am enabled to print for the first time the authentic texts which follow. For the present we will confine ourselves to the comparatively few epistles included in the *Life* which Scott wrote to Lockhart, concentrating specially upon those which can be collated with the original holographs, of which there are altogether eighty-nine in the two Scott-Lockhart volumes in the Honresfeld Library.

Lockhart's treatment of the letters varied considerably. For the convenience of readers we enclose his omissions in brackets and print words which are not in the manuscripts in small capitals. The first letter written to himself is one dated April 1, 1819, which he introduces in a footnote (1837, iv. 245). His first trivial offence occurs in this passage: 'It was quite time, for THOUGH the Doctors say the disease is not dangerous, yet I could not have endured six days more agony.' To-day we would put the word so obviously omitted by Scott in square brackets. The next introduces a sin of omission: 'I suppose THAT this mysterious missive alludes to the plan about Allan's pictures, and at any rate I hope you will [take the trouble to] act for me.' Further on Scott wrote: 'I have much to say to you [about Dr. Morris, being delighted with his proposal of publishing his tour]. Should you spare me a day [as you promised], about the end of next week, I trust you will find me pretty bobbish.'

Dr. Morris was the character who freely criticised the notables of Edinburgh in Lockhart's three volumes entitled *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*. In cutting out the allusion to Dr. Morris Lockhart tied up the bleeding end of the passage by inserting the word 'AND' and running it into the next sentence. As printed the letter stops with the word 'bobbish' and the initials 'W.S.' No indication of an omitted passage is given. The letter should be signed in full and concludes in the manuscript as follows:

> [The Blucher brings you out, and takes you back with the utmost convenience possible, being almost as convenient to Abbotsford as the Field Marshall to Europe. I want to give you the advantage of some of my experiences respecting the state of our Scotch literature about twenty-five years since.]
>
> Always yours affectionately,
>
> W[ALTER] S[COTT.]

Instead of a date Scott wrote 'Abbotsford, Monday,' on the next of these letters used by Lockhart, who dates it July 19, 1819, which may be correct, as that was a Monday. However, as it is postmarked 'July 28' the probability is that the letter was written on July 26. It is addressed to Edinburgh, where it

has been redirected to 'Carnbroe, Holytown.' Lockhart misspelled this well-known Lanarkshire parish, and in all editions it is printed 'Hollytown.' In this case he followed Scott's holograph fairly well, but as he omitted two words and altered another, his text is not quite accurate.

The third of the Scott-Lockhart series of letters to be found in the famous Biography was written by Sir Walter from '96 Piccadilly' [London] and is dated March 30 [1820]. It deals with the candidature of John Wilson ('Christopher North') for the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University. Scott wrote '. . . so far as good wishes *will do here* I think he will be successful.' For the words italicised Lockhart printed 'here can do.' In another sentence he changed 'he may blow' into 'he can blow.' Alluding to one of his old schoolfellows, a grocer in a large way of business, a leading Edinburgh Bailie, Scott wrote: 'If my wife canvasses him she may do some good [on the man of cheese and sweetmeats].' The last seven words were discreetly omitted from the printed version, and in those days editors seldom troubled to indicate such suppressions.

Next in sequence in the *Life* come a billet in verse and a poetical epistle written by Scott to his son-in-law, but as the originals of these are not included in the Abbotsford-Honresfeld volumes we pass on to a letter of which Lockhart corrupted the text so badly that it is advisable to print it *in extenso*. Here is the letter now first published correctly and in full on the authority of Scott's own holograph:

SIR WALTER SCOTT TO JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

My dear Lockhart

I have both your packets. *Pash* in Scotch undoubtedly signifies *head*, especially the head of a large dog or calf—*My muckle* pash. I will make the entry on the proof. I have been quite well since my attack, only for some time very downhearted with the calomel—another nasty stuff they call hyoscyamus—and to say truth, the silence of my own household which used to be so merry at this time. Latterly we had a visit from the Skenes—Matthews and his son, and Scrope—they all left us on Friday.

I enclose the article on Pepys. It is totally uncorrected, so I wish of course much to see it in proof if possible, as it must be dreadful inaccurate; the opiate was busy with my brain when the beginning was written, and as James Ballantyne complains dreadfully, so will your printer I think. The subject is like a good sirloin, which requires only to be basted with its own drippings. I had little trouble of research or reference. Perhaps I have made it too long, or introduced too

many extracts—if so, use the pruning-knife, hedgebill, or axe, *ad libitum*. You know I don't care a curse about what I write or what becomes of it.

I thought it right to give Sophia a little paternal caution about engaging again with a pet doctor, which next to a pet parson is an abomination. The one would have you believe you cannot preserve your health, the other kind you cannot save your soul, without his assistance, and yet folks die and are damned all the same, or perhaps somewhat the sooner. Besides if she adopts Fergusson she is to consider that he is a young gay man, and in this censorious world where you now live he cannot properly come in the place which Ross used to hold in her estimation. I think this Doctor-loving is Sophia's most marked foible. I have told her so, and now you must look to it a little yourself, both on your account and hers.

There has been bitter weather—the thermometer was yesterday at 8½ at ten a.m. and to-day at twelve. It has been always good for walking however, so I yoked myself, so to speak, to Tom Purdie, and he drag'd me by highways and byways about three miles through the snow.

To-morrow, snow permitting, we get into Edinburgh; meantime you can expect no news from this place. I saw poor Chiefswood the other day. It will be necessary for you to settle whether James stays or not and let Mr. Laidlaw know. Said Cock-a-pistol sends his humble remembrances. Commend me a thousand times to the magnanimous Johnie. I am happy to hear his new accoutrements sit well, and will live in hope he will not greatly miss Marian and the Red cow. Farewell my dear Lockhart. Never trouble yourself about writing, for you have, I suspect, enough of that upon hand. I am constantly expecting to see the *Representative*.

Pardon me sending you such an uncombed, unwashed thing as the enclosed. I really cannot see now-a-days to read my own hand, so bad are my eyes or my fingers become.

Abbotsford　　　　Always yours affectionately,
16 January [1826]　　　　WALTER SCOTT.

Lockhart, who had recently gone to London to edit the *Quarterly Review*, misdated this letter 15th, though Scott's '16' is unmistakable. It will be noted that Sir Walter again expresses his indifference to the most drastic editorial slashing of his manuscript articles, and it seems that his son-in-law interpreted this reiterated permission to cut and carve in a manner altogether too far-reaching, for later on, in his capacity of biographer, he acted on the assumption that he was entitled to edit Scott's letters with 'pruning-knife, hedgebill, or axe.' His text of the letter

under consideration is to be found in the first edition of Scott's *Life* (1837, vi. 215) or in any unabridged issue, such as Black's Popular Edition, 1893, p. 601. The printed version is quite unreliable. It is impossible to tabulate all its deficiencies, but here are some of the outstanding demerits:—Of the five sentences in the first paragraph only the first and fourth were printed, and the word 'time' was altered to 'season.' The second paragraph follows the original in the main, but in the reference to Ballantyne 'wofully' was substituted for Scott's 'dreadfully.' Of the interesting third paragraph not a word was suffered to emerge, and in this instance one could scarcely blame Lockhart for the omission of the pungent allusion to 'pet doctors,' seeing it was inseparably interwoven with Mrs. Lockhart's partiality for the tribe. A few asterisks would have met the situation. Why the next paragraph about Scott's walk with Tom Purdie through the snow should have been cut out passes comprehension, unless it be that Lockhart took such liberties with manuscripts from force of habit. The fifth paragraph was so mauled about and reconstructed that it is like Willie Gaw's skate,—'past redemption,' and one can only recommend the comparison of the printed travesty of the text with the authentic version here given.

The next letter written by Scott to Lockhart and included in the *Life* is dated January 26, 1826. It deals with the financial disaster which overshadowed the remaining years of Sir Walter's career. Lockhart's text (1837, vi. 216) does not dovetail with the original holograph, as will be seen by the following passages which were printed minus the words in brackets:

(*a*)

> . . . supposing that Constable and Co. and Hurst and Robinson do not [re]pay [me] a penny [of upwards of 30,000*l.* which] they owe me [on which I must hang for them], my old age will be far from destitute.

(*b*)

> . . . with ordinary management their affairs will turn out favourably [if they are left under their own management and brought to market quietly].

(*c*)

> There is but one way in such cases.
>
> [You will of course see I have taken my ground, which is to put my affairs for the present into the hands of John Gibson till they are redd[1] out. I have the means to lay down 15,000*l.*, which but for circumstances should have been twenty thousand, which J. B. and I had prepared if these two great houses could have carried on their own concerns.]

[1] Scots for 'put in order.'

(*d*)

. . . what I could have done better [in 1806], excluded from the bar by [being a clerk of Session], and [deprived of] all [emolument] for six years by my colleague's prolonged life. Literature was not then what poor Constable has made it, and with my little capital [of 2000*l.* or 2500*l.* of principal] I was too glad to make commercially the means of supporting my family.

(*e*)

. . . I believe he was only sanguine [but he got about 7000*l.* from me under the idea that the support would carry him through. Various things gave me good security for that] and other sums. [Indeed] the upshot is just [on] what H. & R. and Constable may be able to pay me.

Besides these and other omissions Lockhart is responsible for numerous alterations, but the most curious trick he played on his readers was to print this sentence at the end of the letter :

How glad I am fortune carried you to London before these reverses happened, as they would have embittered parting, and made it resemble the boat leaving the sinking ship.

No such words are to be found in the original, but they do occur in the very next of the Scott-Lockhart epistles—a letter which, with the exception of this strangely misplaced sample, was not published in the biography.

III

In the seventh volume of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott* (p. 29) there is a letter printed thus :

To J. G. Lockhart, Esq., Wimbledon.

. . . Your letter has given me the vertigo—my head turns round like a chariot-wheel, and I am on the point of asking

'Why, how now ? Am I Giles, or am I not ? '

The Duke of Wellington out ?—bad news at home, and worse abroad. Lord Anglesea in his situation ?—does not much mend the matter. Duke of Clarence in the Navy ?—wild work. Lord Melville, I suppose, falls of course—perhaps *cum totâ sequelâ*, about which *sequelâ*, unless Sir W. Rae and the Solicitor, I care little. The whole is glamour to one who reads no papers, and has none to read. I must get one, though, if this work is to go on, for it is quite bursting in ignorance. Canning is haughty and prejudiced—but, I think,

honourable as well as able—*nous verrons.* I fear Croker will shake, and heartily sorry I should feel for that. . . .

Readers will get some idea of Lockhart's mangling methods of handling Scott's correspondence if they compare the above with the authentic text taken from Sir Walter's original epistle which has never before been printed in full.

My dear Lockhart

Your letter has given me the Vertigo—My head turns round like a chariot wheel and I am on the point of asking

'Why how now! am I Giles or am I not?' The Duke of Wellington out?—bad news at home and worse abroad. Ld. Anglesea in his situation?—does not much mend the matter. Duke of Clarence in the Navy?—wild work. I fear little Croker will shake and I should be heartily sorry for it. Lord Melville I suppose falls of course—perhaps *cum tota sequela* about which unless Sir William and the Solicitor I care little. But I daresay the former will swim to shore on a judge's cushion.

Hey day, Hey day,
I know not what to think or what to say.

The whole is a state of glamour to one who reads no papers and has none to read. I must get one though if this work is to go on, for it is quite trusting in ignorance.

I am glad Canning has behaved like a gentleman in your matter. He is haughty and prejudiced but I think honourable as well as able—*nous verrons.* I did not write to him in any conciliatory tone, but such as I was entitled to hold. I am not obliged to *him*, and perhaps—but it is as well [to] say nothing more about it. If he really wishes to serve you the means must be amply in his hands. I think he will use them after such an overture as that by Mr. Bowen, for a voluntary pledge is usually valued. It may be true the *crisis* may have had some effect, yet I think any communication till he was certain he was the man of power would have been premature. He should have been one thing or other before he spoke. To bespeak friends while *in dubio* would not have looked so well.

I have little to tell you in reply to so much serious and interesting news save that Napoleon hurries me like a bottle tied to a cur's tail. We live here as in a cloister, only Mr. Bambridge means to give a fete and fireworks to-morrow night—the fireworks by Captain Burchard, a Will Wimble sort of fishing friend of his. I shall take care to keep my distance, remembering an exhibition of my own, when in early youth I meddled with such kickshaws My fireworks

went off with great applause till an unhappy and ill-compounded rocket took a lateral and Congreve direction, did some hurt and spread so much alarm that I never after could collect a company of spectators, the folks growing *timbersome*, so gave up my trade of fireworker in ordinary for George's Square.

My kindest love to Sophia, little Johnie whom I long to see, and baby.

Abbotsford, Always Yours
16 April [1827] WALTER SCOTT.

Andrew Lang printed the conclusion of this letter from 'I have little to tell' in his *Life of Lockhart* (vol. ii., p. 16), but he does not connect it with the portion previously printed, nor does he draw attention to the obvious mishandling of the manuscript, though Lockhart's shortcomings in this respect can hardly have been unknown to his biographer.

We now come to one of the most remarkable instances of mutilation and concoction done by the tampering hand of John Gibson Lockhart. To show the full extent and nature of the unpardonable liberties taken by the biographer with the text of this letter we must print in full the version which for ninety years has been accepted as what Scott wrote, and then his actual letter *verbatim et literatum* from the manuscript. This is Lockhart's text (1838, vii., 30):

To J. G. Lockhart, Esq.

April 26.

. . . The news you send is certainly the most wonderful of my time, in a party point of view, especially as I can't but think all has turned on personal likings and dislikings. I hope they won't let in the Whigs at the breach, for I suppose, if Lansdowne come in, he must be admitted with a tail on, and Lauderdale will have the weight in Scotland. How our tough Tories may like that, I wot not; but they will do much to keep the key of the corn-chest within reach. The Advocate has not used me extremely kindly, but I shall be sorry if he suffers in this State tempest. For me, I shall remain, like the Lilliputian poet—'In amaze—Lost I gaze'—or rather as some other bard sings—

'So folks beholding at a distance
Seven men flung out a casement,
They never stir to their assistance,
But just afford them their amazement.'

—You ask why the wheels of Napoleon tarry; not by my fault, I swear;

'We daily are jogging,
While whistling and flogging,
While whistling and flogging,
The coachman drives on,
With a hey hoy, gee up gee ho,' &c. &c. &c.

To use a more classical simile—

'Wilds immeasurably spread
Seem lengthening as I go.'

I have just got some very curious papers from Sweden. I have wrought myself blind between writing and collating, and, except about three or four hours for food and exercise, I have not till to-day *devauled* from my task . . . .

O, Bony, I'll owe you a curse, if Hereafter
To my vision your tyrannous spectre shall show,
But I doubt you'll be pinned on old Nick's reddest rafter,
While the vulgar of Tophet howl back from below. . . .

I shall, however, displease Ultras such as Croker, on the subject of Bony, who was certainly a great man, though far from a good king. But the stupidest Roitelet in Europe has his ambition and selfishness, and where will you find his talents? I own I think Ultra-writing only disgusts people, unless it is in the way of a downright invective, and that in history you had much better keep the safe side, and avoid colouring too highly. After all, I suspect, were Croker in presence of Bony to-morrow, he might exclaim, as Captain T. did at one of the Elba levees, 'Well, Bony's a d——d good fellow after all.'

The original letter has no date or postmark, but it is docketed 'April 1827.' Here it is correctly printed for the first time:

My dear Lockhart

Enfin I send you John Home, and will go on with the hunting thing when I have finished some thing or other for Gillies, poor thing. The news you send me is certainly the most wonderful of any here in a party point of view, specially since it seems to turn chiefly on personal likings and dislikings. I hope they will not let in the Whigs at the breach for I suppose if Lansdowne came in he must be admitted *cum sequela sum* and Lauderdale will have the weight in Scotland. How our tough Tories may like that I wot not, but they will do much to keep the key of the cornchest within their reach. The advocate has not used me extremely kindly. But I shall be very sorry if he suffers in this State-tempest. As for me I

remain, like the Lilliputian poet, 'In amaze—Lost I gaze'—or rather as some other bard sings

So folks beholding at a distance
  Seven men flung out a casement,
They never stir to their assistance
But just afford them their amazement.

I hope you talk over your prospects in this new world with that worthy and trusty and true old English Bulldog, Wright. He is like to give you good advice 'For look you Sir you must stir a little.' Croker I think will be of service if he can. How the Devil he brought in Lord Hereford beats my comprehension but it seems to be so, for I see John Bull is trimming his sails in the last number. In the former he had a holy horror of a Canning Administration; now it is 'stand by sheets and tack'; next will be 'Helm a Lee and about she goes.'

Lord Melville comes down here, it is said, in a few weeks. If we have a new election how will the Mighty be fallen.

In the midst of all this I must not forget Charles. I would rather have him settled. Can you give me any hint that would be useful? You are aware, strictly *inter nos*, that my interest lies Windsor ways, but the art is to know how the lever should be applied.

Love to Sophia. I have got the furnished house which I had during winter, so I can give Sophia a bed as often as she likes to come to Edinr from her sousing quarters.

Napoleon must be soon out now, but I have got some curious papers from Sweden only yesterday which require needful perusal.

Yours ever

Abbotsford. WALTER SCOTT.

I see you have the merry Knight. His brother Jack is no killer. He put me to extremity by a dreadful long visit the other day, which was employed in telling the most formidable stories. I have heard of people who began at the right end of a thing, and people who preferred commencing at the wrong, but I never heard any but J. F. who began in the middle and told backwards and forwards at the same time. He tells a story more in the manner of a terrier worrying a rat than anything else. Now he seems choking upon, now he lets it go, and has it to catch again, &c. &c. Two days since we had a foot deep of snow in the courtyard, and still the ground [is] like a ragged shirt worn thin, three parts white. Rare wellcome for the Lambs. You know you can 'dumple' the enclosed as you list.

Here and there will be found pieces of the curious literary hash which Lockhart 'dumpled' and published, as we have seen in the form of a letter from Scott to himself. He garbled the text almost beyond recognition, and indeed printed, as one letter, jumbled-up extracts from two epistles. He even went farther, for the lines beginning 'O, Bony I'll owe you a curse' are not to be found in either of the two manuscripts he mangled in such lamentable fashion. This is the second letter (never before correctly and fully published) into which the biographer dipped for the composite faked epistle which he fathered on the Laird of Abbotsford.

SIR WALTER SCOTT TO JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

My dear Lockhart

I have your very kind letter and am much obliged by the good news you send me about Croker's approbation. I know we differ greatly, but he is an *ultra* on the subject of Bony, who was certainly a great man though far from a good man and farther from a good King. But the stupidest Roitelet in Europe has his ambition and selfishness, and where will you find his talents I own I think ultra writing only disgusts people, unless it is in the way of a downright invective, and that in history you had much better keep the safe side and avoid colouring too highly. After all I suspect were we in presence of Bony to-morrow we might exclaim as Capt. Towers (?) did at one of the Elba levees, 'Well—Boney's a d——d good fellow after all.' As for Canning, like you, I expect nothing from any thing which I have said, nor have I written to him in a line as if I did. The quarrel is a pretty quarrel as it stands, as Sir Lucius says.

You ask why the wheels of Napoleon tarry—not by my fault I am sure.

We daily are jogging,
While whistling and flogging,
While whistling and flogging,
The coachman drives on.
With a hey hoy, Gee up Gee ho, &c. &c &c.

To use a more classical simile—

Vales immeasurably spread
Seem lengthening as I go.

I have wrought myself blind every night between writing and collating, and except about three or four hours for food and exercise I have not till to-day *devaled* from my task. Ten days

I think will put all out of my hands—when into those of the printer, God in Heaven knows.

Of course every arrangement for the summer must give way to poor Johnie's health. Gillies writes well of him, but is no great judge I suppose. I must finish an article for him, which I doubt will be a poor one. I fear his undertaking, excellent as the scheme is, will totally fail under his helpless management.

I hope my concerns are clearing up a little to windward. By fine scribbling I have realised more than 17,000*l.*, which I take to be a higher remuneration than ever was made to a literary manur [manufacturer] in the same period. Could that go on I would clear myself with a wet finger, but it is much to have done what is done. Altogether there will be about 35,000*l.* to divide at Whitsunday, but some unreasonable claims of Constable's creditors must be first settled. They are at arbitration before Lord Newton, and cannot I think cut deep in the above sum.

We have been putting the garden at Chiefswood in order. The Lamb (as in She stoops to conquer) has been outrageous this half-year. I doubt I must get Johnie another and more tractable play fellow. Marian is running in the haugh like a black Newfoundland dog.

Thanks for your politics. I have little chance to hear them but through [you.] It is a bustling world but I live far out of it.

I do not know which of my bad parts, as Benedict says, the Royal Society of Literature have fallen in love with me for, or whether it is for the whole politic state of evil—but now comes an official communication to tell me it is for my whole bodily Balaam.

You must attend and take the medal for me. I will write of course a proper answer, but you must pay some smart *touch and go* compliments at the reception. I wish anything could be done with the Gaffers or Gammers of literature on behalf of Hogg, who is like I fear to need it more than ever, and is besides as headstrong as any of his four-footed namesakes. He might make a good thing of the farm even yet, if he would let it lie in grass instead of keeping three ploughs and six horses to raise corn on the top of Mount Bengerlaw I will do any thing for him except becoming myself one of the Cuddies.

I have some curious untouched matter respecting Burns which I send you inclosed. I hope you will go on with that piece of Biography.

I enclose a letter from Mr. Catterwawl, or whatever his

name is; and have promised that you shall attend on my part, time and place within mentioned, so

Follow this Lord and see you mock him not.

My article on Home is finished, all but the Rebellion part, and will reach you presently.

Abbotsford
10 April [1827]

Yours truly
WALTER SCOTT.

Kindest Love to Sophia, Johnie, and little Walter. I shall certainly take your hint of converting the medal of the *Honerificatudinitatibus* into something useful. Anne seems to wish a substantial bread-basket for dinner or to hold rolls for breakfast. Sophia will know best and may make some enquiry when in London. For my part I should like a salver as well.

Close comparison of these two letters with the 'thing of shreds and patches' which Lockhart contrived from them and printed as 'one' of Scott's epistles is well worth while, and must destroy the last vestige of faith in Lockhart's text of the voluminous correspondence of Sir Walter Scott. Comments could be multiplied, but I leave readers to be their own commentators, restricting myself to the observation that the tricky twist by which Lockhart switched the imputed onus of calling Napoleon 'a d——d good fellow after all' on to Croker was a most contemptible piece of editorial tampering. Lang quoted from both letters, but if he realised their import—and I cannot think otherwise—he breathed no hint of the literary misdemeanours of the subject of his biography.

The next letter written by Scott to his son-in-law is dated 'Abbotsford, May 10, 1827,' in the *Life*, but the manuscript itself is undated. It was printed (vol. vii., 1838, p. 31) minus the opening, but as on this occasion the omission was indicated in the orthodox manner, no fault can be found on that score. The printed text of the letter begins, 'To speak seriously of these political movements, I cannot say that I approve of the dissidents.' The first seven words have no manuscript authority, and were evidently interpolated by Lockhart to indicate the nature of the omitted passage. Even as printed it is a long letter, but Lockhart's version is absolutely untrustworthy and requires considerable correction. It ends with: 'I do not think Canning can rely on his Whig confederates, and some door of reconciliation may open itself as unexpectedly as the present confusion has arisen.'

Without indicating the fact, Lockhart cut out the final portion of this letter which is now printed for the first time. It continues:

The upshot of all this is that I think no wise and considerate person would either act well in attacking the present Administration or in pledging himself to its support beyond those public measures of which his own principles led him to approve.

Our correspondence with Canning renders your own situation a matter of some difficulty. Things have greatly changed since I recommended you to his attention, and frankly, if they had stood as they do now I should not have hampered you or myself by such a recommendation. At that time who could have foreseen the illness of Lord Liverpool, still more, who could have foreseen its alarming consequence. It may be that Canning will think no more of it, and perhaps it would not be the worst thing that could happen.

If however any offer of a situation should be made you, otherwise acceptable, I think you should qualify your acceptance with a frank declaration of your own sentiments as a moderate tory who may be justified in supposing that a Ministry composed as the present threatens to be, may lean to measures which you cannot vindicate or approve, and therefore that you must be understood, before laying yourself under a personal obligation, to reserve your right of withholding your support or expressing your disapprobation, should your duty as a public journalist render this necessary. I think something of this kind may be necessary to keep you *Rectus in Curia*. In the meantime I would commit myself no way pro or con until called on to do so, but quietly wait the event.

If such an explanation should be necessary, which it must be, as your sentiments towards Canning were before referred to, I would make it through a more sure channel than our friend Croker. It is curious that these changes so like a tragedy are chequered with something like farce, and that the very pathetic drama of the Triumph of the Whigs or the Tories Downfall, should be varied with the humours of the right Honble Sir John Jackass.

I shall be in Edinr. on Monday, where address No. 3 Walker Street. Amidst much that is vexatious enough, it will be some fun to see faces and hear news.

Love to Sophia and children.

Yours most affectionately,

WALTER SCOTT.

Upon my soul I pity the Solicitor and Rae. Do what they will their situation is awkward.

It was not only with letters addressed to himself that Lockhart

tampered, and the text of the whole mass of Scott's family correspondence, as vouched for by the responsible writer of the official Biography, is more than suspect. For instance, on the authority of the original manuscripts, I can testify that Lockhart made pencilled scribblings through lengthy passages of the letters written by Sir Walter to his son and namesake; and with seldom a hint of such excisions published the letters with these and other mutilations in his *magnum opus*. Similar liberties were taken with the rest of the family correspondence.

Two remedies suggest themselves—either a new edition of the famous *Life* with the text of the letters corrected, amended, and supplemented in strict accordance with the Scott originals, or the publication of a supplementary volume devoted to the true text of the many letters so grievously mangled and mishandled in John Gibson Lockhart's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*.

DAVIDSON COOK.

PARISH LIFE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

AN unsightly and tattered manuscript, consisting of twenty-four crumbling leaves of paper, has been found in the archives of the Dean and Chapter of Hereford. It contains the record of an episcopal visitation of the parochial churches in the diocese of Hereford in the eighth year of Bishop Trefnant (*i.e.*, 1397 A.D.), with the details of the presentments of the parishioners. The returns from each parish bear a close analogy to the proceedings in a manor court as reported in the court roll. The parishioners deputed to attend the visitation correspond to the *jurati*, or the homage of the court. How many they were, or how they were chosen, we are not told, but the citation may have specified the number of those who were directed to attend. Only in one case, that of Newland, where the Bishop of Llandaff was rector, are the names given, and these were fifteen. The inquiry was held every day, Sundays included, at centres convenient for little groups of parishes, from April 30 to July 5.

As long ago as 1235, when Grosseteste became Bishop of Lincoln, he had drawn up a set of 'constitutions,' directed to all the rectors, vicars and parish priests of his diocese, giving details of inquiries to be made as to the moral state of each parish, its clergy and its people.[1] In 1251, *exemplo Roberti Grossi Capitis*, a similar inquisition was made in the diocese of Coventry and Lichfield.[2] And two years later the bishops generally agreed to circulate, in all the dioceses of England, a set of sixty-seven questions as to the life and conversation of the clergy and laity.[3] It would seem that these inquiries, or others on the same lines, were still issued—though perhaps fitfully, at the option of the individual bishop—a century and a half later. For the presentments of the parishioners in 1397, reported in a much-contracted Latin dress, correspond to the wording of these questions. They are not pleasant reading. Yet we must remember that they give

[1] *Rob. Grosse. Ep.* (Rolls Series), pp. 154–66.

[2] The articles of inquiry are printed in the *Annals of Burton* (Rolls Series), pp. 296–8.

[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 307–10.

the shadows only, not the lights, of parochial life 530 years ago. The darker side of life in the fourteenth century, so fiercely denounced by Langland, and described with such kindly tolerance by Chaucer, is here detailed in all its crudeness. The parishioners, who reported frankly the misdemeanours of their neighbours, were not sparing in their criticism of the clergy; and there is evidence of a much worse state of things than in the diocese of Exeter some little time before, a partial record of which is printed with the register of Bishop Grandisson.

There are, in all, returns from 281 parishes. Of these forty-four report simply *omnia bene ibidem*. This looks, however, rather like a conspiracy of silence, since to one such entry has been added in another hand, 'except that the rector is incontinent with a woman who lives with him'; and to another is added, 'The procurator swore that he dared not cite the parishioners.'

The returns have much to say as to the unsatisfactory condition of the churches, and they are careful to note in each case to whose negligence the defect is due, whether rector or vicar or the parish as a whole. The commonest fault is the state of the roof and windows of the chancel, *in defectu rectoris*. The worst cases—in which the chancel is said to be actually in ruins—are usually those having religious houses as non-resident rectors, who, it may be, impoverished by the agricultural conditions of the age, did not listen with much sympathy to appeals for necessary outlay. Often, indeed, a priory will not appoint a vicar, but, retaining his 'portion,' will send a monk to serve the church 'without sufficient authority, as they believe: wherefore they ask that the rector should exhibit his title.' In many churches the chancel is *obscurus et tenebrosus*, so that at midday divine service cannot be held without a candle. But the body of the church also, or the campanile, is in equally bad condition, *in defectu parochianorum*. In one case only is it stated that they have made a contract for the needful repairs and have the money ready. In another parish the vicar promised 100 shillings for the building of the new campanile, on which the parishioners pulled down the existing tower to the very ground: *quo facto nullum denarium dedit dictus vicarius*.

The parsonage house is frequently reported to be ruinous, or even *ad terram prostratum et tigna ejusdem vendita*. For this there may be a more or less satisfactory explanation. For in the middle of the century large numbers of the clergy perished by the 'black death,' and pluralities were the natural result; hence these disused vicarages falling into ruins. In one case, at least, the empty manse had been turned into a brothel; and another had become a tavern. The holding of more than one benefice

perhaps explains the frequency of the notice that the vicar celebrates *bis in die*, and draws *duplex salarium*.

The rector of a parish is bound to supply books—*portiforium*, *psalterium*, *graduale*, and the like—and often vestments; this he rarely does. A terrible entry under 'Leominster' says that they have only two books *pro officio sepulturae*; but 'in time of pestilence there are sixteen or eighteen bodies to be buried in one and the same day, for which two books are not enough.' Another Leominster entry says that the parish clerk cannot ring the bells *horis debitis*, *ut tenetur*, because the monks (with whom the church was shared) have taken away the keys. It was in most parishes customary for the clerk, *vulgariter nuncupatus sexton*, to ring *in aurora unam pulsationem vocatam daybelle*, *et ignetegium*[a] *de nocte*. He had also to carry a bell and a lighted lantern before the priest when he took *corpus Christi* to the sick. At Wollaston the vicar, *in superpellicio*, *ut est moris*, with bell and light, went through the parish with an empty pyx, *ad magnum scandalum*, *faciendo populum adorare sacramentum*, *ubi non erat*.

On the whole the relations between the clergy and the people seem much less cordial than in the somewhat similar returns at Exeter, where the parishioners commonly speak well of their parsons; and even when implying that there is some scantiness of learning they considerately add that 'he instructed them as well as he knew how.' In our returns not a word is said as to instruction of any kind, unless it be an entry under 'Garway' that their parochial chaplain is *inhabilis ad gerendum curam animarum ibidem*, because he does not speak Welsh, and most of the parishioners do not know any English. But in most of the returns grave charges are made against the clergy. One vicar *absentat se per mensem* even in Lent, leaving the services unprovided for; and another is absent *in curia Romana*, with no chaplain in charge. There has been no service for many months, even on festivals, in seven churches, and as many as thirty others report that they are sometimes left without mass for five or six weeks. In one such case the parishioners say that they themselves *expensis suis propriis* had paid for one mass on Sundays. The rector frequently *dat ecclesiam ad firmam*, and sometimes he has given it *capellano inhonesto et insufficienti*. In many parishes the incumbent allows the fences to be broken down, and pigs and geese and cattle to pasture freely round the churches. At Leominster the vicar himself put his cows to feed in the churchyard, which in consequence was *deturpatum ita quod vestimenta serica dehonestantur in processionibus*. Elsewhere the basement of the tower is turned into a cowshed, and the rector has his corn threshed and winnowed in the churchyard. The vicar of Bishop's

[a] *Couvre-feu* = curfew.

Frome sells the trees in the churchyard for his own profit. Another breaks the branches of the trees round his church, and carries them off for firewood. Several parochial chaplains are stated to have forged the wills of parishioners, appointing themselves executors and administering the estate to their own advantage. When a chaplain moves to another parish, he usually takes with him a chalice, a *portiforium*, a *superpellicium*, or a couple of *casulae*, which he refuses to surrender. One chaplain carried off and sold three cartloads of stone, brought together by the parishioners for the repair of the church.

One complaint is ominously frequent, that money which had been left—commonly in the form of a rentcharge—to provide for a lamp to hang before the altar, or to meet some other of the recurring expenses of the church, has been kept back or misused. In this matter clergy and laity alike were guilty. Even the cathedral chapter had not for some years supplied a lamp and corn for making bread at the Easter Communion, as they were bound to do, to a church appropriated to them; and the bishop himself does not pay eighteen-pence a year due from a house he holds in Ledbury.

A typical presentment is that from Eardisley. Here the vicar is bound by old usage to supply at his own expense a clerk to serve in the church and read and sing and toll the bells. Instead of this he sends his two maids to ring, and has them also to help him at the celebrations, 'contrary to ecclesiastical decorum.' Also the parishioners are scandalised *de cohabitatione ejusdem vicarii cum eisdem mulieribus*. Sick men die without the last offices owing to his neglect, and at a funeral he has been heard to utter opprobrious words over the corpse. He refuses to admit to the sacrament any parishioners whose tithes are not settled to his liking, and servants even are repelled, unless a tenth of their wages is given him. A marriage ceremony has been hastily performed to anticipate objections expected at a second reading of the banns. He is a common dealer in farm produce (which he stores in the church) and a usurer as well. He swore before the bishop to provide a chaplain to celebrate in the daughter church of Bollingham, and has not done it. *Ideo perjurus est.*

This is a bad case, but by no means the worst. Frequently we read of neglect of the sick and the dying, burial *sine obsequio mortuorum*, much frequenting of taverns, where the vicar or the chaplain *garrulat inhoneste ibidem*, or even reveals the secrets of the confessional, *et alia detestabilia facit*. Fornication and adultery, among clergy and laity alike, take up much space in the documents, the names and details being given in full. In no less than fifty-two parishes clergy are named as 'incontinent.' In Clunbury the parochial chaplain is incontinent with Alice Garnons,

and baptised his own son by her, after which he had another infant by her. In Canon Pyon an unmarried woman is pregnant, *nescitur cum quo, sed, ut credunt, cum rectore de Sarnesfelde.* In Kilpeck, after telling with whom the vicar is incontinent, they naïvely add '*Et, ut eis videtur, idem vicarius non est firmus in fide!*' But far worse than the secular clergy are the monks. In parochial returns, of course, they are only mentioned incidentally, but what is told of them is very bad indeed. The prior of Flaneford is incontinent with a village girl from Goodrich, and the prior of Hereford with no less than five married women, whose names and residences are given. And at Flaxley the abbot and, as it would seem, all the monks (eight are mentioned by name) are promiscuously incontinent with women, married and unmarried, in all the villages round. These charges cannot be taken as malicious gossip, since they are the testimony of leading inhabitants in each parish.

There were in most parishes not only the vicar (or his substitute, the *capellanus parochialis*, if he had, as Chaucer says, 'sette his benefice to huyre and ran to London'), but also one or more chantry priests, loosely attached to the parish church. These were a constant source of trouble to the vicar, and usually of disgrace to the parish. They are again and again presented as being *inobedientes vicario*, and of some of them it is added, *in quantum potest, impedit commodum ecclesiae.* At Leominster there were seven chantry priests and chaplains, all at war with the vicar, and mostly given to incontinence, and engaging in trade (one made five shillings profit out of one sale). When the bishop's officers came to investigate *crimina et defectus delinquentium*, these Leominster chaplains threatened violence to them, *eo quod detexerant crimina sua.* At Llanrothal two parishioners are excommunicated because they laid violent hands on a chaplain, with the knowledge of, possibly at the suggestion of, the vicar. Anyhow, next Easter the vicar gave them communion, excommunicate though they were!

With such clergy it is scarcely to be wondered at that the layfolk went wrong. There is adultery and fornication everywhere; even in quite small villages women are presented as keeping *communes burdellos, ad receptandum adulteros et fornicatores.* In almost every parish there is a *diffamatrix vicinorum*, or *communis suscitatrix discordiarum*, and in almost every parish there is much working on Sundays and holy days. Many of the returns deal with irregular marriages. A man and his wife are *illegitime copulati* because related *in quarto gradu.* Or a man is clandestinely married in another diocese because he has a wife living in this. (One, in Norton, has a third!) Married people are constantly presented as not treating one another *affectu conjugali*;

and many, without actual misconduct, *non cohabitant simul.* There are very bad cases of usury—with the amounts given in detail—and much merchandising on Sundays and holy days. A tradesman in Adforton is said to be selling his goods *in cariori foro quam valent.*

In every parish there are many who do not attend church. In a diocese which was a stronghold of Lollardry, where the bishop had come to this visitation fresh from dealing with Swinderby and Walter Brut and other so-called 'children of iniquity,' this absence from church may perhaps be referred to the spread of nonconformity rather than indifference to religious duties.

How the bishop dealt with the cases reported to him from the various parishes we are not told, except that here and there, regarding a clerical offender, a marginal note is added, *differtur sub spe emendationis* or *purgavit se cum vi^ta^ manu.* We know from other sources that, by the end of the fourteenth century, the formalities of purgation were already becoming little more than an assurance of immunity. Even a strong and earnest bishop might well hesitate seriously to deal with a bad case, since it was likely to entail years of litigation, which might be carried even to Rome, to be finally decided by bribery, or by the fixed policy of the Church of that day to smother scandals rather than to amend them. There are, in any case, in these returns, details of abuses which sufficiently explain why Lollardry—the moral protest against all such things—was so strong in the diocese of Hereford.

A. T. Bannister

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN IN LONDON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

I

To a country gentleman enamoured of family life, of his house and lands and all the duties and pleasures pertaining thereto, the irksomeness of a constantly renewed sojourn in London upon the vexatious and interminable business of the law must at all times be very great. In the middle of the eighteenth century my ancestor Joseph Taylor, Esq., of Denbury, near Ashburton, found it well-nigh unbearable, as he testified in the voluminous letters written to his wife in the course of what he styled his 'pilgrimage' upon their joint affairs, the prosecution of an intricate and wearisome Chancery suit concerning the estates she had brought him in marriage.

An exile for the greater part of the year, his thoughts were constantly turning Devon-ward with sharp regret. The household lived in patriarchal fashion, and Grandmama, Mama, little Tommy, Joe and Becky shared his solicitude with Nick Prout, his courier and body-servant, and with all Nick's fellows, to the humblest labourer on the estate. Two parsons were at variance in the two livings of which he was patron, and he busied himself at a distance with their dispute, moving heaven and earth to oust the evil-doer and protect the just. And there were 'hunters' in his neighbourhood—persons 'well versed in indirect practices to destroy game,' with whom Mrs. Taylor could not be trusted to deal with due severity. At his lodgings in Grange Court, near Lincoln's Inn, these preoccupations drew from him instructions and recommendations that flowed in a bold, free hand over the folio sheets, crisp and fresh to this day, though a little brown with age. But not for nothing was he the son of an old sea captain seasoned in the wars of the Spanish Succession and famous for his riddance of the Channel from the enemy privateer; the lust of battle upheld him in his long tussle with the law, and the gaiety and brilliance of London life, for all his declarations to the contrary, stirred and pleased him much as the sparkle of the sea and the rumble of cannon may have pleased his sire. Family connexions, a college friendship with one of the Talbots and with a

handful of young divines lately blossomed into bishops, gave him the *entrée* of the best society in Town and a lien on the latest society gossip, which he was not slow to retail to his 'Dearest Mrs. Taylor' with a gusto peculiarly his own.

At last, in 1737, the end of the Chancery suit loomed in sight, and he set out for London in February for the last time. 'After being well joulted three days in a stage coach, but in good company, I arrived last night at seven at St. James's,' he wrote on the 10th.

I went directly into my Lord's [1] Study, and found your first Letter on the Table. I read it with high Pleasure ; but was not a little mortified to see the second lie there, wch good Manners would not permit me to open, as it was in the Case & the Bishop was gon to the A : Bp's [2] Funeral. I highed me there this Morning, read your Letter, drank Chocolate, & am as well, as I can possibly be without you and my Family, want of whose Company gives me frequent grievous Touches. God continue us all in Health & I will hasten to return to the chief End of my earthly Wishes, all that I desire. . . .

It was wth the greatest Difficulty I excus'd myself from lodging at the Bp of Bristol's,[3] wch in my Business would have been vastly inconvenient to me on Account of Hours. I lodg to Night at Mr. Combe's Attorney at Law in Grange Court near Lincoln's Inn, where you are to direct to me. The Bp is quite angry wth me about it & the Bp of Gloucester [4] tells me on the Occasion I have lost all good Nature ; but I have assur'd every leasure Hour to be Theirs. I am glad the Cyder is ship'd & hope Ellis will be here soon. I am just going from the three Cups in Bread Street to my Lodgings & so for the present Hour with Humble Duty, true Love & Blessing conclude me

My Dearest
Your's most affectly
Till Death
Jos : Taylor.

Four days later England lost a Lord Chancellor [5] and Joseph Taylor a revered friend.

What a great Happiness it is [he writes on the 15th] to hear my Family enjoy Health ? When the Family I have always loved next my own are in the greatest Confusion & grief. . . . The poor Chancellor is dead a Martyr to his Love in serving his fellow Creatures. He has wor'n himself out by following his Resolution to make that Court answer its intended Institution. He came Home a Wednesday Night from Council (after a most laborious Day as Speaker of the House of Lords & attending to his own Court) sat him down very weary, told his Family they should go to Prayer for that he was not able to attend ; after Prayer they return'd to him,

[1] Thomas Secker, rector of St. James's, Bishop of Oxford in the room of Potter, who succeeded the Archbishop.

[2] William Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury.

[3] Dr. John Wynne.

[4] Martin Benson, brother-in-law to Secker.

[5] Charles, Baron Talbot of Hensol.

when he drunke his Milk as usual, but very melancholy; after siting
onger than he was wont to, he sigh'd & said, if I don't attempt the first
stair I shall never get to the Top; on being ask'd what he meant, he said
am so much sunke, that I have not Strengthe to get up Stairs; but poor
nan went up & went to Bed and was never out again. No one appre-
hended Danger. I came from thence Sunday Evening after seven, &
expected to hear the next Morning that he would be pretty well; the next
Morning about eight some one came in & said he was dead, I laugh'd at it
or a Flam but on sending Nick to the Bp of Derry's [6] I found it was too
true & that he had been dead three Hours. I see all my Friends deepest
Sharers in the Grief, & all the World lamenting Him, & all will but the Bp
of London.[7] . . .

Well! I am glad my Bath toys please my Mother yourself & the
youngsters. I wish I could be wth you All one half a Day to see how you
look, for I don't like the Folks in this Town one Quarter so well. I should
be glad to come to my Porridge, & you may be sure will hasten what I
can. . . .

And now for your Hunters. You are a mercifull Lady & it becomes
you; but don't let your Mercy extend to make yourself contemptable to
a snotty-nose foolish Boy. If Courter, Matthews & Furse will give good
Assurances to you, not to transgress this way again, I will forgive them;
but let them beware, & especially Matthews, who is reported to be well
vers'd in indirect Practices to destroy Game. If ever I lie my Finger on
him on any such Discovery my own Wife shall not interceed for him;
for I profess myself devoted to serve my Neighbours, but my Spirit will
not suffer my good Nature to be abused & trampled on. . . .

I believe the Cyder is in the River but Crawford has not yet been with
me. My Friend Greenhill uses me Kindly, & I wd send him a Hogsd of
Cyder. Let Mr. Gale find an exceeding good; I would rather buy than
not have it choice & mild. It must be caced & therefore sent soon. Mr.
Dyer will put him in a Way to follow Directions to Mr. Thos: Greenhill at
Bath, to be deliver'd to Tomkins Boat at the George in the Castle
Bristol. . . .

Your's my Dearest ever
Till Death
Jos: TAYLOR.

Proceedings dragged as usual. On April 5 the final stage was
hardly under way.

My Dearest Mrs. Taylor,

As I must not yet see you, I am vastly happy to hear of all your Healths.
Pray God continue it to you. I am pretty well, but long earnestly to be
discharged from this Place, wch surely not even a Family of my own here
could reconcile me to. It's quite disagreeable to me. God send me well
out of it, & in the mean time Patience. I am sorry Clem has proved so
very bad. I will be as good as my Word, but pay no Money but to the
Master to whome he is bound. I hope the Boy will do well in an honest
Trade, the best thing can be done for him. I would have all do well that I
have ever had any care of . . . .

I believe Mr. John Talbot will visit me this Summer. He seems much

[6] William Rundle, a *protégé* of the Talbots.

[7] Edmund Gibson, friend of Sir R. Walpole.

inclined to it. And to tell you plainly, but you must keep it to yourself as a secret, he has a mind to purchase a small Estate near me to be at in the Summer; & if so will go the Western Circuit. . . .

I sent a Box yesterday by the Waggon directed to Mr. Symons; when you send for it, let it be kept drie. I suppose, it will be in Exeter about Friday sevnight. As the Contents of it will make a Figure in my Letter, you have them as follows,

Impr: Nick's old plush Breeches, & in on of the Pockets Madam Jane Batishall's two Rings.
A silver Tea-Table.
A Case of Knives, Forks & Spoons to eat Custard.
A Bundle of Plays.
Two Dozen of Handkerchiefs.
Two Muslin do. for my Mother.
Nick's old grey Stockings.
A Pair of Stays.
Do. for my maid, wch I fear me are very bad; if so, it's your Aunt's Fault.
A wraping Gown to keep my Mother warm.
I hope it will please her.
A Habit for my Wife, wth wch she must be pleased.
Watch-Strings for Nick.
Mob Patterns &c a la Mode de Mm Cruwys.
Hats for Grandmama, Mama & my Maid.

You have a Sadle making of Cloth the Colour of your Habit & trim'd wth Frenges of the same Colour. It will be ready to be sent you next time Capt. Bryan returns. Your Buckle as yet has been turn'd behind; but I don't forget it. It must arrise out of Cyder, Madam, wch begins to go off at three Guineas pr hogshead. I fear, Beck's Stay is too big & too stiff. If so, don't let her wear it, for I would not have my maid so quite in the Fashion, as most these fine Ladys are behind. I don't forget my Boys; but love them most dearly tho' I have not sent them Straw-hats & Stays. I hope they will not take it amiss.

O Dear! the Bishop of Derry has almost eat up my Butter; but pray let us have an other such Pot, for he has given me a half length Picture of Him. I don't mean a Picture of the Butter-Pot, but the Bishop, & I assure you I shall value it highly, as of a good man & a faithfull Friend.

Well, I have dranke nothing to Day but Porter & I think Invention begins to grow pretty low, but—stay—let us not faile to have some good Cyder bottled off in Season, for it will be of Use to us as Summer comes on & good Cyder may do some Times, as well as Wine.

Mr. Harry Courtenay is to be married to Miss Bathurst the week after next.

John Talbot, the late Lord Chancellor's son, was a promising young barrister and the nephew of Taylor's college friend. In a day or two it was permissible to lift the veil from his purchase of a Devon estate.

You have often [writes Taylor] heard me express my Love for Jack Talbot from a Child, & I treat him just now with but more manly Freedome as when I used to carry him about at my Back in the Coal-Basket. He was called to the Bar this Term, & All fix their Eyes on Him as one, that in

Time is to fill the Place his Father died in w^th Honour never equal'd. Last Tuesday the Bp: of Derry went to dine at Sr. Matthew Decker's. He found Sr. Matth: from Home, but stay'd w^th Lady Decker & her three Daughters w^ch are all the Children of the Family. After Dinner the young Ladies withdrew & left Lady Mother & the Bishop to grave Chat. Lady Decker made much enquiry about the Talbot Family & Discourse led them to name my Friend John. The good Lady carelessly wish'd one of her Daughters was but worthy such a man (now you must know these three Sisters are the most accomplish'd virtuous fine Women in this Great Town, & your Husband's Acquaintance to their Honour, tho' then not known to J: Talbot) Lord of Derry went Home & told this, & next Day waited on Lady Mother again, who said (as all obedient Wives should) she would tell her Husband of it. The next day the Bishop went again, & found Sr. Matth: prepar'd. Mr. Talbot's Fortune is fifteen thousand Pounds. Sr. Matth: said, he would give Mr. Talbot ten thousand Pounds & four hundred Pounds pr: An: for the first five years to do as he pleased with; He would have no Settlement made, for he would settle on his Daughter(s) as his Fortune, w^ch he said was better than six score thousand Pounds, should be equally divided between them, after his & his Wife's Deaths. Friday Mr: Talbot dined at Sr: Matthew's, the first Interview, Saturday made Proposals to his Choice, Sunday dined there, Monday Sr: Matth:'s Family were visited by the A: Bp: of York,[a] Ld: Talbot[b] & all the Clan, to Day they see a House in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Thursday go to Sr: Matth:'s House at Richmond & next Monday are to be married there. Now you must know, these Ladies have had many a Lord offer'd them, but their Father has rejected them, as resolved, his Fortune shall come into Hands of Business, likely to make right Use of it. It's a sudden Match, but in my Conscience it will be a happy one. It's a piece of uncommon Heroism in Sr: Matthew Decker, & you are at Liberty to entertain all your Friends w^th it, as as wise & well judg'd thing as a Father could do for a Child he lov'd.

What follows Keep to yourself. You will hear your Husband is treating for Lyndrigg & other Estates [for J. Talbot] & I believe will shake a Bargain. I shall soon employ a Surveyor. If G: Gale does well, he will soon find a Mark of my Friendship. You will be happy in a good Neighbour, an accomplished woman & no Court Lady, plain & honest like my Wife. Mrs. Battershall will like Her, as well as a new Hat, w^ch I will get her by the first Opportunity of sending. . . .

Your Buckle went out of Town in Mrs: Score's Box last Saturday.

John Talbot was entrusted with a part of the conduct of the Chancery suit, and on April 28 Taylor was at last able to write:

Mr. John goes this Day to have the Cause published, so that we may expect to be heard one day next week. . . .

I breakfasted to Day with my good Friend Dr. Rennell at the Bp: of Derry's, & am just going there to dine with him. He has enter'd his Son at Oxford . . . & to Night I am to treat the Young Man w^th Julius Cæsar.

But the end was not yet, and Taylor must divert himself as he

[a] Lancelot Blackburne, married sister of Lord Chancellor Talbot.

[b] William, second son of Lord Chancellor Talbot.

could with other concerns. Addison's poet cousin, Eustace Budgell, crazy since his ruin by the South Sea scheme, was entangled more disastrously than himself in the meshes of the law.

Last week [writes Taylor on May 12] poor Poet Eustace did not behave quite seemly in Court, on wch the Chancellor order'd him to answer by a Day or stand committed; but by a poetical Flight he has avoided the Day. He took Boat one Day last Week & order'd the Boat thro' Bridges, just as they were under the Arch, he flung himself violently into the Current & was never seen again till Yesterday Morning, when alas! the Harp was quite unstrung & the Muse fled to Dr. Tindall.

A legacy, fortunate omen, had lately appeared on the horizon, but by June 2 had dwindled to a star of the very smallest magnitude.

My Dearest Mrs. Taylor,

If Riches increase set not thy Heart upon them was wise Instruction; God be prais'd we are not from our Aunt's Death like to undergo the Temptation. If any thing be left, & no Will, you are intitled to a fifth Part of it, the rest goes equally between Mr. Copleston, Mrs. Prideaux, Mrs. Hurrell & Mrs. Beck Copleston.

A will, no doubt, was found, and caused a family disturbance, for in his next letter he says:

I am quite worn out wth Wiltshire Cousins & their Cousins. I have been all this Day answering their Impertinence. I hope to the Lord for the Time to come they will be more saving of their Pen, Ink & Paper, & lie out their Mony in a more Godly Way in Pipes, Tobacco & Penny Sermons for the Salvation of their own Parishioners, & leave me to be more mercifully treated. I am sure they do more for me, than my own neighbouring Parsons would. . . .

I can say no more to you about the Parson of West Ogwell, but what I said before, that I will never be abused & sue for Peace, tho' I am as fond of Peace, as any man on Earth. . . . I fear no Threat about Tythe; I despise it. I intend to move for a special Jury, & not to have it left to like Insulters.

At last, on June 21, things appeared to be moving, and he was able to write:

When you receive this imagine me at that Instant very attentive in the Master of the Rolls's Chamber, for there our Cause is to be hear'd next Friday Morning. I hope I shall not meet any more Disappointments, & that a greedy Vulture of a Master will not pretend to greater Affection to my Children, than the most affectionate of Fathers has. . . .

If you thinke you can trust me wth the two largest & the two smallest Pairs of Salvers, I will only make them usefull, as every one else does (for now they are of no Use) & I will faithfully return them to you without any Charge to you or me. . . .

Our Cousin Lady L—— M—— is a damn'd whore, & has been playing most fine tricks. Last Saturday the Husband had her taken up & confined

but she got out of a Window on Sunday Night & they can get no News of her as yet. They think of having her taken up by a Ld. Ch. Justice's Warrant. This I had from the Person employ'd, & it is no Secret. She swears, she will ruin Him. I think such a Bitch is not to be trusted with Salvers. You have often hear'd me exclaim agst Law Practice, but I thinke this Niceness is more surprising, than any I have before hear'd of. A poor Cuckold can't move for a Divorse if his Wife be actually caught xxxx wth another man on a Couch (w^{ch} was here the Case undeniable) for she has not defiled his Bed. Here's Law! If it be of any Service to yourself, keep it as a Secret: let none of our Country Wives Know it. I would not debar our friends at Ingsdon from any useful knowledge, to whom this may be of equal Service, as to my Lady.

By June 25 the affair was settled.

Now I can write you wth some Comfort & the more so, because I hear by Yesterday's Post you are all very well. We have a Decree just as I would wish; as much of the Estate to be sold as is necessary to pay off Debts. . . . You may quit all your Fears of losing Ogwell, & look on it as your own. . . . I hope God will grant me a good Sight of you in three Weeks more. It has been a long absence, & no Tongue can express the Anxieties I have suffer'd in the Time; but that of Yesterday Morning, was superior to all. The immediate Cause to ours was on, & no one appear'd for Pike the principal Mortgagee. I freted & determined to go Home to Bed & be sick, after giving them All my Malediction; but Sam John first sent a Porter & after went himself to Fenchurch Street & brought Ellerker. It happen'd there was a spare Brief & Counsel enough, that wanted to take a Fee; it went on presently & was over in half an Hour; I recover'd of my intended Sickness & don't now care a Farthing for them. For now they are before the Court & the Devil will drive them. . . .

Did not you keep your Son too long at Home? [from school] I fear you did. I would not have him hinder'd, for I do not intend him for a lac'd Squire. I should be sorry to have begot so insignificant a moving thing. If I can live the Time to see my Children in a Way to become a Blessing to Mankind, I shall say with Joy, Lord now letest Thou thy Servant depart in Peace. . . . The contracted mean Education of those poor unhappy Fellows, whose Birth & Fortune must call them to Government & Power in more mature Age, is the great Source of the Plagues & Scurges, that human Nature must undergo. Sickness & Dissolution are the effects of our present Situation, & are no further to be look'd on as Evils than the breaking of a cracked Crucible after the Purification of Gold. . . .

I go to Breakfast every morning now wth Mr. Talbot, but he turns me to Door at nine o'Clock. He has been two Terms at the Bar, & not his Father's but his own Merit have engaged all the World to love Him. He is the most rising man in the Kingdome. Mr. Cruwys open'd Yesterday for your Boys & Maid the Plaintifs in so artfull a way, (& I am perswaded he had the Cause at Heart) that you would have thought, he had been pleading for his own Children. Jack Talbot answer'd for you & me in that prudent fatherly Way, that even the Master of the Rolls could not forbear smiling. . . .

Cove is concern'd for old Mrs. Vernon at Dawlish & may have said a foolish Lie of his own. A fine Lady & great Fortune is as soon named as Betty Cook. No Business of mine. It may be of yours, & so I tell you

(tho' I never heard of the Courtship but from you) it's Mrs. Vernon of Twickenham Park's Daughter, & I thinke, I am full as likely to be related to Her by the marriage of East Ogwell Miller's Jack Ass, as the other of your Cousins you mention to me.

It's Time to have done, is it not? Well! my Humble Duty to my Mother; I rejoice at her Bean Stomach, & hope we shall eat them together many years more yet. Blessing the young Folk; may they also love Beans & Virtue, & that the silly Woman that don't love Beans, may want a Taste for no other good Thing is the Hope & Desire of

My Dearest

Yours most Affect:ly

Till Death,

JOS: TAYLOR.

On June 27, with his mind at ease, he busied himself with a last gift from London for his little daughter Becky.

I wrote you I had sent a Box to Mr. Japson. In it is Mrs. Pearce's Ring, & my Mother's new enameled, & four gold Stay Buckles for my Dearest; what is Life & not be in the Fashion. . . . Pray know of him [Nick] if he has not capacity to take a fit Measure of Trippy for a little side-sadle & send it me so as to be understood under cover to Mr. Talbot It would make my Daughter happy & ride secure. Do it next Post.

II

For the next two and a half years Joseph Taylor seems to have been more or less peacefully employed in ordering his estates, the old and the new, in that serene atmosphere of home which in London had appeared to him as the goal of all his desires. But the poison of London went with him, and secretly no doubt, from time to time, he 'freted' for a wider stage. It was not long before the son of the old sea captain found his hand itching to be at the business of the ship of State, and in 1740, somewhat to the surprise of his friends, he stood for Parliament in his own borough of Ashburton.

Ashburton, April 16th, 1739 (40).

My Dearest Mrs. Taylor,

About half Hour since I was declared Member of Parliament for Ashburton and the Indenture is signed. Mr. Jeffery, Mr. Cook and Mr. Heath return w^th^ me this Evening. I hope my Mother and you are easy.

Yours till Death,

JOS. TAYLOR.

Thomas, his eldest son, and the object of his especial solicitude, had been removed from his Devonshire school on account of ill-health, and was now, at eleven, too old to return there, so he went with his father to London, to be placed at Mr. Newcombe's school for the sons of gentlemen at Hackney. The journey was an adventurous one and lasted several days. All the rivers were in flood, and in one case, after waiting five hours for the waters to

abate, they were obliged to pass the ford with the carriage doors wide open and the water running through a foot deep. But Thomas, to his father's delight, enjoyed every moment of it, made friends with the tavern boys, and slept like a ploughman whenever tired Nature demanded rest.

On May 22 they arrived at their destination.

. . . We lodge with Mrs. Eyre in Surrey Street in the Strand, where direct for me. The Lodgings are very good and airy, the Back Room looks into Somerset Garden. Our Landlady my Mother's old Acquaintance, that made and pawn'd her gowns, but not a word of that. . . . She sends Service, and I have sent your Keys by Mr. Comyns, who sets out w[th] his Lady to Morrow I think. I can't say more at present. Tho: Taylor joins with me in all proper Salutations as due to Grandmother, Mother &c. &c. &c. in your several Stations.

My Dearest,
Your's most Affect:ly
Till Death
Jos. Taylor.

Love to Nick.
Ellis sends Duty.

I have been in the City to receive Mr. Boon's Bill; we dined at the Salutation in Newgate Street and from thence I write this. Whilst I was writing I sent T: T: & Ellis to St. Pauls and they are now return'd. In their Way there your Son very heedlessly run against a poor sick man, who gave him a Tuck under the ear; the young man resented it, and went up w[th] his bent fist to the man & told him several Times he wish'd he would do so again; but Ellis and some peaceable Neighbours interpos'd and prevented the Effusion of Blood.

The next day marked Taylor's entrance into public life.

. . . I yesterday took my Seat in the House, introduced by Mr. Talbot & Mr. Carew. I din'd with Mr. Talbot. In the Morning sent my Son w[th] complements to the A:b:p of York, but charged Ellis not to stay there to Dinner, but to provide for him as he thought fit; but His Grace would keep him and at five (according to Orders) Ellis brought him to Mr. Talbot's. Mrs. Talbot took him to Sr. Matthew Decker's, where he was much complemented by everyone, but the Dutch Mastief gain'd his Heart, and they were both happy in each other for an Hour. . . .

On the 24th father and son paid a first visit to the school at Hackney in the company of Mrs. Secker and Mrs. Edward Talbot, and the result of the joint inspection proved all that could be desired.

. . . Mrs. Newcombe looks for child every Hour, so we did not see her, but I never heard a better character of any Woman in my Life. Mr. Newcombe seems a perfect good Natured man, & it's plain he is so for the Boys were about him wth. all the familiarity imaginable.

There were eighty of these young gentlemen, all of the best fashion and quality, and Taylor was happy to feel that he had so

far ordered the beginnings of his son's career aright. Unfortunately the school was just breaking up for three weeks, and he looked forward with some apprehension to his *rôle* of 'nurse' during that time. But Thomas soon relieved him of all responsibility. With the ingenuous assurance of youth, he made friends on all hands with the prelates and personages of his father's world, and, accompanied merely by the servant, Ellis, went from house to house, accepting invitations and arranging his diversions with the serenest ease, leaving his father free for the most part to busy himself with the affairs of the nation.

June 2nd, 1739 (40).

. . . If the House be up, I shall be Home as I first proposed. Affairs are in great Commotion; the next Week like to be warm in both Houses. The 95,000 lb. not paid by Spain & no Reason given why not, wch occasioned warm Debates amongst the L—ds last Thursday. Next Monday they go on the State of the Na—on, & sure it's no pleasing one at present. Great are the Expectations of what will be said that Day. God send us Peace; but if a War be necessary, a speedy & short one. . . .

June 5th.

My Dearest Mrs. Taylor,

I can't say very much, tho' I have much to say; for the Boys have engaged to go to Fox-Hall. Here's Georgy Secker, Sammy Symons & Tommy Taylor, & I can Have no Peace wthout this Voyage. . . .

Your Son's as great wth the Duke of Kent [10] as ever the Devil was wth the Earl of Kent. He sets in his Lap and plays with his George and his Friend my Ld Carteret tells him how to despise it. Sure never Country Boy entered such a scene at once. . .

June 9th.

. . . Ellis is now gon to ship on board young Bryan one Hamper to Nick Prout, one Do for you Sugar & Spice, one Do Bread, one Do Cheese & Bacon, one large Picture Case, Six empty Hogsheads & a case. Nick is to pay for half the Sugar charged in the Bill and one of the Hampers. His Hat is in one of them.

. . . Your Aunt Helby . . . wants to know, if you have forgot to write. Phebe sets out for Dartmouth, if the Wind & the Press-gangs permit to Day. All things portend War, or at least a Spithead Airing. The present situation looks a melancholy one to a Person, that by Matrimony has given Hostages to Fortune.

. . . To me, all Methods, that have been tried, look like healing over a Sore and not searching the Cause of it.

So great was Thomas's popularity, that his father began to sigh for the beginning of term, no longer on his own account, but lest his son should be completely demoralised and unable to accommodate himself to the restraints of school. But he need have had no misgivings on that score. Thomas was nothing if not adaptable, and on the day of his departure—a day which

[10] Henry Grey, created 1710.

reduced his father to a fit of weeping and a request for hartshorn—he followed his parent gaily from room to room while the packing was going on, and on arriving at Hackney was so immediately and blithely absorbed into the life of the school as to have hardly a moment in which to bid his father farewell. Undeterred, the poor man set out next day to discover how his son had passed his first night at school, and found him 'happy as a Prime Minister that has a Parliament of his own,' and not a little inclined to regard the parental visit as a nuisance.

I staid, till I imagin'd he thought my stay too long, and as I set out, I return'd on Foot full weary, for I am sure, forth and back is not less than ten miles from Surrey Street. On Saturday I have promised to call on him to take Leave, & the Boy would excuse me, if I did not. . . . Your Son had Time enough to absent himself to Day from his new Acquaintance just to name Grandmama, Mama, Sister & Brother, w^th^ Duty and Love; and that was all. He is the fitest Boy I ever met to go abroad—God bless him.

This saddening experience, not uncommon to parenthood, may account in part for the greatly diminished vivacity of the letters dating from the remainder of this second 'pilgrimage,' of which early in 1741 he declared himself as weary as the Biblical prodigal of his exile. Politics, how exciting soever, involved long sittings 'in cold and hunger,' that to a man increasingly besieged by rheumatism must have spelt considerable discomfort, and gossip, if it flowed no less freely in his entourage, was at any rate less eagerly seized upon to swell the bulk of his letters home.

Feb. 12th, 1740 (41).

. . . I am glad to find you are all pretty well after your Feastings & Merry-makings, wch I should sooner partake of than the Disputes & Anger wch we are entertain'd wth in Cold & Hunger.

Yesterday was to have been a long Day on Ways & Means; but by Sr Rt W: it was moved to be put off till Monday. Mr. S–nd–s desired the Attendance of the H—— on Friday next, for that he had Matters of the greatest importance to lay before them, relating to one particular Person, & named the Ch–nc–ll–r of the Exch——r. The Ch–nc–ll–r of the Exch——r rose up & said, that 'it was usual for Persons in his Station to fall under Displeasure; that he thank'd the Honble Gen: for giving him such early Notice of his Intentions; that he was unacquainted with the Nature of his Crimes; if any one were more hainous than other, or all stood alike; but (puting his Hand on his Brest) Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere Culpâ.' Here I refer you to the Parson & Parsoness of E: Ogwell wth my Humble Service. This comes on to Morrow in both H——s; a Day of Rage & Fury. It's thought a Motion will be made in both to add—s the K—— to remove Sr R. from his Coun—ls. Ld B–l–n–k is generally thought to have lain this Scheme, & a wild one it is; though I fear all can't be justified, that has or has not been done of late Years . . . . Everyone is full of Expectation; for tho' it can meet no success here, it will make

terrible Noise all over the Nation, & all over Europe at this Time. I own it affects me, tho' I am far from looking on Him wth Partiality.

Well! Your Son was well on Tuesday and I am as well as Rheumatic Pains will let me be. Tho' I go to the House on this Occasion, if I ride on a Porter's Back. Pray let me know about Bryan, that I may have Cyder by him.

Mr. Japson, Mrs. White & her Son came to see me yesterday. I after went to the House and heard this Motion; from thence to St. James's Church at Evening Prayer, & eat salt Fish at my Ld of Oxford's & sat there till eleven. . . . To Morrow I hope to find my Affair wth Sr R: W: is gon through.

March 17th, 1740 (41).

. . . Tomorrow he [Tommy Taylor] modestly appears on the Stage in the Fall of Saguntum. I wou'd wish for you if it were possible, for I relish no Diversion without you. My Ld Chancellor,[11] Ld Chief Justice,[12] The Duke of Kent, Mr York & Lady Gray, The Bishops of Oxford, Glocester & Derry wth the Ladies of each Family make a Party, & I have a place in one of their Coaches; wch I can't tell but suppose, wth the three Ladies from my Lord of Oxford's. If in my next I write of Coughs and Colds you must not wonder; for twelve at Night will but bring us Home. How to Morrow will be, the wise Disposer of to Morrow can only tell; to Day the sun has shined; the wind has blown; it has snow'd very much; it has hail'd violently; it has been the coldest Day for the Year & a good Fire has scarce kept due Spirits to support Life.
. . . Yesterday I dined wth Sr R: Walpole; and there it's just as easy as dining at Ingsdon; the Master of the House appears (& I believe is) in domestic Life just such another affable Body. I shall send you his Conveyance for your Execution the first Opportunity after Thursday.

Tommy Taylor seems to have taken an active part in the school plays throughout his stay at Hackney—he contributed a prologue, by request, during his first year at Exeter College, Oxford; but this was probably the only occasion on which his father had the proud pleasure of seeing him on the stage. At the beginning of 1742 Joseph appears to have resigned his parliamentary career for the less onerous one of justice of the peace in his own county of Devon. Four years of rural quiet remained to him. In 1746 he succumbed to a sudden attack of illness, leaving three children under age, and his dreams of their career as blessings to mankind but little advanced towards fulfilment.

VIOLET M. MACDONALD.

[11] Philip York, first Earl of Hardwicke.
[12] Sir William Lee.

GEORGE GISSING

A Character Sketch

A character that has many sides is always a puzzle to the casual observer, for in it there appear to be more than the usual contradictions. Yet, in spite of the conflict of motives, which exists in most of us, there is generally, if there is anything at all of worth, some guiding principle which, when grasped, gives a clue to the whole, and acts as a key to many doors hitherto closed.

In the case of George Gissing these remarks are particularly true. There can hardly be any writer of whom such contradictory statements have been made—statements which, none the less, often contain, for those who knew him well, a great degree of truth. It is when one side of a character is made to take the place of the whole, and is enlarged upon without a modifying touch from the actual facts which show it in a wholly different light, that the untrue portrait takes the place of the true, and we turn aside saying, 'This is not a picture of the man we know.'

It may be of interest to give a brief sketch of this complex character, as he appeared to those who knew him well—perhaps as well as he knew himself. Let us consider for a moment the effect produced on a boy of ability much beyond the average—on one who had gained every possible distinction from his earliest school-days, and was conscious that his outlook was quite different from that of his school-fellows—by the sudden withdrawal of his one and only steadying force. At this period of his life he had one lode-star, and that was his father. To him he looked for guidance in all matters; for not only had he a deep devotion to him, but also he felt that his father was the only person who really understood him, whose words, therefore, were worth listening to, and the only person whose learning was such that he could trust him for guidance along the path which even at that early age allured him—the path of knowledge. His one desire was to pursue all kinds of learning, up to the point which he felt few ever reached. For he found that none of the

boys of his own age, and very few people of riper years, with whom he came into contact, ever experienced that burning of the heart for knowledge which he possessed. In his father alone he found a companion to his taste, but this sole companion died when Gissing was but thirteen; and in losing him he lost what was, as far as his intellectual life was concerned, his whole world. Let us picture a boy of thirteen, strongly conscious of powers of brain, and filled with the love of knowledge, with no chance of a companion with whom to share his interests; then let us consider if such circumstances could not foster a certain degree of proud isolation, though quite involuntary—an isolation thrust upon him by the fact that those of his own age were utterly unable to enter into his mind. In saying this we must remember that his brothers were both some years younger than himself; it was therefore natural that the sympathy which they were able to give him later was, as yet, impossible.

In our consideration of his mental capacity we must remember that in his younger days he possessed great physical strength, sufficient to enable him to endure enormous hardships, as was proved later. For his physical well-being a great amount of exercise, much fresh air, and games of all kinds were imperative; but from these he always completely withdrew himself. All such things he looked upon as waste of time. Although he delighted in long rambles in the country, all his time was needed for study, and in his early days he was usually so placed that the unspoiled country was quite beyond his reach. Some amusing caricatures drawn by him when a boy are still preserved. In them both himself and his brothers are represented; and beneath that which bears his name are the significant words, 'Vote for no walks.' Thus we behold the development of his mental powers taking place in utter disregard of the body, through which alone they were enabled to perform their work to full advantage. Side by side with his mental capacity must be considered his love of home life and the affection which he bore towards his own family, whose sympathy and understanding he was most anxious to gain at all times—traits unusually developed in one of his age. These points are brought out very clearly in his early letters written shortly after the death of his father.

As a boy he was tall and strong, though pale with close study; his preoccupied air was not attractive to other boys, nor was his determined and somewhat dogmatic way of making statements on different topics: 'A mere prig,' many would say. Indeed, some writers to-day speak of 'priggishness' as being one of his objectionable qualities, but they do not know the whole man. His knowledge was no mere affectation, and his desire to instruct others was free from all thought of self: let it but be necessary to help

some fumbler in learning, though it were but one step on the way, and all else was forgotten in the wish to be of use. No pains were spared, no patience was too great, so long as the glance of intelligence in the eye of the listener showed that his words had been understood.

This was the boy who passed on to a boarding-school, after his father's death, feeling, we cannot doubt, quite alone as far as intellectual companionship was concerned, and shutting himself up in his spare time to do extra reading, or to master some subject that interested him. This was the boy who, later, at the age of seventeen, passed on to Owens College, Manchester, with a heart beating high with hopes of future distinction, and with a still deeper hope of satisfying that thirst for knowledge which had, from the first, possessed him. It is easy to see, as the daily grind went on—incessant overwork, to the complete exclusion both of exercise and of refreshment for the body or relaxation for the mind—that the one and only thing longed for—a little human sympathy which would provide an outlet for his over-taxed mind—might quite easily be sought in the wrong direction, and intimacies formed which would prove disastrous. This was indeed the case, and, on account of the further disgrace into which he fell through financial difficulties, his brilliant achievements at college came to nothing. He left under a dark cloud, and determined that his fresh life should begin far away from his own home, in the continent of America.

Though, at this juncture, Gissing's own people were near him, and might have been of some avail, we can well imagine that from them he could no longer gain solace. Was it not he who had hoped to be their guide and their helper in all matters? And now all such hopes were dashed to the ground. Remembering the characteristics we have already noticed in the boy, we still realise that the isolation which had resulted from Gissing's overwhelming love of learning was trifling compared with that caused by the present feeling of disgrace. Moreover, as his quick return from America showed, he was determined to hold to an ill-assorted friendship which he had made at Manchester, and in marrying one with whom any real companionship was impossible he showed that side of his nature which was especially strong—constancy of affection and faithfulness to those who had a right to look to him for help. Some writers on Gissing have lamented the 'amorous propensities' which led him into so much disaster. True, it was only in his last marriage that he found the companionship he so much needed, but to speak of 'amorous propensities' hardly expresses one of Gissing's most strongly marked characteristics—his desire for a home of his own, and for the kind of domestic life which he had seen about him when a

boy, and which, to him, was an ideal. Moreover, a fierce Socialism was strong within him in these early years; he was certain that an equal amount of good might be got out of any class, if each were but rightly treated; and indeed, through the help of those of his relations who were determined to bring him assistance, much was accomplished in this direction, and there seemed at first some hope even for that early marriage. The story has yet to be told, however, of the domestic miseries through which he passed, and of the number of times that his wife was received back and helped to begin yet again. And to the burden of those years of unspeakable struggle and domestic misery was added the dire need of money. His novels *Workers in the Dawn* and *The Unclassed* emerged from this period. Amid these almost insuperable difficulties, one determination of Gissing's stood firm—he never appealed to his own home for money, nor allowed his mother to know of the extreme privations through which he was passing. In no circumstances would he draw upon her small resources, some of which he knew would be at his disposal if all the truth were revealed to her. When we read in accounts of this writer of 'his unhappy, uncomfortable and often embittered egoism,' we feel that the words are true; for, by his own folly, he had brought upon himself exactly the circumstances which caused such 'embittered egoism,' and which frustrated every hope with which his life had begun. Where was the quiet life of the scholar and the thinker? Where was that peace and order so necessary for any good creative work? Yet to cease to be a scholar, or to cease to write fiction, was impossible for him. His domestic difficulties put an end to all friendly intercourse with others, and he was thrown entirely upon himself—the worst thing that could happen to a character already too self-centred owing to the fact that he saw more deeply into life than his fellow-men. This kind of egoism might well have become an 'embittered egoism,' for in looking back, though still hardly more than a boy, he felt that the hope of sharing his interests with others was becoming even more remote.

And during those early years the wear and tear of life were telling on his health; the nervous strain which he underwent was enormous, for, in addition to the writing of novels and political articles, he applied himself closely to study, and gave lessons to pupils. Matters were greatly complicated by the perpetual domestic difficulties which he had to encounter. It is easy to see that after his wife's death, when he was alone once more, and able to devote a few years to quiet work and social intercourse (at which time he appeared to the outer world to be placed in circumstances comparatively prosperous), his position in reality was no longer what it had been. His originally strong con-

[illegible] was greatly impaired, and though health may not be able to alter the characteristics with which we are born, it undoubtedly colours our outlook upon life to an extent that we do not often realise. Such outwardly calm years as he had when living in a flat alone and writing *Isabel Clarendon*, *Demos*, *Thyrza*, and *New Grub Street*—books by which he became known—came too late, inasmuch as they came to a person made old by harassment and suffering. Gissing was, however, still the same person in one main feature—'his object in life was,' as has been written of him, 'to get on with his work; that achieved, he did not much care what the world at large thought of it.' But 'work' for him did not mean only the writing of his novels—it meant letting no day slip by without some close reading which would add to his store of knowledge. And as he read his dearly-loved Greek and Latin authors, the desire to tread the land that they had trodden, and to behold the landscape which their eyes had rested upon, became a more and more burning desire—so great, indeed, that the means of its fulfilment were soon found.

From boyhood Gissing's love of Nature was strong, but it was dimmed and clouded by the dust of many passing objects to which he had to give attention. Because his written work dealt mainly with sordid and ugly scenes, few realised that he had eyes for very different sights. The sky at sunset had for him a peculiar attraction, and countless were the vivid descriptions given of different sunsets which he had seen, and which never faded from his memory. He would not have come under the censure of Ruskin, who speaks of the disregard of the greater part of mankind for the sky, which, as he says, is for the benefit of all.

> Who saw [he asks] the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed, unregretted as unseen.[1]

And the colours in which Gissing revelled, the same writer describes thus:

> The whole sky, from the zenith to the horizon, becomes one molten mantling sea of colour and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colours for which there are no words in language, and no ideas in the mind.[1]

The sight of such skies sank deep into Gissing's mind and stayed there, as did many a lovely scene of Nature. In one of his later visits to Italy, when he marvelled at his waking moments being full of cheerfulness, he ascribed the cause to his having spent the days looking only at beautiful things.

[1] Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, vol. i.

No life can, indeed, be spent in looking only at what is beautiful, or in the enjoyment of complete happiness, but none can say what would have been the effect on Gissing's character could he have been spared the harrowing experiences which he brought upon himself. Never could any man have had less discernment in choosing his friends; it is therefore not surprising that his second marriage should once more have brought him infinite misery, and a renewal of the old domestic discord. He was not able, like some men, to sever himself from his responsibilities, and, forgetting his private cares, to live a life apart; for he always had an enormous sense of duty, and no personal discomfort was considered if this could be discharged. Great indeed are the difficulties to be encountered when the cares of a household fall upon one whose livelihood is entirely dependent upon his creative powers. And we have no difficulty in seeing how Gissing's powers were warped, his outlook on life in general darkened, and his health further impaired by this second unhappy union. The 'aloofness from his fellow-creatures,' which has been spoken of by some writers as one of his characteristics, was not his choice, but rather the result of his possessing that strange capacity for connecting himself with the wrong fellow-creatures; such a step once taken, a kind of super-sensitiveness severed him from those who would have been congenial to him. Nevertheless he was able, from time to time, to enjoy himself among his literary friends; and these were moments well spent, for he was always renewed and refreshed by such intercourse. Later on, his love for his children brought him much delight, though, in the nature of things, he could not see much of them after their early years.

But, in spite of these few pleasures, it is evident that those years of struggle produced a lasting effect upon his health. Already, when he had reached more peaceful days, and had gained by his last marriage the companionship and sympathy which he had always needed, his health was extremely delicate, and he was no longer able to withstand either the cold of winter or the heat of summer. Those last years brought Gissing many interesting friends and many quiet days; but they brought, too, days of weakness and ill health—of visits to doctors, and of travel from place to place in search of good air which would restore to him some of his early vigour. Time spent over the quiet pages of *Henry Ryecroft*, or among his beloved scenes of ancient Italy—in descriptions of Monte Casino and the cell of St. Benedict—was an enormous contrast to that spent in depicting life in Clerkenwell, or in the back streets of Lambeth, among the quarrelsome and disreputable people whose lives he had so often drawn in earlier days. Strange as it may seem, the man

who wrote of these drab scenes still possessed identically the same character, but the traits which were latent in his early life gained the ascendancy, and the need for depicting all that was most harrowing, which had urged him on before, was now laid to rest. A better way was discovered for alleviating those ills—that of turning the eyes of the beholders to something that could be admired. If many critics feel that the early savage scenes were drawn with much greater force than any of those which he depicted later, and therefore represented the *real* Gissing, let them remember that it was not the strength of feeling which was lacking in this later work, but that the bodily power needed for its expression was now denied.

Was there any humour, we may ask, to light up this sombre character? Much has been said to the contrary; on the other hand, it has been pointed out that no one could have had Gissing's keen appreciation of Dickens unless he possessed some degree of humour. And if we ask whether a true sense of humour would not have touched and alleviated some of the circumstances of his life, it may perhaps be answered that his trials were of such a nature as to quench the fire of even the greatest humorist. There is no doubt that Gissing was born with a strong tendency to depression, and that this tendency was increased by too close study in his boyhood, and further deepened by the difficulties of his early manhood; but, none the less, there were times when he could be a gay companion—even an uproariously mirthful one—especially when among his favourite scenes or books. This was a side of his character practically unknown to those who knew little of him. His life, indeed, was not without its joys; his love of Nature, his keen appreciation of all that was best in literature, his enjoyment of much that was beautiful in art and in music, could not do otherwise than bring hours of far more solid satisfaction than come to many whose lives we call happy and successful. To see and to know Gissing at these times was to forget entirely those epithets which are continually attached to his name—'gloomy,' 'pessimistic,' 'tragic.' To no other writer have such terms been so persistently applied, to the complete exclusion of the brighter side. Not all of Gissing's books were of a miserable type. *The Town Traveller* and *The Paying Guest* contain a good deal of amusement; and others, such as *The Crown of Life*, *Our Friend the Charlatan*, *Will Warburton*, *Veranilda*, and *Henry Ryecroft*, are far from gloomy.

Many questions have been asked somewhat petulantly as to the cause of Gissing's melancholy outlook. Wounded vanity, a lack of the good things of life, dislike of his fellow-men—each has been suggested as a solution; but in reality the cause lay in none of these. The conduct of his life was marked by a series of

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rash steps, which led to prolonged unhappiness, and produced a lasting impression upon his acutely sensitive temperament, depriving him of the many joys to which his heart and mind were peculiarly alive. In this we have the secret of Gissing's melancholy outlook.

Throughout all the contradictions of his character, paradoxical though it may sound, there runs a certain unmistakable consistency; and though, in one sense, we might be said never to know what such a man would do, yet on the other hand it would be true to say that we knew what he would *not* do. For, in this strange misshapen life, there was a central cord which held all the parts together; there was a principle deeply embedded in his nature which caused him to prefer that he himself should suffer rather than bring suffering upon others; and in this lay the secret of the life which to outsiders appeared only steeped in gloom, but out of which, for those who knew him, there shone a gleam of imperishable gold.

ELLEN GISSING.

JOHN BURGOYNE

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY years ago on October 17, 1777, General John Burgoyne, in his fine uniform, handed his sword to the American general, Horatio Gates, with his affable air of gracious condescension, as if he were conferring an order of knighthood upon him. Gates, not to be outdone, returned it, and so the Battle of Saratoga, one of the decisive battles of the world, came to a dignified and courtly end. It was also the beginning of the end of the War of Independence, or the Revolutionary War, or the War of the Rebellion, or the First American Civil War—call it what you will.

Of all the British generals who fought and lost in this war none had a more variegated and romantic career than John Burgoyne. There is a legend which still persists that he was the illegitimate son of Lord Bingley, who had been British Ambassador in Spain and who was certainly Burgoyne's godfather. It was started by Lady Bingley, who was not on the best of terms with her husband, and that prince of gossips, Horace Walpole (who, by the way, was Gates's godfather), repeated it. John Burgoyne was born in London in 1722, his father being the younger son of the third baronet, Sir John Burgoyne, and his mother Anna Maria, the daughter of a London citizen called Burnestone, and 'worth a plum.'

Anna Maria's husband was a man about town who ended a glorious gambling career in the King's Bench. The future general, who inherited his father's gambling disposition, was, like another famous soldier who was not exactly a success in the field, Lord Raglan, educated at Westminster, where he acquired a fondness for Latin tags which never deserted him, and where he formed a great friendship with Lord Strange, heir to the eleventh Earl of Derby. This led to an elopement with Lady Charlotte Stanley when he was a young officer in the 1st Dragoons. Joining the Army in 1744, he sold out in 1747, chiefly owing to cards. He and his wife spent some time on the Continent, where, at Rome, his portrait was painted by the fashionable artist of the day, Ramsay; and a remarkably handsome fellow the portrait represents. Thanks to the Stanley interest, he rejoined the Army

in 1756, and soon saw service in those tip-and-run expeditions to the coast of France which were then called 'diversions'; and to read about them is certainly diverting, for as a rule the admiral who took the troops over and the general who commanded them were on the worst of terms. Young Burgoyne took part in three of these side-shows—the attack upon Cherbourg in 1758, the expedition against St. Malo (known in military history as 'the misfortune of St. Cas') in the same year, and the Belle Isle adventure in 1761. In 1759 it was decided to raise two regiments of Light Horse, and George II. gave John Burgoyne the command of one of them, the 16th Dragoons. He drew up for the officers of his regiment a code of instructions which is of considerable interest. He urged them to read books, to learn foreign languages, and, anticipating Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., actually implored them not to swear; and this in an age when 'damns' were in their heyday. In 1762 he saw some real fighting in the Peninsula, where England sent a contingent to support Portugal against Spain and France. The British troops were placed under the command of Wilhelm, Count of Lippe Bückeburg, a veteran of the army of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. Burgoyne, at the head of his Light Horse, greatly distinguished himself by the capture of Valentia d'Alcantara and of Villa Velha. Another Englishman who came into the limelight on this latter occasion was Charles Lee, that odd and cantankerous character who later proved a renegade, joined the Americans, and was captured at Bastenridge by the very same regiment which he had led into action in the Peninsula—one of the most remarkable of the many romances of war.

Burgoyne returned to England in 1763 and took his seat in Parliament as member for Midhurst, for which constituency he had been elected in 1761. In 1765 he made a grand military tour of the Continent, and in his own words 'wandered with enthusiasm over what is to a soldier classic ground.' He sent Chatham the observations he made on this tour. They are the comments of a very keen if slightly pedantic soldier. Military attachés—or military observers, as they used to be called—have covered reams and reams of paper with similar notes: the Ministries of War in every country in the world must be stuffed with such; many probably have never been consulted since first they were received and pigeon-holed. Burgoyne got his reward by being made in 1768 Governor of Fort William. In the same year he was elected for Preston, in a kind of Eatanswill election: as candidate he had a pistol in each hand and a pocketful of money. The latter was used with effect. Burgoyne was elected, but his electioneering methods cost him a fine of 1000*l.* and the abuse of Junius, who went so far as to charge him not only with

corruption but with plucking noble and intoxicated young pigeons at piquet. Even Horace Walpole, who greatly disliked Burgoyne, admitted that this was unfair. Burgoyne himself in the House of Commons pleasantly remarked: 'If the wretch Junius is now lurking here in any corner of the House he would tell him to his face that he was an assassin, a liar and a coward.' Junius took this lying down: perhaps if Burgoyne had called him 'an ungrammatical twaddler' he would have disclosed his identity and thus have saved mankind many tedious speculations, in innumerable volumes, as to who he really was.

In the House of Commons Burgoyne was a free-lance and voted according to his conscience: this King George thought 'so extraordinary that I almost imagine it was a mistake.' He was also an authority on economics, or political economy, as the dismal science used to be called. The East India Company got into debt. Burgoyne, who had had similar experiences, remarked in the most sensible manner: 'It is impossible to produce anything out of nothing: the Company have no money, and therefore it is impossible that they should pay any of their creditors.' Could Mr. Micawber, to whom in style Burgoyne has an odd resemblance, have put it more fairly or more clearly? When the trouble with the American colonies came to a head Burgoyne, in Parliament, took the part of the stern parent. 'I look upon America as our child, which we have already spoilt by too much indulgence.' Outside Parliament he pulled all possible strings to get an 'appointment for Boston.' He got one, together with Howe and Clinton, and all three sailed in the *Cerberus*. They left London with the town laughing over a witticism (attributed to North): 'Our generals may terrify the enemy; they certainly terrify me'; and they arrived in Boston to be greeted with another

> Behold the *Cerberus*, the Atlantic plough
> Her precious cargo, Burgoyne, Clinton, How,
> Bow, wow, wow!

The officer in command at Boston was General Gage, than whom, with the possible exception of that tearful peer Lord Lundy, who was told by an indignant relative to 'go out and govern New South Wales,' there can have been few public men sent in a high position to a colony less competent. He mismanaged everything, and nothing more than the battle of Bunker Hill, where he decided upon a frontal attack, though it would have been perfectly easy to cut off the American troops by occupying the causeway in their rear. Burgoyne played only a minor part in this battle, but he wrote home to his nephew by marriage, Lord Stanley, an account of it as vivid as anything ever written by 'The curse of modern armies,' as Lord Wolseley

described those war correspondents to whom he owed so much. Burgoyne was always writing: he should have had a fountain pen. Not content with letters criticising the administration at Boston (and it called loudly for criticism), he had a voluminous correspondence with Charles Lee on the merits of the 'unnatural rebellion.' Nothing (except perhaps yawns) came of his letters, and Burgoyne returned on leave to London, whither Gage had preceded him to be gently placed upon the military shelf. Ministers consulted Burgoyne, and he evidently impressed them, for in March 1776 he sailed for Quebec to act as second in command to Carleton in Canada. In the operations which ended in the capture of Forts Chambley and St. John, and the retreat of the Americans who had nearly captured Quebec, he won the affection of his troops, an affection he was never to lose. It was said of him, during these minor operations, 'on every occasion he was the soldier's friend,' which is the exact phrase used by a private of the Duke of York, 'the best Commander-in-Chief who ever ruled the army.'[1] Burgoyne returned home in November and set about writing his *Thoughts for Conducting the War from the Side of Canada*, a most important document, as the plan of campaign for 1777, a plan which led to Saratoga, was based upon it.

Briefly the plan was that a British force, including Canadians and 'savages'—that is to say, Indians—should advance from Canada by the old invasion route, capture Ticonderoga and continue down the line of the Hudson to Albany, where it should effect a junction with Howe, who was to go up the Hudson from New York. A smaller force, Burgoyne suggested, should advance by Lake Ontario and Oswego to the Mohawk River and also join the other two at Albany. The scheme was approved by King George. Burgoyne was appointed to command the expedition, and Lord George Germain, who, in spite of the fact that he had been 'broke' for cowardice at Minden, was now in the charge of the colonies and the American War, proceeded to show that his incompetence as a Minister was even greater than his cowardice as a soldier. The object of the whole plan of campaign was that Burgoyne and Howe should meet at Albany. Burgoyne was given most minute and detailed instructions, but those for Howe were never sent. Why? Because Germain, calling at his office on his way to spend a week-end in the country and finding that they were not ready, would not wait. 'My poor horses must stand in the street all the time, and I sha'n't be to my time anywhere.' A minor official said that he would see to it. He forgot to do so: Howe never received any instructions, and Burgoyne's expedition was doomed even before it had started. The American colonies were lost, but Germain got his week-end in Sussex.

[1] Sir John Fortescue.

Burgoyne's force, in addition to Indians and Canadians, included a number of Hessians, hired out by their royal proprietor at so much per head—heavy, lumbering fellows, totally unfitted, with their weighty equipment, for campaigning in the woods and swamps of North America. They were under the command of General Baron von Riedesel, a character, but not more so than his wife, who accompanied the expedition, of which she wrote a very vivid account. Things did not begin well. Burgoyne, in his first despatch home, made the amazing statement:

> I had the surprise and mortification to find a paper handed about at Montreal publishing the whole design of the campaign almost as accurately as if it had been copied from the Secretary of State's letter.

In fact everybody appears to have been in the secret—except Sir William Howe!

Even in these days propaganda was not unknown. Burgoyne produced a thundering specimen of it in the shape of a proclamation threatening all sorts of pains and penalties to any benighted Americans who might disregard it. Horace Walpole called it rodomontade and pleasantly alluded to its concocter as General Hurlothrombo and General Swagger. But this proclamation had one delightful result, and that was a parody of it by Francis Hopkinson, which is amazingly funny. Burgoyne also solemnly addressed the Indians, the employment of whom had called forth howls of indignation on both sides of the Atlantic. This also produced a parody from no less a personage than Edmund Burke in the House of Commons.

The expedition, in spite of all this ridicule in America and at home, started in a blaze of glory. Ticonderoga fell like a ripe plum, and King George ran into the Queen's room crying: 'I have beat them! beat all the Americans!' But the fall of Ticonderoga had its drawbacks for Burgoyne; he had to leave behind nearly 1000 rank and file to garrison it, and on the top of this came the tragedy of Miss Jane McCrae. This young lady, engaged to a provincial officer in Burgoyne's army, while on her way to the British camp to see her fiancé was killed, if not by, certainly while in the charge of, two Indians. This led to a violent attack upon Burgoyne, not only in North America, but also at home, though it was no fault of his: it was better than any recruiting officer for Washington. Amongst Burgoyne's entourage was a so-called 'intelligence' officer, a certain Skene, who had property in the neighbourhood which he was supposed to know inside out. He reported that Bennington was a depôt for horses and supplies in general, and urged Burgoyne to send a detachment to capture it. The detachment, consisting of Hessians under

Colonel Baume, was duly sent, but instead of capturing Bennington was practically annihilated by the Americans under Stark, a hero of Bunker Hill. Burgoyne, in reporting this disaster to Germain, added that he had only received one letter from Howe with the amazing news that he was not coming to Albany, but that 'his intention was for Pennsylvania'—that he was, in fact, as the old song has it, 'off to Philadelphia in the morning.' As a matter of fact he captured Philadelphia, though Franklin expressed it much better: he said that Philadelphia captured Howe. We know that, thanks to Germain's incredible slackness, Howe never received orders to go north to Albany to meet Burgoyne; but why did he go south? It was not typical of him to go anywhere except calling upon ladies more noted for their beauty than their virtue. This move of his remained a mystery until 1860, when *The Treason of Charles Lee* was published. This book contains a reproduction of a document, indorsed by Henry Strachey, then Secretary to the Royal Commissioners, the brothers Howe, 'Mr. Lee's Plan, March 29, 1777.' Lee, then a prisoner of war in British hands, drew up this precious plan, that Howe should turn his attention southward, and Howe acted on it. He ignored Burgoyne's operations entirely, save for a casual note to Sir Henry Clinton. 'If you can make any diversion in favour of General Burgoyne's approaching Albany, with security to Kings Bridge, I need not point out the utility of such a measure.' What a Commander-in-Chief! The British Army in general was stupefied by this move of Howe's, and so was the American: when Washington heard of it he said 'he did not believe it; he dreaded nothing so much as General Howe's army going up the North River' (*i.e.*, the Hudson).

It should be added that at the time Howe's movements were put down by some as due to jealousy of Burgoyne. Personally I think Howe's mind was far too torpid to be moved by jealousy. He lacked ideas. Lee gave him one and he jumped at it.

Before the expedition started Burgoyne had issued a general order: 'The army must not retreat.' So on September 14 he burnt his boats, as the saying is; he crossed the Hudson and encamped 'on the heights and in the plains of Saratoga.' The Americans were lower down, at Stillwater under the command of Horatio Gates, an intriguer and a humbug. The only thing to his credit as a soldier is that he had some considerable insight into Burgoyne's character. He knew him—who did not?—as 'an old gamester,' and argued that he would probably 'risque all upon one throw.' But the credit for the defeat of Burgoyne was due not to Gates, but to Germain and the two American generals, Schuyler and Arnold. The first of the Saratoga battles took place on September 19; it is generally known as Bemis's

Heights. The American position had been chosen and fortified by Kosciusko, of 'Freedom shrieked' fame. The British advanced on it in three columns; there was heavy fighting from 2 p.m. to sunset, and Burgoyne, according to a soldier who was present, 'maintained the true characteristics of the soldier, serenity, fortitude and undaunted intrepidity.' The battle can best be described as a draw. It is evident from Burgoyne's despatches that he was beginning to get very uneasy. He knew by now that the diversion by the Mohawk River had failed, and there was no news from Clinton, still less from Howe. His army was growing smaller and smaller; the Indians and Canadians found it impossible to resist the 'call of the wild'—further back—and supplies were running very short. On October 6 a rum ration was served out and on the 7th Burgoyne made a reconnaissance in force which, thanks to the energy of Arnold, who had no particular position on the American side as he and Gates had quarrelled, ended in a repulse. The German troops behaved very badly. Gates, unlike Burgoyne, who was in the thick of it, spent the greater part of the action in his tent engaged in an animated argument on the merits of the Revolution with a wounded British officer, Sir Francis Clark, who had been taken prisoner. Unable to convince Sir Francis, he turned to a bystander with 'Did you ever hear such an impudent son of a ——'

On October 8, leaving his wounded behind, Burgoyne fell back to Schuylerville, where by the 11th the British army was completely surrounded. On the 12th a council of war was held which decided (as so often happens) nothing in particular, and on the 13th there was another at which Burgoyne took all the blame and asked those present whether in military history any army in similar case had capitulated, a question which must have made many of the officers present wish, probably for the first time, that they were somewhere else, for the British officer of this day was not given to studying any books except betting books. However, precedents were found, negotiations were entered into with Gates, and after much discussion on October 17 the Convention of Saratoga was signed, and that morning about ten o'clock 'we marched out with drums beating and the honours of war, but the drums seemed to have lost their former inspiriting sounds.' Gates and Burgoyne and their respective staffs, conquerors and conquered, sat down to a rough camp dinner, the menu being a ham, a goose, beef and mutton, *vins* New England rum and cider. Gates proposed King George's health, Burgoyne that of General Washington, and, these courtesies over, the British troops marched into captivity at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Saratoga was the beginning of the end; it is interesting to ask, Why did Burgoyne fail? Firstly, because the whole plan of campaign was

crazy. A lover in an old play made a modest request of the gods and asked them to 'annihilate but space and time.' Could that have been done, Burgoyne, Howe and St. Leger, the officer who should have come down the Mohawk River but who failed to do so, might all have met at Albany. In the second place, it was quite impossible that any campaign conducted from Whitehall by Germain should have been a success. Lastly, John Burgoyne, though the bravest of the brave, had his faults. He was a dramatist as well as a soldier, and this, I think, led to his doing what Napoleon condemned so severely in a general; *il se faisait des tableaux*, his imagination ran away with him, and he saw himself in the centre of the scene, bringing the rebellious colonists to their senses, with George III. and North applauding him in the background. He published later on an elaborate apologia, entitled *A State of the Expedition from Canada*, which is of very great interest, chiefly from the evidence of the witnesses whom the unsuccessful general called to testify for him. There have been few campaigns so thoroughly threshed out at the time on paper as that of Saratoga.

Burgoyne had got excellent terms from Gates, who feared that at any moment Clinton might come to the English general's help. The second article of the Convention began 'A Free Passage to be granted to the Army under Lieut. Genl. Burgoyne to Great Britain upon condition of not serving again in North America during the present Contest.' This of course meant that the return of these troops would set free a corresponding number in England for the operations in North America. Congress detected this, and when Burgoyne, in captivity at Cambridge, complaining about the scurvy treatment the British troops received there, used the phrase 'the public faith is broke,' Congress pounced upon it, tore it away from its context, and made it the shabby excuse for treating the Convention as a scrap of paper and tearing it to bits.

Nothing reflects greater credit upon John Burgoyne as a soldier than the way in which he stood up for the rights of his men when they were prisoners at Cambridge. They were certainly, like most prisoners of war, very insubordinate, but they were treated with great inhumanity by the American colonel Henley, who was in command of the town. Burgoyne insisted on Henley's being court-martialled and acted as prosecutor. Not unnaturally he lost his case, but his burning indignation must have endeared him to his men more than ever. Would Wellington, in the inconceivable hypothesis that he and his army had ever been taken prisoners, have acted as Burgoyne did?

The unsuccessful general was allowed to go home on parole and found Germain & Co. rather more hostile than the Americans.

He was not allowed to see the King, he was not allowed to have an inquiry, and it was argued that it was doubtful if he could sit in Parliament. In short, he was made a scapegoat in order to save Germain. Such happenings were not unknown in the eighteenth century. You can always get a fresh admiral or a fresh general; statesmen are rare. Small wonder that Burgoyne joined the Opposition, and when Rockingham came into power and there was the usual General Post (Noodle replacing Foodle) and scramble for places, he was made Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. Lady Charlotte Burgoyne had died during the war, and it was about this time that John Burgoyne 'formed a connexion,' as they used to say in those days, with an opera singer, a Miss Susan Caulfield. Their eldest son became the famous Sir John Fox Burgoyne,[1] who played a prominent part in that comic opera campaign the Crimean War, and whose statue stands near the Duke of York Steps looking towards Westminster Abbey, where his father lies buried in an unknown spot in the Cloisters.

Though Burgoyne was a failure as a general, as a dramatist he had one great success. He was responsible for three plays—*The Maid of the Oaks*, *The Lord of the Manor*, and *The Heiress*. The last, in which he had the help of Sheridan, took the town. That amazing man Mr. Genest, who, although a parson, appears to have spent his whole life at the theatre, writes in his *Some* [one ought to underline the *Some*] *Account of the English Stage*: 'Drury Lane, 14th January, 1786. *The Heiress*, by Gen. Burgoyne: the best new comedy since *The School for Scandal*.' Arthur Murphy, the translator of Tacitus and biographer of Garrick, used exactly the same words of it, and a greater than Genest or Murphy, Horace Walpole, read it twice in one day, and, in spite of his dislike of the author, said it was 'the genteelest comedy in the English language.' It is certainly Burgoyne's best performance as a dramatist, just as his tinkering attempt to translate *As You Like It* into the phraseology of his day was his worst. One sample will serve: he makes poor Rosalind sing

> To be honest and fair is too much for our share
> Impartially nature replies
> Ere that Phœnix I make, let me see for his sake,
> A man that's deserving the prize!

Which has about as much sense as the immortal lines

> All hail to the vessel of Pecksniff the sire
> With favouring breezes to fan
> While Tritons flock round him and proudly admire
> The architect, artist and man.

[1] Charles James Fox was his godfather.

John Burgoyne was not a great dramatist, nor was he a great general. As a man there is something very attractive about him, in spite of his faults. He was pompous, he was a gambler, in morals a latitudinarian, and he was a politician. On the other hand, to counterbalance these failings and amiable weaknesses, he was a courteous and polished man about town, he loved his profession, and his soldiers loved him. He always gave his men the credit due to them, a little formality which some great generals of the past have neglected. He never called his soldiers 'scum.' There has never been in British military history a soldier so shockingly let down by the Minister at home—because there has never been in military history a War Minister so casual, so incompetent, so mean, as the man who was broke for cowardice at Minden. Burgoyne was essentially a gentleman, and he had about him a kind of John Bullish obstinacy which is always attractive.

John Burgoyne died in 1792, but, like the soul of another J.B., he 'goes marching on.' Before the Great War you could see him any day in Hyde Park, near the Ladies Mile, taking his ease, in Pall Mall going into his club, at Ascot (gamblin'), in Leicestershire (huntin'), and at first nights, especially at the Gaiety Theatre, applauding Letty Lind's dancing and Florence St. John's singing. You will find him, magnificently flamboyant, in the pages of Ouida, where he sometimes so far forgot himself as to shoot grouse with a rifle. He was with the Duke all through the Peninsula, riding to hounds between battles and flirting with senoritas. His 'phlegm,' as excitable and gesticulating foreigners put it, had much to do with the winning of Waterloo. He has won V.C.'s innumerable, and his men have always been ready to follow him hell-for-leather through hell. He gallantly blundered, with the most amazing whiskers, through that morass of incompetence, the Crimean War; he muddled through the Boer War; he helped to win the last war.

In short, John Burgoyne, with his gallantry, his philanderings, his gambling, his keen enjoyment of life, his tinge of pomposity, which has now nearly disappeared, is a very British type. And may it be long before the type is worn out.

On the other hand—Heaven save us from Germains!

F. J Hudleston.

POEMS

[*Miss G. Eileen Trevelyan, of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, was he authoress of the Newdigate prize poem of this year. It is the first ward of this prize to a woman.*—EDITOR.]

VALE ATQUE AVE

I shall not hear the wailing and the chants,
I shall not see the smoke's thin, acrid spire,
Nor hear the long, low throbbing of the drums,
Nor cast one blossom on your funeral pyre.

My feet will not tread out the ancient dust
That stirs about Benares' mystic shrine,
Nor, when your ashes flutter to their rest,
May there attend them any prayer of mine :

Yet shall I hail you in the setting sun,
In every changing glory of the air,
And find you ever in each blade and bloom
That grows on earth. Beauty is everywhere.

THE PRISONER

' Do your chains clash loud on floor and wall,
Do you gnaw the bars of some dark den
Deep in the earth, where reptiles crawl,
Where day is harsh with frenzied brawl
And night with the shrieks of men ? '

' My cell is clean and white and bare,
It echoes to no warder's tread ;
The hushed foot-falls of memory
Die slowly on the stagnant air,
And a sigh not born of misery,
A long-drawn, passionless despair,
The breath of the living dead.'

They brought the [illegible]
Of exquisite moments; myriad-[illegible] hours
Of light and green-blue evening, starred with the
Dove-grey silences and emerald showers
Of song; and burnished ecstasies of gold,
Crimson, amethyst and jade to mould
A jewel of limpid fire.

They brought the brazier
Of molten dreams; entwined curved filigrees,
Tortuous soul-threads, anguish-bright, drawn fir
By poignant fingers. Intricately now
Each facet blazed with subtle artistries
Of pain, a glory pendont in Life's brow,
A flaming lamp in His eternal shrine.

PORTRAIT

Broad white cliffs that face the sea,
Feathered spray and glistening loam:
Broad white brow that bends to me,
Bright as the foam.

Elfin smile that, dimpling, plays
At hide and seek with her lips and eyes:
Thistle-down the light wind sprays
Among hovering butterflies,

While far below where sea-birds sweep,
Where the blue sea takes the sky to mat
The surge is hushed and the smooth san
And the still depths wait.

G. E.

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Reform of the House of Lords By THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT ASTOR 437
The Trades Union Congress, 1927
By BRIG.-GENERAL F. G. STONE, C.M.G. 447
The Agricultural Problem and its Solution By SIR HENRY REW, K.C.B. 465
Fascism in its Relation to Freedom . . . By MAUDE D. PETRE 479
The Future of District Nursing . . By E. MILLICENT JACKSON 494
Birds in Ancient Egypt . . . . By R. E. MOREAU 500
Human Personality in Dante's 'Divine Comedy' By FION McEACHRAN 508
Ceremony . . . . By W. BARING PEMBERTON 519
The Position of the late Sir Walter Raleigh among Literary Critics
By H. L. A. HART 528
Holman Hunt and Pre-Raphaelitism By DELMAR HARMOOD BANNER 546
The Lighter Side of Diplomacy under William III. By MARGERY LANE 558
Alexander the Great as an Explorer
By BRIG.-GENERAL SIR PERCY SYKES, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G. 565
The Black Wind . . . . By SETON GORDON 574

LONDON: CONSTABLE & CO. LTD., ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
PARIS: Messageries Hachette, 111, Rue Reaumur. NEW YORK: Leonard Scott Publication Co.
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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER

I. Reform of the House of Lords. By the Right Hon. Viscount Astor 437
II. The Trades Union Congress, 1927. By Brig.-General. F. G. Stone, C.M.G. 447
III. The Agricultural Problem and its Solution. By Sir Henry Rew, K.C.B. 465
IV. Fascism in its Relation to Freedom. By Maude D. Petre . . . 479
V. The Future of District Nursing. By E. Millicent Jackson . . 494
VI. Birds in Ancient Egypt. By R. E. Moreau 500
VII. Human Personality in Dante's 'Divino Comedy.' By Fion McEachran 508
VIII. Ceremony. By W. Baring Pemberton 519
IX. The Position of the late Sir Walter Raleigh among Literary Critics. By H. L. A. Hart 528
X. Holman Hunt and Pre-Raphaelitism. By Delmar Harmood Banner 546
XI. The Lighter Side of Diplomacy under William III. By Margery Lane 558
XII. Alexander the Great as an Explorer. By Brig.-General Sir Percy Sykes, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G. 565
XIII. The Black Wind. By Seton Gordon 574

London: Constable & Company Limited, 10 & 12 Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C. 2.

Paris: Messageries Hachette, 111, Rue Reaumur. New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co.

Registered for Canadian Magazine Post.

Price Three Shillings.

THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY
AND AFTER

No. DCVIII—October 1927

REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

During the coming months we, of the Unionist Party, must take some far-reaching decisions on what is called the Reform of the Lords. This has been forced upon us by the Government's announcement of its intention [1] to amend the Constitution. Until Lord Cave made his statement no one imagined that the guarded reference by Mr. Baldwin at Perth during the 1924 election committed the party to earlier action than the 'debt of honour' speech of 1911 did the Liberals. Both were vague. Neither speech could authorise subsequently any specific reform. Certainly Conservatives who maintain that no constitutional resolution should be possible without a popular mandate cannot attempt to carry, before the next election, the Cave-Birkenhead-Salisbury proposals to abolish the Royal prerogative, entrench hereditary influence, and give peers almost equal powers in

[1] Mr. Baldwin, House of Commons, July 1927, and previous statements in the Lords.

certifying Money Bills. At the next election Unionists will be compelled to define their attitude. Unless a more acceptable scheme is substituted officially, many who wish to win industrial seats will repudiate the Cabinet's recent proposals.[1]

Unionists who consider the present position constitutionally dangerous must realise that, if a different proposal is not adopted officially in the party programme, our party will return from the next election either pledged against reform or tied up with divergent and irreconcilable policies. Personally, I agree with those who look upon the situation as unsatisfactory. It is worse than Mr. Asquith ever intended it to be. No Second Chamber has yet been brought into existence capable, with certainty, even of maintaining a two years' veto on a dangerous or unjustified Bill, much less of holding it up for effective scrutiny during two years of bitter party war and inevitable political agitation. Those who do not consider a two years' delay to be a sufficient safeguard should realise that the only safeguard must lie in getting during that period a perfectly clear issue before the public. Sane public opinion—and it is sane—can only be aroused effectively if public discussion is chiefly concentrated upon the suspended measure. But in existing circumstances—or by putting heredity in a position of permanent control in a partially reformed Chamber—the suspended Bill will not by any means be the sole topic of discussion.

So long as the hereditary element has a controlling voice in the Upper Chamber the country cannot have the safeguard intended by the Parliament Act. Those Conservatives who think otherwise are living in a fools' paradise and have not visualised the situation as politicians. Any advanced Government whose Bill had been held up by such an Upper House would obviously raise every single point on which it could arouse feeling against that House. The rights, claims, and disabilities of heredity would be thrown into the cauldron of heated and acrimonious discussion.

None can contemplate with equanimity the prospect of the public mind in times of crisis requiring dispassionate reflection being befogged by attacks on hereditary prejudices and privileges. No half-hearted defence based on the merits and doings of a minority of exceptional peers or the admitted services of the barons centuries ago will remove this confusion. The issue of privilege and non-representation would equally be raised against a House of Peers selected out of the existing peerage. If anyone doubts how weak the hereditary principle is, let him read the Lords' debates on the Peeresses' Bill. In their desire to exclude peeresses, Lord Birkenhead and others shattered heredity as a

[1] See the Council of the Nationa Union's meeting of July 1927.

qualification. So an Upper House in which heredity predominates cannot guarantee two years' clear discussion and reflection on a controversial measure. Those cautious Unionists who urge the party to leave things alone must realise this. Leaving things alone may serve immediate party purposes, but cannot be in the country's interest.

The need for some alteration has also been patent ever since the Labour Government found itself with ten representatives out of over 700 peers. Further, no one to-day denies that it is a scandal that one in every seven peers should not even have taken his seat. Usually the absentees are unnoticed. But when some progressive social measure comes up, the House fills mysteriously —unknown persons occupy the benches. On one occasion a string of strangers delayed proceedings appreciably when they took the oath for the first time.

But it is not so much the backwoodsmen launching into the unwonted element of navigation who are likely to run the ship upon the rocks. Some of the most regular and ablest attendants in the Lords are of the extreme die-hard persuasion and the most likely to challenge a crisis. Knowledge of the people gained through the law-courts, representation for years in the Commons of some very safe suburban Conservative seat, or effective service in some distant dependency do not necessarily acquaint men with the ideals, the judgment, the aspirations, of the British people or fit peers thus qualified to take wise action. How little the peers represent or even apprehend the views of the nation was shown by the debate and vote on Lord Fitzalan's motion. A majority of peers honestly thought they were making a popular move. The outcry in the Press and Commons proved how they had misjudged feeling.

The three points on which amendment is needed are the composition of the House ; the question of finance (the Speaker's position and 'tacking') ; and whether, in certain circumstances, a reference to the people should be obligatory.

I believe that reform would be comparatively easy, provided Conservatives admitted certain facts.

We must accept the statement of Lord Bryce's Committee that in a reformed Second Chamber 'no one set of political opinions should be likely to have a marked and permanent predominance, and that (it) should be so composed as not to incur the charge of habitually acting under the influence of party motives.'

Next, the Legislature should not be changed by a mere party majority. The present constitutional position has never been accepted by Conservatives because Liberals imposed the Parliament Act on them by *force majeure*. To-day neither the Liberal

nor the Labour Party will initiate reform, but if a suitable (i.e., a national as opposed to a party and a democratic as opposed to a class) settlement were brought forward they could not reject it. They could not insist upon maintaining the *status quo* and privileges of the peers if a genuine and representative amendment were suggested, or if they were invited to examine such a proposal in conference.

It seems impossible for a type of Conservative to realise that many Liberals and Labourites are (and assuredly consider themselves to be) as patriotic, intelligent, and unrevolutionary as themselves. To appeal only to Conservatives to alter and defend the Constitution antagonises possible allies and augments opponents. A recent letter signed by prominent Conservatives invited the help of 'all Conservatives who do not wish to hand over Second Chamber reform to Socialists.' To paint all Progressives, whether Liberal, Labour, Radical, or Tory Democrat, as 'Socialists' (*i.e.*, wreckers), is to put oneself out of court by a display of ignorance and prejudice. Conservatives who fear their opponents' policies must be prepared to admit it as possible that a Conservative Government might send up a Bill which an actual majority of voters objected to as being dangerous, or wicked, or anti-social, but which the Lords would pass without protest. Recent history shows that the House of Lords would not reject the Conservative Government's proposals even though majority opinion within the nation were offended. In 1900 to 1906 the Conservative Government passed certain measures which were bitterly opposed in the Commons. The Lords let them through. The 1906 election showed that popular sentiment during the preceding years had disapproved entirely of the peers' action in letting these Bills pass. But in the 1906 Parliament, when there was a Liberal Government, the peers rejected Bills dealing with land, voting, temperance, education. They could hardly claim that the Asquith Government, whose Bills they mutilated or rejected, misrepresented public opinion, for the Liberals won the next two elections.

Let me illustrate further the risk of the Lords, as now constituted, misrepresenting majority opinion. Recently in their debates the peers have approved suggestions on which a Conservative Government might conceivably legislate, but with which Liberals and Labour, and some Conservatives—*i.e.*, a majority of voters—would disagree : (1) a measure to legalise all betting, and to open official licensed gambling shops ; (2) a measure to give increased profitable privileges to the liquor interests ; (3) a measure to entrench or augment the power of heredity in the machinery of government.

Not a few Conservatives think they should have a permanent

majority against Labour, because of its revolutionary possibilities. But before this risk existed, when Liberalism alone was the alternative, they considered a party majority in the Lords as being equally vital against the dangers of Liberalism. Impartiality, independence of prejudice, and all-round representation should be an essential in any Second Chamber, but it seems impossible so long as the hereditary element predominates.

Let us also open our eyes to the fact that we are living in the twentieth, not the thirteenth, century, much less in the ' shadowy regions of Teutonic antiquity.' Peers used to be feudal landowners with definite responsibilities, actual duties, real traditions, substantial local and national power. Not so now, though some peers still play an important part in local government as lords lieutenant, chairmen of county councils, as magistrates, as the owners of estates and villages. Some are still as well qualified and as anxious to give public service as their ancestors were. But in the last twenty years some 200 peers have been created. They possess no feudal traditions, no large landed estates (fortunately for them). The barons of 800 years ago were governors and captains, and were the fathers of governors and captains. The peers of the twentieth century are neither. In modern times every generation that succeeds to a title has less of those qualities which justified the House of Lords in the Middle Ages. The wealth of the recently ennobled is represented by shares in joint stock companies, not by agricultural acres and rural cottages. The population no longer turn to their lords and masters for protection, justice, employment, and philanthropy. To-day even the descendants of the feudal barons are breaking up their estates, putting their sons into business instead of looking on them as the rulers either of the countryside or the Empire. Regret it who may, the old days of landed hereditary legislative responsibility are gone, never to return.

Those who raised the issue in the Lords last June have assured us that the majority who voted for Lord Fitzalan's motion were actuated only by a ' readiness to (consider) the interests of the country,' and in those interests proposed a ' disinterested act of self-sacrifice '—*i.e.*, a curtailment of hereditary privileges. They apparently recognised that the nation's and the peers' points of view clash. This is a wise and noteworthy admission. Monarchies are secure to-day in those countries where hereditary power has been abandoned. Our own Monarchy is as safe as it is necessary to the Empire, because the Crown is a symbol, an emblem, of public service, the hub to which all spokes of the Imperial wheel are attached, a tradition honoured above party politics. The Crown is secure, because it does not, and cannot, challenge the House of Commons whether by delaying or amending legislative

measures. But a Second Chamber ought to have the right and the obligation of doing both (to the extent of the Parliament Act). Therefore, just as heredity is suitable for the Crown, it is unsuitable for that portion of the Legislature which must at times come into conflict with the people's elected representatives. Merely to reduce the number of hereditary peers by weeding out the 'lame ducks' and having a House of, say, 300, of which a majority, or even a substantial minority, would be elected by the peers out of their own number, would not get over the difficulty, but would tend to aggravate it. Heredity would still be dominant, and this section would be less independent and progressive than at present. The Conservative peers would be unlikely to elect those of their number who showed independence or originality of thought. The influence of the die-hard and backwood elements, instead of being weakened, would be strengthened. A compact block selected by the Conservative peers would, in fact, determine absolutely the fate of any Bill. Such a proposal would make it impossible to obtain any Liberal or Labour support, without which any constitutional amendment must be impracticable. Not many years ago I believe that a Scottish peer voted for a measure his colleagues disliked, and consequently at the next election he was rejected by his fellow-peers. The result of this method of selection would make the Conservative section more conservative and reactionary, and, the nominated or the popularly elected section not being homogeneous, the progressive or independent elements would be quite powerless to influence decisions.

The material for amendment is at hand. Parliament has discussed it repeatedly. Ireland has just created for itself a bicameral Legislature. Successive Committees have examined all possible alternatives. The Bryce Committee was an important one. For my own part, I should be ready to accept its recommendations. They have not, however, proved acceptable to the nation, probably because they were too complicated. The peers have not adopted them, possibly because they abolished the predominance of heredity. The people want simplicity, not ingenuity; they demand fairness, not feudalism. We can either maintain the position of the peers or we can have a more representative and independent House, one which would be able to make full use of the powers still left by the Parliament Act, as the present one can never do. Unionism must choose between having constitutional safeguards or the preservation of hereditary rights—the peers between national interests or personal privileges. But although, as a permanent basis, heredity offers no solution, yet, as a link with the past, it should have a substantial, though temporary, recognition. It is worth while to shape the procedure

of reform in the way best calculated to preserve what is valuable in the inherited tradition of the House, and to avoid an abrupt breach of continuity.

Of the two alternatives to heredity the Government rejected election and adopted nomination. It was right. An elected Upper House might one day claim equal power with the Commons, and it would not represent a sufficiently different shade of opinion. The type of man and woman needed in a revising Chamber—the trained administrator, the retired Governor or trade union leader, the ex-soldier or sailor, the philanthropist, the business man, professor, traveller—the men and women who have made their mark, and whose experience is so essential in a revising Chamber, would frequently not submit to, or they would be unsuited to, the turmoil of a contested election. Indirect election by county councils might impair our machinery of local government by bringing into it too much party politics. Indirect election, however, need not absolutely be ruled out from further consideration as one of the possible resorts.

Nomination was adopted by the Government presumably because the foregoing objections did not apply to it. The Bryce Committee were afraid that this system would not provide 'any guarantees for the fitness of the nominees and because it would be liable to be employed as a reward for political party services.' These criticisms are cogent, but not insurmountable.

Mr. Baldwin stated [3] that the personnel of the Upper House should be regularly rejuvenated, 'blocks of members going out and new ones coming in at definite periods.' The Cave proposal for nomination seems to have been misunderstood. Many have assumed that the Government of the day would select all the nominated members, even those representative of the Opposition. I imagine that Lord Cave contemplated that each party should select its own nominees. To meet the Bryce objections I suggest that at each periodic replacement the party leaders should prepare panels from which the final selection would be made by a non-party tribunal. This tribunal could be appointed by the Crown on the advice of the Privy Council or Law Lords, or by the Speaker and Lord Chancellor. Its sole duty would be to select the best names on the panels submitted to it.

Let me outline a purely personal proposal for a nominated Upper House. It should be small (not more than 200 to 300).[4] A definite proportion of 5 to 10 per cent. should retire regularly every one, two, or three years (or perhaps 10 to 20 per cent. might retire every three or five years), and be replaced by a new block (previous members being eligible for renomination), each fresh

[3] House of Commons, July 1927.

[4] As recently as 1775 there were 201 peers. Cf. Marriott's *Second Chamber*.

group being proportionately representative of the parties in the Commons at that moment. On a change of Government the new Prime Minister might, on the first renewal, have the right of appointing a larger quota to represent the swing of the electoral pendulum. These new Lords of Parliament would be selected by the tribunal from the party panels, each leader being bound to put on his panel not less than twice, and being allowed to put on not more than thrice, the quota his party was entitled to. This plan would enable party leaders to meet necessary party obligations, but would give a non-party tribunal some latitude in its final selection. One would hope that leaders would not limit their panels to party hacks, but would also select men and women (including peers) of distinction, of proved ability, of tested experience, who perhaps had not been strongly associated with any party. I do not believe that they would attempt to pack the Upper House with caucus men and women, or that, if they did, these would necessarily retain their party bias. Assured membership for a long period would develop independence. Much would turn upon the leaders, at the start, establishing the right tradition by putting forward names that would carry weight and give confidence. In any case, the average would be as high as that of the recent recipients of letters of nobility. I would confer on them life peerages, and call them Lords of Parliament. This would give them real status (like that which a Privy Councillor gets now).

Mr. Baldwin and the Bryce Committee have laid it down that there should be continuity between the old and any new Second Chamber. We must also face the fact that the peers would not be easily induced to part with their entire privileges in one moment. The situation can be easily met by making the first reformed Chamber consist entirely of peers and peeresses selected by themselves out of their own numbers. Afterwards let blocks of peers (selected by ballot) retire periodically, and be replaced by an equivalent number of nominated Lords of Parliament (some of whom would probably be peers). At the end of a definite period (fifteen to thirty years) the reformed Upper Chamber would be composed entirely of Lords of Parliament, all holding life peerages, though many, one hopes, would also be representatives of the old families and aristocracy. The plan I have outlined can be evolved out of the Cave policy, the sole difference being in the relative position of the hereditary peers. I make their inclusion increasingly, and ultimately entirely, dependent upon merit. The Government, on the other hand, proposed to entrench heredity in a dominating position irrespective of personal qualification.

So much for the personnel. If reasonable people of all parties

can agree on a defensible, modern basis for membership of the Upper House, then at once the question of its powers can be debated with less bitterness.

The Commons will never consent to any increase in the statutory powers of the Upper House. That has been made clear. What is not so generally recognised by Conservatives—even the young progressives—is that even the attenuated and limited safeguards of the Parliament Act are non-existent so long as the composition of the Upper House is not altered fundamentally from heredity to a more representative basis. If they decide to try and maintain the *status quo* as regards personnel, they, in fact, are accepting less power than was promised by the Liberal Asquith Cabinet. They reject the safeguard contemplated in 1911. Safety lies not in the right to hold up a Bill for two years, but in the chance of focussing public opinion on its provisions without the distraction of a raging, tearing, confusing debate on the alleged demerits, selfishness, obscurantism, class privilege, of heredity. Conservatives surely should not insist on endangering the Commonwealth by keeping the existing House of Lords intact or by putting heredity in a position of permanent control in a partially reformed Chamber. That the House is not at the moment unpopular is no answer. It is neither popular nor unpopular. It is unconsidered. It is looked upon as a debating club. People recognise that it contains many experts who provide well-toned and instructed debates, as well as many high-minded men. Unfortunately for themselves, when the crisis comes the peers also will find that they have lost the support of many disinterested people through obstructing so many social and moral measures. They have in this generation alienated many of the leaders of progress and reform, of the woman's movement, and of those who look to the spiritual and religious forces for guidance. The peers doubtless were convinced that they were acting rightly, just as the reactionaries last century must have thought they were acting rightly when they rejected measures to abolish slavery and to protect women and children from the exploitation of coal and factory owners, etc. But once let the peers reject a party measure sent up after an electoral victory by a progressive Cabinet under the present Constitution, and the Conservatives of to-day and to-morrow will discover to their cost, and too late, what we found in the 1910 fights, that in industrial constituencies when passion is roused heredity is a losing card.

On finance there seems no solution but a statutory definition of a Money Bill. It might be laid down that a Money Bill is a measure for the purpose of raising revenue for the current year, which has not a political or economic objective as its chief purpose. The alternative proposal for a joint Committee of the two Houses

to assist the Speaker in the determination of a Money Bill, without such a statutory definition, was shown during the recent discussion to be as objectionable to many Conservatives in the Commons as to members of the other parties.

There should be joint sessions in cases of deadlock between the two Houses, both after the first and the last session contemplated by the Parliament Act (with consequential amendments to that statute). Where there was continued disagreement on constitutional issues a general election or referendum might be obligatory. But I should limit this right to electoral decision strictly to questions affecting the Constitution (Crown and Legislature).

I have not attempted to do more than give an outline. The situation should not be left as it is. A Labour victory at the polls would produce a most unsatisfactory constitutional position. The Labour Party would probably leave the House of Lords alone pending the inevitable fight and would select their own issue for that fight. The Upper House would be impotent and a laughing-stock. Overwhelmingly representative of His Majesty's Opposition, it would disapprove of almost every Government measure sent up to it, but fear to touch any effectively until it decided on a final stand over some big issue, and find then that in the final clash its out-of-date composition obscured the judgment of the people. The vital thing is that democracy in a crisis where hasty decision may be irreparable shall have time to think clearly, to think again, to think out; and that it shall have confidence in the general impartiality and fairness from prejudice of a Second Chamber suggesting this reconsideration. I believe that the Liberal and Labour Parties are neither unpatriotic nor unconstitutional, and that they would not reject and would find it impracticable to resist the examination, in a conference, of a fair scheme, provided it included genuine reform and did not entrench or maintain party or class privilege. The acceptable time for this examination is now. And where the safeguarding of the Constitution is at stake the Unionist Party, with its fine traditions, is surely the party to initiate the movement for reform.

ASTOR.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS, 1927

THE Fifty-ninth Trades Union Congress opened at Edinburgh on September 5, 1927.

So much water has flowed under the bridges since the Trades Union Congress of 1926 that the proceedings of the 1927 Congress are of exceptional interest in respect to events which have intervened and exercised the minds of trade unionists and of the public during that period, creating a condition of expectancy as to how Congress would deal with them, more intense than has been evinced on any previous occasion.

Foremost among these events were the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act, 1927; the severance of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Government of Russia, and the deliberate provocation offered by Soviet spokesmen to the British Trade Union General Council; the serious falling off in trade union membership since the General Strike; the formation of non-political unions; and the Prime Minister's appeal for peace in industry.

The President, Mr. George Hicks, in his address to Congress, after commenting on the losses in membership and the financial straits from which so many of the affiliated organisations were suffering in consequence of 'the stress of the last few years,' said that the outstanding event of the year affecting trade unionism had been the attack of the Tory Government by means of the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act.

After the enactment of that reactionary measure they had, it seemed, to tread warily. What they did previously in the full light of day must, it seemed, be now done underground, by dubious means, and in the dark. That was what the law had brought about.

That Congress would consider the necessary steps to be taken to adapt the trade union movement to the new conditions created by that Act of Parliament. Congress would, he knew, be wise in its decisions. But whatever methods it might be possible to agree upon—even though they were of the tamest character in compliance with, and abject submission to, that tyrannical Act, if that were conceivable—the matter did not end there. There were forces in society stronger than themselves, those very forces which brought the trade union movement to birth and caused its growth, in spite of continuous oppression and persecution, which shaped its destiny and transformed it into the powerful, widespread, and all-

embracing movement that it was to-day, and those forces could not be shackled by legislation. They were stronger than the Government, stronger than the powers of the capitalist State. And they would be certain to find expression no matter what attempts were made to check and crush them.

Sooner or later, and rather soon than late, the complete futility of the Act would be made apparent. Even the Government would presently realise that it was futile to legislate against the spread of ideas, or to try to stop by legislation the growth of class consciousness among the workers. No Government could illegalise sympathy or prevent the sympathetic action which arose from the development of comradeship and solidarity among the workers. How the Act would operate had yet to be seen. Of this he was certain—every attempt to put it into operation, either against individual trade unionists, against individual trade unions, or the organised trade union movement as a whole, would add strength to the opposition that had been aroused in the country, would stimulate trade union propaganda, and would lead ultimately to the triumph of their movement. Let any of their men be persecuted, let any of their unions be attacked, and just that element would be provided that would sweep the measure out of existence along with its authors.

The President then went on to deplore the conditions in the coalfields, where there were a quarter of a million unemployed.

These men and their dependants were the victims of the tragedy of the present ownership and management; . . . the solution of the problem could only be found in treating the mining industry as a single national service and by scientific reorganisation on the lines of the proposals embodied in the scheme for a national coal power and transport system framed by the organised Labour movement.

Not a word about the loss of markets consequent on the Coal Strike!

Coming to the question of slums and general unemployment, he laid all the blame on the capitalist system, which 'simply showered wealth in increasing quantities on those who did no work, but lived idly upon interests, profits, and rents.' The trade union movement, however, could 'guarantee to all our people a comfortable existence under modern conditions and modern conceptions of civilisation so that they might live healthy and happy lives.' We seem to have heard something like this before the Socialist Party came into office; the Socialists had in their pockets the panacea for all working-class troubles, and the knowledge that this was so secured them many votes at the polls; but when they came into office and were called upon to deliver the goods, they protested that they could not 'produce rabbits out of a hat.'

The President then passed on to emphasise the necessity of developing to the utmost the resources of the organised trade

union movement, and of making it an instrument capable not merely of winning electoral battles, but able to exercise industrial pressure and economic power to secure the realisation of the legitimate demands of the common people.

Nor is it merely in a political sense that we must press forward. Our trade unions have not yet reached the limit of their development. Rather I would say that we are just at the beginning of the constructive period of trade unionism. More and more the workers are aiming at obtaining a share in the control and administration of industry through the trade unions. Training in management and administration is absolutely essential as a preliminary step towards industrial freedom. Not until the workers fit themselves to deal with the problems of management and the conduct of industry will they be capable of controlling industry.

This exhortation led by an easy transition to a well-reasoned plea for co-operation between employers and trade unionists by means of 'direct exchange of practical views between representatives of the great organised bodies who have responsibility for the conduct of industry and know its problems at first hand.'

But the speaker remarked that 'nothing had been done to establish effective machinery of joint conference between the representative organisations entitled to speak for industry as a whole,' and one might have expected that he would be able to point to some resolution on the agenda which would empower the Council to give concrete effect to the pious aspirations above expressed; but such was not the case, and we are reluctantly compelled to admit a certain amount of scepticism in regard to the genuineness of any intention to cause these aspirations to materialise.

He also declared that 'it is important that our movement should frame a clear-cut and coherent policy on practical lines,' but so far as one can gather no executive action is contemplated until some future Congress shall signify its approval of a policy which has yet to be formulated.

This subject will be further considered when the reply to Mr. Baldwin's message is discussed.

The President urged the importance of intensive recruiting to increase the membership of the unions, and then made out a strong case for thinking and acting in terms of internationalism. This gave him an opportunity for censuring the Government for the manner in which both the Chinese situation and their relations with Russia had been handled.

The President then dealt with the question of Anglo-Russian relations, and while confessing that the Russian methods were not suited to other countries, made a strong appeal to his audience to view this question 'in the biggest and most generous way': he asked his hearers to remember that the Russians had been

reared in a hard and terrible school;' that exile, imprisonment, and death had been the rewards meted out to those who actively engaged in the workers' struggles against the old Tsardom; and told them that they ought to bear in mind that those responsible for the leadership of Soviet Russia see the world with that experience as a background. This was certainly very good special pleading, not only for the Soviet Government, but very much more for the attitude of the General Council of the British Trade Unions, which has hitherto made itself an object of contempt and derision by its abject surrender to a bloodstained Communist autocracy falsely describing itself as a Government of workers and peasants, a euphemism which Mr. George Hicks himself employed when he went on to plead that, all unused as they were to the arts of government and the ways of diplomacy, new to the management of industry, unfamiliar with the conduct of a vast industrial economy, unversed in the military art, it had nevertheless fought the chaos of war and revolution, famine, pestilence and disease, and held its own against the opposition of world capitalism. It will be news to the world in general and to millions of Russians in particular that the years of Soviet government have 'created the conditions for a great advance in human happiness, culture and civilisation in Russia.' The final note was struck in these words:

Whatever happens, the conquests of the Russian workers must be defended and maintained.

With the perverted ingenuity which is reminiscent of Moscow teaching, the President then proceeded to attack the governing men of every country, 'statesmen, soldiers, naval men, and diplomatists who seemed to possess abnormal homicidal tendencies,' under whose influence 'there had been growing up a new and deadlier militarism . . . which had power to involve all the people in this country and in other countries in another world-war.' One rubs one's eyes and wonders whether Mr. Hicks and the people who listen to him are aware that the Soviet Government of Russia is the determined opponent of the League of Nations, and has quite recently been carrying the fiery cross of war throughout the land, and that this despotic Government is at the present moment the greatest menace to the peace of the whole world and the insuperable obstacle against which the unremitting efforts of the apostles of disarmament are powerless.

The first day's proceedings concluded with a discussion on the Report of the Blanesborough Committee on Unemployment Insurance, of which Miss Bondfield, M.P., was one of the three Labour members. A resolution was moved protesting against 'the action of the Labour representatives in signing such a

[illegible]pisable report' and calling upon Congress to guard against such people' in future representing the workers on important issues. Miss Bondfield made a spirited and well-reasoned defence . her action, concluding:

You have no right to use the words that have been used. On that ommittee I gave twelve months' gratuitous service, and I believe I have one the best in the interests of the unemployed. If we are not to be lowed to consider such questions according to our own discretion, we will ot take dictation from those people who obviously by their speeches have ver properly considered the whole ramifications of this question.

On a card vote the motion was carried by 1,836,000 votes to ,419,000, but there is no doubt that Miss Bondfield scored a great ioral victory, and that her reputation has been enhanced and ot impaired by her action on the Committee and by her convincing defence of that action at the Congress.

On September 6 a considerable amount of time was taken up uring the morning session by the discussion of a motion to refer back' that portion of the General Council's Report which ealt with 'organisation by industry,' in which it was stated that o general scheme of organisation by industry was practicable, nd that progress could be made by gradual adaptation to new onditions rather than by a scheme of transformation. The iotion drew from Mr. Bevin (Transport Workers) the interesting omment that 'if there was one industry which was putting a mit to the tackling of its own problems of by-products and of lectrical power, it was the miners, who held that the end of their idustry was at the pithead or round about the mine.' A cathing indictment which naturally touched some of the miners' elegates on the raw, but Mr. Bevin. unperturbed by their angry rotests, replied:

'ou cannot solve this problem by sitting down in Great Ormond Street nd framing four-line resolutions,

remark which caused some laughter.

The motion, which was practically a vote of censure on the ieneral Council, was defeated by 2,062,000 against 1,809,090 on a ırd vote.

A resolution on organisation was then discussed at some ngth, which was opposed by the General Council and negatived ithout a card vote.

The question of the reply to Mr. Baldwin's appeal for coperation to bring about industrial peace was at length reached. he text of the appeal which was made in the Prime Minister's peech at Douglas Castle on August 27, when he spoke of the oming Trades Union Congress, whose leaders were in a position

'to exercise a great influence on the prosperity or on the adversity of our common country,' is as follows:

The task of the statesman is to preserve the slowly won gains of the thought and the toil of generations of men and to add to them. The worth of the supreme gains is the art of co-operating together for a common and a worthy end, and what more worthy end than the peaceful development of our own British industry? To that masters and men can make equal contribution, and wild and menacing language, if obeyed, could reproduce disaster. I look to the leaders of the trade unions, whose responsibility, like my own, is precisely equal to their position and their power, to give a lead in this sense.

A brief summary of the official attitude of the General Council to this question has already been given in the extracts from the President's address, and we now must give it the fuller consideration which is demanded by the importance of the subject and the treatment which was accorded to it by Congress.

The following resolution was proposed on behalf of the Council by Mr. Bevin and seconded by Mr. Thomas, no other speeches being made for or against.

Mr. E. Bevin (Transport and General Workers) moved:

This Congress, having noted the repeated appeals of the Prime Minister to the leaders of Labour on the subject of collaboration for industrial peace, points out that no section of the community is more desirous of industrial peace than the workers. It is compelled, however, to inform Mr. Baldwin that the greatest hindrance to a response to these appeals is the legislative and industrial policy pursued by him and his Government, and especially their attacks on the wage standards and liberties of the workers, and the deliberate class bias displayed in the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act. *The immediate repeal of such repressive legislation* would be the best evidence of the sincerity and honesty of Mr. Baldwin and his Government. Failing this, Congress declares that the country should be given an immediate opportunity of pronouncing a verdict upon the present Government's policy.

The reply of Congress is practically a vote of censure on Mr. Baldwin and a demand for the immediate repeal of the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act, failing which an appeal to the country must be made without delay. The resolution was carried unanimously. Mr. Bevin was at great pains to show that the trade unions were very far from being aggressive organisations, but, on the contrary, had been compelled on thousands of occasions to fight employers to get recognition in order to establish methods of conciliation and rights of representation, and he suggested that for every actual stoppage that took place there were thousands of cases settled across the table that the public never heard anything about. He declared that there was political policy in every one of Mr. Baldwin's appeals, and that there had been more retrogressive legislation during his period of

office affecting industrial conditions than possibly in any period of the same kind in this country; that Mr. Baldwin had been responsible more than any other man for bringing about the industrial troubles through which we had passed during the last three or four years. He might have given Mr. Cook honourable mention in this connexion. Mr. Bevin proceeded:

'We will meet our employers across the table and face them with our problems. I agree with many of our leading industrialists, not what are called capitalists, but the management side of industry, which is somewhat distinct. The management side of industry have got a great deal in common with ourselves. They are exploited by capital as much as we are exploited. A good many of those on the management side agree that every time Mr. Baldwin speaks, every time he makes an appeal, his character and his acts have been such that the very speeches create suspicion and set back the chance of industrial collaboration with the management side of industry.

One is irresistibly reminded of the German denunciation of Lord Grey as a modern Machiavelli.

Mr. Thomas, in seconding the resolution, said that all delegates and members of the rank and file would ask themselves when Mr. Baldwin made his appeal: 'Was he earnest, was he sincere, or was he really troubled in his own conscience because of the action of his own Government?' Mr. Thomas is apparently willing to give Mr. Baldwin the benefit of the doubt in so far as his personal character is concerned.

Mr. Thomas repeated what the mover of the resolution had said, to the effect that for every dispute that the public heard about there were thousands settled simply because of the anxiety of the leaders for industrial peace.

Mr. Thomas went on to say that there were a hundred and one ways whereby the relationship between employers and employees could be improved; this could not be effected by a Parliament of Labour, nor by outside people coming in, but by those on both sides engaged in the industry meeting together to hammer the problems out. He wound up by asking Mr. Baldwin to challenge the verdict of the electorate on the Trade Unions Act, and promised that the unions would abide by the result.

We have then the curious spectacle of Mr. Citrine, before the opening of Congress, assuring us that trade unionism is not merely a fighting machine, as its detractors would have us believe, but that it has 'a more practical and positive contribution to make to the solution of industrial problems and to the development of economic life, and the unions must face their responsibilities in this direction.'

The President in his opening speech endorses this pronouncement, believing that discussions between the organised bodies of

employers and workmen 'might yield useful results in showing how far and on what terms co-operation is possible in a common endeavour to improve the efficiency of industry and to raise the workers' standard of life.'

Mr. Bevin says: 'We will meet our employers across the table and face them with our problems.' And Mr. Thomas follows with similar sentiments, asking only that 'both sides engaged in the industry should meet together and hammer out their differences.'

Is not this what Mr. Baldwin has all along been urging them to do?

The casual reader of the reports of the proceedings of Congress published in the daily Press has been apt to run away with the idea that there has been a complete change of heart in the responsible trade union leaders; but is there any real change? What does it all amount to?

The Prime Minister's invitation to Congress to co-operate in securing industrial peace is at once made a political issue, and serves as an opening for the most outrageous attack on Mr. Baldwin's singleness of mind and a demand for a change of Government. No attempt was made to give practical effect to the aspirations expressed by the four spokesmen of the gospel of co-operation, and Congress is not committed to anything.

But all the same there is a certain significance in the agreement in principle expressed in the foregoing speeches, and in Mr. Bevin's distinction between the 'management side' in industry and the 'capitalist side,' which is illuminating. Is it not intended to suggest to Congress that when the workers have fitted themselves 'to deal with the problems of management and the conduct of industry' and become 'capable of controlling industry' (see President's address) they may come to joint working agreements with 'the management side of industry' (which Mr. Bevin says has 'got a good deal in common with ourselves; they are exploited by capital as much as we are exploited; their brains are exploited'), and thus really control industry, placing capital in an entirely subordinate position? The idea of 'hiring capital' is popular among the Marxist school of economists, and is quite a suitable subject for a Socialist debating society; but, to put the idea into practice, the existence of the capital is a first desideratum, and its willingness to be hired is the second; any threat of conscription would drive it out of the country.

However, it is quite clear that there is actually a new spirit making itself felt in industry, which is constructive in its character and will refuse to accept class war as taught by Moscow as the goal of trade unionism.

After the attack on Mr. Baldwin and all his works, it was refreshing to come to a really valuable debate on the Minority Movement, which, as most people know, is thoroughly communistic in its character and completely under the control of the Red International of Moscow. The discussion was of a distinctly ively character, and was started by a motion to reject that part of the Report which contained the refusal of the General Council to extend recognition to trade councils which are affiliated to the Minority Movement.

Mr. V. Beacham (Painters' Union) moved the rejection, and denied that the Minority Movement represented an outside body (*i.e.*, Moscow), and claimed that there was room inside trade unionism for a majority and minority opinion.

Mr. W. Allan (Miners' Federation) then mounted the rostrum to second the motion, when Mr. Herbert Smith (President of the Miners' Federation) intervened to make it 'clearly understood that Mr. Allan was not speaking for the Miners' Federation.' Mr. Allan retorted that he had intended to make it clear that he was only expressing his personal views, and that the miners' group had not yet decided what their attitude should be to this question.

Mr. Herbert Smith, who was a prominent figure last year in connexion with the Miners' Strike, stated that he could see no difference between the Minority Movement and Communism. They both got their orders from Moscow, and he refused 'to be dictated to by Moscow whose object was to destroy the trade union movement.' It will be seen how far Mr. Smith has moved away from Mr. Cook, the 'humble disciple of Lenin,' since the disastrous results of last year's coal strike have come home to him.

Mr. Smith then, pointing to Mr. Pollitt and those associated with him, said: 'You have to take your orders from certain people [*i.e.*, Moscow]. You are fighting this movement [*i.e.* the trade union movement] more than you are fighting employers.'

Mr. Citrine (Secretary of the Congress) said that various resolutions passed by the Red International were forwarded to the Minority Movement, and were passed on by them to delegates who got into the Congress. The paid members of the Minority Movement did not dare to alter a line, a comma, or a dot in the resolutions which they received for the purpose of having them brought forward in Congress.

Mr. Pollitt tried to defend himself against the accusation that he was fighting against trade unionism, but he was opposed to the leadership which was bringing trade unionism to defeat. If an instruction came from Moscow with which he agreed, he

would not hesitate to carry it out. Mr. Pollitt's statement produced some derisive laughter.

Mr. Thomas said that there was no desire to suppress minority opinion in the Congress, and every facility was given for the expression of such opinion ; our trade union machinery was more democratic than that of Russia. But the question at issue was whether the Minority Movement was helping or injuring trade unionism.

Mr. Herbert Smith requested that the vote might be deferred until the next day, when the considered opinion of the miners' delegates would be available. This was agreed to, and on Wednesday the card vote was taken on the motion to refer back (*i.e.*, reject) the section of the General Council's Report which declared that affiliation to the National Minority Movement was not consistent with the policy of the Congress. The motion was defeated by 3,746,000 votes to 148,000. This is the most decisive defeat that the Communists have sustained, and although it will not completely eliminate the Communist element, it will greatly increase the prestige of the General Council and inspire a greater degree of confidence in trade unionism than was possible so long as it was open to destructive alien influence. This confidence will be enhanced by the Council's decision to terminate the existence of the Anglo-Russian Trade Union Committee.

A motion by Miss Birch (Workers' Union) reflecting on the evidence given by representatives of the Council before the committees appointed to consider the public system of education in relation to the requirements of trade and industry was heavily defeated.

Mr. Bowen, speaking for the General Council, deprecated Miss Birch's attack, and caused some amusement by saying that they ' could not relate the question of class warfare to a problem in geometry.' This incident was useful in showing that Congress would not support any wild ideas of making the State-supported schools into class-conscious political forcing-houses, and will perhaps have a sobering effect on some of the politically-minded teachers.

Congress was then addressed by fraternal delegates from various countries. By far the most valuable and interesting contribution was from Mr. J. Sassenbach (Germany), the delegate of the International Federation of Trade Unions. It will be recalled by readers who have followed the course of the campaign for merging the Second (Amsterdam) International into the Third (Moscow) Red International which was pursued by the British representatives, in opposition to the large majority of Continental representatives, for the last two years, that the Red movement received a decisive defeat. It was deplorable that the British

representatives should hold the brief for Moscow, and thus create the impression of an Anglo-Russian trade union alliance against the Continental *bloc*. Mr. Sassenbach, however, assured Congress that all assertions about anti-British feelings among the Continental comrades were, to put it mildly, pure inventions which he thought had been engineered and put into circulation by those whose interests would be served by making it impossible that there should be a good understanding and solidarity between the workers of Great Britain and the Continental countries. He was, of course, thinking of Moscow intrigues, and he showed a singularly broad mind and clear vision when he added:

> A serious mistake would be made if it was believed that, because the Continental movement was not in agreement with a few individuals who happened to be of British nationality, this should signify the prevalence of an anti-British feeling on the Continent.

One could not wish for a more appropriate description of our Red British representatives than 'a few individuals who happened to be of British nationality'; and the enormous majority of nearly two millions by which Congress approved the recommendation of the Council to break off relations with Russia, on the following day, was a clear proof of how little these so-called 'representatives' had really represented the feeling of British trade unionism.

Mr. Sassenbach again put 'his finger on the spot' when

> he believed that there were among British trade union leaders some who pretended to be experts upon trade union matters in the Far East or in Russia, but he was sorry to say that he had not had the pleasure of meeting many British comrades who happened to be experts on trade union matters in countries such as Germany, Austria, Sweden and Holland, not to speak of Belgium and France, all of which were affiliated to the same International to which the British movement belonged.

With reference to the hegemony of the Red International which the British representatives willingly accepted and were desirous of forcing upon their Continental comrades, Mr. Sassenbach remarked that 'there was a song to the effect that the British never would be slaves; they might substitute any other nationality for the word "British," because the workers of the Continent did not want to be slaves either of capitalists or of *any other body of men*' (meaning the Red International of Moscow).

The unerring precision with which this courteous and friendly German delegate touched off the weak points of some of our trade union leaders, who have preferred Moscow to Amsterdam, will scarcely fail to leave its mark, and may help to influence them towards striving for peace at home instead of helping to foment war in China at Moscow's instigation. Mr. Tom Mann should, if

possible, meet Mr. Sassenbach: the latter would be a more wholesome comrade than Borodin or Cheng.

On Thursday, September 8, Congress was addressed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., in a purely political party speech, which convinced one more than ever that it was a bad day for the trade union movement when it made industry the drudge of politics. After the stock-in-trade abuse of the party in power, he said that the Labour Party had pledged itself, if returned to power, that the Trade Disputes Act, 'that black-legging charter, would not continue to disgrace the Statute Book.' He also uttered the terrible threat that 'if the Government entrenches the Tory Party in the Second Chamber, we shall regard it as a revolutionary act'; and he proceeded to explain what would happen if the Labour Party's amendments are not accepted.

Congress then turned to the all-important question of relations with the All-Russian Council of Trade Unions, and the discussion of that portion of the Report of the General Council which advises 'that no useful purpose will be served by continuing negotiations with the All-Russian Council so long as their present attitude and policy are maintained.'

Mr. Citrine (Congress Secretary) opened the discussion by stating that practically the same men who took the initiative two years ago in establishing the Anglo-Russian Joint Advisory Committee, now came before Congress to report that 'in their considered opinion no good purpose could be served by continuing that committee while the present attitude of the Russian trade union movement was maintained.' Mr. Citrine laid emphasis on the fact that two years of patient, earnest striving to bring about an understanding, have convinced the Council that it is impossible to go on, and that it was no question of injured dignity which induced the Council to recommend the breaking off of negotiations. One accepts this proposition unhesitatingly, inasmuch as the Council never, during those two years, showed the slightest sensitiveness in regard to its dignity, but appeared only too pleased to make of itself a doormat upon which the Russians could wipe their dirty feet.

Mr. Citrine continued:

> *What separates us is a very different conception as to the functions of the Anglo-Russian Committee. Some of us believed when we first began* our negotiations with the Russians that the differences which revealed themselves were of a superficial character, which contact between us would remove. But we are now able to realise that these differences go very much deeper than was revealed on the surface. The first difference of conception springs out of the whole background of the Russian revolutionary movement.

British trade unionism was in love with an ideal, and thought

it saw in the Soviet Government of Russia the realisation of that ideal. It endowed the object of its adoration with all the human and divine attributes which belonged to the Utopia of its dreams, and fell down and worshipped the image which it had set up. It had taken two years of painful experience of its mistress at close quarters to shatter the illusion. The time would have been considerably shortened, however, if political considerations had not intervened, as Mr. Thomas explained later on:

Six months ago the General Council were on the verge of breaking with Russia, but those who took that view said that *rather than play the Tory game they would eat their own words and subordinate their views*, and they sent some of their colleagues to Berlin to reach an agreement with the Russians.

Truly a humiliating confession, showing how impossible it is to touch pitch and not be defiled!

Mr. Citrine continued to explain in great detail and with conspicuous ability the nature of the fundamental difference which separated them from Moscow, which may be briefly summarised as follows:

1. The Russian trade unions believe that Moscow is a stage upon which the revolutionary battle of the workers has been fought, and consider that it is the right of the Russian movement to dictate its policy to the rest of the world. The conception of the British trade union movement is radically different, and relies on the principle of autonomy in its units.

2. The Russians had regarded the Anglo-Russian Committee as the nucleus of a new International, with functions extending over the whole world and not confined to Great Britain and Russia, whereas the British had never regarded the Committee as a rival to the International Federation of Trade Unions. The Russians also wish to set up an Anglo-Russian mining committee and promote active propaganda in the Miners' Federation by people not within the Federation.

3. The British Trades Union Congress is prepared to cooperate when some practical result of co-operation is possible, but declines to be dragooned and treated as a subservient branch of the Communist Party.

Mr. Clynes made a remarkably robust speech, very much to the point, and said that there was only one element of surprise in the decision of the General Council, and that was that it came so late in the day. He concluded by saying that he could not understand the mentality which denounced murder in one country and excused it when committed in another country. Murder was murder, wherever it took place.

Mr. Cook (who succeeds Mr. Smillie on the General Council)

urged that the question at issue should be left for the consideration of the new General Council. This, of course, might have been expected of him.

Mr. Cramp (National Union of Railwaymen) made it clear that his union was in absolute agreement with the action of the General Council in breaking off relations with Russia, but had decided not to support it

because they believed that if a definite break were made with Russia at this time it would be the greatest moral gesture that could be made in support of the Baldwin Government's policy. It would be interpreted as an encouragement to the Government to go on with warlike preparations [*sic*]. This was not condemnation of the General Council, who had gone far along the road of humiliation and abasement in carrying on negotiations with the Russians.

If the railwaymen's vote had been given in accordance with their opinions, the approval of the action of Congress signified by card vote would have been almost unanimous. But what can be said for the mentality of people who will vote contrary to their convictions for fear that they may appear to be in agreement with a political opponent ?

Mr. Bromley, M.P. (Locomotive Engineers and Firemen), however, made a strong and sensible speech in support of the action of the Council ; and Mr. Bevin followed, saying that 'there were two distinct moral standards in the business which they were discussing. One was the British, which was to differ and to hammer out their differences, but when a decision was arrived at, to abide by it loyally. *The Russian standard was that the end justified the means.*'

A card vote was then taken, and the proposal of the General Council to break off relations was approved by a majority of 1,931,000.

It was therefore in the nature of an anticlimax when Mr. Pollitt moved a resolution deploring the step taken by the British Government in breaking off diplomatic relations with the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, and asking for the appointment of a Select Committee to investigate the evidence upon which the Government had acted. Referring to the vote just taken, Mr. Pollitt said that the decision would be interpreted in the camp of the enemy as a policy to go ahead with the preparations for defeating Russia

In spite of the action of the Congress, the Anglo-Russian Committee would once more be built.

The resolution was carried without opposition. Comment appears superfluous !

After discussion of a few other resolutions of interest, a card

vote was taken on Mr. Bevin's proposal to instruct the General Council to help a policy having for its object the creation of a European public opinion in favour of Europe becoming an economic entity. The only opposition to this proposal was made on the ground that it was against international unity in the wider sense, but no one suggested as an amendment that the British Empire should be made one economic unit. Possibly such an amendment would have smacked of Imperialism.

Congress then considered, in private session, a proposal for a levy of one shilling on the membership of affiliated unions in order to finance a northern edition of the *Daily Herald ;* after discussion the resolution was withdrawn.

On Friday, September 9, several questions of minor importance were dealt with prior to the principal item on the agenda : the Trade Disputes Act. A resolution condemning the Act was moved by Mr. A. B. Swales for the General Council and seconded by Mr. Clynes. It has been noticeable throughout how much more bitter the politicians are than the pure trade unionists ; this is, of course, due to the fact that the politicians (*i.e.*, the Parliamentary Labour Party) are dependent upon the unions for financial support, and the legislation on the political levy simply stinks in their nostrils, though probably the majority of trade union members—and their wives—regard it as a relief measure from unwelcome extortion. Mr. Clynes openly advocated resistance to the law, but used a two-edged argument when he said :

> We have opposed the Act because the condition which distinguishes a free man from a slave is the right of the free man to sell or withhold his labour as he pleases.

This is precisely one of the most important reasons for passing the Act : to emancipate the working man from the tyranny of his union, which absolutely refuses to accord him any liberty ' to sell or withhold his labour as he chooses.'

Mr. Clynes came down to the real point at issue when he concluded that the best answer they could make to the section dealing with the political levy ' would be to raise the contribution for their political purposes, in order to make good for what might be a less number of contributions under the new system.'

The resolution was carried unanimously.

A further resolution, particularly condemning clause 5, which excludes Civil Service unions from affiliation to the Congress, was moved by Mr. Bowen (Secretary of the Postal Workers' Union) and carried unanimously.

The non-political unions were attacked by Mr. Jagger (Distributive Workers), who moved that Congress should discourage in

every possible way the formation of new trade unions, and should refuse to allow the affiliation of any trade union composed of members who had broken away from an existing union affiliated to Congress. He said the object of the motion was to make it more difficult for unions such as company unions and 'Spencer' unions to get into the Congress. Mr. Cook seconded, and the motion was agreed to.

This was the prelude to a more determined attack on the Seamen's Union, which Mr. Tomkins (Furnishing Trades) and Mr. Pollitt (Boilermakers) wanted to expel, and to form an emergency section of the Transport and General Workers' Union in order to organise the seamen on a trade union basis under the control of the General Council.

Mr. Citrine, speaking for the General Council, added greatly to the reputation which he has made for himself as Secretary of the Council by the manner in which he handled this difficult question. The animosity of the left wing and communistic elements towards Mr. Havelock Wilson's National Seamen's Union has intensified in venom since his great fight against the Minority Movement, which tried to destroy it; and the active work of the Industrial Peace Union and the loan of 10,000*l.* by the Seamen's Union to Mr. Spencer's non-political Miners' Union have brought this animosity to a white heat. Mr. Citrine dealt firmly with the situation raised by Mr. Cook in demanding a suspension of the standing orders, and for the moment the question was shelved, but only to be renewed in another aspect on the following day.

On Saturday, the last day of the Congress, the 'New Spirit in Industry' was the main topic for discussion. Mr. Johnson (Furnishing Trades) moved a resolution in condemnation of the propaganda for industrial peace which,

> while accepting the inevitability of negotiations between employers and employed under the capitalist system, nevertheless affirms that the workers should not rely on any 'new spirit' in industry, but on the consolidation and improvement of the trade union movement itself. . . . The Congress therefore condemns all 'industrial peace' arrangements having as their basis the indefinite continuance of capitalism and wage slavery.

The mover of the resolution at once plunged into an attack on Mr. Havelock Wilson, and declared that 'any trade union leader who lent himself to such a policy [*i.e.*, industrial peace] was a Judas to his class.'

Mr. Cook seconded the resolution, and made a venomous attack on the Scottish miners' leaders for coming to terms with the owners.

An amendment was moved by Mr. Bailey (Weavers' Association) to omit all those parts which condemned industrial peace. This was seconded by Mr. Beard (Workers' Union), who aptly remarked: 'Any fool can start a strike, but it takes a little bit of common-sense, and sometimes of courage, to settle one.'

Mr. Ben Turner (Textile Operatives) then made the great speech of the day, opposing both the resolution and the amendment. He said he was going to work for industrial peace as long as he lived; he was all for the new spirit in industry, and objected to the 'constant nagging against our own people: it is our business to have comradeship and fellowship.' The whole speech was inspired by the desire 'to lead our people towards a sober, steady, upright, and successful life, not alone financially, but spiritually and socially.' Truly a great speech, which will inspire millions.

Mr. Robert Smillie, who was received with loud and prolonged cheers, appealed for more toleration in their movement; he characterised Mr. Cook's remark about the Scottish mining leaders as 'a lying statement,' which caused interruptions on the part of Mr. Cook and some of his friends, and a sarcastic remark from Mr. Bevin addressed to the interrupters: 'A lot of mud has been thrown all the week, and now you cannot take your gruel, you are a lot of cowards.'

Mr. Smillie resumed, saying that he had been willing at all times either to negotiate on a claim put forward by the men or to face a claim put forward by the employers. There ought never to be a stoppage by their people in any industry so long as they could secure fair terms by negotiation; he would prefer to see that course taken rather than that hunger and starvation should be imposed on their womenfolk by a strike.

The 'previous question' was then moved and carried by a large majority, the resolution and amendment being lost.

Thus ended the most eventful Congress, in a certain sense, which has been held since the war. Almost for the first time in its history, Congress was soberly realist. Without passing any formal resolution to bring about effective co-operation in industry, an atmosphere of goodwill towards peace was created by the President and the Secretary as officials, and notably emphasised by Mr. Ben Turner, of the General Council. Congress showed a marked sympathy with the lead thus given, and nothing but impatience with the noisy minority of wreckers. Minority movements and communistic affiliations have been definitely ruled out by an immense majority. Class war, militant action, and the policy of overthrowing capitalism have been completely and emphatically discredited.

It seems quite clear that if the President had been able to

have a free hand, he would have given a decisive lead towards some constructive proposal for co-operation in industry, but this would not have suited the Parliamentary Labour Party, which cannot afford to admit that any good thing can come out of Mr. Baldwin, and therefore could not agree to the President even appearing to take his cue from the Prime Minister's invitation to 'seek peace and ensue it.'

Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Clynes and Mr. Thomas were more concerned with the fate of their party at the polls than with any constructive proposals for promoting the prosperity of industry and improving the lot of the working-men members of trade unions; and they accordingly had their fling, but they did not enhance their reputation for political wisdom or sincerity of purpose. The Parliamentary Labour Party will clearly be the principal obstacle in the immediate future to a good understanding between the Government and the trade unions, and between Capital and Labour.

F. G. Stone.

THE AGRICULTURAL PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION

One of the effects of the war was to arouse the interest of the nation in the position of agriculture. For at least three generations the vast majority of the people, engrossed in commerce and industry and content that their food supplies were assured in any circumstances, regarded agriculture as a kind of 'side-show' which provided a somewhat squalid occupation for those who had the singular taste to like that sort of life, or were not talented enough to engage successfully in any other pursuit. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century the lamentations of distressed farmers, caught in the meshes of new economic conditions, reached the Press and were the subject of much talk and some action in Parliament, but the general public remained indifferent. Reports of agricultural depression were airily dismissed with the remark that 'farmers are always grumbling.'

In the first decade of the present century agriculture gradually recovered from the crisis of the nineties. Farmers recognised that they had to make the best of things under new conditions, and realised that they must do so without any sympathy from the rest of the community.

During the war the nation awoke to the importance of agriculture. It did not do so immediately. Indeed, at first it appeared that enemy action was not likely to cause serious anxiety about our oversea food supplies. The loss of shipping was less than had been expected, and rates of insurance against risk of capture or destruction were low. It seemed that the confidence expressed by the Royal Commission on Food Supplies in Time of War in the ability of the Navy to safeguard the trade routes was justified. But at that time neither the Commission nor the Admiralty foresaw the submarine and its potential development. Losses by its agency rapidly increased, and in 1916 no less than 2,306,000 gross tons of merchant shipping were sunk, of which more than half were British. It is true that shipbuilding proceeded apace, especially in the United States and Japan, and even Great Britain, with all her other preoccupations, launched 608,000 tons in 1916. But for many months losses heavily over-balanced replacements,

and the outlook from February to April 1917 especially was disturbing. Germany opened her intensive submarine campaign on February 1, 1917, and the destruction of shipping reached its maximum in the following April with a total loss during the month of 886,616 gross tons, of which five-eighths were British. Thereafter the Navy began to get the upper hand and the rate of destruction declined, although it was not until July 1918 that it fell below the rate of replacement.

Here I may be pardoned a digression. Writers on this phase of the war usually suggest that the intensive submarine campaign came ' within an ace of success.' Most Englishmen think it was a crime, and probably most Germans now realise it was a blunder. But if it is recorded in history that it nearly succeeded, it is to be feared that in any future war (which God forbid) no scruples would prevent an enemy from trying again the same method. As a matter of fact it did not come within measurable distance of success. There were three objects which the unrestricted submarine campaign might have attained, either one of which would have probably led to the victory of Germany. One was to cut our cross-Channel line of communications, the second was to prevent American troops from reaching France, and the third was to starve Great Britain. Any attempts to achieve the first two objects utterly failed. Not a single American soldier was lost in transit, and our daily cross-Channel service continued uninterruptedly. Much shipping was sunk, but the net result is summed up in the fact that the gross tonnage of the world's merchant shipping was 49,000,000 tons in July 1914 and 51,000,000 tons in July 1919. But, it is urged, this may be true, but the third object, the starvation of Great Britain, was very nearly accomplished. Before accepting this popular belief the careful historian will be well advised to examine the facts. That the menace—at first wholly incalculable—to shipping called for the most rigid economy in its use was obvious, and every cargo which could be dispensed with was an effective contribution to the military effort. To secure economy it was imperative to convince the public that their food supplies were in danger and thus enlist their co-operation. Wheat, in the popular view, represented food supplies. It would be, of course, absurd to say that there was no risk of a scarcity of wheat, but it can be affirmed that the submarines never succeeded in bringing us near an actual shortage. When Lord Devonport became Food Controller he grasped the fact that the real protection against the risk of shortage was an adequate stock of wheat in the country. This, indeed, had been the aim of the Government from the beginning of the war, but Lord Devonport urged that the reserves should be raised to six months' supply. The attempt to realise this ideal implied the

importation of large quantities over and above current requirements, and involved great difficulties not only in securing shipping, but also in finding sufficient wheat available and arranging for its purchase. But throughout the early months of 1917, when the submarine attack was at its worst, steady progress was made in increasing our reserves, so that the stocks of wheat and flour in the United Kingdom, which amounted (including such of the home crop as was unconsumed) to 1,815,000 tons on January 1, were increased to 3,290,000 tons by the following September. Not only, therefore, did the Germans fail to interfere with our daily bread, but they did not prevent us from substantially increasing our reserves. Yet this is described as 'nearly achieving' the object of reducing us to starvation and surrender. I wrote something to this effect in 1919, when the facts were fresh in mind, but observed 'An adequate survey of the wide field suggested by the title of this book [1] must await fuller knowledge and more quiet times.' There is, however, no reason for perpetuating the mischievous legend that the submarine campaign of 1917 came near success.

Nevertheless the country was aroused to a sense of peril. But food cannot be produced in a hurry, however urgent the demand. The Government launched a vigorous food production campaign. By persuasion, inducement, and compulsion about a million acres were diverted from grass to arable cultivation in time to produce crops in the autumn of 1917, and 'the increase in wheat, barley, oats, and in potatoes on agricultural land was, as compared with 1916, four million tons.' [2] Of the normal food-stuffs the home supply of wheat was increased by about the equivalent of a week's consumption, and although the potato crop was greater by three million tons than the exceptionally short crop of the previous year, it represented only a million tons more than an average.

The continued need for economising shipping prolonged the food crisis after the war had ended and the submarine had disappeared entirely, but with the cessation of rationing the interest of the public in food production rapidly waned.

The war left farmers as a class in a better financial position than they had been for about forty years. They had not 'profiteered,' but they had made substantial profits. On the other hand, landowners, as a class, not having raised rents during the war, had to face the post-war difficulties and the crushing burden of taxation with reduced financial resources. Two results followed. A wholly unreasonable boom in land values enabled many landowners to rehabilitate themselves by selling their estates, and

[1] *Food Supplies in Peace and War* (Longmans).
[2] Lord Ernle in *Farming Past and Present.*

induced many farmers to purchase their holdings. The situation was artificial and transitory, and the net effect on agriculture was that the number of 'yeomen' occupying their own land was doubled, but in the majority of cases they were so much crippled by the purchase of their holdings that they were worse off than when they were tenants. They were not silent about their misfortunes and they were joined in their lamentations by farmers generally all of whom felt, in greater or less degree, the pressure of the 'slump' which threw all trade and industry into serious trouble. Meanwhile the general public, engrossed with its own tribulations reverted to the old attitude of indifference.

It was in these circumstances and in that atmosphere that the problem of post-war agriculture presented itself. Successive Governments attempted to deal with it, or with certain parts of it. If their success was qualified, their assiduity is unquestionable. In the *Year-book* of the National Farmers' Union, under the heading 'Legislation affecting Agriculture,' no less than fifty Acts of Parliament are enumerated as passed in 1920–26. In the sphere of administration there has been ever-increasing activity by the Ministry of Agriculture, the county councils, and the various institutions responsible for agricultural education and research. Yet with all this effort and expenditure farmers, through their representative organisations, bitterly complain of the parlous state of agriculture and the failure of the Government to mitigate their misfortunes.

There are those who contend that all this parliamentary and official activity is misdirected, that what agriculture needs is to be left alone, 'to work out its own salvation.' There are plausible arguments in favour of this view, but they are academic. It is wholly impracticable to repeal all the agricultural legislation of the past fifty years and return to the policy of *laissez faire* under which farming was carried on for about twenty years after the repeal of the Corn Laws.

The agricultural problem as it presents itself to this generation is complex and novel. To the present writer, who has been closely associated with the politics and economics of agriculture for over forty years, it is interesting to note the reiteration of statements, arguments, and proposals all of which may be found on record in Blue-books and other publications in the eighties and nineties. Agriculturists and those who speak on their behalf have been voluble enough during the past decade, but seldom does a new idea emerge from the verbosity. But it is futile to consider the post-war agricultural problem on pre-war lines.

In nothing more than in agricultural affairs is a knowledge of past history more illuminating in explanation of the present. Only by reference to history is it possible to understand how and

why things are as they are. But in considering the present position it is essential to drop preconceptions and to fix attention exclusively on the existing conditions and their probable development in the future.

In attempting to view the position steadily and view it whole the first step is to grasp facts clearly. These fall into two categories—economic and political. The economic facts can be made intelligible only by comparison. It will be convenient to take the year 1913 as representing pre-war economic conditions. The use made of the agricultural land of England and Wales can most concisely be shown by the official statistics, of which the following is a summary:

	1927. 1000 acres.	1913. 1000 acres.
Total acreage under all crops and grass	25,589	27,129
Arable land	10,310	11,058
Permanent grass	15,279	16,071
Wheat	1,636	1,701
Barley	1,051	1,559
Oats	1,748	1,975
Potatoes	514	442
Sugar beet	222	—
Clover and rotation grasses	2,460	2,496

The most significant fact revealed by this comparison is the reduction by one and a half million acres of the area described as under crops and grass. This represents the land really used for agriculture, or, in other words, 'farmed.' It is true that there is an additional area of what was in the earlier returns described as 'mountain and heath land used for grazing' and is now termed 'rough grazing,' and some of the farmed land lost is accounted for under this heading. But apart from changes in definition which affect the comparability of the figures for different dates, the productivity of this rather vague area is small and may almost be regarded as negligible. The area of farmed land is a definite fact, and to this the figures for crops and live-stock can most conveniently be related.

The continual contraction of the area utilised for agriculture is a fact to which curiously little attention is given. It is of far greater importance to the nation than changes in the acreage of particular crops or than the reduction of arable cultivation, yet it is seldom mentioned by those who comment on the agricultural returns.

What are the salient figures of English agriculture as indicated by the figures above quoted? They show that at the present

time two-fifths (40·3 per cent.) of the farmed land is under the plough, that slightly more than 43 per cent. of the arable land is devoted to the three chief corn crops, and nearly 24 per cent. is under clover and rotation grasses. It is clear that there is a good deal of diversified cropping on the arable land.

In 1913 the figures show that nearly 41 per cent. of the farmed land was under the plough, that a little more than 47 per cent. of the arable land was under wheat, barley and oats, and nearly 23 per cent. under clover and rotation grasses.

There is here no evidence of any radical change in the system of farming, which is to-day substantially the same as before the war.

The live-stock returns at the two dates may be summarised thus:

	1927. No. (thousands).	1913. No. (thousands).
Cows and heifers	2,791	2,264
Other cattle	3,484	3,453
Total cattle	6,275	5,717
Breeding ewes	6,959	6,699
Other sheep	10,111	10,431
Total sheep	17,070	17,130
Pigs	2,687	2,102
Horses	1,077	1,141

In these figures there is again no evidence of any material change. Live-stock on farms have increased on the whole notwithstanding the reduction of the agricultural area. The most striking increase is that of cows and heifers, which suggests the growing importance of dairy husbandry. Although the total number of sheep is slightly less than in 1913, the increase of breeding ewes denotes an augmentation of the flocks.

The present position of agriculture and its main features are admirably described, so far as they can be revealed by statistical inquiries, in the Report on the Agricultural Output of England and Wales (Cmd. 2815), recently issued by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. The inquiries were made in 1925, but the facts substantially represent the situation to-day. The Report contains much valuable information, including interesting comparisons by which the development of English farming during the past fifty years can be traced. The scope and diversity of agriculture are shown by the summary of the value of products of

different kinds which are either marketed or consumed by the producers and their families :

	£ (thousands).
Live-stock products :	
Meat	77,720
Milk and dairy produce . . .	57,600
Poultry and eggs	15,080
Wool	3,000
Horses	1,250
Total live-stock	154,650
Farm crops :	
Wheat	12,070
Other corn	12,020
Potatoes	11,830
Sugar beet	1,160
Hops	3,370
Hay and other farm crops . .	5,600
Total farm crops	46,050
Fruit, vegetables, and flowers :	
Fruit	9,720
Vegetables	8,400
Flowers and glasshouse produce .	6,510
Total fruit, vegetables, and flowers	24,630
Total (live-stock, crops, fruit, etc.)	225,330

It is clear from these figures that to speak of English agriculture only in terms of corn-growing or even of arable cultivation gives a distorted view of its character. It is predominantly dependent on stock-breeding, and in a large degree the ordinary farm crops are subsidiary to animal husbandry. Live-stock, it will be observed, account for about 70 per cent. of the total output. The importance of what it has been customary to term ' minor ' products or ' side-lines ' is also demonstrated. If we include poultry and eggs in this category, they account for nearly 18 per cent. of the total output from agricultural land.

Among the economic factors of the present state of agriculture prices, wages, and rents may be regarded as the most important.

Although it is common among farmers to speak of ' low prices ' as the root of their troubles, the term is, of course, relative, as prices of agricultural produce are nominally higher, owing to

the change in the value of money, than at any other period (except during the war) for many years. According to the index number compiled by the Ministry of Agriculture, the general level of the prices of agricultural products in the cereal year 1925-26 was 53 per cent. above the pre-war level.[3] The increase varied greatly for different products, ranging from 98 per cent. for fruit, 81 per cent. for pigs, 78 per cent. for vegetables, 73 per cent. for cheese, 70 per cent. for milk, and 62 per cent. for wheat to 5 per cent. for hay, 14 per cent. for hops, and 20 per cent. for wool. Those commodities purchased by farmers which are a substantial element in the cost of production are relatively cheaper. The general increase above the pre-war level in the same year was for feeding-stuffs 28 per cent. and for fertilisers 13 per cent.

In the Report of the Committee on Stabilisation of Agricultural Prices issued in 1925 by the Ministry of Agriculture (Economic Series, No. 2) a convenient summary was given of 'the relation of agricultural prices to the chief costs of production,' expressed in the percentage of increase above the average of 1911–13. The calculation refers to 1923, but the figures substantially represent the present position:

	Increase (per cent.).
Agricultural prices	57
Wages	56
Fertilisers	23
Feeding-stuffs	36
Rent (say)	15
Railway transport (approx.)	52

These facts bearing on the economic position of agriculture do not, in themselves, reveal either any radical change in farming conditions or any extraordinary disturbance to account for the pessimistic statements which have been current since the post-war slump threw the whole nation into a sea of troubles. The economic tendency of farming clearly emerges—namely, an increasing reliance on live-stock and diversified farming, and a declining importance of corn-growing for market.

On the political side developments have been more significant. English agriculture has become State-regulated and State-aided to a degree which would astonish, and probably appal, the leaders of the agricultural interest in the nineties, such as Clare Sewell Read, Albert Pell, Sir Massey Lopes, Sir Richard Paget, and others whose work is almost forgotten by the present generation of farmers, but who rendered devoted service in their day.

Lord Irwin, in an oft-quoted speech made in December 1924,

[3] *Agricultural Statistics*, 1926, vol. 61, part 2.

when, as Mr. Edward Wood, he occupied the position of Minister of Agriculture, stated that, 'taking a view of British agriculture that is not confined to this year, or to next year, there is something like a silent revolution in progress within its borders. We are, unless I mistake, witnessing in England the gradual disappearance of the old landowning class.'

In their significant book *The Tenure of Agricultural Land*, Messrs. Orwin and Peel, writing, as they say, with 'no political ends to serve,' and with the authoritative detachment which their association with the Oxford Institute of Agricultural Economics connotes, assert: 'The trend of modern legislation has been to restrict the scope of the landlord as a director of farming enterprise, and to reduce him, step by step, more nearly to the state of a mere receiver of rent.'

If these statements are true—and it would be easy to adduce conclusive evidence to substantiate them—they represent a profound change in the structure of the agricultural system. Of that system, evolved during long centuries from the manorial organisation, the landlord was the pivot. He kept effective control of his land and imposed such conditions on the farmers who occupied it as he thought wise. If he took an intelligent interest—as he often did—in the management of his estate, he adjusted these conditions to the capacity and character of his tenants, and encouraged, both by precept and example, improvements in farming and in live-stock. He insisted on the maintenance of the fertility of the soil and prevented waste of its resources. No doubt he was animated by self-interest to protect his property, but the result was beneficial to the nation, whose supreme interest it is to preserve the productivity of its limited area of agricultural land. The landlord provided capital, often lavishly, on the equipment of farms and their upkeep, and he did this on terms which were often much below the current rate of interest, being content to take the return for his money in other forms than cash—*e.g.*, the amenities and privileges attached to his status.

The alteration of the landlord's position from that of director and leader to that of 'a mere receiver of rent' is the result mainly of political causes. Legislation has shorn him of the power of effective control over the land he lets and has given tenants statutory rights which, in effect, place on them the responsibility for the maintenance of the fertility of the soil and for putting it to the best use. At the same time economic pressure, aggravated by the heavy burden of taxation, has severely restricted the financial resources of landlords and reduced the possibility of obtaining a reasonable return on capital spent on the upkeep of farms.

It is sometimes said that questions of tenure are not relevant to a consideration of the agricultural problem of to-day. So far is this from the truth, that it is hardly too much to say that the terms on which farms are held by tenants and the drastic intervention of the State in defining and fixing them lie at the root of the problem. The landlord and tenant system as it flourished in the nineteenth century is as dead as Queen Anne, and to profess that this makes no difference in considering the present situation is to imitate the ostrich.

While tenants have practically secured, by the action of the State, fixity of tenure and freedom of cultivation, they have to pay indirectly for these advantages by curtailment of the assistance, financial and otherwise, which, under the old system, they frequently obtained from landlords.

It will not be disputed that, whatever may be the causes, there is a great reduction in the amount of capital regularly flowing into agriculture. The prominence given to State-devised schemes for providing farming capital indicates the existence of a deficiency and the drying up of the sources from whence it has hitherto been drawn.

The State has not only determined the relations between landlords and tenants; it has also regulated the relations of farmers and farm-workers. In both cases it has abolished freedom of contract and has laid down the lines on which the contracts are to be made. Just as the landlord cannot at his discretion raise the rent of a tenant, so a farmer cannot reduce wages as he will.

The operation of political and economic forces has created an agricultural problem of which it is the duty of the present generation to find a solution. In other words, the State, having gone so far in regulating, as well as, with certain reservations, assisting, agriculture without apparently any definite idea whither the action it has taken is leading, needs a considered policy adapted to the new conditions.

The post-war problem has never been more clearly or authoritatively stated than in the well-known Report of the Agricultural Policy Committee (Cmd. 9079). The recommendations of that Committee were substantially embodied in the Agricultura Act, and the speedy repeal of that ill-fated measure has vetoed the plan which the Committee proposed for dealing with the situation. But their analysis of the problem and the main objects which any solution of it must attempt to achieve remain on record and are in no way affected by the failure to adopt their particular plan. The following extracts fairly represent their view of the agricultural position and the aims of a new agricultural policy. It must be borne in mind that the Report was written in January

1917, before the 'silent revolution' to which Lord Irwin referred in 1924 had so seriously aggravated the situation :

There is much excellent estate management and much high farming in the United Kingdom to-day, but there is also much slack estate management and bad farming, or management and farming which, while profitable to the persons interested, do not take national requirements as to food production into account. . . . The causes of bad estate management and farming are lack of suitable education or of capital (often found in combination) on the part of the landowners and farmers, the personal equation of character, the excessive encouragement of game, the acquisition of land for the sake only of its amenities, and the conviction that the State has no interest in the treatment of agricultural land and that it is the concern only of the individuals dependent upon it.

The general average of farming must be steadily and continuously raised throughout the United Kingdom ; the grass land and the arable land alike must be more intensively cultivated ; the improvement of live-stock, for which landowners and farmers have done so much even through the years of acute depression, must be progressive ; much grass land must be reconverted into arable ; the sugar beet industry and the manufacture of potato products can be introduced into British agriculture to its great advantage ; estates must be managed with a single eye to maximum production, capital must be attracted to the industrial equipment and improvement of the land and to the operations of intensive farming ; agricultural labourers must be provided with an adequate supply of good cottages ; small holdings both of owners and occupiers must be fostered to provide a ' ladder ' for the agricultural labourer and for the demobilised sailors and soldiers ; the organisation of agriculture must be developed ; the country must be permeated with a complete system of agricultural education ; the status of the Department of Agriculture must be improved and their powers enlarged and reinforced by association with existing agricultural and administrative bodies, both national and local. . . .

The State must, in short, take every means in its power to give confidence and a sense of stability to landowners, farmers and agricultural labourers. . . . The standard set before their eyes should be the highest—not to be content till the whole soil of the United Kingdom is producing the greatest possible return of food-stuffs or of timber. It must be clearly understood that henceforth bad farming is a danger to the State, and that the waste of good land on game or games is inconsistent with patriotism.

The Committee suggested that this list of categorical imperatives would materialise, not at once, but ultimately, by the adoption of three methods—an appeal to ' the highest instincts of patriotism ' of the agricultural community, the establishment of guaranteed prices for growers of wheat and oats, and the compulsion of those who control agricultural land if it is not cultivated in accordance with ' the approved practice of the best agriculture.'

Some progress has been made during the past ten years in realising the objects which the Committee desiderated. Sugar beet cultivation has been subsidised, and 222,000 acres are now

devoted to this crop at a cost to the Exchequer, up to the present time, of 4,500,000*l.* Further facilities for the acquisition of small holdings have been provided by statute, and the settlement of ex-service men on the land was vigorously undertaken, although with qualified success. The system of agricultural education has been widely extended, and the powers and functions of the Agricultural Department have been much increased.

It is an indication of a general sense of the need for a new agricultural policy adapted to the present conditions that the three political parties have each formulated detailed proposals to meet the requirements of the situation. Each, of course, is severely criticised by the other two, but it will be found on examination that there is a good deal in common between the three. As is well known, Mr. Baldwin during the last General Election indicated his intention, if returned to power, of convening a conference of representatives of the three political parties in the hope of arriving at an agreed policy. As no public action was taken to carry out this intention, it may be assumed that it was found to be impracticable. At any rate, the opportunity, if it existed, was missed. None of the parties in 1924 had a definite agricultural policy, but each is now committed to certain explicit propositions which preclude their accredited representatives from entering a conference room with open minds. The Government attempted to convene a conference of representatives of the organisations of the three agricultural classes, but this also proved to be impracticable.

I said above that in the policies of the three parties there is much in common, and in so saying I do not allude only to such non-controversial questions as the encouragement of education and research, the extension of co-operation, or the prevention of diseases in animals and plants. It is remarkable that three serious issues which sharply divided opinion have now become, in principle, uncontentious. They were—(1) protective duties and subsidies; (2) State aid to and regulation of agriculture; and (3) public ownership of agricultural land. No responsible person now advocates protection or subsidies for agriculture as a general policy. The interposition of the State either by legislation or administration now permeates agricultural affairs. The ownership of agricultural land, and its management as landlords, by elected public authorities is accepted by all parties.

On these three main issues there is no principle left to fight about. There is wide difference of opinion about the application of the principles of State regulation and public landlordism, but a reversion to *laissez faire* and private land ownership as sacred and inviolate principles is outside the range of discussion.

In these circumstances it is reasonable to think that the

agricultural problem has been simplified and its solution by general consent brought within the range of practical politics.

It is necessary to stress the fact that the problem is not purely, or indeed primarily, economic. Farmers naturally consider that the only question is 'How to make farming more profitable.' This is the problem for each individual farmer. It is beyond both the power and the function of the State to ensure profits; the most it can do is to render the conditions, in so far as they can be affected by political action, favourable to successful enterprise. History furnishes many examples of the failure of the State, with the best intentions, to make farming profitable. In 1815 the most drastic of the Corn Laws, which prohibited the importation of wheat until the price reached 80s. per quarter (with a concession to Canada allowing importation at 67s.), failed to make farming profitable. After seven years of this extreme protection the House of Commons appointed a Committee 'to inquire into the causes of the depressed state of agriculture,' and Byron wrote:

> Lately there have been no rents at all,
> And 'gentlemen' are in a piteous plight,
> And 'farmers' can't raise Ceres from her fall:
> She fell with Buonaparte—What strange thoughts
> Arise, when we see emperors fall with oats.

The agricultural problem as it concerns the community is political and sociological, involving much more than the interests of a class, important as those interests and that class may be. Crudely stated, its solution depends on devising practicable measures which will ensure that the whole of the land suitable and available for agricultural use is fully utilised, that waste of the most precious national asset, the land, is prevented, that economic conditions (so far as the State can influence them) are stabilised, that the opportunity of occupying agricultural land is more widely opened, that the distribution and marketing of farm products are better organised, that the economic status of farm workers is raised, and that the relation of rents and wages to output is placed on an equitably adjustable basis.

It is obvious that effective measures to attain these or similar objects imply legislation which, while not, as pointed out above, establishing new principles, would carry their application along unfamiliar and, as some would think, dangerous paths. Not only might an extension of that coercion of individuals which the Agricultural Policy Committee advocated be found necessary, but it might even be found desirable to imitate the example of some other countries and place a limit to the area of agricultural land under the control of any one individual.

To devise practicable and effective measures for solving the agricultural problem as thus outlined is no easy task. But it is not beyond the capacity of men who will approach it without prejudice or preconception, with a sincere desire to find a solution which will fairly and justly meet present conditions and requirements. For such a task a Commission appointed by the Government and constituted on somewhat similar lines to the Committee above mentioned is required. That Committee was composed of men who personally commanded the confidence not only of the agricultural community but of the public generally, among them being Lord Selborne, Lord Bledisloe, the late Lord Ailwyn, Lord Ernle, and Mr. E. G. Strutt. They were all representative men, although none of them formally 'represented' anyone but himself.

It cannot be too strongly insisted that if a Commission such as is suggested, charged with the duty of finding a solution to the agricultural problem, were composed in whole or in part of the formal representatives of organisations, political or agricultural, it would be certain to fail. Representatives of organisations, acting in that capacity, deliberate in fetters. They are bound to have regard at every stage to the views to which their organisations are committed, and they cannot therefore approach with an open mind the consideration of the questions referred to them.

The Government, acting in the name of the Crown, should invite, say, a dozen men, representative, in the wide sense, of all the interests concerned, and personally commanding the confidence of the community in their sincerity, open-mindedness, and impartiality. The nation is fortunate in possessing a large reserve of such men. Obviously the 'interests concerned' are many and wide. The members should include individuals who are thoroughly conversant with the circumstances and opinions of each of the agricultural classes and of the political parties, and it should also comprise public men who would approach the subject solely from the national standpoint.

The recommendations or suggestions of such a Commission would be authoritative, but they would ultimately stand or fall precisely in so far as they won the concurrence of public opinion as a reasonable solution of the problem.

In this way, and, other means having failed, only in this way, is there hope of finding a solution of the agricultural problem which will endure. The alternative is to leave English agriculture to be the shuttlecock of politics and the lines of its future development to be determined by the chances and changes of general elections.

HENRY REW.

FASCISM IN ITS RELATION TO FREEDOM

IN a spot sacred to English memories a small group of persons of various nationalities was lately assembled, and the matter of their discussion was the ever-recurring problem of liberty: What is the liberty essential to man as a being endowed with mind and will? What is the state of the present world in relation to that essential liberty?

As may readily be supposed, one of the subjects under discussion at the Abbey of Pontigny was Fascism—Italian Fascism; but the following pages were not the result of this conference alone, but also of a visit to Italy, where the writer became deeply interested in the opposing views on the subject.[1]

The objections to Fascism are so obvious to anyone educated according to Liberal traditions that it seems hardly worth while to enumerate them, yet they cannot be fitly omitted from any serious examination of the question, the more so as there are facile imitations of the system in our own and other countries which could hardly exist if their advocates realised certain political consequences of that system.

Let us enumerate some of them forthwith. We have, first, the suppression of that hard-earned liberty, the liberty of the Press—a very real suppression, for it is not only extreme expression of subversive or immoral opinions that is in question, but even the most moderate and reasoned criticism of the prevailing system.

We have also the suppression of freedom of speech, not only public speech, but even private speech in public places. One could not render one's Italian friends a worse service than by uttering unfavourable opinions of Fascism in restaurants or elsewhere, and one cannot but be conscious of a pervasive element of *fear*.

There is also the restriction of movement—the grave difficulty for Italians to obtain passports, even when they are well disposed to the existing Government.

There is, likewise, a considerable political pressure exercised on education, and on the training of the young.

[1] This contribution to the discussions at Pontigny was purely personal, each speaker being responsible for his or her own theme.

We have also that excessive element of adulation in regard the chief personality of the State—an adulation of which he mu perhaps, be the victim rather than the cause, but which is tinctly repugnant to Liberal traditions of personal dignity.

E pur si muove—Fascism lives and moves, and, to all appe ance, prospers. Fascism is supported by a huge mass of ent siastic opinion; Italy has turned from the republican traditi of a Mazzini, from the Liberal traditions of a Cavour, and adopted, with *quasi*-unanimity, the Fascist system of Mussoli

'I am not mad, most noble Festus': in such words It would reply to a like accusation. She is surely not accepting great a sacrifice for no purpose whatsoever, and the only sou criticism of any system is that of a critic who understands a learns even while he judges. Fascism implies a sacrifice of fr dom. What else does it imply? What are the compensatio and what its possible outcome, even in relation to freedom?

I should like first to make a couple of preliminary obs vations.

1. It is too readily assumed, in talking of liberty, that chief obstacle consists in the tyranny of men or institutio that all men desire freedom, but that the majority are depri of it by the ambition of a few, or the oppressive force of po and precedent.

But this is a superficial view of the question. The grea impediment to liberty is not the wish of a few to dominate, the tendency of the crowd to obey, to evade responsibility, seek, not only direction, but even compulsion, in the conduct their lives.

I think the great liberators of human history, from Ju Maccabæus onwards, would confirm this view, and would con that the apathy of the tyrannised had been a greater obstacle their end than the ambition of the tyrant.

And how has this tendency to the easier paths of acquiesce and submission been counteracted save by the substitution another form of subjection in the place of the existing tyrann —a healthier form, we must hope; a form more conducive individual welfare, but a form which often consists in alm blind abandonment to a man or an association.

Born free—everywhere in chains; the first words express classic error on the subject, for had man been born free he wo not have submitted so persistently to his fetters. To strike th off is not to make him free; he has yet to develop the perso qualities of freedom, and not simply to pass from one form compulsion to another.

This is a consideration which should be the prelude to examination of certain new forms of political life which are bei

us at present, whether it be given us (as it has not been given to many) to make a serious investigation of Bolshevism on the soil to which it is indigenous, or whether we are dealing with that other political manifestation, at once like, and so unlike, to Bolshevism as is Italian Fascism.

We must not prejudice such a study by a too facile conception of liberty, that liberty which sometimes thrives in circumstances apparently most unfavourable, and perishes where she encounters fewest obstacles.

I speak under correction, but I should suggest that the two great contrary political systems of our post-war age are unique in so far as they have made a popular appeal without even claiming to set forth a new and more comprehensive chart of personal liberty, and have won to themselves an overwhelming measure of popular adhesion without doing so.

Bolshevism has, I presume, gained the adherence of the peasant class by affording them new and better conditions of livelihood, but it has not preached the rights of the individual; Fascism has not even won its way by the bestowal of material advantages. It has promised neither freedom nor wealth; it has not been inspired by any belief in the general love for liberty, but has made a direct appeal to the contrary inclination for obedience.

2. Personal liberty is consistent with personal sacrifice to a greater entity. The Church, for instance, conceived according to the highest spiritual ideal, demands individual sacrifice, although she also proclaims the supreme value of the individual soul.

We may, by a high exercise of personal liberty, renounce the right of personal choice in many matters; and the vital question is just as to whether that sacrifice will be for life or for death, will result in an increase, or a diminution, of the personality.

We come next to the origin of Fascism.

1. It is hardly necessary to insist on its first and compelling cause, which was the danger of Communism in its most violent and anarchic character—a danger which still modifies the opposition of even the most determined anti-Fascists.

2. A much more interesting and instructive cause of the rise of Fascism was the failure of Liberalism. Had Italy been truly free, Fascism could never have arisen.

We, in our country, have lived so long under the parliamentary system that we have come to regard it as the only one under which political liberty can be secured. Even were this true of our own country it might not be true of others. Be it noted, for one thing, that the party system has proved itself to be an almost inevitable corollary of the parliamentary system, though it has much less obvious advantages than the latter. In Italy that party system

had run amuck and the country was passed from hand to h
like a champion cup.

Not that Italy is incapable of producing Liberal statesm
for there was surely never a greater one than Camillo Cav
His job demanded strength as much as ever did that of Mussol
yet, speaking of parliamentary institutions, he said :

> Parliamentary government has its drawbacks, like every other form
> government ; but it is the best. I may be irritated, at times, by opposit
> I may be impetuous in my resistance, but when I reflect I am glad to h
> to endure it, because it forces me to explain my ideas better and to
> double my efforts to convince public opinion. A Minister who is absol
> commands ; a constitutional Minister has to persuade. . . . Believe
> the worst Chamber conceivable is better than an anti-Chamber.[1]

Yet Liberalism may fail to satisfy all classes of mankind ;
may even, with all its love of liberty, fail to free them. T
laisser-aller doctrine has not saved men from industrial slaver
the party system has not secured conditions of fairness a
equality. Fascist violence was a response to Communism, b
the Fascist system was a response to the failure of Liberalism.

The night of January—1923, exclaims Mussolini in one of
grandiloquent speeches, *during which the Fascist militia w
created, signed the death-warrant of the old democratic Liberal St
with its constitutional game of passing the government of the nat
from one party to another.*

In fact, what is more irritating than sober judgment to ang
men, and what power has it to control them unless backed by
policeman's truncheon ?

Had the Liberal Governments that preceded Fascism in It
really given the liberty they professed or aimed at, Fascism co
not have arisen. But freedom is the hardest thing to give beca
it is the hardest thing to possess. Fascism came forward bol
with another gift in its hand—the gift, not of freedom, but
security, not of variety, but of unity ; the gift was accepted, a
then the process followed, and men found themselves parts o
new condition of things and members of a new State.

And Fascism is, in truth, a new thing—a new appearance
the political history of mankind. To the Conservative mind
our country it is, essentially, a movement of reaction agai
Communism and anarchy ; to the Socialist mind it stands for
enemy forces of class and capitalism ; to the Liberal mind
stands for the destruction of the parliamentary system. B
while being all this, it can be something else as well, and it is th
something else which must be understood if it is to be criticise

3. Another factor in the origin of Fascism was an alm

[1] See *Life*, by M. Maurice Paléologue.

[au]thetic element of retrospection, by no means new in Italian [e]xperience. The tenacity of past glory has, indeed, always been [a] characteristic of the people. As Treitschke wrote in his *Life of Cavour* :

> This first born people of Europe ignores, and is determined to ignore, [th]e profound abyss that separates our modern epoch from the ancient [w]orld. Italians quite ingenuously trace their history back to the Roman [w]olf.

He finds the same characteristic in Machiavelli, who marvelled [a]t the change of terminology of places and people from the old [R]oman names to the modern Italian ones.

He could certainly have traced the same tendency in Mussolini, with his claim to Roman greatness and his supercilious [r]emarks on the customs and costumes of a people now subject to [I]talian rule.

This belief in their own past, as though it conferred present honour and distinction, did, indeed, keep alive in the Italian soul, through all its worst days, the germ of new life and recovery, yet it was also responsible for sloth and inertia. An aristocracy whose only glory is its claim to long descent is on the way [t]o obscurity and extinction—unless we are growing we are dying.

Fascism found this instinct smouldering in the soul of the [I]talian people, and with mighty puffs blew it into a flame. Rome became Italy, and Italy was again to become Rome ; Guelph and Ghibelline united in the one great Fascist system.

4. Another cause of the rise of Fascism cannot be wholly overlooked, although one would wish to mention it with extreme delicacy, and avoidance of any sort of exaggeration. The Italian temperament runs to extremes ; personally I have known no greedier and more avaricious types than I have met with in Italy, but also I have nowhere met with more perfect and lovely examples of disinterestedness and indifference to money and worldly advantage.

In like manner there are, perhaps, none braver than brave [I]talians, but there are also none more shameless than timid [I]talians.

Suppose, then, that a mass of the nation had fallen victims to fear, what could they desire more earnestly than any means of recovering their courage and their dignity ? And say what we will, we do *not* always possess in ourselves the means of recovery from even the meanest faults.

5. Another preparatory condition of the success of Fascism was the perennial existence of sects and secret societies—a cause, likewise, of the pervasive lack of courage.

'We cannot make Italy,' said Ugo Foscolo, 'until we h destroyed the sects.' [3]

Those sects and secret societies were a result of the lo drawn-out torment the country had endured—that fairest lands, our mother in literature and art, but so much despi and so greatly abused.

If, then, one may venture to interpret the mind of the aut of Fascism by the history and development of Fascism itsel would thus summarise his first convictions and his origi intentions.

1. He cared nothing for words, and had no belief in accep theories of liberty.

He was not like Cavour, who believed, as Treitschke says, *every rightly conceived theory can sustain the test of practical appli tion* [4]; he believed in quick action and ruthless fact.

2. He thought that parliamentary institutions had no sac sanct right of existence, and that other forms of government w conceivable in the modern world.

3. He had come to disbelieve in Marxian Socialism, and in proletarian creed, and had lost faith in the general nobility mankind; he claims the authority of Machiavelli as a '*spregia degli uomini*'; with his great predecessor, he only believes prophets 'when they are *armed*,' and regards it as *a tragic mock to apply the term 'sovereign' to the people.*

4. With Foscolo, he believed that sects must perish if It was to live.

5. There is a marked characteristic of Fascism which i dominant characteristic of Mussolini himself, and that is amazing and confident belief in the power of *will* for the adju ment of human affairs. This is a belief which is mostly lacki or latent, to the modern mind, and especially, I think, to political mind of the Anglo-Saxon. Adjustment, in the minds most statesmen, is a process—a process in which many for have play. In nothing is this conviction more notable than matters of finance, wherein we seem to regard ourselves inevitably subject to our own man-made institutions—al indeed, to exercise a modifying influence, but no true control

And thus on other questions, as of labour and capital, e ployers and employed, even peace and war. We can do so thing, but we are by no means masters; we wait, to a gr extent, on our fate.

For Mussolini there is, in political affairs, no recognition fate, no regard for process—there is only action and will.

[3] Quoted in Treitschke's *Life of Cavour*, p. 9.
[4] Yet Cavour, also, realised that principles may fail when action alone save.

have a remarkable example of it in his late financial measures, and the steady determination with which he is attempting deliberate State adjustment of money values, market prices and questions of gain, salary, and retribution. Now this belief in the power of deliberate effort and will must inevitably modify, or qualify, the conception of liberty itself.

6. He came to regard class warfare as one form of sectarianism—interesting to the two antagonists, deadly to the body of the State.

7. Lastly, there arose before his mind, as must have arisen also before the mind of Lenin, the conception of a great, all-embracing State, to which all should belong, of which all should form part.

And then he set to work to construct that State, casting aside every brick that failed his own test. In every revolution, is it not the *intelligentsia* who have been the chief sufferers and victims ?—the men with great ideals of mind and heart, the men who belonged to the city of God rather than the city of man. How many such perished in the French Revolution ; how many of late in Russia ; how many have been crushed or silenced in Italy !

M. Maurice Paléologue says, in his *Life of Cavour*, that this great practical, even though Liberal, statesman would have had Mazzini ' shot like a dog ' had he shown his face in Piedmont, because his idealism was intransigent, and therefore inconvenient.

Not shot, but suppressed, would be such a man in Italy at the present day ; all his passionate patriotism would not avail him. And yet those men have contributed to the making of the very thing that has destroyed them, and the old legend comes true that every building must have the blood of a victim at its foundations.

To return now to the question of liberty, we can find no more instructive discussion of the subject from the point of view of Fascism than that which took place between the Italian Labour delegates and those of other countries at Geneva last June. The ordinary protest was then made, by the secretary of the International Federation of Trade Unions and the delegate of the Swiss Workers, against the admission of the Italian representatives.

This opposition to the Italian delegates has been described by M. Albert Thomas himself as *ritual* in its recurrence, and he has very definitely distinguished in this respect the Bureau International du Travail from the Conference, whose constitution is different.

No better exposition of the essential incompatibility of Fascism with the accepted principles and policy of Labour in

other countries could be found than that which lies before us i those controversies. I say 'Labour,' and not 'Socialism,' fo the reason that to accept the Labour contention that Fascism anti-Socialist is to prejudge the question.

This controversy was instructive, because, as is not alwa the case in such controversies, the facts and principles on eithe side were plain and unmistakable. M. Rossoni, the representati of Italian labour, did, indeed, protest against a certain amoun of misrepresentation of facts; yet, on the whole, the dispute w clean and well defined—it was a conflict between contrar principles of life and organisation.

It is not necessary to resume the whole controversy, whic can be studied in the official reports, but the essential objection to the validation of the powers of the Fascist workmen's delegat as set forth in the Minority Report, are based on the Italia Syndical Law of April 3, 1926, in virtue of which all association whether of workmen or of employers, become corporative func tions of the State, and subject to State direction and control.

Although, according to this law, other free and extra-Stat associations are permissible, the opponents urge, and wit perfect justice, that the privilege is merely nominal, and the give facts to prove the hopelessness of any such form of in dependent association; nor did M. Rossoni, I think, much exer himself to repudiate this accusation.

The arguments, then, of the Labour opponents of the Fascis delegate were, in substance, as follows:

1. A corporation imposed and directed by the State canno validly represent the needs of a special class.

2. Trade unions must be totally separate and independent o State interference, and can, above all, endure no political pressur from the State.

3. Fascist corporations, on the contrary, are of a compulsor character; are supported, in part, by the forced contributions o those who do not belong to them, and devote some of their pro ceeds to religious purposes, contrary to the conscientious con victions of some of their members.

4. The strike and the lock-out are necessary elements of clas warfare, and are prohibited in the Fascist State.

5. Class warfare, in the words of one objector, is 'a realit that no human will can suppress,' and this warfare is ruled out i a system wherein the conflicting classes are brought togethe under State control.

In conclusion, the Labour critics of Fascism claimed tha workers should have a right to join such unions as best respon to their needs and aspirations; that all such associations shoul possess equal rights; that they should not be subjected to polic

regulations, and that they should fulfil their national or international duties independently of outside control.

The Italian reply, though including a protest against the yearly recurrence of this 'ritual protest,' was in the nature of a statement rather than a defence.

As to liberty, the Italian workers' delegate claimed to be as free as M. Jouhaux himself: as to achievement, he claimed that Fascism had actually realised many of the ideals for which Labour still contended; as to unity amongst the workers, he claimed that, whereas the Socialist Party was split into political sections, the Fascist workers were entirely united; as to State control and interference, he maintained that Socialists only objected to such control in a non-Socialist State, and would exercise it over others so soon as such a State was realised; as to strikes, he maintained that they were not of universal benefit, nor unitarian in their results.

Fascism, in fine, claimed to be a true democracy of deed and not word, and the Fascist State controlled all because it comprised all.

The main points of disagreement which emerge from this discussion are—on the side of Labour:

1. That freedom of association cannot co-exist with State control.

2. That Labour is, by character and species, a *class* movement, and cannot be fitly represented by a mixed body, comprising elements of the class with which it is supposed to be in permanent conflict.

3. That the Fascist corporations infringe the right of all to join what associations they please, and no others, and are vitiated by the exercise of political pressure on the part of the State.

It is then, in the main, a question of liberty. Labour trusts no power but itself for the protection of its own interests, and, while incidentally maintaining that the Italian workman is in a worse material position than others, lays less stress on this fact than on the abiding need for independent assertion of his interests.

Employers are the enemy, so is the State; the workman must trust none but his own leaders, and the representatives of his own class.

'*Liberty*,' exclaimed M. Jouhaux in his peroration—'*that supreme good without which all the rest are nothing; but the heads of the Fascist corporations have pronounced on her sentence of banishment.*'

Has Labour proved its point? Does it, in its policy and organisation and associations, set forth such an unimpeachable ideal of liberty as justifies its indictment of Fascism?

I think not. I think that Labour, like Fascism, has an end in view which cannot be attained by the exercise of unfettered

liberty; I think that Labour, like Fascism, has a very stern system of discipline, and even of coercion; I think that Labour like Fascism, though in another way, makes it highly unpleasant for workmen to neglect or evade the duties of workmen's associations; I think that Labour obtains, though not by legislation the financial support of the unwilling as well as the willing; I think that Labour, like Fascism, is deeply influenced by political considerations; and I think M. Rossoni was probably justified in his assertion that he was as free as M. Jouhaux.

On the whole I think it might be said that Labour—or, to use a word that has not yet found its final definition, Socialism—has less right than some other political parties to condemn Fascism on grounds of liberty alone; the coercion that Fascism exercises in the name of the State Labour exercises in the name of a class. It must be on other grounds than these that Labour must justify its opposition; and the real difference between them is not as to which grants the larger measure of freedom, but as to which achieves the greatest good by control. Neither system is one of unfettered freedom, neither is inspired by unqualified faith in the goodness of mankind; both have a definite aim and ideal, both are busy with the obstacles to that ideal, and with the industrial problems of the day. The question between them is not one of liberty, but of method and system and achievement; of the respective merits of the two ideals; of the value of that entity to which both make a sacrifice of liberty.

The discussion, as may be seen, centred on the Italian Syndical Law of April 1926 and on the Labour Chart—the *Carta di Lavoro*—which followed; and I think it may be added that the trend of the dispute was the question of class and class warfare. And now I will venture to add that this is, to my mind, the *locus standi vel cadendi* of Fascism—the one essential point on which it will either fail or give the world new guidance and a great lead. I venture to disagree with M. Jouhaux on the sacredness and inevitability of class warfare, and to maintain that there may be other and better methods devisable for securing the good of the workman and the world in which he works.

The *Carta di Lavoro* is, I think, in the eyes of enlightened Socialists as well as of others, an important document; its value cannot yet be estimated, but it may prove a landmark in political and industrial history. It is an uncompromising presentation of all that is extreme in Fascism; it is also a significant effort towards the achievement of class demands along with the elimination of class rivalry.

The Fascist State is, in the words of its founder, a corporative State—a State, that is to say, whose organism is constituted by the active participation of the whole mass of its citizens: those

who thus participate are living members of the State, those who choose not to participate are dead, and are continually reminded that dead people are neither to be seen nor heard.

In the *Carta di Lavoro* it is stated that *the Italian nation is an organism—greater than the individuals who compose it: it is a moral, political and economic unity, and this unity is realised in the Fascist State.*

It permits, indeed, of free association; but only those associations that are also functions of the State are, in its eyes, living societies; the rest may lead their own spectral existence so long as they do not interfere with the welfare of the nation.

All that advances the prosperity of the State advances likewise the prosperity of the citizens that compose it; but no citizen, and no class of citizens, can pursue separate ends in matters that contribute to the good or evil of the whole community.

Different categories of life and work are essential to the health and welfare of the State; private initiative in industry is likewise conducive to the good of the whole; therefore the welfare of every class becomes the interest of the entire nation, and the value of each individual is to be preserved and developed for the same reason.

Hence the Liberal conception of government is entirely abandoned—that conception according to which the State, like a schoolmaster, lets the opponents fight their own battles provided neither side break the law. The Fascist State allows the conflict of class interests, but insists on being itself represented on both sides, on taking its share with both combatants, on adding its contribution to and conferring its sanction on the solution.

I cannot help asking, incidentally, in this place whether such a law as that of our Trade Unions Bill does not seem an incongruity where this Fascist conception of State control is lacking.

An employer who fails to develop the potentialities of his land or business is as much a defaulter in the eyes of the State as a labourer who fails to do an honest day's work; and both have their respective duties in the State unions to which they belong.

Extra Fascismum nulla salus; the Church herself has not enforced the corresponding dictum more ruthlessly than the Fascist State in her treatment of alien members of the nation. Yet, on the other hand, if no one is to live, politically speaking, outside Fascism, every Fascist citizen is to be a component and active and, in a sense, directive element of the State which is in formation. And on the success or failure of this part of the programme will depend the essential success or failure of Fascism itself.

As a form of government, a method of discipline, offering nothing more than security and protection to its citizens, it could

have a temporary but no abiding value, and Nemesis would w on its every act of tyranny. But if it eventually make of th nation a truly self-governing State, in which every organ has i proper function, it will realise the ideal of Socialism for the who of the community, and not only for a part, and for the princip of representation will have been substituted that of direc action.

To turn, then, once more to the discussion that took place a Geneva. Did MM. Oudegeest and Schürch, MM. Mertens an Jouhaux, and those with them, prove their point that the Italia delegates were not free representatives of the working class, an that Fascism itself was a *régime* in which liberty did not exist ?

I think they did ; but I think that M. Rossoni, the Italia delegate, proved his point also, namely that he was as free as h opponents—in fact, to draw a corollary from his thesis, that no on of them was free in the sense that M. Jouhaux supposed.

The discussion, I think, made it abundantly clear that ever form of union and association, from the State to trade union demanded a sacrifice of liberty, and that the argument betwee these two sets of men was not as to their respective freedom, bu as to the social entity to which they sacrificed their freedom, an to which they committed their destiny.

The French and Swiss and Belgian delegates could maintai that they were free to join a trade union or not, but they kne quite well what sort of a life a workman would lead who did nc choose to join it ; and their Italian opponent was surely justifie in maintaining that their ideal Socialist State would not be les coercive in its methods than the Fascist corporative State.

The Socialist objections to the Italian delegates were inspirec not by love of liberty, but by mistrust of the State, and b attachment to one class, as, for them, the supreme social entit to which personal freedom could rightly be sacrificed.

Fascism is, of course, root and branch, opposed to this view and conceives of the State as the only social entity which can b trusted to do right by all, because it is, not representative of al but composed of all.

In so far, then, as we mean by political liberty the unfettere right of representation, whether of individuals or of classes c individuals, Fascism is the definite negation of liberty ; I thin it is hardly too much to say that it has ruled out the class principle of representation in the Liberal sense.

Its aim is a homogeneous State, and its political ideal is extra ordinarily like the ecclesiastical ideal of the Roman Cathol Church : once more let me quote the chief dogma of its creed- *Extra Fascismum nulla salus.*

For those, then, who believe that from the representati

system alone true progress can be derived there is nothing more to be said.

But others may urge that the *party system*, which has been proved by past history, and is still proved by actual politics, to be an inseparable element of the representative system, is, like the class system, inadequate to present-day problems, and that the strength of Fascism is due to its elimination of this factor. They may urge that class warfare is the greatest political evil and danger of our day; that it can never be solved by class itself, and that Fascism has made the most important contribution to its solution by wiping out class and substituting for it other categories—the categories of profession and career; while it makes of all such categories definite State functions. If such a scheme should succeed, we should then have, not so much free citizens as self-governing citizens; the citizens would be the State.

We know that in our country, as in others, Fascism has roused a good deal of active interest in the minds of a Tory section. If it cured the country of Communism in Italy, why not here?

It is always a good thing to learn from others—it is generally a bad thing to imitate them; and were I an Italian Fascist my foreign imitators would probably irritate me more than my most prejudiced critics.

For Fascism has at least the merit of not being a proselytising movement—in fact, it goes about its business with too much disregard for the rest of the world. As M. Rossoni said at the late conference in Geneva:

> Fascism is Italian in its origin; it is indigenous to the social and historical climate of Italy. We have never tried to impose Fascism on others: No—No—No!

On this point Fascism is peculiarly opposed to Bolshevism with its strongly marked proselytising character.

But if Labour, as we have seen, is not so different from Fascism as it imagines on questions of discipline and liberty, Conservatives might find themselves greatly astonished at the ultimate outcome of Fascism if they pursued it to its end, and found themselves incorporated in a Socialist State.

Fascism is a big experiment—it is a new appearance in the political world: we can, as yet, not estimate its future; we can only hope that no extraneous cause will so much interfere with its natural growth and development as to deprive Italy and the world of the lessons conferred by every new experience.

But, on the other hand, however little proselytising ambition Fascism may possess, there are two big questions external to itself which must necessarily preoccupy the mind of any student of the movement.

First of all, what will it do to the Church? For it is a strongly nationalist movement, and the Catholic Church is already more than sufficiently Italian in her personal character. Will the State support of Fascism make her more so? Will she be reinforced in measures of discipline and control, and will Fascism be as keen on one Church (that Church having her seat of authority in Italy) as on one State? Will Fascism favour the spirit of tyranny in the Church provided the Church favours and supports the all-embracing political power of Fascism? Will the persecuted of the State fly in vain for sanctuary to the Church, and her own persecuted find a flaming sword at the gate of their own fatherland?

These are the dangers which present themselves to the mind of those who care for the spiritual and universal value of the Church to the whole world. They will be averted if Fascism is wise, they will be averted if the Church is holy, but it is impossible not to realise their existence.

Next as regards the rest of the world. Is Fascism an element of hope, or the reverse? What are its international tendencies? It is growing up as an armed State, for the privilege of the young adult Fascist is to bear arms, and the child is brought under Fascist discipline almost before he leaves his mother's side. Its very unity must render it formidable; but to be formidable is not necessarily to be dangerous, and the old doctrine of the balance of power is perhaps accountable for the unhappiness of many countries (of Italy, certainly, in the past), because anything strong and complete was reckoned a danger. Hence a strong Italy need not be a dangerous Italy, though it might be. Here, again, we can see the dangers; we cannot be certain of the issue.

That sense of the past has entered into many utterances of the Fascist leader; there has been an element of Roman magniloquence and Roman aggressiveness in his international attitude. He has shown but little sentiment in regard to the brotherhood of nations, but little sympathy in regard to the national susceptibilities of races subject to the Italian rule—indeed, on this point, he has not given proof of the old Roman wisdom and magnanimity.

If Italy grow to prosperity as a Fascist State, will she be satisfied with her own health and strength, or will she use them in an attempt to lessen the health and strength of others?

As on the last point, if she be wise she will not be blinded by her sense of national citizenship to the growing up of a greater world citizenship, for mankind is, however slowly, becoming impatient of narrow ideals, and purely national ideals may at last become so old-fashioned as to be contemptible.

To conclude with the subject of our meeting at Pontigny.

It is in virtue of its relation to accepted theories of liberty

that Fascism finds itself favoured or opposed by existing political parties. It is a method of life, a political development repugnant to the Liberal temperament, with its essential devotion to constitutional and parliamentary traditions, and its belief in the sacredness and supremacy of law; it is obnoxious to Socialist and Labour parties throughout Europe, except in Italy, as representative, in their eyes, of the enemy forces of capitalism, and hostile to unfettered freedom of association; it is admired, even to imitation, by large sections of Conservatism as the best safeguard against the extremes of liberty and against the threat of Communism.

Fascism, as at present constituted, implies a large sacrifice of individual liberty. Is that sacrifice justified by the end that is to be attained?

In point of fact, is that sacrifice for death or for life? Will its result be the formation of slaves, or of men and women strong enough to be free? For it is foolish to suppose that everybody is capable of freedom. The weak in mind and will and character are not free in the freest of lands; liberty implies independence, and independence implies strength. Will Fascism produce that independence and strength, or the reverse? Will it succeed where Liberalism failed?

Once more I would maintain that it is difficult to be free, even when we are not chained; the exercise of liberty is, to ordinary human nature, the highest and hardest, not the easiest and most natural, as Rousseau supposed. The sum of personal liberty is comprised in the word 'independence,' and independence is rare. Fascism thrives on the lack of it; the tyrannical element in the Church also lives on the general shrinking from self-determination.

I rather doubt the truth of the saying that all men get the government they deserve, but I think most of them can obtain the essential freedom of which they are capable.

M. D. PETRE.

THE FUTURE OF DISTRICT NURSING

THE Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute has reached its fiftieth year, and is marking the event by the recognition, in the form of pensions, of the valiant work of its early pioneers.

Nursing, as a profession, was unknown before the days of Florence Nightingale; she could find no trained women when she was looking for nurses to take to the Crimea. It was considered a degrading occupation, undertaken in a spirit of devotion by religious bodies, but as a means of livelihood by the lowest of the low. Miss Nightingale changed that idea, and, when she returned from the Crimea, founded the first training school for nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital in 1860. Her pupils were much sought after. One was chosen to be the first superintendent of the sick wards of the Liverpool Workhouse Infirmary in 1864. District nursing associations were formed in London and in Liverpool. The discoveries of Lister made it clear that asepsis was as necessary for the poor as for the rich, and was not achieved without training. The Red Cross Society was formed during the Franco-Prussian War and gave an impetus to the idea of nursing as a noble profession, and in 1887 Queen Victoria allocated the money collected and presented to her to celebrate her Jubilee to the cause of nursing the sick poor in their own homes. District nursing is now general, and its jubilee suggests that it is a good time to take stock, to note its achievements and its defects, and to consider its future.

In its early days the reign of Sarah Gamp was still supreme. Babies were born blind; women's health was ruined in childbirth; many died. Infant mortality was high and considered inevitable. Wounds were septic, cleanliness at a discount, ventilation unknown, and the ignorance of the populace as to the laws of health colossal.

Gradually the evils brought to light by district nurses, through their daily intimate contact with the poor and the ignorant in their homes, are being tackled one by one.

Midwives must now be trained and registered.

Infant welfare centres are reducing infant mortality.

Medical inspection of schools is preventing much ill-health

Girls in school are instructed in food values and taught how to cook digestible meals.

The war taught the soldier the value of fresh air, and that sepsis comes from dirt, and the effect of this teaching is seen in the home.

Progress is slow and ignorance hard to dispel, but the time has come when a survey is needed to see whether all the work the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute did at the beginning is still needed, or whether new work of a different kind is not now crying out to be done.

Many things are now dealt with in other ways. Hospitals are more numerous; tuberculosis is dealt with by the statutory authority; children's ailments are largely prevented by the school medical officer, while health visitors give the advice once sought from the nurse. Collectors for local associations are met with refusals, as the services offered do not fit the requirements of the subscriber.

The chief needs for which there is no provision within the means of a working man's income appear to be: Nursing at night; nursing infectious cases; massage.

Anyone with any nursing experience knows that a sick person is worse at night and that danger lies in the early hours of the morning. The village nurse cannot, of course, work day and night, so the patient is left to the amateur, and a very tired amateur, just when he, or she, most needs skill. The poor relative who has to work by day and sit up by night, and bids fair to become the next patient, is inclined to feel that little value is got for money from the subscription.

In the rare cases of puerperal fever the known and trusted midwife is withdrawn; and though, theoretically, the medical officer of health may give an order for the poor sick mother to be rushed in an ambulance to a hospital, as a rule she is left—terribly ill—to anyone who can be got to mind her, just when she needs very skilled and constant nursing day and night.

Again, in these days of accidents in works and on the roads the victim of the smash needs skilled surgical massage after his injury has been treated in hospital. The district nurse may come to 'massarge,' but one wonders if the pronunciation about matches the skill of a woman who has had but one year's training which included midwifery.

And here comes the weak point of district nursing at the present day. It is an age of specialists, and in each branch skill is needed and must be paid for. The objections of medical officers of health to district nurses are not due to the hard heart of the official, but to the inadequate training of people who take on responsible work.

When the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute was started all nurses were to be fully trained in hospital before being taught further to nurse with the inadequate equipment and difficult surroundings found in the ordinary house, but, owing to lack of funds, the hospital training, with its high standard of asepsis, has been left out and a shorter period substituted, taken largely in the homes of the patients; whereas the responsibility resting on a nurse in the wilds of the country confronted with a crisis, miles from the doctor, demands the very best of training.

There is no one so full of knowledge as a probationer at the end of her first year; at the end of three years she has begun to feel her ignorance. The district nurse, like the midwife, comes from her training in much the same frame of mind as the probationer. It depends on her intelligence how much she questions her own knowledge, and her experience is gained on her patients. This does not prevent her becoming a wonderfully good nurse in time, with more resource and initiative than one straight from hospital, where everything needed was ready to hand and where responsibility could be shared.

It should, however, be possible to organise district nursing as team work. By pooling districts, and making use of improved methods of transit and the cheaper motor car, nurses could be interchangeable and night work and massage be made available.

Cars for nurses sound extravagant, but commercial travellers, insurance agents, and tradesmen find it pays to use them; in fact, the postman seems almost the only man left who does peripatetic work on foot, and it can hardly be good business to pay a woman 10*s*. a day to spend half of it earning no money, but wearing out her own shoe leather.

When the friendly societies entered into a contract with the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for nursing their sick members the price was fixed at 1*s*. a visit. It is difficult to discover useful statistics as to the percentage of visits paid per head of the population, the number depending largely on the popularity of the nurse, or on the 'nurse-habit' formed at some time by a nurse who was a welcome and trusted friend; but in populous areas, like the coalfields, a nurse seems able to pay quite easily 3000 to 3500 visits a year (some reaching even 5000), which at 1*s*. a visit works out at 150*l*. to 175*l*. per annum. A midwife can take 150 cases at least. At 30*s*. this would bring 225*l*. If four districts with small populations, employing four semi-trained nurses at 150*l*., were to pool their resources, the 600*l*. a year would be available for—

Two fully trained nurses at 170*l*.	340*l*.
One (hospital-trained but taking her district training)	130*l*.
	470*l*.
Insurance of two Austin '7' cars . .	22*l*.
Tax on two Austin '7' cars . . .	17*l*.
Total	509*l*.

leaving ample for mileage, as the cars would seldom take long journeys.

The cost of dressings and appliances would be the same or less, as they could be bought in larger quantities; and the cost of inspection and administration should tend to become less also.

The parochial spirit would still be met by the local association, who would collect members' subscriptions as at present and supply the demands of the subscribers. They would do so on a contract basis with the group association, on which they would be represented. A tariff would be drawn up—say, 1*s*. a visit and 1*s*. an hour for night work. As the villages would only pay for work done, the cost per annum would probably be no more than, if as much as, keeping a nurse marking time. The group would employ as many nurses as the demands warranted. It should not be necessary for them all to live in one place if they all had telephones.

The Ministry of Health has increased the length of training for midwives, with the result, at present, that there is a shortage of candidates, few women being able to shoulder the extra expense with no guarantee of a good practice. Midwives should keep to midwifery alone, and the independent midwife might, or might not, work under the group association, but would probably find that an organisation which provided cases and guaranteed cash had its advantages.

No drastic alteration could be made at once, but districts might join over a night nurse or a masseuse; or districts which cannot quite afford a nurse, or cannot get one, might amalgamate.

One small town association has already started a night nurse, and one county had a masseuse some time ago. In one county at least a nurse has a car, and in one place two nurses are founding a prosperous business as visiting nurses. They keep a car.

County superintendents are finding it impossible to get girls of the right type to train as district nurses, yet 3*l*. to 3*l*. 10*s*. a week is not bad pay for women's work; it is better than that of the ordinary typist or clerk or business girl. District nursing will never be anything but a self-sacrificing profession, but the call to

self-sacrifice never really goes out of fashion, though it takes different forms. Where the need is felt to be great there will always be those ready to say 'Here am I; send me'; but the modern young woman likes good organisation and efficiency, and the prospect of a life which does not give full opportunity for the exercise of her skill, and a large part of which will be spent wearily tramping country lanes and marking time, does not appeal.

Training by county nursing associations in its present form should cease at once, and nurses should learn their work in hospital in the ordinary way. To countenance an inadequate, subsidised training makes district nursing the Cinderella of the profession. Money now given for training would be far better spent on motor cars, pensions and higher salaries, so that the life may attract the pick of the hospitals.

A difficulty, common to many who would like to take up nursing as a profession, is the gap between leaving school and entering a hospital. Parents who have had a struggle to keep their girls at a secondary school till their sixteenth birthday cannot afford to support them in idleness. A course in domestic subjects would be of great advantage, but it cannot be paid for. During the war the W.A.A.C.'s ran the domestic work of hospitals, and the Red Cross probationer started in the kitchen or the pantry. If that plan were adopted now, girls would earn their keep and a wage in the laundry, the kitchen, or as ward maids, and gain experience which would be invaluable later, when their turn for administration arrived. They should be trained while practising domestic arts and crafts by a competent, fully qualified house sister, and should be considered part of the staff, with no special gulf between the household and the nursing probationers.

The training they receive in household management should carry a certificate recognised by the Board of Education, and grants might conceivably be earned by the hospital, as part of the day would be occupied in study.

The years spent in this way would never be wasted, whether nursing were taken up eventually as a career or not. Some of the pupils would pass on to the wards, others to posts leading to institution management of all kinds—schools, hospitals, hotels, etc.

In counties where there is a rural community council a health group should create a general meeting ground for medical officers of health, the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute, the Red Cross, health insurance committee, general practitioners, hospitals, and Poor Law authorities, etc., where a talk round a table between people known to each other personally would solve many problems of finance, boundaries, communication and transport, telephones, etc. A system whereby nurses could leave their district

and return to the hospital periodically to keep in touch with modern methods and hospital life might be devised.

In any case, team work would lighten the worry, regulate the amount of work, give the nurse a better, because a more valuable, life, and the subscriber better value for his money; and with increased services the members would increase also and the cost of transport be met.

E. Millicent Jackson.

BIRDS IN ANCIENT EGYPT

At first thought it might be supposed that the principal difficulty encountered in a study of this subject would be the enormous mass of materials. Acres of tomb-walls are covered with reliefs and paintings of scenes and hieroglyphics in which bird forms frequently occur; whole libraries have been written on various aspects of Egyptology; mummies of birds of a late date are common enough to be picked up for a few piastres each. Yet each of these sources to some extent disappoints the inquirer. In the tombs the repetition is unbelievable, one decorator following another through dynasty after dynasty, according to his ability, down to the smallest details. In the books surprisingly little attention seems to have been devoted to the subject of birds; it has been treated as a side-line particularly the playground of superficial amateurs, and many independent references are found to derive ultimately from one original figure in some doubtfully accurate reproduction of a tomb-scene. As for the mummies, the embalmers concentrated entirely upon the ibises and the hawk-like birds, and the occurrence of any other species appears to be accidental.

It is remarkable that in bird-portraiture there has never been Egyptian work to touch the earliest. The three different kinds of geese at Medum were painted with great faithfulness and delicacy at the very beginning of dynastic times; there was nothing to equal them through all subsequent Egyptian history, and nothing in the Western world to surpass them before the bird-painting of the last fifty years. Shortly after Medum come the uncoloured reliefs at Sakkara, exquisite in purity and truth of line. That wonderful crowd of birds in the marsh scene of the tomb of Ti comes with a shock of delight to the bird-lover, it is so teeming with life. The Egyptologists say that all the tomb scenes were probably derived from one canonical book of copies, and that these Fifth Dynasty tombs themselves will not be the prototypes. If even this Sakkara work is observation at second hand, the first artist must have been a supreme genius in this particular line; to catch his birds in full flight or in characteristic attitudes as he has done, he must have known his birds

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intimately; he must have studied them with patience and loving care; almost he must have made his sketches with one eye on his vividly agitated living models. So distant from his inspiration as the Twelfth and Eighteenth Dynasties, the contemporary versions of his work are here and there still worth looking at. The same fish and crocodiles and hippopotami disport themselves in a frieze at the foot of the picture; the same conventionalised bark of bulrushes glides through the water of the middle distance; the same cloud of startled birds rises from the papyrus thicket before the throwing-stick. But they are no longer live things seen with an eager eye; they are no more than ritual spots of colour dropped on the tomb-wall by a perfunctory hand.

It is interesting to speculate how far this progressive degradation was forced upon the decorators of the tombs by the demands of a cast-iron formalism which insisted on copies of copies, and how far it marks a real decline of interest in birds. In their long history the people of Egypt seem to have passed from one extreme to the other in attention to the things of Nature. The earliest bird relic we possess is perhaps the most exquisite of all. It comes from pre-dynastic times, before 3400 B.C. at the latest, an ivory figure of a nightjar, only a couple of inches long, with round eyes of garnet. Was it an amulet? To the modern Egyptians the nightjar is *Teyr el mat*, a bird of mysterious ill omen, just as it was the 'lichfowl' to our own peasantry. In ancient Egypt we do not see or hear of the bird again. But, from whatever motive that nightjar was carved, it was done from life with a delicate care and sensibility. Nowadays no Egyptian ever looks at a bird; he cannot tell six species apart, or a true thing about any one of them. But it is clear that at the beginning of dynastic times the people of Egypt must have observed their birds keenly Nearly fifty species are unmistakably depicted for us.

At the same time it is not suggested that birds are introduced so frequently into the funerary decorations merely because they are beautiful and familiar objects. The ancient Egyptians kept great quantities of domestic birds, and they slaughtered vast numbers of wild-fowl for food and for sport. On the principle that every activity of the deceased must be represented to his glory on the walls of his tomb, we get pictures of the daily occurrences in his poultry yard, of his Honour hunting with his throwing-stick, or occasionally with trained cats, in the marshes, and of the wholesale netting of ducks for his table.

The ancient Egyptian poultry yard seems to have bulked large in a landed proprietor's interests, but it was stocked very differently from ours. Barn-door fowls there were none, at any rate before Ptolemaic times, when they must have been introduced from the East. Ducks of several kinds and pigeons were

the most numerous of all the birds kept, geese were much regarded, but cranes were the noblest and most striking inhabitants of the poultry yard. From the pictures nearly all of them appear to have been grey cranes, but a small proportion were demoiselles, distinguishable by ear-tufts and a pendent ruffle. To this day the two species pass through Egypt in great flocks, a sprinkling of demoiselles among the greys, to and from their breeding grounds in the swampy lands of northern and eastern Europe. Probably the original stock of these domesticated cranes was caught on migration—not an easy job, because they are so exceedingly wary, and the height of their heads above the ground gives them such a wide field of view. The most practicable method of catching them which suggests itself is to mark a favourite feeding area of the birds and to sow the surface of the ground with slip nooses. It must have been an occupation full of disappointments. To some extent the cranes must have bred in captivity, for occasionally we are shown a little one. Certainly they became thoroughly tame; men are shown in the act of cramming birds which do not appear to be tied up in any way or to be resenting the operation. Crane-keeping has now disappeared completely from Egypt. When and why we have no record, but we may guess that if cranes were still esteemed when turkeys were introduced they could not have held their own long in the popular estimation against that more handy and succulent bird.

One noble, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, one only, Ptah-hotep, boasts that he possessed in his life some scores of swans. With so large a proportion of its surface under water, Egypt would be well suited for such birds, but there is no indication that they were ever wild residents in Egypt. At present swans are quite uncommon winter visitors, which never seem to penetrate further inland than the lakes fringing the Northern Delta.

All our nobles' hunting was done against a background of papyrus thickets, which now are utterly vanished from Egypt to a point several hundred miles south of Khartum. Such a tangled mass of vegetation, standing in water and rising 10 feet into the air, was bound to possess a teeming avifauna of its own. Even in the earliest reliefs, when the birds are still lifelike, the convention had already set the scene in hard lines which were never afterwards broken. The great man is drawn symbolically disproportionate to his little boat and his insignificant servants. In later times the women of his family are introduced, clinging to his calves. Of all the marsh scenes that in the tomb of Ti is the finest and the first. Ibises are sitting on their nests; gallinules slip between the stems; herons, spoonbills, cormorants and spur-wing plovers stand solemnly about. Genet-cats are climbing up

through the papyrus to raid the nests full of young. One kingfisher flutters round a cat's head, and its mate hurtles down headlong in defence of the half-fledged youngsters. (How come these young kingfishers to be grouped on a nest when the Egyptian pied kingfisher breeds in holes in banks like our own familiar bright bird? Shall we give the artist the benefit of the doubt, and agree that he might really have seen such a brood rest themselves on the first convenient platform which presented itself after their first baby flight from the nest?) A duck is coming down to its nestful of ducklings. An egret alights with backflung body and legs authentically dropped. There must be nearly a hundred birds on this panel, some identifiable and some not. All are alive. It is strange to find so pulsating a scene set hard for ages, so that in the Twelfth Dynasty you may see the genet-cat climbing the papyrus stem at exactly the same angle, and the same kingfisher plunging at its head. The tomb of Mera, contemporary with Ti, contains work almost as good, including a glorious full-bodied pelican, but in composition the marsh scenes follow that in Ti.

As time went on paintings superseded colourless reliefs. In form the birds sometimes retained a semblance of life and sometimes did not. The results are full of traps for the ornithologist. Not only did the decorator draw more and more on his imagination in his choice of colours, but he seems to have been handicapped by the limitations of his palette. There appear to have been no grey pigment, for instance, a want which would be felt particularly in depicting birds. The consequence is that we get such things as a beautiful cock widgeon correct in his chestnut head and neck and in his yellow forehead, but with the grey areas of his plumage painted in strong bluish-green. This substitution of bluish-green for grey is one which must always be borne in mind in identifying coloured birds in the tombs.

Some of the 'sports' of the decorators have given occasion for wild surmise. A recent French contributor to a scientific journal, which shall be nameless, reported gleefully that he identified a parrot in one of the later marsh scenes. Investigation showed that all he had had to work on was a tiny figure with short red bill and long red legs, and a body blotched red and green and blue, reproduced by Lepsius ninety years ago from a wall-painting now destroyed. If the Frenchman had compared Lepsius' work in other parts of the same scene which are still in good condition with modern versions by Howard Carter, he would have seen that, hampered by his small scale, Lepsius was quite inaccurate and unreliable in his delineation of the details of birds. Yet without making this criticism, and undeterred by the fact that parrots do not build their nests in papyrus swamps, our

enterprising writer rushed his identification into print. Of course, since then the parrot has figured in the lists of the birds of ancient Egypt. Other species have been *signalé* on equally flimsy evidence. There is no doubt that the 'parrot' is meant for a gallinule, a bird of gorgeous colouring which skulks in reedy places and calls strangely like the tuning of a fiddle.

Tomb after tomb portrays the netting of the water-fowl. The marshmen used an immense clap-net, the working of which is not clearly understood. It took several men to pull it shut. It is always pictured at the moment of closing, packed tight with duck and other smaller birds which may be intended for gulls and waders. Mallard, pintail, teal, tufted duck, common sheldrake and widgeon, all are distinguishable in one scene or another. The sheldrake is the only one amongst them which is not a common winter visitor to Egypt at the present day. The omission of the shoveller is remarkable. Nowadays this species outnumbers all the other winter duck except the teal. In outline its unmistakable feature is its great spatule bill; in a painting its chestnut flanks and bottle-green head and neck would be most distinctive, yet it is nowhere found.

Several other birds owe their introduction to their usefulness to man. In one desert scene a group of ostriches appears dimly as if they were on the far horizon, behind the hunting dogs and the oryx. In another place a man stands with his hand familiarly on a full-grown ostrich. They took risks in those days. Barely a hundred years ago these great birds existed in the Libyan desert. Now they are driven south to Kordofan, but their stout eggshells still occasionally turn up in the sand of their old haunts. The avocet was keenly sought after, just as it is to-day in the marshes round Damietta. In the tombs we are shown these unfortunate birds hung up in bunches from the roof of a fowler's hut while, as is evident from the curve of their struggling necks, they were still alive. The quail was captured as eagerly then as now. In one of the Fifth Dynasty tombs splendidly globular quail are being beaten out of the standing corn into a drag-net. Much the same technique is being practised in Upper Egypt to this day. The hoopoe also suffered a good deal at the hands of the ancient Egyptians. He often appears grasped by the wings in distressful positions. But then he was of magical significance, and a bird with such a flaunting crown could hardly escape special attentions.

Except that the thronging marsh scene must have been conceived in the first instance in sheer light-heartedness of artistry, it is rarely that birds appear to have been drawn in that spirit. Nearly always they are put in because ritual demands that they shall be there. The sudden ebullience of the artist of

the tomb of Chnemhotep at Beni Hasan is all the more delightful. To embellish the stock duck-netting scene he painted two little sont trees, bright with their yellow flowers, like soldiers' buttons. In their branches he painted two Nubian (masked) shrikes, a hoopoe, a cock common redstart, an isabelline turtle-dove and a most glorious butcher-bird. This last, accurate in pose and colouring, is the finest individual bird-painting which has come down to us. You can almost see him lash his tail from side to side in the manner so characteristic of his kind.

More than a dozen birds are used as hieroglyphic signs, some very commonly. Here again the earliest representations are the clearest and the nearest to their living originals. They make a striking crowd, the barn-owl and the Egyptian vulture, the griffon vulture, the peewit, the flamingo, the sacred ibis, the hermit ibis, an eagle-bird, a falcon, a hirundine, and a goose, besides some which cannot safely be named. Considering that they are nothing more than graphic characters, they are often marvellously detailed. The barn-owl may be shown quite accurately with the browny-yellow shading on its wings ; on the tomb of Gemni-kai at Sakkarà the griffons in the inscription have almost every feather carved distinctly. Of them all the hermit ibis is intrinsically the most interesting. There he is, with bald red forehead and loose mane of feathers behind, obviously a bird with which the scribes were thoroughly familiar. Yet to-day the bird is practically never seen in Egypt, has almost vanished off the face of the earth, clinging yet to a breeding site in the cliffs at Birajik, on the Upper Euphrates, and perhaps to some similar situations in Morocco.

The great problem among the hieroglyphic signs is the one commonly known as the 'chick.' It certainly looks like a chick, and the chick of a gallinaceous bird, but which ? There were no barn-door fowls. No partridges appear in the reliefs, and they can hardly be expected to, seeing that the Egyptian partridges are never seen outside the rocky parts of the desert and probably never did haunt the alluvial valley. Conceivably it is a quail chick, but then we should expect adult quail to figure among the domestic birds in the poultry-yard scenes, and they do not. One author, basing himself on certain variations of this hieroglyphic in an out-of-date volume of reproductions, would persuade us that it is meant for an adult quail. It is not an impossible suggestion, but if he had looked at the original tomb he would have seen that the variations on the strength of which he makes it exist only in the fallibility of the copyist. The beautiful hieroglyphics in the bas-reliefs are as exactly constant as if they had all been turned out of a mould, even to the striations on the body.

Mummied birds make only a late appearance in ancient Egypt, with the Twentieth Dynasty. Great finds of raptorial birds have been made at Kom Ombo, in Upper Egypt and near Giza. The idea appears to have been to do honour to the hawk-headed god Thoth, and, to judge by the results, any member of that family would serve the purpose Kites by the dozen, eagles, buzzards, harriers, falcons, were all pressed into service. Remains of nearly thirty species of raptorial birds have been identified by MM. Lortet and Gaillard. Only one is unknown in modern Egypt, the chanting goshawk, no race of which now comes nearer than Dongola. Some of the birds are mummified singly and carefully wrapped up. Others have been dipped in bitumen and roughly done up all together in a mixed bunch. Rarely, in the middle of such a collection, as if by accident, some small bright bird appears, a swallow, a cuckoo, once a roller, its brilliant purple plumage still full of colour when it was disinterred. It seems to us a strange vagary of religious observance. We are immediately struck by the problem of how so many harriers and eagles were caught. For one thing, they were almost certainly commoner than they are at the present day. And then it is evident that a good many of these birds had begun to decompose before an attempt had been made to preserve them. It looks as if any dead hawk that one came across might be picked up and serve as a means of acquiring merit or of fulfilling some ritual demand.

Nearly all the ibises come from Sakkara. They are wrapped one by one, much more carefully than the hawks, or packed in earthenware pots, to the honour of the goddess Isis. Apparently they were regarded as connected in some intimate way with the fruitfulness of the Nile Valley. Sometimes glossy ibises do duty for sacred ibises, although they are so different to look at, dark copper colour all over instead of black and white. Now the sacred ibises have entirely disappeared from Egypt. There are none left between the Mediterranean and the Sudan, though only fifty years ago they were still lingering in the marshes of Lake Menzala. It seems probable that the Egyptian ibis of the past formed a distinct geographical race, for it was decidedly smaller than the existing Sudanese birds.

Taking a general survey, we do not find that many species of birds we can recognise have been utterly lost to the Egyptian list in the course of the last 5000 years. Only the red-breasted goose, the chanting goshawk and the sacred ibis seem to be completely gone, though a number of others, the pigmy cormorant, the crocodile bird, the hermit ibis, are on the verge of disappearance. But in numbers of birds we cannot doubt that there must have been an enormous impoverishment. In winter parts of the northern lakes of the delta are still wonderfully

populous, dark over square miles with coot and duck. What must the scene have been like when no part of these birds' European breeding-grounds had been reclaimed from marsh and thicket? Egypt itself has become much more inhospitable to birds. Those jungles of papyrus, through which uncut no boat nor man could force a way, must have been perfect sanctuary. The Nile rose and fell and flooded and changed its course unhampered by revetment of its banks Now its flow is regulated between clean banks, seasonal swamps have almost disappeared, and perennial irrigation assimilates more and more of the Nile Valley to the flat unfriendly fields of the delta, where nothing bigger than a crested lark under a clod can find cover.

I would like to have had a day with the bird-life of Egypt in those distant times. I do not think the artist of the marsh scene used his licence and unduly crowded his canvas. And in the most ancient days every peasant in Egypt must have been more or less of a fenman, living always within sound of the marsh birds' wild voices and under the shadow of their myriad wings. It is certain that they must have bulked large in his life and thoughts.

This is not to say that the average peasant observed them with any other motive or with any keenness of perception other than those which enter into the modern poacher's study of the ways of the rabbit. But, with birds looming so large in all men's minds, it was natural that here and there a finer spirit among them should be set on fire. We are inclined to regard the close and loving observation of birds as a very new thing in the world, a late blossoming of the human spirit for which we give credit to our own generation and our immediate forebears. Faced with these earliest artistic efforts of dynastic times, we are bound to admit that we were forestalled. More than 5000 years ago some master—and who knows? perhaps a numerous following—must have studied the birds of his countryside with eyes as wide open as our own. It seems strange to recognise so gracious an interest in this remote priestly folk, revealed to us otherwise by battalions of queer stiff poses, and so densely preoccupied with the life after death. Here at last in the shared joy in birds we find them human and comprehensible. Meeting in some dim other world with the man who first drew the plunging kingfisher, we could hail him 'brother' and 'master.'

R. E. MOREAU.

HUMAN PERSONALITY IN DANTE'S 'DIVINE COMEDY'

The modern world, and above all the post-war world, has occupied itself with the question of personality more intimately than with any other philosophical or psychological problem. This it has done not without good reason, since, in spite of the great advance in scientific knowledge of the more objective kind, the human personality still remains, and must remain, the pivot of human interest. The dictum that the 'proper study of man is man' is as true, or more true, to-day than ever it was, and the discoveries made of late, of the subconscious mind, of the life-long obsessions or suppressed complexes made in youth, open up a vista of untold possibilities in the future. The science, if it is a science, of psycho-analysis, while marred as yet with much charlatanism, has come to stay, and has wrought great service by bringing into relief the immense and hitherto sometimes ignored importance of the human factor in all human dealings. It has also brought into the light of day another only half-realised truth that human personality is only too easily warped in youth, and warped for ever, and in other words, that personality is like wax in the hand of the moulder, plastic material so impressionable that feelings experienced in childhood may endure till the end of life. And who can deny that for a race endowed with knowledge of these facts the allied and consequent problem of the aim of personality training becomes of tremendous importance, and a shirking or shelving of the problem a criminal act offensive to the race? What is a personality and what sort of human personality do we desire to form in our schools are the obvious most pressing problems of education to-day. We seek, therefore, with so much the more eagerness in the literature of the past for the types of human personality which the world's artists have created for us, and we do not seek in vain.

The *Commedia* of Dante presents from beginning to end a panorama of human personalities so diverse in nature, so profound and yet exact in its thought, that it stands completely alone and unique in the world's literature. Not even Shakespeare, or Homer, or Goethe can present to us such a series of human beings,

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ranging, in heat and in cold, from the ill-starred denizens of Hell to the saints in the bliss of Paradise. Studied now with loving detail and indefatigable care, now merely thrown in as a sort of background, barely mentioned with a seemingly careless stroke of the pen, they glow at all times with the incandescence of life itself, leaving us to dream of an intense living which exists beyond the shade. It is true that they are in a sense unmodern, alien to our conception of development and evolution, thrown up, as it were, in their radiance or their gloom, and so fixed for ever; but that they have real personality, which gains in strength by its very immobility, no one who has studied the *Commedia* will deny. Shakespeare, too, has personalities—they grow from the seed before our very eyes, they develop into pregnant forces for good or ill; but always with Shakespeare it is what they do which dazzles and overwhelms our imagination, and not so much what they are. In Goethe we have the organic force of thought embodied in a Faust, whose feelings range beyond all worlds, causing us to dream of '*Sphären reiner Tätigkeit*'; but always in Goethe the philosophy overshadows the pure study of personality, whether it be in the world-stormer Faust of Part I., the philanthropist of Part II., or the truth-worshipper Iphigenia of the play of that name. In Dante alone there is no new action and no new thought in the persons themselves, and it is *by this very absence that their personalities become so luminous and rise up so infinitely gentle or so infinitely terrible* before our eyes. Not because there is no action, no thought in Dante, for he is full of these; but his men and women have passed through and beyond thought and action, and are caught up, fixed, isolated for ever in the form which they moulded for themselves whilst on earth below, and whether they smile at us through the white light of Paradise, or glare balefully through the *tenebræ* of the Inferno, they are equally convincing in the absolute fixity of their reality. Dante is interested in one thing only, and it is the thing in which we are interested, *what men make of themselves in the course of their lives and why they so make themselves.* His whole work is built on this. Not the thing done is the centre of interest, but the form of the soul which does it. Not the fall of empires, but the soul of the emperors who fall, not the tragedy of a breakdown in a noble life, but the mind of those who have broken down. Within the limits of earth there is no end, only means to an end which lies beyond earth, the bliss of eternally contemplating the divinity, and therefore Dante presents to us personalities which are doing this, or on the way to it, or for ever cut off from it. Tragedy to him is a negative and a passive thing, a feeling of exile from the sight of God, the everlasting state of being cut off from Him, and therefore constitutes a conception of

the tragic element utterly alien to those of Shakespeare or Goethe on the one hand, or the ancient Greeks on the other: a conception, indeed, only possible to a society whose teleological philosophy placed final misery and final bliss beyond the tomb.

To define personality is no easy thing, although most of us can feel what it denotes. When it is said that a man has a strong personality or a magnetic personality, we realise at once that it indicates an influence radiating from him and evoked by our presence—that it is, in fact, the sum of the thoughts and feelings which clothe his ego when engaged in active operation of thinking and feeling. It is his whole being in relation to some other being, and is therefore definitely a social product. An individual alone in the world could have no personality. We feel that there must be some other being present. Our own experience seems to tell us that no man feels his own personality, and that our knowledge of personality arises from the experience we have had of the influence of other people's personality on ourselves. It may be that the riddle of the universe will at long last find its solution in this relation of soul to soul, and the 'why' of creation be answered by a theory of the personality of God, in that God Himself becomes personal in relation to His own creation. Dante answered it not quite in this way, since his thought, like that of his master Aquinas, revolved round the abstract conceptions of 'substantia' and 'accidentia,' and only by his genius, in spite of himself, as it were, does he rise beyond the wisdom of his age. In any case, what is important for us is that we behold in the *Commedia* the personalities of unnumbered people in reaction, first, philosophically, with the Divine Power, and secondly, humanly, and for us more intimate, with a mortal of 'profound' human parts—Dante the Seer. It has been said of old that humanity is complete when two or three are together, and we have found that complete humanity expresses itself in reactions of personality. In all human life there is no greater union than the joining together of two or three people for the purpose of exchanging thought and feeling, and to prove this, if proof be required, we need only to invoke the verdict of history. The sublimest products of the ancients, from Plato down to Cicero, revolve round it. Greek drama developed on it, and passed through its noblest phase without feeling the slightest need to go further. It is so also in the Faust of Goethe, where Faust and Mephistopheles go through the turmoil of the world, meeting other people, talking to them, developing their personality in contact with them, so much, indeed, that the Devil himself becomes humanised in the process; but even they do not enjoy the variety of experience of the immortal twain who followed the steep path which rose from Lucifer to God.

The seven days' dream of Dante which he recounts to us in the *Commedia* is nothing more, and needs to be nothing more, than a succession of personal reactions. To go deeply into the psychology of it would be otiose, clothed as it is in a philosophical language as subtle in its ingenuity as it is insufficient for its purpose, and the only effect of such investigation would be to divert attention from the subject in view. What matters for us is that the actual naked theory of the formation of personality in Dante remains as true to-day as it was in his time. To Dante the aim of life was unique and transcendental—to enjoy the eternal bliss of intercourse with the Deity; and the highest form of this lay beyond the portal of death. A saint alone could on earth attain to some approximation of it, but only a very distant and very insufficient one. This attraction towards the Deity Dante denoted by the term 'love,' and since God pervades the Empyrean, the tenth, last and all-comprising heaven, it was a force drawing the soul away from the earth. To the contrary force, symbolised by the force of gravitation, acting earthwards, he gave the name of 'hatred,' and in this simple manner he includes the whole universe, with earth as its centre and the Empyrean furthest away, in one vast and facile scheme It follows from this that actions inspired by complete love (which must *ipso facto* be good actions) help the soul to rise upwards to God, whereas actions of incomplete love, or perverted or distorted love, or absence of love (which is hate), weigh the soul down exactly as gravitation does the material body, and draw it to its rightful home in Hell. Farthest away from God, with complete absence of love, and hence complete hate, is the centre of the earth, and there the Lord of Hate, Lucifer, is placed for ever. Above him stretches Hell with its nine circles, less sinful as they approach the vicinity of the earth's surface. On the other side of the earth, opposite to Hell, rises the hill of Purgatory, stretching upward as though to reach Heaven, and through its nine terraces the repentant sinner must rise in order to be purged on the way to his final goal of Heaven. In Dante all attraction, whether material or psychological, is love, and all the emphasis is laid on the relation of men, first to their Maker, then to their fellow-men. And this love, which here, in a very real sense, makes the heavens go round, is manifested in *personality*, and in the *Commedia* it is precisely in *the behaviour of the souls to each other* that we read the message of Dante.

How far, then, can personality be developed, how far is it developed in Dante, and how far does this coincide with the experience of modern times? Here we come to the very centre of interest to-day, and to the curious modernity of Dante's work, for, strange though it may seem, Dante grants to the individual *full responsibility for his own destiny*. One impulse alone is innate

in new-born individuals, and that is the love which draws them to God, which love is, in other words, the desire for happiness. No man can escape this, and, if this is predetermination, we are all determined. Even to-day, though we may vary as to the goal of our desire for happiness, we do not question the existence of such a desire in all men. Given this impulse of love, man is free to pervert it, to distort it or to starve it, or, best of all, to direct it fully towards its great end. In every man, in whatever environment, there resides the faculty of reaching the goal. On his way through life he may allow his feeling of love to be diverted on to many things, and if he takes no heed he may be led astray, but that he has the means of avoiding such error Dante is convinced. Moreover, though he fall by the way, through repentance he may regain the path. There is, therefore, no fatalism in Dante, no doubts as to man's capacity to achieve salvation, and, at the same time, there are no doubts that he may, if he so desire, also spurn it.

More than all this, he teaches a law in the formation of personality which, although recognised vaguely by the Greeks, has only been fully understood in all its aspects to-day. Dante maintains, and exemplifies in all his *dramatis personæ*, the law that the real punishment of sin is the habit of sinful action which we imbibe through it; the evil of yielding to violent impulses is that we gradually come to like violent actions and to be unhappy without them. The punishment of the sinner who lies is simply that he is unhappy when he does not lie. This law of personal retribution permeates the whole *Commedia*, in just the same way as it permeates human life. The punishment of the liar is that his personality radiates mendacity, of a traitor that his influence on those about him is felt by them to be that of a traitor. If a man has gone so far that he is completely a traitor, then he ceases to feel compunction about it, and in a sense he enjoys it. In this way the sinners in Hell who have proceeded along the path of crime beyond the range of the faculty of repentance feel no remorse and have no active desire to alter their condition. This does not, however, by any means indicate that Hell is Paradise for those who happen to be in it. To be caught in the narrowing *cul-de-sac* of vice, to find one's only pleasure in practising evil, in no wise precludes the parallel existence of an obscure but eternal longing to be out of it, to be again unstained, again pure, once more to breathe the free air of unvitiated life. They remain as they have made themselves. Hell to the damned, though a place of torment, is yet their home. It is as they made it; they have no complaint. Of Heaven they say no word, for indeed they would be unhappy there. We can boldly discard all Dante's cosmography, all his philosophical fabric of 'substantia' and 'accidentia,' all his

belief in a future life, if we so desire ; and there remains that the personality of men is as men make it, and that as life is lived, so it leaves its seal on our personalities. What we may add, of course, to this would be our greater knowledge of human psychology, the influence of environment and heredity—in other words, greater technical knowledge of human behaviour. None the less, this fundamental law remains as the vital fibre of the *Commedia ;* and the living though phantom pictures he paints, sometimes luridly, before us are the finest series of admonitions that art can furnish, purely artistic, because the morality is part of, and not added to, the artistic purpose ; presented, moreover, with no sentimentality, no moralising, no vain regrets for a wasted life, but only as the direct simple truth. In fact, it is more true to say that the lives of the sinners were not wasted ; they were very full and active lives, and beautiful in their way. They happened, and they were. If we wish our personality to develop like theirs we are free to go and do likewise. It is perhaps a wonderful testimony for the essential soundness of humanity that we usually do not wish to be like them. Three episodes, one from each division of the *Commedia*, will illustrate the truth of our statements.

In the first circle of Hell, where the carnal sinners are swept along in a wild tempest, and the noise of the bellowing winds drowns all sound of sorrow, Dante descries dimly the vague forms of two beings in close embrace, wrapped in each other's arms. Desirous of speaking to them, he turns to Virgil, and it comes about, by the will of Heaven, that the hellish storm for a little while abates, and, still locked in each other's arms, they float to where Dante is. They are Paolo and Francesca, and they come from Rimini with a mournful and pitiful tale. The girl Francesca had been compelled for reasons of state to wed one Gianciotto, for whose deformed person she had no feelings of love, and with whom to spend her life she had no desire. The man who held her affections was his brother Paolo, young and beautiful, and with him for ten long years she kept up a more or less harmless liaison, which, however, at last brought them both to a bloody and ruinous end. The tale of the final catastrophe, which she tells Dante, weeping the while, is beautiful in its pitifulness, and is told in words whose beauty equals the theme. Paolo, the lover, during the telling of the story says no word at all. They were sitting together one day, it seems, reading the story of Lancelot and Queen Guenivere, and after a time they came to the part where it is told how Galeotto brought the two together. Several times during the reading the obvious similarity of their own situation with the one in the text had caused them to exchange glances and to blush. Then follows in the reading the account of how

Guinevere kissed Lancelot for the first time. This was too much. The book acted the part of Galeotto to them, and they fell to kissing each other. 'That day,' said she, weeping, in the haunting phrase of Dante, 'we read no more together.' While they were 'reading no more together' the outraged husband, who had been concealed behind an arras, issued forth and slew them both, and now behold them in the circle of the carnal sinners, together for evermore. To appreciate this story fully it must be read, and read many times, in Italian, for an English account cannot convey its humanity. Everything that goes to form it—the words, the *terza rima*, the atmosphere, the things suggested, the things left unsaid—is so inextricably and yet so subtly woven together that a translation at once shatters its fine and delicate fabric, and the pathos is less felt. The original in its native texture is probably the most pathetic story in the world. These two 'wounded souls,' as Dante calls them, have lived for fifteen years in the environment of the first circle of Hell, a region of darkness, of howling buffeting winds, where the sinners are hurled in endless succession round and round, without respite and without hope. This circle is the home of carnal sinners, and the raging storm which resounds represents the irregular bursts of passion which seize so violently upon such sinners. It is the natural home for Paolo and Francesca, and they chose it. The society of Dido, of Semiramis, of Helen, is to them '*sympathique*,' for like these three they yielded to their carnal desire, and like them unlawfully. Greater than this, and crown of their desires, they are together, locked in each other's arms, never to be parted. This was their desire, this they have got. True, they are not happy in the sense that the souls in bliss are happy, for no one could be happy in the place they are in; but we feel as Dante must have felt, and we feel intensely, that if they were offered Paradise as a reward for separation they would refuse it. They have made themselves thus by action of their own will and by the force of environment and circumstances, and they are most happy as they are. Now this story is purely and completely human. We can reject, if we wish, the eternal Hell in which it is told, and still feel the truth of the situation and the eternal truth of it. Such is the law of retribution. These two souls in pain have a definite personality, which radiates from them through seven centuries and which appeals to the reader to-day with undiminished force. Their crime was in a sense a small one. They are, we are not afraid to assert, *nice* people, and we should not scorn to be in their company, but with all our pity we realise that what they wanted they have, what they asked for they received, and that this, this only, is the real Hell.

In the Purgatorio we have a world seemingly less fixed and more like our world. The people live on the green and fragrant

hill of Purgatory in the hope, however far distant, of attaining to Paradise, and there are no terrible, awe-inspiring features as in the Inferno. The pictures presented are less in detail, less statuesque, less impressive. This is as it should be, for whereas the souls in Hell are caught up in a state of sin, out of which there is no escape, and their inward development is checked for all time, in Purgatory the souls are in active operation of purging themselves, in process of changing their character and their personality almost as we pass them by. They do not possess quite that awful appearance of finality which the sinners in Hell present, and are, to some extent, more modern. Like most people in the world, they developed wrongly, but, unlike many, they did not allow themselves to become satisfied with sin and to come to like it, but, after tasting, rejected it. And now, according to the nature and depth of their evil-doing, they purge themselves, and purge themselves willingly. They realise that their love was distorted, or perverted or insufficient, and accordingly they behave in Purgatory. If they sinned through pride—*i.e.*, through love turned from the real goal on to some personal quality of their own—they learn to be humble and they learn willingly and the beauty of their character glows through their voluntarily endured torture. They are bent low beneath heavy burdens, and the once proud neck is bowed. On the walls of the terrace of Pride, in Purgatory, are depicted examples of other people's humility, drawn from stories of old, that they may recall that humility is not beyond human effort. Under their feet on the terrace are depicted examples of pride drawn from ancient lore, and on these they trample in derision. Some of them have strange and wonderful tales to tell. There is a scene on the low-lying slopes of Purgatory which throws clear light on Dante's conception of the human soul. Here we are face to face with the souls of late repentant sinners violently slain. One speaks to Dante—Buonconte of Montefeltro, who fell at the battle of Campaldino, and whose body was never found. Buonconte lived no saintly life and came very near indeed to eternal damnation, but because of one supreme faculty which throughout life he had never lost, his love and trust in his Creator, he was saved in the end. On his day of death, by the brook Archiano, he cried out in the moment of expiration on the name of Mary the great Mother, and the range of the infinite mercy was so wide that he was accepted as a repentant sinner. Over his dead body to claim his soul there came a demon, confident through the knowledge of long service; but there came also an angel sent by God, and the twain strove for mastery. The angel triumphed, because not what Buonconte had done but *what he was* alone mattered. In the words of Dante:

'and I to him—"What violence or what chance made thee stray so far from Campaldino, that thy burial place ne'er was known?" He answered: "At Casentino's foot a stream crosses, which is named Archiano. There where its name is lost, did I arrive, pierced in the throat, flying on foot and bloodying the plain. There I lost vision, and ended my words upon the name of Mary, and there I fell, and my flesh alone was left. I will speak sooth, and do thou respeak it among the living; the angel of God took me, and ONE FROM HELL cried: 'Oh thou from Heaven, wherefore robbest thou me? Thou bearest away the eternal part of this man, for one little tear that snatches him from me; but with the other will I deal in other fashion.'"'

There follows the account of the devil's vengeance on the body;

'"My frozen body at its mouth the raging Archian found, and swept it into the Arno, and loosed the cross on my breast, which I made of me when pain o'ercame me. It rolled me along its banks and over its bed then covered and wrapped me with its spoils."'

The personality of this soul in Purgatory as presented to us by Dante is essentially good, and as we read this story our hearts rise in sympathy towards him. Buonconte is in no wise to be regarded as a frightened criminal, spurred on by the fear of damnation, to turn to the mercy of God. Had he not throughout his chequered career preserved, impaired within him, the saving power of love, his lips could not have framed the appeal of pity with the intensity of feeling which the words of Dante indicate. At most, the word might have flown from his lips as an empty formula, invoked by the power of terror from the subconscious memories of his unstained childhood. Behind it to endow it with the strength that moves would have been nothing but the leaden weight of a heart steeped in sin. Precisely in this is Dante Pelagian, as was Goethe likewise centuries afterwards. A man is bound to make mistakes, bound to sin, but he is not bound to make such action part of his nature, and to pursue it until it becomes congenial to him. The final question to be put is not 'What did you do?' but '*What are you?*'; and the answer to this question is found in the human personality. Corrupt in Hell, reparable in Purgatory, perfect in Paradise. Turning to more modern literature, with its additional modern concept of dramatic action, unending activity, we have Faust and Hamlet as similar purgatorial types, essentially sound; Iago as one of the damned and unrepentant; and as the nearest approach to the perfect soul in Paradise the truthteller Iphigenia of Goethe. We lack, however, the mediæval idea of completion, of 'ends' of 'fixation,' whereas the charm of Dante lies in the static representation of human personality which shall change no more. Lastly, in comparing the mediæval vision with the more modern, we must not over-state the case of the former. There is no doubt that the personalities in Dante are vastly inferior in complexity to those

of the modern drama. They are simple indeed compared with the creations of Shakespeare, or Goethe or Hebbel. Yet it is in this very simplicity that they excel in intensity, and by virtue of their limited circumscription, the splendour or the dreadfulness of their personality, sheds itself so much the more radiantly beyond the bounds of the Ptolemaic universe of Dante.

In Paradise, as in Hell, we have a new finality, but now one of perfect happiness. The soul has attained its desire of standing before God in beatific contemplation of His being, all effort over, all hopes achieved, at peace for ever. It is an easy task, and one that has often been done, to ridicule this conception of bliss, but nevertheless no better conception has yet been found. Not even the endless '*Tätigkeit*' of Goethe in '*reinen Sphären*' is philosophically as satisfactory, since it only presents to us, on a higher plane, the same succession of events as on earth—*i.e.*, sorrow, then joy, obstacles to overcome, success in this, then more obstacles, and so on, which is a vision of a future life many people would not desire. The phenomenon known as suicide proves this, since the higher spheres, if they are modelled on ours, would present the same difficulties to a soul prone to suicide. The divine contemplation theory is, in some respects at least, superior to this, and must be carefully distinguished from the modern and debased caricature which frequently is portrayed in hymn-books, as a heaven of harp-twanging, hymn-singing, and parade of golden streets. The theory of the mediævalists was that, since God is infinite, the joy of contemplating Him would be of endless variety, and where there is infinite variety there can be no stagnation, no '*ennui*.' As a philosophical conception of Heaven we could hardly ask for more than this. It is the same situation that we pointed out above—the union of human beings for the interchange of intuition, or its offspring 'ideas.' Men spend their lives doing this. What would it be, then, if God was our partner in it? For that is what contemplation means in Dante. This would be more than eternal activity—it would be intercourse with the source and the aim of activity, and so the highest and most desirable thing. Now it is true that, in portraying Paradise, Dante is usually outside human experience, and that, even in so far as he is inside it, the portraits of good and saintly people tend to be uninteresting and stereotyped This is certainly so, and it is indisputable that as a human document Paradise is inferior to both the other divisions of the *Commedia*. Notwithstanding, even in Paradise there are degrees of perfection corresponding to the nine circling heavens, and so once again we are in the midst of variety. To achieve this Dante introduces his theory of gradations of perfect personality, a theory of perfection which can best be explained by quoting a well-known episode.

The heavens, in order taken from the earth, are named after the planets which circle round them. The Moon, Mercury, Venus the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the Fixed Stars, and the Primum Mobile. They are *all heaven*, but not the *same heaven*, and the higher the soul goes the nearer it is to God, and the deeper the divine vision. Dante, rising with Beatrice, who now guides him, into the Heaven of the Moon, sees the faint outlines of a soul in bliss, and desires to speak with it It is Piccarda, the sister of his great friend Forese Donati. He asks her to explain a problem which has baffled him, to wit: How it is that a soul can be in perfect bliss in the Heaven of the Moon, whilst knowing full well that there are many other heavens richer and fuller and better, farther above? Piccarda's famous reply is well known: '*La sua volontate è nostra pace*.' (' His will is our peace.') By which she means that her soul was so fashioned by the will of God when created that when it attained its perfect personality it would naturally find its proper home in the lowest heaven. Other souls might be created with a potentially greater personality, which, if fully developed, would find another heaven in which to reside, but not hers. In this lowest heaven she attains perfect happiness within her own limits, and if placed in a ' better ' or ' higher ' heaven she would not be so happy. She has reached the limit of her capacity for divine contemplation, and can, by her nature, desire no more ' His will is our peace.' Dante understands and passes on.

It is evident from this episode that perfect happiness is the development of a personality completely reconciled with the will of God, and that, like the personalities whom we have beheld in Hell and Purgatory, this is a state which can be reached on earth. It is the condition of perfect serenity, perfect harmony with surroundings, which is occasionally realised by the figures we can behold in the art of the Greeks, especially their sculpture. Translated into modern terms it would mean a personality fully developed in all the faculties which Nature had given to it, with no obsessions, no suppressed complexes, no grievances, and, though quite aware of the horrors and the pitfalls of life, still confident and unafraid. '*La sua volontate è nostra pace*.' This is the teaching of Dante, the doctrine of the development of human personality. With its mediæval conception of the after-life it is great and beautiful, but shorn of it, it remains still great and still beautiful. It is as true to-day as ever it was, and as truly modern as any creation of thought since the days of the Greek masterpieces. One thing, too, it possesses, which the serene and imperturbable philosophy of the Phidian carvings do not possess—a feeling of human relationship, whether of love or its counterpart hate, so intense that it forms the very fabric of life, the creative force of the entire cosmos.

F. McEachran.

CEREMONY

. . What art thou, thou idol ceremony ?—*Henry V.*

'POLITENESS was always perfect . . and never degenerated into chilly ceremonial,' wrote Madame de Genlis of the *ancien régime* in which she had been born and brought up, in contrast to the studied gentility and rigid ceremony of Directory France, to which she had returned an unhappy and embittered *émigré*. Gone for her were the dinner-parties ' when we talked without interruption because we always chose our places and sat beside the people we liked best.' Gone, too, were the days when ' anything that could resemble etiquette and suggested the idea of difference in rank was carefully avoided. The grand seigneur who invited the wife of a farmer-general and the wife of a duke to supper treated them with the same consideration and respect.' Now, under the Directory, ' *nous avons changé tout cela.*'

Returned *émigrés* are not the most reliable of observers. They can scarcely escape the imputation of bias or avoid the taint of prejudice, and inevitably Madame de Genlis was looking back on the old France with tinted spectacles. Nevertheless, despite many superficial affectations, French society, so thoroughly confident of itself, had evinced a degree of toleration and complaisance which had quickly yielded to one of emulation and suspicion amongst the arrivists and parvenus of the post-Terror revolutionary years, eager all to consolidate their precarious and hardly won positions behind a stringent code of etiquette, the slightest infraction of which would ensure social obloquy.

That such a transition from ease to rigidity (and it is corroborated by the recently published memoirs of Queen Hortense) could have been possible within the space of a decade is evidence that in *revolution des mœurs* time is of little account. One generation is ultra-ceremonial, the next only moderately ceremonial ; one generation contemns a code of etiquette, the next adopts it. The deciding factors may vary from a *coup d'état* to the publication of a book.

So vast is the range of ceremony, so numerous and variegated its manifestations, that within a strictly limited space it is impossible in general to touch more than lightly upon the subject.

In particular an attempt will be made to limit as far as possible to social observances only the inquiry as to the factors which make or modify the ceremony-urge traceable amongst all associations of human beings. As a preliminary step, however, it is necessary to prove the existence of such an urge, or, in other words, to show that mankind will adopt a miming ceremony and countenance a piece of nonsensical etiquette because of some inner compelling force. Ceremonies are such manifest limitations upon liberty that it is inconceivable that they should obtain acceptance unless supported by some such powerful sanction.

It can hardly be denied that the propensity to create and preserve ceremonial has been stronger amongst men than amongst women. From the earliest recorded times man has rarely been able to resist a constant urge towards ceremonising his work and play. There is, for example, nothing in the history of woman comparable to the rites of Freemasonry, the ritual of a regimental mess, the 'notions' of a public school, or the formalities of combat. When a woman fights it is in the spontaneous fashion of Mrs. Partridge, and not after the ceremonious manner of D'Artagnan.

It is arguable that this distinction in favour of woman is due to the fact that, owing to her long subjection, she has not had the same opportunities as man to exercise her ceremonising propensities. But the more probable explanation is to be found in the different standpoint from which the two sexes regard life. The woman, because she is the mother of the rising generation, is more practical and less imaginative than the male, and has the interests of the race more firmly at heart. The man on the whole is less solicitous for the race than he is for the interests of his own class, society or order. This, allied with a shrewder knowledge of the world, teaches him intuitively the necessity of reinforcing and preserving organisation and discipline against centripetal forces and disruptive influences by the creation of ceremonies calculated to appeal to the imagination, to minister to masculine self-pride, and capable of being handed down to posterity unimpaired. The ambitious woman may be dear to the novelist, but to the historian that upward social thrust which directly and indirectly has done so much to foster the growth of ceremonies is as much a masculine as a feminine movement. Of this thrust the snob is the incarnation, and in Thackeray the male type preponderates.

Such a consummate student of human nature as Machiavelli must have had the masculine rather than the feminine members of society in mind when he wrote that 'he is the maddest of men who would seek to restrain the people from their rites and ceremonies.' Wherever men have exercised undisputed creative authority, as in the law, the services, and the Church, there has

never failed to emerge a considerable wealth of ceremony. In their anxiety to supply the elemental social needs—stability, cohesion, security—men, if left to themselves, would run to ceremonial as assuredly as water to its own level.

If left to themselves. The apodosis is vital. Happily there are three factors by which this ceremony-urge is influenced. They may be summed up conveniently in three words: Culture; Government; Women. Unless the culture is lofty, the government truly democratic, and the womenfolk socially emancipated, it is not possible completely to check this ceremony-urge. Not until all three conditions are realised, not, in other words, until a state has reached a stage of ideal perfection, will the ceremonising propensity run its course. Nevertheless it will become weaker as one or more of these ends are attained.

Culture. The highest expression of culture is the realisation of self, the Socratic *γνῶθι σεαυτόν*. To realise oneself is to know oneself; to know oneself is to be original. As a consequence the measure of a country's culture may be said to be the number of its original minds. On the other hand, the measure of a country's ceremonies may be found in the number of commonplace, unthinking beings who either through laziness, inability, or disinclination are unwilling to stray from well-trodden paths, and are only too well contented to read stability for stagnation, convention for cohesion, security for tradition. The more is this so when it is felt that by a scrupulous devotion to observances the way of material advancement lies open. The ostracism and persecution with which society pursues those who, like Socrates, scorn to adopt or ridicule its code of accepted ceremony are such that only a small minority are willing to brave them for the sake of physical and mental freedom. The path of the philosopher is beset with thorns, and it is poor consolation for the social pariahs of one generation to believe that they will become the posthumous prophets of the next Unrest, says Schopenhauer, is the mark of real existence. Few thinkers have been 'good' members of society.

But the wider the expansion of culture, the greater becomes the diffusion of reason; the weaker the sacrosanctity of convention, the fewer its manifestations.

Government. 'Originally,' writes Herbert Spencer, 'ceremonies were modes of behaviour to the god-king.' The remark is far too sweeping, but, like many generalisations, it contains a substratum of truth. It is undoubtedly borne out by history that upon the form of government which obtains will depend to a partial extent the incidence of ceremony in any one country. Nor is there less evidence that from the earliest form of government—the rule of the tribal strong man, who was at once god,

priest, lawgiver, and master of the ceremonies—a large number of present-day observances are traceable. The ceremonial forms of salutation, for example, nearly all betray their quasi-divine origin The touching of the forelock to the squire, the curtsey to the lady of the manor, the casual bow to the friend, are relics of abject prostration before the deified ruler. From the same fountain flow such ceremonies as those connected with homage and fealty, the 'king's evil,' and the surviving Eastern custom of baring the feet before entering a house (*cf.* 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground'). Even the common forms of address, the familiar 'sir' and 'monsieur,' are, etymologically, terms implying adoration.

As the tribe became a more complex entity and authority devolved to the professional priest and lawyer, the conception of the god-king passed away, but that of the *Dominus Rex* took its place. Around the latter developed a court favouring luxury and circumstance, and creating among its hierarchy of barons, courtiers, officials and their wives an increasing code of ceremony and etiquette. The god-king may have been gathered to his fathers, but he had left behind him a king who, like Kublai Khan, was a very god to his court. Under this extraordinary monarch ceremony had become sublimated into such a fine art that there was actually an official bureau of ceremonial information, and before presentation at court ambassadors and others spent harrowing days rehearsing the complicated formalities to be performed

They who serve the king wrote Marco Polo, describing a royal banquet], and those sitting at the table, all of them cover their mouths with silk, lest their breathing should by any means touch the king's meat or drink, and when he hath a mind to drink, the damsel who giveth it goes back three paces and kneels down, and then the barons and all the people kneel.

A better illustration, if not the best illustration, of the length to which court ceremony could go is to be found in Madame de Campan's well-known account of the toilet of Marie Antoinette :

It was a masterpiece of etiquette ; everything was done on occasion in a prescribed form. . . . The tire-women put on the petticoat and handed the gown to the Queen. The lady of honour poured out the water for her hands and put on her body linen. When a princess of the royal family happened to be present while the Queen was dressing, the lady of honour yielded to her the latter act of office, but still did not yield it directly to the Princess of the Blood ; in such cases the lady of honour was accustomed to present the linen to the chief lady-in-waiting, who, in turn, handed it to the Princess of the Blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously as affecting her rights. One winter's day it happened that the Queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her body-linen ; I held it ready unfolded for her ; the lady of honour came in,

slipped off her gloves, and took it. A rustling was heard at the door—it was opened, and in came the Duchess of Orleans; she took off her gloves and came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong for the lady of honour to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the Princess. A further noise: it was the Countess of Provence; the Duchess of Orleans handed her the linen. All the while the Queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel the cold . . . and muttered several times: ' How disagreeable How tiresome!'

Notwithstanding these excesses, it is from the royal courts that many latter-day social ceremonies have sprung. Such is human vanity that the observances exacted by and paid to the man in whose hands lay (theoretically at least) the powers of life and death have been challenged and appropriated by his subjects.

> Tout bourgeois veut bâtir comme les grands seigneurs,
> Tout petit prince a les ambassadeurs,
> Tout marquis veut avoir des pages.

By a process akin to gravity the ceremonies of the court have descended to the aristocracy, and from the aristocracy to those who value them the most—the *haute bourgeoisie*. Hence the rules of precedence at a dinner-party, hence the etiquette connected with calling, hence the formality of personal introductions. Young "Peter Gray and Somers," it will be remembered, when stranded on the coast of Cariboo, ' couldn't chat together—they had not been introduced.' [1]

Ceremonies equally disagreeable and tiresome as those cited above were being enacted in Vienna, in Madrid, in Parma (where immortalised by Stendhal), in Wurtemberg (where so admirably described by Herr Feuchtwanger) When authority, like love,

> begins to sicken and decay,
> It useth an enforced ceremony.

Wherever the sovereign felt his position becoming less secure the more vehement became his insistence upon formality, as if striving to preserve the appearance of power behind its symbolic pomp. *Divide et impera* is a precept of governance which every worldly-wise ruler takes intuitively to heart. There are few things which more effectively raise barriers between class and class, subject race and subject race, religion and religion, than a hard-and-fast code of ceremonies. Its action fulfils the dual function of a tonic and a prophylactic. Its absence would eventually bring about freer association, freer exchange of ideas, freer discussion—three forms of freedom which the autocrat encourages at his peril. The marked increase of ceremonial under the Bourbons, of which increase the building of Versailles is an indication, was part of the conscious design by the French

[1] *Etiquette*, W. S. Gilbert.

monarchy of isolating and of so emasculating its nobles. Not without reason have political revolutionaries almost invariably began by an assault upon established social observances.

On the other hand, the further a country progresses from an autocratic to a democratic form of government, with its less defined, less impassable barriers, the lighter is likely to become the load of ceremonial.' England, which for many generations led the van of constitutional self-government, came, as a reward for her services, to be regarded by foreigners as the one country most deficient in right social observances. But if we take off our hats less than any nation in Europe, it is, claims Spencer stoutly, because we are the freest nation in Europe. One explanation at least of our lack of Continental decorum is that not since the days of the Stuarts has the Court of St. James played the same part in relation to society as have the more autocratic courts of Europe. The marked decrease in ceremony during the last thirty years in England is not wholly due to the disintegrating effects of the Great War; already in the time of Edward VII. the Court was losing even such social prominence as it had held under the reign of Queen Victoria.

Women. However effective may be the influence of culture and government upon the ceremony-urge, the third, or feminine, factor is the most powerful of the three.

Of all contributory causes of ceremonial efflorescence the relatively debased position of women has been the most vital. Yet, contrary to accepted belief, the subjection of women is a comparatively recent development in human history. During the earliest stages of civilisation there was little so-called inequality of the sexes. While the men were actively engaged hunting for food and repelling marauders, the domestic arts and crafts (and there were no others), the work in the fields, as well as in the settlement, were left to the women. The relationship between the two sexes was free and open, as between partners in a common cause. Domination, where found, was not always on the side of the male. But with increasing stability and security of life men were no longer compelled to spend their days in arms; and having, as a result of their hunting and fighting, brains rendered more acute and hands more dexterous, they rapidly dispossessed women from all save purely domestic work. Thenceforward until the Industrial Revolution, which, by readmitting them to industry, reversed the process, the women became more and more the subjects and puppets of the men. With the female no longer the partner, but rather the servant, of the male, the ceremony-urge, which it has been attempted to prove moves more vigorously in the latter, was suffered to range unchecked. The more complete the subordination of women the more ceremonious

in their behaviour became men; and the degree of ceremony which they adopted towards their womenfolk was generally a fair indication of the state of subjection in which the latter languished.

Besides the untrammelling of man, a further consequence flows from the subjection of woman. Against ceremony, formality, and ritual there are few weapons more lethal than laughter. 'The attitudes, gestures and movements of the human body,' Bergson points out, 'are laughable in exact proportion as that body reminds us of a mere machine.' But in order so to be reminded, in order to react risibly to the mechanical, it is necessary to be possessed with the true spirit of the Comic. Now, as Meredith has explained, it is impossible for the Comic Spirit to develop save in a society where men and women move upon an equal social plane. With the possible exception of Greece, only two countries, France and England, could have boasted that this equable state of social relationship obtained. The foundation for this claim is the fact that these two countries alone were capable of inspiring the *Lustspiel* or *comédie des mœurs*, wittingly satirising and ridiculing the conventions and foibles of society. Seventeenth-century Germany, with its three hundred and more straitlaced principalities, could no more have produced a Molière or a Congreve than eighteenth-century Spain, with its mantillas and duennas, a Beaumarchais or a Sheridan Where the idea of the Comic is found—and it can only be found in a society where men and women upon an equal footing are as foils to one another—a new set of values is substituted for the old set with its insistence upon form and decorum.

Those in want of the appreciation of the Comic are chiefly the conventionally minded, and to them, because they lack its saving grace, life is a very real, a very earnest problem. While life is insecure it must necessarily be taken seriously: to continue to do so after security has been achieved is to remain the mechanical unit—the soulless Robot. It was because of their cramping despotism, because their outlook upon life was narrow and one-sided, that the courts of the eighteenth century lacked that redeeming sense of humour, and raised up a body of pettifogging ceremony, which blinded them to the realities of things and finally hurried them to their downfall

If we now return to analyse the laments of Madame de Genlis, the starting point of our inquiry, it is clear that they could not apply to the French court circles of the *ancien régime*. Despite the efforts of Richelieu and the Bourbons, the French court did not, however, comprise the whole of French society. There were in the smaller towns and in the country many nobility of greater

or lesser degree, uncontaminated with the spirit of Versailles, but very much impregnated with the New Philosophy of *Paul et Virginie*, with the ideas of Rousseau and with the writings of the Encyclopædists and the Chevalier de Boufflers. The keynote was simplicity, the ideal naturalness. Amongst this vast division of French society, keenly intellectual, critical and *spirituelle*, whose womenkind were socially emancipated, there was little of the stiltedness and formality of Versailles. Brains took precedence of birth, and conversation of convention. Confident in their status as members of the *noblesse*, yet humanised by their culture, they could condescend to men and women of a lower estate with the informal facility rivalled only by that of the English squire.

The type that succeeded after the cataclysm of the Revolution was of a very different kind. The men, worldly and uncultured, intensely conscious at once of their bourgeois past and of their precarious present, had none of that semi-mocking *insouciance* of the old order. The women, although there were some brilliant exceptions in Madame Roland and Josephine de Beauharnais, were placidly cowlike and subjugated. As a means of lessening their feelings of *gaucherie* and of stabilising their insecure tenure by closing the door to further intruders, it was inevitable that they should create an encircling barrier of ceremony 'devised at first to set a gloss upon faint deeds.' Napoleon was shrewd enough to appreciate these parvenu hopes and fears, and in founding the Legion of Honour and in reviving at Fontainebleau the ceremonies of Versailles he harnessed them, as it were, to his career.

The society of the Directory may be contemned, but it cannot be blamed. Until the human race has become completely rational and passionless, thoroughly cultured and democratic, ceremony to a greater or lesser extent is necessary both for its gratification and for its preservation; for, as Selden tells us, 'it keeps up all things.' Too high a price can be paid for simplicity of procedure. Efficiency is in an irrational world no guarantee of durability. The imagination of man, which is so much greater than his powers of reasoning, can little resist the mesmeric effect of pomp and circumstance. It can hardly be doubted that the ceremony of a coronation enhances and supports the power and prestige of the Executive; and in our own times it has been evident that parliamentary ceremonial is not wholly without effect upon those who would degrade the Legislature to the level of the Convention. Nor is it easy to avoid the conclusion that the faith placed in British justice and the exceptional respect paid to its decisions are due in part to the ceremony of the courts of law. Moreover, the personal tie which formerly held together the Austrian and still knits together the British Empire can be put to too severe a strain. It is a matter of conjecture whether the

first could have successfully weathered so many storms and whether the latter would still be performing its invaluable functions without their accompaniment of ceremonial.

Few men can witness a State opening of Parliament without admitting, however unwillingly, that ceremony creates a degree of stability and sacrosanctity in a way which no amount of reasoning will guarantee and no logical act achieve. Associations of human beings are not unlike newly founded schools which act instinctively and wisely when they seek to build up a tradition which is nothing less than a code of rigid ceremony. In a school traditions are, from an educational standpoint, valueless, but they do more than scholarship to give it ' tone ' and to endear it in the hearts of its members. What traditions effect for a school ceremony accomplishes for any class of society.

It has been said of old : ' Give me the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes their laws.' A wiser man would have said : ' Give me the ceremonies of a nation, and I care not who has their ballads '

W BARING PEMBERTON.

THE POSITION OF THE LATE SIR WALTER RALEIGH AMONG LITERARY CRITICS

I

The Outlines of Victorian Criticism

Not least remarkable among the many literary paradoxes of the eighteenth century was the genesis in an age when the critic was the object of almost universal scorn of that exalted conception of criticism which became the gospel of Matthew Arnold and persisted in the face of many a challenge, though without a serious rival, till the close of the nineteenth century and the advent of Raleigh. The notion of the critic as the guardian of the writer against the extravagancies of the age and the infirmities of his own nature, and the principles of that reasoned pursuit of 'sweetness and light' with its constant reference to the Classics as the standard of all literary taste, was a doctrine already formulated in the early years of the eighteenth century in the midst of the onslaught on criticism into which the once nugatory quarrel between author and critic had developed.

The invective hurled at the critics of the time amounted almost to a plea for their extinction, yet in spite of their extravagance these charges are worthy of notice because they were met with the first enunciation of so famous a dogma. Hardly a writer could resist the temptation to deal a thrust at the 'pest and horror' of the age: 'the critic,' Pope wrote, 'being a bird of prey, has a natural inclination towards carrion; . . . just as no beggar is so poor that he cannot keep a cur, so is no author so beggarly that he cannot have a critic at his heels.' It was a common complaint that their judgments were the outcome of pure caprice, as void of true insight as they were independent of real literary criteria. Steele inveighed against their jealousy 'barring the honest author's path to recognition,' but it was reserved for Swift to crown the wild accusations with the assertion that 'the critics were the dogs, rats, wasps, or at best the drones of the learned world; the common enemies, pests and incendiaries of the Commonwealth of Letters.'

The champion of the critics' cause was Shaftesbury, and, though he died years before the attacks on the critics had ceased

to trouble the literature of the day, his conception of criticism as set forth in his *Philosophical Regimen* was essentially the same as that propagated by Arnold in the nineteenth century. Like Arnold, Shaftesbury based his doctrine on the Classics, and chiefly on that aspect of Greek thought which emphasised the value of a high seriousness and moderation, so that for both the virtues of σωφροσύνη and σπουδαιοτής became the first tenets of their literary creed. On this basis Shaftesbury erected a system of canons and anathemas which was to be at once the guide and scourge of the age: criticism was no longer a mere synonym for the inopportune sallies of the literary reviewer, but was exalted to the position of a dogma and a philosophy. In many passages the language of Shaftesbury and Arnold has an identical ring: as the latter protested that the Romantic movement was doomed at its birth to failure because it lacked the critical spirit, that 'Byron was empty of matter, Shelley incoherent and Wordsworth wanting in completeness and variety,' so Shaftesbury, in judging the literature of his period, complained 'that the English author would be all genius, and would reap the fruit of his art but without pain, study or application.' The philosophic side of Shaftesbury's criticism was almost identical with Arnold's doctrine of culture. His ideal of good breeding—'to learn whatever is decent in company or beautiful in the arts, the sum of philosophy being to know what is just in society and fine in Nature and the order of the world'—differs in little except the trappings of eighteenth century Deism from Arnold's famous definition of culture as 'the getting to know on all matters which most concern us the best which has been thought and said in the world.'

Thus Shaftesbury issued his warning to the superficial and self-complacent among his contemporaries and prepared the path for the great campaign against the Philistine which Arnold made the purpose of his literary criticism. He presented his successor with a weapon fashioned ready for the fight, yet in the end his confusion of a dogmatic philosophy with the canons of taste proved disastrous to the cause of literary criticism; largely through his influence, the direct appreciation of literature was made impossible throughout the nineteenth century, and the critic came to his task with a philosophic system to justify and a set of criteria to vindicate. True judgment gave way to the propagation of a creed; it seemed that the critic had taken Arnold's beloved quotation from the *De Imitatione* ('*cum multa legeris cognoveri que ad unum semper oportet redire principium*') too indiscriminately to heart, and not till the close of the century was freedom gained from its spell.

Out of his beliefs Arnold had built up a system to which he considered it his task to subject dispassionately the literature of

his day. His faith in the Classics led him to demand from all literature, irrespective of its natural genius or personal characteristics, the cool balance and ordered simplicity of the great Attic models; while the element of didacticism, which was in his view inseparable from the greatness of the Athenian writers, urged him to seek in an author not so much what was personal and incommunicable as that which could be transmitted as precept and example to posterity. Yet the Classics were but one side, however important, of Arnold's creed; from his gospel of culture and sweet reasonableness there was derived another guide for contemporary literature: to be great, art must bear the stamp of the catholic rather than that of the national character; its virtues should be those of the polished cosmopolitan culture which Arnold thought he saw exemplified in the work of writers like Joubert or the de Guérins—a culture mainly Latin in origin, but deriving its strength from a synthesis of the best elements in European and classical thought. Nationalism Arnold hated in literature because he suspected it of provincialism, and it was to guard against this, as well as to sift the Barbarian from the Attic, that he pleaded for the establishment of a centralising authority in literature such as an Academy.

Put into practice, these ideals readily exhibited an inherent weakness, and Arnold's blind and unswerving devotion to them drove him into the paradoxical position of the foe of prejudice defending his own prejudices. It was precisely this obstinate adherence to a set of standards in all cases and the refusal to recognise the need for nuance and fine discrimination that Arnold decried as Philistinism, yet, as Sidgewick told him, he sometimes came dangerously near to resembling the enemy. The accusations that were brought against Arnold are of more than ephemeral value, because it was on their basis, when Arnold's influence had waned, that a more sceptical criticism was conceived. To his contemporaries Arnold appeared a strange and distant creature living apart in a world of his own creation, yet claiming to check the exuberance of his time by the values he found current in his own ethereal sphere. His severance from national enthusiasm aroused hatred as well as ridicule, and instead of appearing a prophet of light he was once bitterly characterised as an exquisite dilettante 'holding the pouncet box of culture 'twixt the wind and his nobility' His constant exaltation of the Classics seemed dogmatic and often irrelevant; the great truth in his ideal was so far obscured by its reiteration that some thought of the critic not as the prop and stimulus of genius, but as one who checked the action of the living by the authority of the dead, and Sidgewick was moved to cry 'better the half truth that makes for action than this whole truth that paralyses the will'

In the narrower sphere of actual literary criticism Arnold's work was open to the same accusations. It was his constant aim to raise the critic from what he considered the lowly office of mere interpreter to the position of prophet of his religion of taste; and this purpose united with his literary dogma prevented him from making any consistent attempt to enter sympathetically into the point of view of his authors. His criticism was almost wholly external, his praise being accorded in proportion to the nearness of a writer's approach to his own preconceived system of standards; so that he appeared to labour under an inability to consider any literature except in relation to these criteria. He explored his literary landscape largely with the aid of a foot-rule, measuring beauty as one might measure length and breadth, till he fell into the final error of forgetting that its spirit lay often elsewhere than in proportion.

In a sense Arnold was no true child of the nineteenth century, for the historical method which coloured the whole outlook of the age seems never to have influenced him, and he clung to the belief that men and their manners were essentially the same in all ages and under all conditions. Accordingly he saw no reason to doubt the universal validity of his standards, though it was hard indeed to understand, as he was once asked, why an Elizabethan should be expected to write in the manner of an Athenian of the age of Pericles. Quick as he was to appreciate the sublime in dignity and restraint, he remained wilfully blind to its other yet—as Longinus would have told him—equally genuine manifestation in the wild turbulence of passionate utterance.¶ This deductive criticism, based on a hypothesis in which he had so vivid a faith, rendered Arnold curiously inadequate in the judgment of the work of his own countrymen: because his ideals were cosmopolitan rather than national, he turned seldom in his early work to the criticism of English literature, yet later, when he gave it his whole attention, his attitude was one of constant dismay at the lawlessness and turbulence of the English poets. With the Elizabethans in particular he had little sympathy; his tone suggests less appreciation than regret 'that a Boileau had not joined with Elizabeth (as he had joined with Louis XIV.) in teaching Shakespeare to prune his redundancies, to eliminate the elements of barbarism in his *dénouements*, and in instructing the sonneteer in the art of the sonnet and common sense, that we might have had our own Classics and not have been forced to turn to Athens for canons of taste.'[1] Here was the secret of Arnold's passionate cult of the Classics, the search for a universal and unchanging touchstone for literary value—'*aliquid certi semper proponendum*'; yet, as Raleigh was to show, a free mind

[1] More, *Shelburne Essays*, vol. 6.

and a sane scepticism were more vital possessions for the true appreciation of art. Arnold made of literary criticism a splendid means for the furtherance of his own creed, but in so using it he was no longer a critic

It was on Pater that Arnold's mantle fell, and, though the emphasis on the *μετριον ἦθος* of the Classics had waned, and Arnold's pursuit of a European culture given place to a new ideal, the inability to approach directly the appreciation of literature still persisted. From the pseudo-classicism of his age Pater had distilled a languorous æsthetic doctrine, half Epicurean and half ascetic: the pursuit of an artistically rounded life of cool tones and subdued harmonies, tempered with the stern balance of the Athenian ideal, and etherealised with the religious mysticism of the Middle Ages, obsessed Pater and coloured his whole outlook on literature and the movements of past history, just as Arnold's more Stoic dogma had decided the direction of the *Essays*. Though Pater never converted his ideals into a militant gospel, he tended even more than Arnold to use literary criticism for the purpose of vindicating a philosophic creed. Instead of the search for what he himself named '*la vraie vérité*,' he considered it the perfectly legitimate and perhaps higher function of criticism to take the expression of life as it comes to us through literature and to develop therefrom a philosophy and vision of the critic's own. A glance at his picture of Christianity in the second century is sufficient to show the incredible lightness with which he abandoned the critical function of fitting the facts as he found them into his argument, in favour of manipulating them so as to illustrate and authorise his preconceived theory of life. A critic of Pater has recently pointed out that *Marius the Epicurean* is not the portrayal of 'a militant faith at grips with the world,' such as we know the Christianity of the period to have been, but an artistic combination of a fragrant romanticism with a mystical Weltschmerz whose best appellation is perhaps Paterism. So, too, *Plato and Platonism* and in a lesser degree the *Renaissance* are manifestations of Pater's philosophy rather than historical studies; indeed, nothing could be more radically opposed to Plato's doctrine, as we have received it in the dialogues and in the *Republic*, than Pater's deliberate exaltation of beauty over virtue, nor anything more untrue than the metamorphosis of Lacadæmon in Pater's hands, from the armed camp of the Peloponnese into the ideal Dorian city of æsthetic harmony.

The same device of infusing his own personality into that of the subjects of his criticism rendered Pater's literary essays little more than texts and *motifs* for the development of his favourite theme. His preoccupation with an ideal existence closed to the harassing turmoil of the world made him unresponsive to the

homelier qualities of the writers he examined. Thus in his essay on Lamb we are not told of that writer's 'inconsequent, reckless humour and his power of pursuing it among the adversities of the world, as a man in a raging sea might cling to a spar for his life,'[2] but given instead a picture of a melancholy spirit drooping pathetically, yet delicately, beneath the load of human sorrows. The title that he chose for the most representative of all his works—*Imaginary Portraits*—is fully applicable to his essays on actual historical personages: they are all the creations of his imagination, to which the magic of his style lent a momentarily convincing reality. Of all the aspects of a writer, he depicted those alone which had for him an imaginative appeal, and to the truth that might exist independent of his private taste and preferences he gave no consideration.

That Arnold and Pater were not mere isolated instances of the employment of literary criticism for ends other than its own is clear from the whole character of the literature of the period. Many authors—Carlyle and Ruskin among them—turned to criticism as a vehicle for a trenchant and vivid expression of an æsthetic or moral creed whose excellencies could be best emphasised in a contrast with the shortcomings of rival or indifferent systems. The fact that the critic became the disciple, or worse the propagandist, of a school,[3] 'assumed the prophetic mantle . . . and dealt in sentences of anathema and threats of excommunication,' had the inevitable result that the clear serenity necessary for the appreciation of literature was lost, while signs of the degeneration of criticism were apparent in the constant employment of catchwords and formulæ.

II

Sir W. Raleigh and Modern Scepticism

When Raleigh approached literary criticism the essential characteristics of nineteenth century thought were slowly waning before the scepticism of the *fin de siècle*. The last fifteen years of the century were a period of extravagant reaction against the whole Victorian *motif* in literary doctrine; yet the movement was actuated by something more than the spirit of pure destruction, for, after the heat and excitement of iconoclasm had died down, it became the basis of the attitude of the twentieth century. In this sense Raleigh participates wholly in the spirit of the present age, and, though he never permitted himself to join in 'the jeremiads of the nineties,' he stood in direct contrast to the critics of the nineteenth century. Of this attitude he was entirely

[2] Benson, *On Pater*.
[3] Asquith, *Essay on Criticism*.

conscious, and both in his earlier and later work he exposed what he considered the fallacy of the doctrinaire view of criticism, so characteristic of his Victorian predecessors; the concern of those critics with 'what is communicable in literary practice, with architectural models and the chastening of style,' was always a matter of regret to him.

> Schools [he wrote in his essay on *Shakespeare*] were founded by believers in method: he trusted solely to the grace of the imagination and indulged himself in ever wilder and more daring escapades. Many a poet who pays more regard to proportion and verisimilitude finds that his characters . . . have no breath in them and lie dead upon his hands. Unity, severity of structure, freedom from excess, the beauties of simplicity and order—these may be learnt from the Greeks; but where can this amazing secret of life be learnt? It is the miracle of Nature, not the Nature exalted by the schools as the model of thrift and restraint, but the true Nature who pours forth without ceasing the enormous and extravagant gift of life.

Similarly in his earlier essay on *Style* Raleigh had deplored the search for the *mot propre* in which Flaubert took so exquisite a pleasure, and expounded the futility of literary discipleship:

> Some palpable faults are soon corrected; and for the rest a few conspicuous mannerisms, a few theatrical postures, not truly expressive, and a high tragical strut are all that can be imparted.

Raleigh was in these matters a sceptic, but his scepticism was tempered by a humility which in his view was a necessary qualification of the good critic, and he considered it a quite illegitimate act of literary casuistry for the critic to invest his subject with the garment of his own philosophy. As a result there is a singularly complete absence of any technical system or method in Raleigh's work; a search for maxims and catchwords is here entirely fruitless; the plain evidence of a free mind exploring literature, loth to exalt any exterior test as an absolute criterion, is the sole outcome of the attempt to reduce his work, like that of Arnold or Pater, to a formula. The chief impression gained from reading any of the longer critical essays—that on *Milton* in particular—is of Raleigh's quite extraordinary ability in entering into the mood of the author; and in the last analysis criticism meant for Raleigh this expansion of the mind by penetrating as far as possible into the thoughts of others greater than ourselves. Its task was the expounding of what is great in great literature; judgment was a secondary function, and Raleigh often in this view opposed himself to 'the official critics,' professing kinship with those whom he chose to call the amateurs, men of sympathy and understanding like Hazlitt and Lamb. For Raleigh the fundamental basis of criticism was a broad sympathy; Schiller's

sentence—'[illegible]'—is perhaps the best preface to his work.

This humble conception of the critic's office was in notable contrast with his predecessor's claim to be the '*rector scriptorum*.' Raleigh even questioned whether criticism was particularly the function of the literary specialist, considering perhaps that the best critic, like Aristotle's ideal student of the science of ethics, would be ὁ περὶ πᾶν πεπαιδευμένος—the man of a fine general education; and he accordingly regarded with equanimity the vanishing of systems and rules from the stock-in-trade of the critics. That this attitude was not the mere outcome of a youthful impulse is clear from the fact that in his last published work he ranked himself definitely with 'the scepticism that refuses axioms and standards and laws,' giving as his reason the one fact that appealed to him more than anything in art: that literature was a living and vital thing never to be treated as the dry dust of antiquity, hoarded for the pedantic scrutiny of the schoolmen, and literary criticism was no dull science twice removed from the actualities of human existence. He asked of those who lamented the increasing scepticism among literary critics whether they remembered that 'in judging books they were judging life and character—all that men desire and suffer and are.'

With these ideas Raleigh turned to his work as a critic, and it is significant that from the outset his attention was given almost wholly to the literature of his own country. We have seen how Arnold turned in the first instance to the examples of his ideal cosmopolitan culture, and Pater to the different sources—Classical Byzantine and Mediæval—of his strange philosophy; Raleigh, on the other hand, felt an intense devotion to English literature, though his appreciation of Boccaccio, Cervantes, and Castiglione shows that his taste was not the outcome of a narrow prejudice. He saw that English literature was essentially national, 'attached by a myriad of invisible threads to the life of its native speech, the creature of national custom and habit,' and continually regretted the fact that Matthew Arnold became a critic of English literature while yet standing aloof from national sentiment and finding offence in all that was peculiar to the character of his country. Above all, Raleigh loved the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, not simply because in that period English literature received a double consummation in Shakespeare and Milton, but also for the sake of those many lesser writers whose unity of fine thought, with a vivid and turbulent power of expression, had given them a title to esteem at least equal to the chill elegance of the eighteenth century and the fitful cosmopolitan genius of the nineteenth. In these writers Raleigh saw the exultation and

[illegible]
vigour of the Renaissance given the stamp of the national character, and he made the recovery from the past of some savour of this Golden Age the chief end of his literary criticism. Ultimately, however, it was something more than the attraction of a period of literary excellence that drew Raleigh so irresistibly to the study of these two centuries; for him it was a fact of inestimable importance that then, as at no other period in English history, the fount of inspiration of life and literature had been not twofold, but single. From the standpoint of his own age, when poetry and literature in general were definitely relegated to the sphere of the 'æsthetic,' Raleigh looked back with admiration to the time when the practice of letters symbolised no divorce from the contemporary life of action, but derived all its greatness from the intimacy of the connexion. This fact Raleigh made the central theme of the book which he named the best of his works—*The English Voyages.*

That marvellous summer-time of the imagination, [he wrote] the Elizabethan age, with all its wealth of flowers and fruit, was the gift to England of the sun that bronzed the faces of the voyagers and of the winds that carried them to the four quarters of the world. Historians of literature have been wont to treat the imaginative growth of the Elizabethan age as if it were a problem of skilful gardening. . . . But what nourished these pale slips brought from abroad? They struck their roots deep in a soil rich with the matter of life, and breathed a gentle and stimulating air. The dramatists and poets were the children and inheritors of the voyagers.

Raleigh felt the atmosphere of the age and kindled to it as something in which his own nature shared. Again and again we catch echoes of this note in the long series of essays on men of the two centuries. The thought of 'the great background and seminary of action' is present in the exposition of Shakespeare's genius, and similarly an account of Sir Thomas Hoby's life as a politician of his day is made the prelude to the discussion of his translation of Castiglione's *Book of the Courtier;* and the significance of that work is in turn related to the career of its author as a figure at the Court of Urbino and ambassador of the Pope. Later, in writing of Sir John Harrington, Raleigh gave a more definite expression to his regret that the streams of life and art had spread so far apart:

We catch the breath in their deeds and writings of a fuller and freer life than ours, a life of which art was an inseparable accident, when grave statesmen and ambitious adventurers were poets of repute. The distractions and contradictions of Victorian England seemed there to find reconciliation; passion was not yet severed from action.

So, too, the basis of Raleigh's appreciation of Halifax and Dryden lay in the fact that their indulgence of a literary genius was in

perfect harmony with a career deeply concerned in the political life of the day. He valued the 'Trimmer,' who could at once be the author of the *Moral Thoughts and Reflections* and figure as one of the greatest parliamentary leaders of the century, as a distant representative of the earlier union between poetry and the life of action. In the eighteenth century the type became increasingly rare as the practice of letters became more definitely the province of the specialist, and, though Swift and Burke were notable exceptions, Raleigh felt that the fatal division had come with the close of the seventeenth century. Scepticism (as the encyclopædists employed it) had not only 'taken the wind out of the sails of faith,' but robbed poetry of the essential source of its greatness—the sense of the ultimate connexion of the individual with the external world. Man was looked upon as a being sharply isolated from the life about him, and literature paid the price of philosophy's gain; for in the age of Descartes and Berkeley, in the balancing spirit of Shaftesbury, and Chesterton's veto of enthusiasm, there was little to fire the poetic imagination, except to social satire. To the belief that wisdom could only come from introspection Raleigh subsequently traced the radical faults of the Romantic movement, when the cry for a return to Nature was synonymous with a flight from life; but before taking leave of his Golden Age he gave in his study of Milton the most complete expression to the admiration he felt for the supreme health of poetry that had its birth, not in the renunciation of the world, but in the midst of its turmoil and stress.

In this essay Raleigh's chief characteristics as a critic of literature are to be found. It might seem strange that he could find in Milton, who had none of his own gift of humour and lightness of touch, the subject for the most appreciative of all his works, with the single exception of the essay on *Shakespeare*; yet the ability to respond to the fine qualities of unfamiliar natures was Raleigh's first test of a good critic, and it is here exemplified with a true magnificence. To profess sympathy with Milton, the essential nature of whose genius was such as repelled intimacy, appeared useless if not unwise; yet the truth of the description of Milton's procedure to his final Stoic creed is due entirely to Raleigh's genius for sympathy. In most the Hebraic magnificence of Milton's spirit deliberately turning from a world of warm and delicate grace within his grasp to his own idealism produces a feeling akin to antagonism; but Raleigh saw in Milton's renunciation a strength which the Romantic poetry, and consequently the poetry of his own day, completely lacked.

Love is of the valley, [Raleigh wrote] and Milton lifted his eyes to hills; his guiding star was not Christianity, which in its most characteristic and most beautiful aspects had no attraction for him, but rather that

severe ideal of life and character which is called Puritanism. It is not a creed for weak natures.

Far as Milton withheld himself from the range of his contemporaries, that separation, unlike the refuge sought by the poets of the nineteenth century, meant a vigorous battle with life: his asceticism was a weathering of the storm, not a flight to the pillar of Stylites, and the bond of sympathy between critic and author was established in the last resort by Raleigh's sense of dissatisfaction with the abnegation of the world on the part of the Romantic poets:

> So gladly from the songs of modern speech
> Men turn and see the stars, and feel the free
> Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers.

Milton's elevation of himself above the level of the human world, his deliberate choice of a path in literature and life that ran, not across the path of ordinary men, but over their heads, was the logical outcome of the distinctive traits of his own nature, and Raleigh is never tired of emphasising the difference between these Titanic individual features and the petty idiosyncrasies of lesser poets, in the defence of which the cry of genius was raised:

> The 'stylist' of the modern world is an interesting individual, little more; his complexion would lose all its transparency were it exposed to the weather . . . his voice would never make itself heard in the hubbub of the bazaar.

Regarded from another standpoint this essay is an excellent example of the readiness with which Raleigh was prepared to abandon his own categories of praise or blame when he saw that the greatness of his subject did not admit of their limitations. It has been seen how great Raleigh's affection was for the peculiarly national elements in English literature, and how he regarded the realisation of the national character in literature as one of the supreme achievements of the Elizabethan age; in Milton's case, however, the inspiration was derived from Greek and Hebraic sources. His moments of quiet, of 'calm of mind, all passion spent,' are the quiet of the last words of Greek tragedy, as the grandeur of his epic diction rings with echoes of the psalms. Occasional descriptive passages, rare lapses into a gentler lyric mood, are all that can be attributed to the influence of the national character; all such distinctions were obliterated in the common stamp of Milton's unique nature. His borrowings from extraneous sources were far different from the myriad contributions of Classicism and Mediævalism to the cauldron of the Romantic incantation: what Milton took was taken with a conqueror's hand, and the exclusive application of any national epithet to him is meaningless.

In spite of sympathy, and with all his enthusiasm, Raleigh was still balanced in his appreciation; his admiration never developed into superstitious reverence, and he was quick to recognise that the rarefied atmosphere in which Milton's spirit dwelt was responsible for much pedantry and stilted didacticism as well as sublimity. Milton, moreover, was a dangerous model; and Raleigh devoted a chapter to a consideration of the crimes committed in the eighteenth century in the name of Milton's diction. It is interesting to note as a point at which Raleigh completely diverged from the habits of Victorian criticism that Arnold considered no small part of Milton's glory to rest in the consistent level of his style which rendered him a model fitter than Shakespeare for the emulation of posterity. All Raleigh's work is a protest against this view of the poet as a touchstone for the efforts of future generations; nothing of value could come of imitation: 'The grand manner in literature cannot emanate from chill self-culture.'

Turning from this poet, the last of those 'who caught the after-glow of the sunset of the Elizabethan age upon their faces,' to the literature of the eighteenth century, Raleigh felt that the mode of appreciation that had enabled him to enter so far into the gusty spirit of his literary 'heroes' would be of little use in the criticism of these writers, in whom the languishing elegance of a society *soi-disant* rational had done much to crush the spirit of life. Four names alone out of the whole century figure in his writings, two of whom, Johnson and Burke, stood apart from the main stream of their age by sheer force of genius, while the other two, Blake and Burns, belong in spirit to a later period. Like Carlyle, Raleigh caught in Johnson glimpses of the heroic, though the light was dulled in him by the age and circumstances in which he lived. Raleigh made a consistent attempt to clear Johnson of the accusations of Macaulay, and in his letters he congratulates more than once those who 'discovered' Johnson young. It is not hard to see the qualities that attracted Raleigh: the brave fight against adverse fortune, the astounding mixture of magniloquence and humility, and the quixotic enthusiasms, raised him far above the sterile cynicism of his age, and Raleigh recognised once more that the Doctor's attitude to literature was in direct opposition to that of the recluse of the Romantic revival who brooded on his own feelings and guarded his genius from contact with the rough world.

He thought of himself as a man, not as an author, and of literature as a means not an end in itself; the breadth and humanity of temper which sometimes caused him to depreciate the importance of literature have left their marks on his books. The genius of Johnson might be said to consist in an unfailing instinct for the actuality of life.

The spirit of the age of Elizabeth had come by a strange reincarnation in Johnson; here Raleigh felt, as with Milton and Shakespeare, the breath of life, and he held it the more precious because it stirred in the close heat of the summer-house. The six essays on *Johnson* dispute the popular notion that his greatness rests only on Boswell's *Life*; Raleigh denied that the Doctor's own works were dead, and drew attention to his position as literary critic, in words that define his own attitude:

> Johnson's work has not been superseded; ever since the nineteenth century brought in the new æsthetic and philosophic criticism it has been neglected and depreciated. The twentieth century, it seems likely, will treat him with more respect. The Romantic attitude begins to be fatiguing; there is a taint of unreality about its criticism from which not even the great Romantics are free.

Though enthusiasm did not blind Raleigh to the fact that Johnson's judgment was often confused with an impatient dogmatic strain and that he fell below the level of his ideals, he believed that immortality was assured him by the essential sincerity and vital purpose of his writing.

> To get rid of the affectations, extravagances and conventions of literature, to make it speak to the heart on themes of universal human interest—to wed poetry to life, these were Johnson's aims.

Raleigh's admiration for Burke was of a similar nature. The wonderful unity of breadth and intensity to which Shakespeare had given the highest expression in English literature was in Raleigh's view the source from which Burke's greatness was derived. To see life clearly, yet in full relation to the passions and fervours of humanity, was as rare a quality in the politician as in the writer. It was the 'instinct for the actuality of existence,' the knowledge that the human problem cannot be solved by the mere application of rules and principles, which made Burke so great a statesman and so deep a thinker. He went to the study of life for his political wisdom, not to the doctrinaires, and his speeches bear the mark of their vital origin. Here again, while Raleigh's appreciation was due chiefly to this fact, Arnold, though he recognised Burke's 'permanent profound philosophic truth,' criticised him for the 'Asiatic' quality of his prose—'The true prose is Attic.' To Raleigh, Arnold's remark must have seemed irrelevant; the essential quality of Burke as a writer was exactly this Asiatic virility, and to judge him by the tranquillity and balance of the Classics was to misunderstand the nature of criticism. Ultimately, Raleigh would not have Burke, nor any author, judged by literary standards alone; he felt that to be a man was to be more than a writer. Throughout Raleigh's work it is possible to trace a sense of shame at the limitations put

on his own life by the nature of his profession as a literary critic. Shaftesbury had magnified the critic's office; Arnold—as Raleigh wrote—bade him be the saviour of society; Raleigh, on the other hand, taking a humbler view of his calling, prefaced much of his criticism with an apology for the deed. Johnson's words might indeed have been his: 'Books without a knowledge of life are useless; for what should books teach but the art of living?'

Raleigh's criticism of the Romantic poetry of the early nineteenth century was implicit in his appreciations of the earlier authors; here at least he is in agreement with the Victorian critics in recognising that the great outburst of Romantic poetry had in it the seeds of degeneration, hidden beneath its cloak of shimmering beauty; but he differed from them in tracing the evil to a source not ultimately of a literary nature. Arnold had declared that the Romantic movement had failed for lack of an 'effective background of criticism'; Raleigh's diagnosis went much deeper: that substitution of reverie for insight, and the limitless expansion of the poet's own emotions for the representations of the infinite, which was the mark of all the Romantic poets except Wordsworth, was due, he thought, to a brooding sense of despair. The Romantics fled from life.

> Some [wrote Raleigh] flung themselves back into the Middle Ages and attempted to live as pensioners on the faith of a bygone time; others lived in their dreams of the future, built cloud castles of wonderful tenuity and beauty, and peopled bubble worlds with phantoms of men.

What they taught was a surrender to the ever-intruding sense of the world's defeat, and, deep as Raleigh's admiration for their youthful idealism was, he saw this canker eating everywhere into the beauty of what they wrote. The cause of the trouble was not literary, and criticism could have done little to check the Romanticists' confusion of the sensuous with the spiritual; it held no subtle alchemy capable of transmuting their self-torturing egotism into the deep understanding from which the greatest poetry springs. Their tragedy was enacted, as Maeterlinck claimed, *dans le théâtre de l'âme*, and the emotion of their poetry was not the human passion, but the sorrows of Goethe's Werther. In their revolt against the extreme rationalism of the eighteenth century they mistook the abstract for the spiritual and compelled reality to dream.

At the close of his work on the *English Voyages* Raleigh paused to remark how fundamentally the inspiration of the Romantics differed from that of the Elizabethans.

> Some of its [the Romantic movement's] poets were ardent students of Godwin's *Political Justice*, a book alert and blind, full of a vaporous casuistry, giving ample exercise to the logical faculty and absolutely

ignoring those passions, desires and powers which are the breath of human life. The Elizabethan poets were happier in their teachers—they had Hakluyt's *Voyages*. The poetry of the age, taken as a whole, is disaffected, out of sympathy with the main motives that stir men to action, and liable to all the disease generated by abstract thought.

These characteristics were common to all the Romantics, but in each some personal modification restrained the tendency to sheer vacuity. Byron was saved by his searching self-reproach, Keats by his æsthetic humility, and Wordsworth by his almost Puritanic stability, and the fact that 'he alone of the greater poets did not renounce or blaspheme the age or the world, but found in it room enough for faith and hope and lasting joy.'

In Shelley the Romantic spirit appeared almost unmodified. Raleigh, too, knew him for a 'beautiful ineffectual angel,' though he resented Arnold's effort to 'mark firmly what is ridiculous and odious in Shelley, and then to show that our beautiful and lovable Shelley nevertheless survives.' Raleigh judged with equal discrimination and more sympathy: Shelley's faults and virtues were qualities of one mind, and to do justice to Shelley above all poets the critic could not afford to be incurious about him as a man. Pure lyricism received in him a noble expression inspired by dreams of love and hope: but hope without thought, as Raleigh saw, and love without a true knowledge could not inspire the greatest poetry. Shelley vacillated between the passion of Catullus, wholly concerned with mortality, and the *amore* of Dante in his visionary spheres, attained only in a life of trial and hardship; such a life was inconceivable for Shelley:

> His pure and clear and wonderfully simple spirit could hardly conceive of a duty that travels by a dim light through difficult and uncertain ways; it seems as if he could not live except in the keen rarefied air of some great joy or passion.

Wordsworth was a man of sterner quality, and Raleigh thought him the greatest of the Romantic poets. His vision was never a mere flight of the imagination into a world of moving colours.

> He chiefly esteemed that love and that element of beauty which have in them an aspect of severity and terror. The beauty that he reveals is the beauty of the rocks; on this unshaken ground all graces that are not illusion must build.

Though ultimately Raleigh regretted that Wordsworth turned for inspiration to the solitude of Nature, and was convinced that the secret of humanity was better to be guessed in the roar and tumult of society than in the murmur of the evening breeze, he saw that Wordsworth had, in a sense, risen above the spirit of the age. While the Romantics, from Blake to William Morris,

had been content to clothe a phantom beauty in splendid language, Wordsworth was prevented by an innate sense of balance from vapidity. In despair at the consequences of the French Revolution, he had fled with his fellow poets from Man to Nature; but Nature brought him back to Man, and he came to believe that the distinction between human life, even in the sordid trappings of modernity, and Nature was false. In his youth he had ventured on the borders of excess; but his excess is never so extreme that it cannot well be the balance of our too materialistic age. Wordsworth stood, happily, between the pedantic rationalism of the eighteenth century and the wild emotionalism of his own time. His poetry is sometimes didactic and even vague: he, too, was afflicted with the exaggerated self-consciousness common to the period; but he was a true poet, and Raleigh found in him sanity and strength.

> To escape from life into a world of romance, is to flee it and to be defeated by it. Sanity holds hard by the fact and knows that to turn away from it is to play the recreant. He was a poet who faced the fact, and against whom the fact did not prevail. To know him is to learn courage; to walk with him is to feel the visitings of a larger purer air, and the peace of an unfathomable sky.

Though Raleigh regarded the attempt to reproduce in English literature the peculiar virtues of Greek art as a mistake, his criticism has a strong savour of Classicism. He said that the serenity of the classical ideal too often resulted in paralysis and death, yet he, like Aristotle, saw in τὸ ἀπείρον—the limitless—the roots of evil: where the fashionings of the imagination went unchecked by a contemplation of reality, where there was a refusal to limit the range to be compassed by feeling alone, Raleigh saw signs of degeneration. Yet he would not admit Goethe's identification of the Romantic with disease. In his two essays on *Romance* he declared that only in its later perversion had it become a synonym for the morbid:

> when it became a school of manners and made a fashion and code of rare emotions it became as bookish as decadent classicism, and ran into every kind of sentimental extravagance . . . the weakness of the Romantic poet is that he must keep himself aloof from life in order that he may see it.

Raleigh's final criticism of Romanticism was that it could not face the discipline of the facts of life; it shrank from reality to save the dream.

Raleigh has been accused of a lack of discrimination in his admiration, and of allowing a tendency to hero-worship to blunt the edge of his judgment; but his criticism of the Romantic revival is alone sufficient to show that, even where the temptation

was greatest, he was always far from being carried away by pure enthusiasm. Though he was less quick to condemn, he had an eye for weakness as keen as any of the critics of the nineteenth century, and as well as they he could distinguish the sublime from what was mere pomp and decoration. But his test was wider than a set of standards and went deeper than the mere application of rules; his whole work is proof of the contention that the abandonment of the habit of regarding the author as the accused in the dock did not reduce criticism to the absurdity of universal appreciation. Raleigh believed that if, at the price of the critics' judicial dignity, immunity had been secured from those miscarriages of justice which had been the tragedies of the early nineteenth century, it had not been too dearly bought. It must be remembered that in contrasting Raleigh with Arnold we have seen dogmatic criticism at its best; before Arnold's time a long line of critics had carried out the magisterial, or rather damnatory, functions of their craft. Men like Gifford and Brougham, Jeffrey or Sydney Smith, even Macaulay, showed by the sentences they passed how great was the danger of establishing an official rule in matters of taste. Of Jeffrey, Raleigh said that there was nothing wrong with his criticism except his point of view. Disastrous as his judgments were, they were not unique in his time; the whole bias of the period lay against any attempt to enter into sympathy with the writer, and Jeffrey's inability to see anything of value in Wordsworth was but the logical outcome of a conception of criticism as administering an immutable law to literature. Qualities of a different order than the possession of an inflexible standard were necessary for true criticism.

> Poetry [Raleigh wrote] creates its own world and presents the eternally novel matter of experience in words that charm the ear of the simplest listener. Criticism must do the same; it must follow the poet if he gives any token of being worth the following step by step, recreating his experiences, hanging on his words, disciplining itself to the measure of his paces, until looking back on the way that has been led, it shall be able to say whether the adventure is good and the goal worthy. There is no short cut to the end desired; standards, eternal principles, and formulæ, if they be substituted for the living experience, are obstacles and pitfalls.

Criticism such as this was an impossibility in the age of Jeffrey and Macaulay; and Pater and Arnold, who both possessed the insight that the earlier critics lacked, and were quickly sensitive to real poetic beauty, deserted their critical genius in favour of the propagation of their creed. Among English critics, therefore, Raleigh had no true predecessor in the nineteenth century. In France, it is true, Sainte Beuve exhibited much of the same freedom from prejudice that we notice in Raleigh. Unlike Taine, Sainte Beuve never allowed a preconceived idea to warp hi

arrangement of facts, nor permitted sentimentality, as did Renan, to bias his judgment; in his essays the present and the past are reflected with equal clearness. Ultimately, however, Raleigh's essential qualities are those of his century, to which the distinctive features of his mind gave a deeper significance. With him humanitarianism meant, not the indiscriminate admittance of every vain poetaster to the shelter of literary acceptance, but the abandonment of the futile display of critical acumen in the pillorying of bad poetry. Sympathy was his way to a deeper appreciation, but he used it to discern weakness as well as strength. He was a sceptic, but not one that mocked at a sincere faith; he employed his scepticism in breaking down the dry accretion of rules and formulæ, which in the course of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had ignored the real issues at stake in literature and enabled the critic to forget that he was dealing with something vital and organic. It is not, however, true that in attempting to free the criticism of literature from the husk of a merely academic learning Raleigh showed himself unresponsive to the appeal of fine artistry. As a writer he knew the difficulties of composition, and his essay on *Stevenson* was a tribute to a master of fine writing; the '*sprezzatura*' of Castiglione's courtier—a gentlemanly concealment of the means in the end—was a quality which Raleigh perpetually sought in literature and one which he possessed himself in no small degree.

It was, however, his temperate use of scepticism as a means, and not an end, that distinguished Raleigh from the critics of his own day as well as from those of the last century. His character had far too firm a root in reality to permit him to adopt a purely destructive attitude; criticism based on that could, he felt, only end in barrenness, and where the moderate use of scepticism served to liberate the understanding of literature from prejudice and dogma, unsupported by a true insight and sympathy it produced in the end the same evils that it attacked. Raleigh himself was too resolute a pursuant of the hard discipline of facts to be guilty of excess in following the sceptical tendency of his time, and ultimately he always returned to the relation of literature with life which he felt that dogmatists and sceptics were alike too ready to forget. 'Poetry,' he wrote, 'which can bear all the naked truth and still keep its singing voice, is the only immortal poetry'; and his work as a critic was a continual emphasis of that fact. His ever-present sense of the supreme importance of life made it impossible for his scepticism to be vanity, or his admiration a sterile dream of the past.

H. L. A. HART.

HOLMAN HUNT AND PRE-RAPHAELITISM

Holman Hunt was born in 1827: he died in 1910, and was known to many now living and still young. His career covers an age, and his work expresses an outlook characteristic of that age. He was[1] rejected by it, though he influenced it. He was also a great man and a great painter, and he will live for all ages, and for both these reasons it is fitting that his centenary should be celebrated in the country to whose artistic history he contributed so great an influence and whose permanent artistic treasure he so much enriched.

Historical importance is quite distinct from intrinsic value; and it is timely to ask ourselves what Holman Hunt and the Pre-Raphaelites aimed to do, and what they achieved in the movement of British art, before considering their permanent greatness. These aims are expressed in his noble book *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.*

It is common knowledge that English art was during the youth of Holman Hunt (in the forties) in the trough of the wave. Turner was nearing his death; and Hunt quotes the prophecy of Constable that by 1850 'the art will go out; there will be no more genuine painting in England.' The earnest and strong intellect of the young student, in whom was no littleness of detraction, admired many of the leading painters—especially Leslie. He speaks of Etty's great gifts (though devoted to trivial vanities), of Collins as 'admirable,' of Dyce as 'profoundly trained,' of Harvey as 'manly.' He pays tribute to Benjamin Haydon, that strange and tragic megalomaniac whose ideas were so far beyond his technical equipment or opportunity; it is well to remember what Hunt says of him, since Haydon was the last high priest—and victim—of the 'grand style' as then misunderstood. 'Let us do honour to his perennial worth,' he says, 'his manly and ambitious designs'; he calls him 'a profound anatomist,' 'a fascinating teacher,' and laments 'how confined in every way had been that great soul.' But from no one could the boy

[1] Notwithstanding the transient success of *The Light of the World* nor the tardy recognition of the Order of Merit. He never went over to the world, and the world never took him in.

learn what he half-consciously wished to learn; 'the greater number,' he says, 'were trite and affected'; 'what I sought was the power of undying appeal to the hearts of living men.' It is the ideal of all great artists—as Reynolds has it, "the grand design of speaking to the heart.' 'Altogether it was evident that I had to be my own master, getting dumb directions from the great of other ages'; a weighty conclusion, and, in the event, he, as Ruskin says of Reynolds, 'threw himself at the feet of the *great* masters, and rose to share their throne.'

'The first surprising illumination which I received,' he continues, 'came about in this wise. While copying *The Blind Fiddler* a visitor looking over me said that Wilkie painted it without any dead colouring, finishing each bit thoroughly in the day.' Hunt therefore 'tried to put aside the loose, irresponsible handling . . . and to adopt the practice which excused no false touch.' It seems a little unjust to the well-tried and very methodical system of thorough monochrome (did not Titian say 'Nothing can be done *alla prima*'?), but he was no doubt right for his own discipline. He carefully says, 'What might even be profitable as a course for other students was forbidden to me.' He says also (and this is equally significant), 'I wished to guard myself against the slavish imitation of the Quattrocentists, which was then becoming a seductive snare to certain English painters.' Thus, though he, as the child of his age and of the Romantic revival, admired the art before Raphael, he was not a mere Mediævalist. He learnt from *every* source of real experience; and mentions as his examples Raphael himself, Titian, Rubens. Moreover, he copied a great deal. 'All who call themselves *self*-taught,' he says, 'are either barbarians or else are ignoring indirect teaching.' 'The British Museum had been my main school for drawing.'

His friendship formed at the Academy schools with the brilliant boy Millais is well known; and out of their conversations sprang the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. They went to Ewell together, and while there Hunt borrowed, for twenty-four hours, Cardinal Wiseman's copy of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, vol. I. 'Of all its readers none could have felt more strongly than myself that it was written expressly for him.' At length his growing resolution took form; though be it noted that he had the reason to see the former good of what had now become moribund. He felt that 'art has arrived at a facile proficiency of execution, a spirit of easy satisfaction' . . . 'under this miasma no young man has the faintest chance of developing his art into a healthy power.'

Of Joshua Reynolds he said, 'His lectures were admirably adapted to encourage the young to make a complete and reverential survey of what art had done in past time, for there was a

danger that English painters would follow the course which Morland soon after took of treating common subjects. . . . Reynolds was not then in sight of the opposite danger of conventionalism.' 'I would say that the course of previous generations of artists which led to excellence cannot be too studiously followed, but their treatment of subjects, perfect as they were for their time, should not be repeated.' 'The British school,' he further saw, 'skipped the training that led to the making of Michael Angelo; and even now, late as it is, children should begin as children.' That is, draw severely from Nature, eschewing the flights of fancy or the indulgences of 'style.' Art is the expression of perception, Millais agreed. Nature he found, as every real artist finds, 'so infinitely better than anything I could compose, that I can't help following it whatever the consequences may be.'

The consequences took more and more clear shape as one picture after another was attempted by the ardent imaginations of the two boys. The story, though so familiar, is worth recalling for a few significant points.

One day in 1848 they were talking again over Raphael's cartoons. 'These noble designs,' as he calls them. 'We never forgot their claims to be honoured,' but 'we did not bow to the chorus of the blind, for when we advanced to our judgment of the *Transfiguration* we condemned it for its grandiose disregard of the simplicity of Truth, the pompous posturing of the apostles, and the unspiritual attitudinising of the Saviour.' The other students said, '*Then you are Pre-Raphaelite.*' 'Referring to this as we worked side by side, Millais and I laughingly agreed that the designation must be accepted.' Rossetti, whose wayward genius, refusing the discipline of painting direct from Nature at all, hardly fitted him for co-operation in such a crusade, was, however, enlisted; and the character of a regular campaign for a return to natural fact and to natural feeling, and a set attack upon convention, grew on the movement; and four others were for a time enrolled in a secret brotherhood. Rossetti was thoroughly Mediævalist and Romantic; all were devoted to Keats (as every really imaginative mind must be), to Chaucer, and to Romantic poetry; but Hunt emphatically disclaims any apostacy from the Renaissance masters or any slavery to the Mediæval; the brotherhood laughed at the ignorances of the early painters, and more at the 'dead revivalists with whom we determined to have neither part nor lot.' What would he have said to the dead neo-primitives who are in fashion at the moment? He heads his chapter for the year 1848 (the year of the foundation of the brotherhood) with a quotation from Pope—of all men, the doyen of the Augustans: 'I believe it is no wrong observation that persons of genius, and those who are capable of art, are

always most fond of Nature, as such are chiefly sensitive that art consists in the imitation and study of Nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the niceties and fantastic operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural.'

'Pre-Raphaelitism is not Pre-Raphaelism,' Hunt clearly states. 'His *followers* accentuated his poses into postures.' And the object of attack was not so much 'the tumour of presumptuous loftiness, the swollen and laboured insolence of grandeur' (as Reynolds has it)—the grand style in its vapid megalomania; it was far more the pettiness of *common subjects* and mean aims conventionally and sentimentally tricked out. Hunt speaks of 'our determination ever to do battle against the frivolous art of the day, which had for its ambition "monkeyana" ideas, "books of beauty," chorister boys whose forms were those of melted wax.' This determination he called 'a patriotic enthusiasm.'

Further, he quotes Keats, 'To be first in Beauty is to be first in Might.' 'We agreed that a man's work must be the reflex of a living image in his own mind, and not the icy double of the facts themselves. It will be seen that *we were never realists. I think art would have ceased to have the slightest interest for any of us, had the object been only to make a representation, elaborate or unelaborate, of a fact in Nature.*' All the men influenced by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood painted 'from Nature,' but each has heart, imagination, style. A work may be so executed, and yet devoid of all excellence, beauty, strength or truth. I am told that Sir Luke Fildes painted the parts of *The Doctor* 'from Nature.' Mind and Nature are woof and warp. 'To whom but the artist is delegated the task of giving a tangible and worthy image of the national mind and body? Who else may *select* and uphold the visible sign of that *beauty* in his race which is most heroic physically and mentally?'[2] The crucial words are not 'facts,' but 'beauty,' 'mind,' 'select.' The aim, in other words, is Truth, and not Imitation; a distinction never better analysed than by Ruskin,[3] nor better illustrated than by the great Pre-Raphaelites.

Lastly, 'in agreeing to use the utmost elaboration in painting our first pictures, we never meant more than to insist that the practice was essential for training the eye and hand of the young artist; we should not have admitted that the relinquishment of this habit of work by a matured painter would make him less a Pre-Raphaelite.'

[2] Yet he had to use Italian artists' models: as Reynolds said, 'all grace, beauty, grandeur are to be found not in actual Nature, but in an idea existing in the artist's mind,' though the memories of Nature impregnate it.

[3] *Modern Painters*, vol. 2.

Such was the ideal—a return from Artifice to Nature, inspired by all great artists of all ages, not mediæval alone; an ambition to produce an heroic, a moral, a poetic art which should speak to the heart of men; an art which should be the expression of ideas, not a Dutch copying of objects; and for the attainment of the grand design, a fundamental discipline of Spartan severity to rigorous truthfulness. The strenuous labour that Holman Hunt at least faced is shown by his departure to Palestine to paint Biblical subjects, where he endured not only climate and solitude, but danger. The movement was not, like the French mutiny of Delaroche, Delacroix, Géricault, an outburst of libertinism against law, one vanity against another: it was not a Realist grovelling in the dust of sordid and common existence in defiance of ideals: it was only by the separable accident of the taste of the times addicted to the pedantic or the romantic use of details, numerous and vivid: it was a crusade for truth, beauty, goodness; and its history is an epic in the history of art, told with the utmost modesty, dignity and nobility in Holman Hunt's book. The protagonists found, one the presidency of the Academy, the other obloquy and disregard, the third scorn and an early grave; but it changed the character of English art, and set all three among the immortals.

But Holman Hunt's account of the aims and effects of the Pre-Raphaelite movement was written at the end of the century, when the world was witnessing new 'movements'—or backwash eddies—which he condemned: it was given after the event from the memory of many years; it is the truest possible account of the inner impulse and life; but it was not given to the world at the time of the first struggle. It was Ruskin who at that stage took upon himself to interpret the young brotherhood, and, owing to his immense (though often misunderstood) influence, largely disseminated the view which he himself took. It is a view rather more theoretical, less 'inward,' at times a little fanciful and exaggerated, with the fatal weakness for invective which his Puritan education gave; and in proportion to its first extravagance of utterance and early force of impression was, it seems to me, its ultimate diminution of the repute and clouding of the appreciation of the movement.

Ruskin's work was to preach a gospel of sincerity—a return to the three sources of life, namely, to genuine religion, to humble labour, and to natural fact. The three are parts of one evangel, the revival of a lesson that has to be read to mankind over and over again. And in the Pre-Raphaelites he saw the return realised. But he gave to the movement a far vaster meaning than it claimed for itself: he at one period condemned all art since Raphael as irreligious, immoral and untrue, though he did so much to inter-

past Tintoretto, Veronese, and Turner in his more constructive moods. In the lecture on Pre-Raphaelism delivered at Edinburgh on November 18, 1853, he devoted his whole time to the condemnation of that conventional and irreligious art whose first signal product was Raphael's *Parnassus* in the Vatican, in which 'he elevated the creations of fancy on the one wall to the same rank as the objects of faith upon the other.'

The fact is, [he says] that modern art is not so much distinguished from old art by greater skill, as by a radical change in temper. . . . Modernism began and continues . . . to *deny Christ*. . . . All ancient art was religious, and all modern art is profane. . . . When the entire purpose of art was moral teaching it naturally took truth for its first object, and beauty, and the pleasure resulting from beauty, only for its second. . . . That is to say, in all they did, the old artists endeavoured, in one way or another, to express the real facts of the subject or event, this being their chief business; and the question they asked themselves was always, how would this thing, or that, actually have occurred? . . . And then, having formed their conception, they work it out with only a secondary regard to grace or beauty; while a modern painter invariably thinks of the grace and beauty of his work first, and unites afterwards as much truth as he can with its conventional graces . . . but the time has at last come for all this to be put an end to, and nothing can be more extraordinary than the way in which the men have arisen who are to do it. . . . Accidentally a few prints of the works of Giotto, a few casts from those of Ghiberti, fall into their hands, and they see in these something they never saw before—something interesting and everlastingly true; they examine further into the matter, they discover for themselves the greater part of what I have laid before you to-night; they form themselves into a body, and enter upon that crusade which has hitherto been victorious.

Thus to Ruskin *all* art since Raphael appears false, all art before Raphael true; and the new brotherhood are represented as inspired by the Middle Ages. Is not this a crude, a rhetorical and exaggerated picture?—a picture lacking the very qualities which it recommends. When we compare it with Holman Hunt's own account, which the world did not hear till 1905, the difference in tone—we may say in *fact*—is most striking. Hunt admires the great artists of *all* ages, including Raphael; he disclaims mediævalism. Ruskin's account only fits his particular *protégé* Rossetti (and him only partly), whose position in the brotherhood was always a little peculiar—indeed, anomalous. For the essence of the principle, which did indeed inspire Holman Hunt and all his band of followers, did not guide the self-willed Rossetti; it is, namely, that which Ruskin goes on to state: 'Pre-Raphaelitism has but one principle, that of absolute, uncompromising truth in all that it does, obtained by working everything, down to the most minute detail, from Nature, and from Nature only.'

This was the view of the movement which the public got. The

influence of the paintings was coloured by the influence of the interpretation, and not wholly benefited by it. I do not at all wish to disparage the very great imaginative penetration of Ruskin. Holman Hunt never did; he felt that he owed it far too much. Ruskin's appreciation and advertisement was most valuable; and his wonderful insight into the true greatness of Turner, of the Venetians, and of the mediæval Florentines, yet more, his profound perceptions of Nature, and above all perhaps his sense of the sacred *duty* of art, did a greater work in educating taste and feeling than can ever be appraised in words. But Mrs. Holman Hunt has told me that the painter was at times a little embarrassed by the far-reaching and occasionally far-fetched interpretations of the critic; and the lecture from which I have quoted does indeed give an un-Pre-Raphaelite version of the meaning of Pre-Raphaelitism. It was the more unfortunate, as his wholesale (and in soberer moments retracted) condemnation of all the art since Raphael discounted the just criticism he made on the young Pre-Raphaelites themselves. He truly says, for instance, that they were aggressive, and defiant of the grace and grandeur which was indeed rightly desired by others; that they were deficient in mystery, especially in the painting of landscape; that they preferred marshes to mountains; and that their forms were at times as hard and glittering as they were angular and truculently uncouth. If their limitations—trifling enough after all, and wise self-limitation in most part—had been at once admitted, their merits would have been less grudgingly accepted. Again, when Ruskin attacked the aberrations and vapidities of the grand style, in his advocacy of detail and of portraiture in all things, he was unjust to Reynolds (as in the first chapter of the third volume of *Modern Painters*). Holman Hunt was never unjust to the founder of British art and the 'Prince of Portrait-painters.' Historically, therefore, Ruskin both increased the fame of Pre-Raphaelitism and ultimately provoked to greater virulence of folly the reaction against it. We have here an instance of the gulf between historical and intrinsic importance. History is full of 'reactions,' but reactions have in fact no value. Only weak and second-rate minds—that is, the dominant majority—suffer them. Nothing seems to me more silly than the reaction against the Victorian age which has paralysed the generation centering in men in their forties and left them intellectually bankrupt, without standards or roots. I may—perhaps should—say that I am of a younger generation than that: a painter who can say for myself and for my still inarticulate, unknown contemporaries that we have never undergone the anti-Victorian reaction; that we admire Watts and the Pre-Raphaelites with ardour; that we admire no less the great novelists and poets, and

admire them both in their artistic genius and in their moral idealism. The preoccupation of the intermediate generation, with their own form of stupidity (that form which the world calls cleverness) and their obsession with pricking prigs, can lead no one to the understanding of serious minds. Nevertheless, it is a matter of history that Pre-Raphaelitism had to pass through the testing fires of its own age before taking its place in an eternal estimation. Its first essays were greeted with derision and a kind and degree of abuse now hardly ever heard. Holman Hunt very nearly abandoned the struggle. In every age work of real originality—which is also work of real normality and truth rooted in the past—is misunderstood. The critics then, as now, united in praise of a fashionable manner which had hardly enough vitality to last ten years. The ' groups ' and ' isms ' lauded to-day will go the way of the Winterhalters and Marochettis. But the influence of the new pictures on painters was immense. Ford Madox Brown, though older, adopted the method (including the technique) and produced by it what Holman Hunt truly calls ' that glorious picture ' *Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet*, and many other works. Frith, though he could not manage the use of pure colour worked into wet white, painted his masterpieces from Nature in every part. The Tate, and the galleries of all the largest towns in England, contain scores of works by adherents of the school —Windus, Lewis, Sandys, Brett, Hughes, the black-and-white illustrators—which will be a delight for all time, so full are they of life. The school of bitumen and bistre was totally extinguished. But it was—and is—impossible to extinguish the perennial taste of the majority for vanity and folly ; all that the Pre-Raphaelites could do—and that was enough—was to give the world works from their own brushes which had the higher truth and higher seriousness, and the absolute ' uncompromising truth,' at which they aimed. In many aspects the relations of the movement to the needs and desires of the age are of course mysterious. It was a part of the world-wide Romantic movement, which had so many—such Protean—forms. We have only to think of *The Prelude* and Newman's *Apologia*, Hugo's *Preface to Cromwell*, and Holman Hunt's book on the brotherhood to see how varied it was even in aim. Pre-Raphaelitism had not the full power of the earlier Romantics—Wordsworth, Keats, Scott, Turner, Goethe, Beethoven ; it was contemporary with Browning and Arnold and Tennyson, and with Newman, though he indeed lived in the past ; it was less classic, also in some ways less spontaneously passionate. It was in three ways especially coloured by its age, and therefore perhaps understandably alien to the ' taste ' of others.

In the first place, it was didactic. ' One . . . purpose in our reform,' says Holman Hunt, ' was to make art a handmaid in

the cause of justice and truth.' Millais—only a boy then—once laughed at his reading as 'like a parson.' But it is well to add that he gave enthusiastic homage to Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne*, and had not the conventional puritanism of Ruskin. Nevertheless he was—and his followers were—didactic. Now this is not a fault. It was the aim of the age of Johnson 'to please and to instruct'; the aim of Milton to 'justify the ways of God to man.' Scott and Wordsworth were didactic. But what can be done by a writer cannot always be done by a painter. The moral teaching of Dickens and George Eliot is part of their greatness and is artistically successful; but the nearer, more obvious realisation of painting takes away the edge and subtlety of truth. Hunt's picture *The Awakened Conscience* has to many minds less moral effect than a landscape by Turner; his *Morning Prayer* seems to many almost an irreverent intrusion in *effect*—reverent as was its purpose and spirit. I do, indeed, hesitate to criticise in any way. We must, as Goethe said of Euripides, 'do it on our knees.' Watts brings home to 'the imaginative reason' the evil of wealth in *For he had Great Possessions* far more than in his didactic allegory *Mammon*. Historically we can see the source of Whistler's self-conscious æstheticism, his 'harmonies' and 'symphonies'; but only a shallow mind—more, a shallow heart—would really be repelled into affectation or even into protest by the slight errors in judgment shown in the didactic art of the Victorians.

Secondly, the age was increasingly scientific. All great poets love facts; most have critical judgment, for facts are more moving than fancy, and inspiration may be bettered by reflection; but it is an analytical curiosity which gives added verve to, but also reduces from genius to cleverness, much of the poetry of Browning. It 'Sickles o'er with the pale cast of thought' much of Arnold and of Tennyson; though it is also the secret of the greatness of *In Memoriam*. It was the age when Jowett could believe, like Carlyle before him, that philosophy and history would supersede poetry, which would, in Carlyle's words, 'retire into nurseries.' The Pre-Raphaelites were, like Ruskin, passionately addicted to the *study* of Nature and what Ruskin calls 'the stern statement of facts.' But Wordsworth had said, 'Nature does not allow an inventory to be made of her charms,' holding that a painter or a poet should give 'the *soul* of Nature.' This Turner did—all truth being included. But Holman Hunt would not let one blade of grass be lost in mystery; rather let it look like a spear of varnished wood. Nor will he give, in Wordsworth's phrase, what 'he best remembered of the scene,' as Turner gives it in *The Pass of Faido;* nor yet will he, with Reynolds, select the typical characteristic. The Nemesis of this scientific pedantry is that

the total effect both on the eye and on the mind is not truth, but bewilderment. His *Miracle of Sacred Fire* and *Blackfriars Bridge* are impossible to see *as a whole*. But such art has the poetry of intensity ; it is not prosaic, because it is never dully *felt*. Holman Hunt himself said, 'We are not realists,' and the pictures give far more truth than photography can give. 'To be first in *Beauty* is to be first in Might,' and beauty is truth enjoyed ; but a Pre-Raphaelite picture has not always unity enough to give the larger truth dominance over the lesser. Here, however, we are passing to the intrinsic merit of the works.

Thirdly, the Victorian age was exceedingly eccentric, extravagantly sentimental, doting on the bizarre, the singular, the florid. It was the least dull or drab of any great age. It idolised Palmerston and Disraeli. The sober Mill could write 'eccentricity is itself a virtue.' Dickens poured sentiment, colour, eccentricity into his most inspired, most Shakespearian pages, as Hugo did in France. The Brontës excelled in tempests and the dæmonic. The men themselves were almost theatrically picturesque. And the most *striking* fact about the pictures of the Pre-Raphaelites, and especially Holman Hunt, is by no means their 'naturalism,' but rather their idiosyncrasy—the handwriting, both of the 'school' and of its individuals ; their blaze of intense colour, their dazzling riot of objects, their bizarrerie of taste, and the intense and extraordinary individuality of the whole effect.[4] Nature seems, though she is not, tame beside them ; all other art —worthy of the name—looks almost gloomy and empty at first sight. But in reasoning quietness we can see that Velasquez is indeed truer, Reynolds more natural. From false sentimentalism Hunt's manly mind was free ; and it must be remembered that the greatest fruits of English art and literature grow from the true emotions of the heart ; but he loved the 'large and liquid eye,' and never painted any form not to his eyes 'physically beautiful,' though the phrase is inexact ; for Nature—the physical—is nearer to or further from perfection and *fitness* ; 'beauty' is the name we give to our ideal enjoyment of it ; and in any case there is always the question of individual 'taste.'

Our personal taste cannot be set aside. In passing from the review of the historical effects and counter-effects of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, to estimate its permanent value we must distinguish at once between two elements in every judgment, in every work of art, in every human being. There is the element of individual taste ; and there is the element of universal and demonstrable truth. Half the profitless disputes on art have

[4] Though it is true that the colour of Nature exceeds in vividness all the resources of paint ; and Hunt once pronounced a March sunset too brilliant in hue for pictorial harmony.

confused the two. But there is also the reference to arguable standards; one food is nourishing, another poisonous; one person can after long familiarity be known to be a noble nature, another a mean one. Let me say at once that, as concerns the flavour, the music, the style of Holman Hunt's pictures, I love them. They give me intense delight. The very thought of them is an exhilaration—above all, *The Hireling Shepherd*, *The Light of the World*, *The Triumph of the Innocents*. There are those who detest them. I cannot argue with their taste. But I believe it can be seriously argued that these works, for all their faults, are great; that they are morally and intellectually true; that they have high and noble artistic qualities. We must not ask what they do not offer. They are not *primarily* reflections of appearances, though the impressionists (whom he repudiated) have claimed him because he certainly painted colour scientifically true, and was, with Constable, a pioneer in that Apocalypse of Nature. But for that we can go to a greater—Velasquez. They have no mystery; we can go to Turner and Rembrandt. The most remarkable omission nowadays brought up against them is their lack of 'music' and 'architecture'; this is indeed a profound element in artistic creation which was strangely ignored on the theory of both Reynolds and Ruskin, and as important as the 'literary' element—though not more so. As a matter of experience, a true artist does *not* (as Ruskin puts it) 'ask himself' 'how would this thing, or that, actually have occurred?' He receives an experience of life; it sets up in him a *music*, it takes on form; a picture arises in his mind expressing in its forms and colours the emotions of the fact, the event, the experience; and (let us not forget) its natural appearance and its true relations to the eye and mind are implicit in the form. As Goethe put it, 'innerlich scheint mir oft ein geheimer Genius etwas Rhythmisches vorzuflüstern'; out of this inner rhythm arises a work of art. But it seems to me that Holman Hunt is not at all lacking in this expressive music. Most people can only feel the obvious rhythms of a Burne-Jones, as they can only respond to the rhythms of a Schubert, or even a Grieg; but Holman Hunt, I feel, has the complex but steadily controlled, the intensely musical but rigidly unswerving music of a Bach (in making the comparison I am not claiming for him equality). His forms are obviously not those of ordinary Nature. Every drapery, every object, is complicated into subordinate rhythmic shapes of a quality utterly peculiar to the painter: to him it was Nature giving up her secret beauty; to me he communicates this beauty through his noble mind and character—the art that is man's nature. Beauty of every kind, decorative as well as natural, was his passion and joy. 'All great art is

praise,' said Ruskin, and his pictures sang the glory of creation. I do, indeed, think that anyone who gives himself to these pictures will feel, and, feeling, will not forget, their great choral polyphonies.

They are also books to be read; works which took years to execute must take at least hours to penetrate. Symbolic meanings exist too, though subordinate to the natural expression of the facts. Even literary expression is at times included, such as the words inscribed round his *Finding of Christ Among the Doctors in the Temple*, 'Statim veniet in Templum Suum Dominus Quem vos Quiritis'—an inspiration, surely. He who in the end remains insensible to the strong beauty of *The Hireling Shepherd*, *The Christian Missionary*, *Rienzi*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Lady of Shalott*—the Biblical series—suffers from what Humpty Dumpty called 'impenetrability,' either native, or of that kind engendered by the opiate of theory or of fashion. Above all, there are his two masterpieces, *The Light of the World*—in the version painted after fifty years, and, as he said, 'fifty years better,' which now hangs in St. Paul's [5]—and *The Triumph of the Innocents*, one of the glories of modern art. Ruskin has praised them with an eloquence which yet is less glowing than the pictures; and all future generations will find in them increasing joy. He was one of the great Englishmen of his age; his art is immortal, because 'all great art is the art of great men.' He is original and individual to a degree which may never abate argument or silence all antagonists, but will always rouse the enthusiasm of those who can respond; he has a universal appeal indeed, profoundly human because he had a love of Truth; but all men will see in him something different. For—even the poorest of us—we are all unique.

DELMAR HARMOOD BANNER.

[5] A remarkable witness to the creative energy of the painter and to his zeal or truth; for most artists grow no further after their first ten years of work, and indeed often deteriorate.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF DIPLOMACY UNDER WILLIAM III.

FEW pleasures are more relished than tracing the differences, or more often the resemblances, of human nature throughout the ages. In the seventeenth century retired diplomatists did not often publish to the world the intimate story of their lives. It was not done: besides, there was not the market for it. The public of the day was eager for revelations about the chief actors or events in the political scene, but cared little for the personalities of the lesser agents. Consequently the student who wishes to know what was the character, and what the ordinary mode of life, of such people must glean his information from scattered hints in official correspondence. Yet it is surprising how much can be found in that way, for, strong as propriety is, the love of gossip is stronger.

On the threshold of our subject we are struck by the comparative unpretentiousness of the ordinary diplomatist 200 years ago. It seems as if the average Minister abroad took a humbler view of himself than does the modern attaché. In the days of William III. to be in the diplomatic service conferred no hall-mark of social distinction as it does now. Some of the best posts were held by men of high rank, who amused themselves with such work for a few years. But the bulk of our foreign ministers were, as Prior, the most interesting of them, says, 'journeymen sent to preach politics without money and without scrip.' The Mecca of all their hopes and ambitions was a good job in England, for the tenure of office abroad was uncertain in the extreme. Save for the happy few whose private fortune raised them above anxiety, the prevailing spirit was one of almost slavish submission to their superiors, and a comradeship based on general poverty among themselves. Even Under-Secretaries of State were mild and inoffensive beings, who, so far from affecting Olympian airs, eagerly discussed questions of pay and promotion with the exiles and thankfully accepted a 10*l.* tip for their services.

In the seventeenth century the King was still the head of the government, and since it was the duty of the foreign Ministers

to keep in touch with the prince to whom they were accredited, they became in a way his chief courtiers. As in the case of Mary's little lamb, everywhere that the King went the (say) English envoy was sure to go, and not only the English, but his Dutch, Spanish, Austrian, Swedish, etc., brethren. With sovereigns of unsociable temper this assiduity must have become a nuisance. Generally speaking, however, neither prince nor minister outwardly rebelled against the iron etiquette of the day. For instance, in 1701 William III., though very ill and extremely anxious to get to England, was unable to sail until he was strong enough to grant a separate formal interview to every foreign Minister at the Hague, not because he had anything to say to them or they to him, but because no self-respecting envoy could let a king depart without 'taking an audience' of him.

Chief among the younger and livelier members of the service in the days of William III. were a triumvirate—Lord Lexington, George Stepney and Matthew Prior. Like Prior, Stepney was a poet, and, like Lexington, a social being. He drank, he danced, he gambled, and seems at one time to have been head over heels in love with the mistress of the Elector of Saxony, a 'beautiful brunette' still in her teens. Stepney and Prior had been at school together at Westminster under Dr. Busby, of flogging fame. Both were poor, both ambitious, both beginners in the same profession; and so the flame of friendship, and also of rivalry, was kindled. Lexington was in very different case. To a man of his rank and wealth the shifts and struggles of his poverty-stricken colleagues were rather amusing. But he was drawn to them by other ties: they were all young, lovers of the good things of this world, and, we may add, excellent letter-writers.

Lexington is a good example of the amateur diplomatist. Why he took to the life or why he left it, as he did soon after, is equally mysterious, unless its variety and social opportunities appealed to him. He took the life easily, in company with his beautiful young wife, a 'he-cousin' as chaplain to himself, and a 'she-cousin' as companion to his lady, while later on a little heir made his appearance in the family circle. Yet in spite of his care-free attitude Lexington was no fool, and, to the confusion of virtue, cut a much better figure than did some of his more conscientious fellow-workers. Of one such, the Earl of Manchester, Prior reported this unfavourable verdict from a lady of the embassy:

Jane complains that His Excellency blows his nose in the napkins, spits in the middle of the room, and laughs so loud and like an ordinary body that she does not think him fit for an ambassador.

It was all very well for Lexington and his like to pass their days in visiting and receiving visits, in entertaining and being entertained, but when, like Prior, one had to keep up appearances on an income of 1*l*. a day, the pleasures of a diplomatic life seemed overrated. This is how they appeared to the looker-on:

> With labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
> And in one day atone for the business of six.
> In a little Dutch chaise, on a Saturday night,
> On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right:
> No memoirs to compose, no post-boy to move,
> That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;
>
> * * * * *
>
> Thus scorning the world, and superior to Fate,
> I drive in my car in professional state;
>
> * * * * *
>
> When good Vandergoes and his provident Vrow,
> As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
> That, search all the province, you'll find no man dar is
> So blest as the Englischen Heer Secretaar is.

But if the passer-by had only known it, the Heer Secretaar was harassed by the thousand problems involved in keeping up appearances on a small income. The truth was that ministers abroad needed an income of their own; for, being immune from arrest for debt, they could get no credit, and their salaries were always in arrear. One day in September Prior wrote that he had only two pistoles in the house, or in the world, though he had pawned all his presents.

> I have every morning a levée (God be thanked for the respite on Sunday) of postmen, stationers, tailors, cooks and wine-merchants who have not been paid since last December.

His soul rebelled against living in lodgings, dining at public eating-houses 'with Switzers and French Protestants' (a synonym for uninteresting and indigent virtue), and paying visits on foot to officials whose clerks returned the call in carriages. When he gave a dinner-party to clear off his social debts, he and his secretary had to live on the cold remnants for the next fortnight, and 'concluded that all was vanity.'

> Duns come so boldly,
> King's money so slowly,

is his lyrical complaint.

This constant hunting for money and for promotion, and for powerful patrons who could give you these good things without your working for them, was not favourable to the growth of an exalted feeling of honour. Prior was an unabashed cadger. In spite of their friendship, he and Stepney watched each other's

progress as a cat watches a mouse, while Stepney was at loggerheads with another envoy, Cressett, who had stepped into the post at Hanover which the former had marked out for himself. When Prior heard that Methuen in Portugal had succeeded in getting the reversion of his office for his son he was moved to Scriptural indignation at this blow to his own hopes. 'Shall Methwyn succeed Methwyn till Shiloh come?' he mourned.

The attitude of the whole fraternity to the King is rather like that of a set of schoolboys in the bygone days to their master. Without being actually disloyal, their constant aim was to bamboozle him into paying or giving them more than he thought they were worth. Unluckily for them, he was not easy to circumvent. Lexington refused point-blank to use his influence with the King to get Stepney a certain post, for, said he, 'should little Willy [his gracious sovereign William III.] smoke [*i.e.*, 'smell a rat'] that we have conceited it and desired it he will never let it be.' One cannot but agree with a courtier of the day that princes should be forgiven many harshnesses, since everybody is in a conspiracy to rob them.

On the whole our Ministers lived peaceably with each other. There were firebrands, like Macclesfield, who, in the course of a few months' stay at Hanover, contrived to embroil himself in mortal quarrels with two of his colleagues. Another of the same kidney, Molesworth by name, got Stepney into hot water by repeating confidential communications of which he had taken knowledge by the simple process of looking over a third party's shoulder when he was reading his private letters. In Spain flighty Captain Oliver Hill soon found himself in prison for writing letters 'than which nothing could be more abusive to the whole Spanish nation, stuff'd full of texts of Scripture and Latin verses'; and when released he continued to give endless trouble to his chief, Alexander Stanhope, by his political and religious aberrations. As a rule, however, exiles cannot afford to quarrel. In fact, in some Roman Catholic countries the solitude was so oppressive that the envoys were thankful to lighten it by taking a young clergyman as chaplain or 'companion.' Almost the first thought of Dr. Aglionby, after he had been shipwrecked off Italy, was to procure a chaplain, and that not through inbred piety, but sheer loneliness. Fortunately the market rate was low—40*l.* a year and his keep.

Matrimony, the natural cure for such loneliness, was not easy for young men with little money and great expenses. Unless they were married before leaving England, our diplomats abroad seem to have avoided this 'desperate remedy,' though the ecstasies of James Cressett at Hanover over his love-match brighten his official correspondence. Others preferred freedom,

softened sometimes by flirtation, fortifying themselves with the awful example of the embassy at the Hague, where 'Sir Joseph and Lady Catherine [Williamson] quarrel and chide all day long.'

Among the excitements of diplomatic life was travelling. It was slow, costly and dangerous. One of our Ministers, Thomas Coxe by name, after taking seven weeks to travel from Berne to the Hague 'by almost impassible ways,' was after all taken prisoner at sea by the French and detained for years. Even William III.'s private secretary saw his servants, baggage and official papers captured by privateers and was obliged to return to England to refit. Yet in spite of storms and privateers the seafarers were more fortunate than the land travellers. It is true that Aglionby was wrecked off Corsica and 'came to shore half dead in waistcoat and drawers,' having lost all his money and baggage. But on the whole the land journeys were longer and more unpleasant. Two successive ambassadors to Turkey died on their journey thither, and Prior joyfully predicted another vacancy in the diplomatic service when he heard that a third had been appointed. Lexington took over two months to travel from Flanders to Vienna. His voyage down the Danube was hindered by 'ice cakes' in the river. 'If you can have any notion in that little snug room of yours at Whitehall, by your good fires, of what cold is, pitty us poore travellours.'

There were other discomforts too. Lodgings were very dear everywhere. Inns in Germany were 'very miserable and mean.' Even when a generous prince, like the Duke of Savoy, defrayed expenses at his own cost, 'there is neither beef, nor veal, nor mutton, which an Englishman can eat,' as our envoy Hill pathetically remarks. On the other hand, it is to one of these sojourners abroad for his country's good that we owe our warmest thanks. It was Sir Paul Rycaut, then stationed at Hamburg, who discovered the uses of the eiderdown, and sent specimens home to his friends. How many snug nights are due to this forgotten benefactor of humanity, and how true it is that the world knows little of its greatest men!

Among other trials of our envoys were illnesses and, still worse, doctors. They suffered from the aristocratic gout, from fevers—putrid, spotted and unclassified—from the bloody flux, and from 'defluxions,' which seem to be the equivalent of our modern colds, and attacked them in all sorts of tender and unexpected places. They suffered still more from the doctors, whose method was often the heroic one of 'pouring drugs of which they knew nothing into bodies of which they knew less.' Bleeding was the favourite remedy, especially for fevers, and by it many a wealthy patient was despatched to another and, we trust, a less professional world. No one can refuse a sympathetic

sigh for Prior when he draws a picture of himself with one eye bandaged over for a cold and the other arm in a sling because he had been bled 'to abate the salt humours.'

The amusements of our envoys were as varied as their capacities, energy and opportunities. Shooting, dancing, cards and drinking parties were not merely diversion, but part of a diplomat's business. Stepney at Berlin 'playing one-and-thirty bone-ace with the Electress' every day gives a picture in little of their lighter duties. Quieter spirits, such as 'my good Lord Pembroke,' 'study all morning and do nothing all afternoon.'

The chief diversion of all was gossip, and in the seventeenth century interesting gossip centred in the King. Generally speaking, the ruling princes were either bigoted but moral or else extraordinarily dissolute. Quidnuncs at the Hague could chuckle with their colleagues over William III.'s evasions of matrimony, or his tussle with the Elector of Brandenburg over the right to use an armchair, or gleefully relate how the wife of a Dutch favourite, who had killed and salted the King's deer as winter provision for her household, was fined 500*l.* by the outraged monarch. But those in Germany had more exciting tales to tell. Hanover was at this time distracted by the famous divorce case of Sophia Dorothea, whose husband became our George I. Bad as this court was, it was pure compared with that of Saxony, where the Electors rivalled Solomon in the number of their concubines, though in no other respect.

As for other gossip and excitement, it is chiefly afforded by the bigotry of some countries and the subtleties of etiquette. The intolerance of the seventeenth century seems to us almost incredible. Turkey itself was not more bigoted than Spain, for whereas our ambassador in the former country had the satisfaction of being addressed as 'renowned among the great ones of the followers of Jesus,' all the services of William III. to Spain could not protect his representative at Madrid from insult. In all Spain there were only two Protestants, one of them being the English envoy. His few fellow-countrymen were Roman Catholic merchants. There was no Protestant burial ground. When the envoy Stanhope's chaplain died, in spite of all his precautions to warn the authorities, the mob dug up the body, stripped it, mutilated it horribly and dragged it through the streets. Finally it was returned to him, without considering, as Stanhope fastidiously remarks, that a body which has been buried a day and a night in such a climate 'will not admit of Spanish phlegm in resolving what is to be done with it.' At last he buried it in his cellar. The affair 'was the general entertainment of all companies in the town,' which suggests that Spanish humour was a trifle *macabre*. It was doubtless the

recollection of this horrible business which in 1712 led his successor, Lord Lexington, then an older and sadder man, to hide the corpse of his only son in a bale of cloth as the sole means of conveying the body safely to England for decent burial. At another time Stanhope engaged a new secretary. As the man failed to appear, he sent a messenger, who found that the unfortunate wretch had been seized by the Inquisition, and both he and his property had disappeared for ever.

Volumes might be written on the annals of seventeenth century etiquette. However ridiculous seems to us the embittered strife as to which prince should use an armchair, which an armless one, and which a stool, and as to which envoy should take the precedence, we should do wrong to think that these men were fools. The order of precedence for an ambassador showed the respect in which his master was held; and many a war has been waged to defend national prestige. But etiquette begets etiquette, and national pride was often complicated by personal or professional jealousy. Ambassadors looked down on envoys and refused to call them 'Excellency,' and few of the latter had the manly candour of our envoy Hill to acknowledge that the ambassadors were in the right, and 'envoys have no right or title but what they can get.' Hill himself met the difficulty by waiting until the French ambassador was out before making his first call on him, whilst at the second visit that good-natured old gentleman solved the problem by pretending to be ill and receiving him in bed. Indeed, bed was the universal resource in problems of this kind. Nor can we say that Englishmen despised this trifling, since pages of Stanhope's correspondence are taken up with the Napoleonic tactics by which he discomfited the Austrian ambassador in a contest of this kind.

So the puppet show of history passes away, leaving us with the impression that there is more pleasure in the world than we sometimes think. We see then, as now, the brisk young adventurer, to whom the world is his oyster; the young married couple wrapped up in each other; the ambitious man of rank combining profit with pleasure; the elderly official whose wife and children are not the less dear to him because they are kept apart from his work. Against this background of average people trouble-makers and trouble-seekers, like the half-mad Oliver Hill or the quarrelsome Molesworth, flare up and disappear. It is all very amusing and very human.

MARGERY LANE.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AS AN EXPLORER

ALEXANDER of Macedon was undoubtedly one of the greatest men who have trodden this earth. Curiously enough, this fact is more fully realised in Asia than in Europe, and the traveller finds striking examples of his fame throughout the East, his name being one to conjure with as far as the confines of China.

To prove my case, I will give two examples, and, in the first instance, I would invite my reader to cross the mighty Himalayas to the valley of Hunza, which constitutes one of the ' land-gates ' of India. There, in a district which was not explored until a few decades ago, rules a petty raja who claims descent from Alexander the Great. We cannot dismiss his claim with ridicule, for it is based on memories of the conquest of neighbouring Bactria by Alexander, who married the daughter of its chief, the beauteous Roxana.

From Hunza it is a far cry to the barren coast of Makran, which, however, was also traversed by the Macedonians. Just thirty years ago the wild tribesmen heard that the Turks, under the Caliph, had won a great victory for Islam over the nation of Alexander the Great. As a result, their innate fanaticism was awakened and they murdered a British telegraph official. A punitive expedition, in which I took part, was sent to the scene to exact retribution, and when my inquiries elicited the fact that the murdered man was well known and respected, I marvelled at the cause of the outrage.

Alexander was trained by Aristotle, and, to quote Plutarch, ' acquired his violent thirst after learning, which never decayed,' from the illustrious philosopher. He succeeded his father Philip in 336 B.C. and spent two years in crushing his enemies and in preparations for the conquest of the Persian Empire.

It was spring-time in 334 B.C. when Alexander started on his great adventure. His force consisted of only 30,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry, but their training was in advance of anything that the world had hitherto seen ; they were mainly veterans, and Alexander was their leader. The march lay along the coast to the Hellespont, and the army crossed into Asia without encountering any opposition. But a Persian army was encamped on the

right bank of the River Granicus, and Alexander marched north to attack it.

The Persian general disposed of a formidable body of 20,000 Greek mercenaries, whom he unwisely kept in reserve, deciding to hold the steep bank with his cavalry. Alexander advanced with his cavalry on the right and his phalanx on the left, and, after desperate fighting, he broke through the Persians, who fled, leaving the mercenaries to be attacked from all sides and cut to pieces. This victory led to the surrender of Sardis. Its possession not only enhanced the prestige of Alexander, but gave him the financial resources of which he stood sorely in need.

Alexander had defeated a satrap and conquered Asia Minor, but he knew that he must fight for the lordship of Asia against the assembled forces of the Persian Empire, headed by Darius. Accepting the challenge in the spirit of a knight-errant, he crossed the Taurus to the coast and marched eastwards to meet the enemy. But a severe illness made a halt imperative and conveyed an impression of irresolution. Consequently Darius, who had selected a battlefield in the open country to the east of modern Alexandretta, came to the conclusion that Alexander was afraid. He thereupon advanced into the hilly country to search for the invader. The Macedonian monarch had in the meantime recovered, and had marched along the coast through Issus, when his spies brought him the intelligence that Darius had descended on his rear and was at Issus.

Alexander could hardly credit the news, but when it was confirmed he explained to his officers that the Deity was evidently favouring him by inducing Darius to fight in a narrow plain, where his advantage in numbers would be wholly thrown away.

The Battle of Issus was fought with each army facing its base. Alexander knew that Darius would be posted in the centre. He thereupon charged at the head of his heavy cavalry the huge army that was passively awaiting his attack. The deciding factor was the cowardice of Darius, who was panic-stricken and fled. The Greek mercenaries alone stood firm, the Asiatic troops fleeing in a mob and being cut to pieces by thousands.

After this decisive victory Alexander determined to strike at Tyre, the chief base of the Persian fleet. Situated on an island, the 'crowning city,' as Isaiah termed it, offered a desperate resistance, but was finally captured. The victor then determined to conquer Palestine and Egypt before marching into the heart of Asia. Gaza offered a heroic resistance, but Egypt welcomed the downfall of the Persians.

Alexander now made his celebrated expedition to a mysterious oasis to consult the oracle of Jupiter Ammon. Cut off from the valley of the Nile by many marches of waterless desert, the Siwa

Oasis was known to few until the Great War, when it became the scene of a daring British exploit that would have delighted the soul of the Macedonian king. The fact that Cambyses had lost an army in an attempt to reach it only spurred on Alexander, who, favoured by heavy rains, reached the palm-groves without loss. The priests bade him welcome from his divine father, the horned Jupiter, and promised him the empire of the world. Upon his effigy two horns were thenceforth graven and gave origin to the title of Zulkarnain or 'Lord of the Two Horns,' by which he is famous in Asia.

Alexander marched into the interior from his base at Tyre. He crossed the Euphrates, and then the Tigris, without encountering any opposition, and found Darius awaiting him at Gaugemela, close to the ruins of Nineveh and seventy miles from Arbela, which has given its name to the battle. In view of the fact that his only formidable opponents at Issus had been Greek mercenaries, few of whom were now drawn up against him, he must have felt serenely confident. Nor was his confidence misplaced, for the craven Darius once again fled from the field, and was thenceforth a fugitive.

The victor was welcomed at Babylon, where, like Cyrus the Great, he 'took the hands of Bel.' He then marched to Susa, the ancient capital of Elam and the chief treasury of the Achæmenian monarchs. After celebrating his victories, Alexander ascended the Iranian plateau to Pars (the modern Fars), the homeland of the Persian race. Crossing the Karun river, he entered the mountains, and, beating the tribesmen at their own tactics, won their submission and occupied Persepolis, the sacred capital of Persia, which, even after more than 2000 years, impresses the traveller with its grandeur.

During the celebrations which ensued Alexander, according to Plutarch, was persuaded by a courtesan to burn one of the splendid palaces, and recent excavations actually prove that it was destroyed by fire. As Dryden wrote :

> Thais led the way,
> To light him to his prey,
> And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

While halting at Persepolis, Alexander received a report that Darius, who had fled from Arbela to Ecbatana, was again collecting an army. Following his invariable custom, he marched rapidly, and, upon approaching the ancient capital of Media, he learned that Darius had fled towards Rhages. Realising the supreme importance of capturing the fugitive monarch, he pursued him, but upon reaching that ancient city, situated close to modern Teheran, he heard that he had fled towards Bactria.

Alexander pursued along the caravan route, which then, as now, skirted the southern slopes of the mountains and crossed bays of the immense central desert of Persia. After two forced marches a report was received that the great king had been made a prisoner by Bessus, the Satrap of Bactria. This caused Alexander to redouble his efforts, and he finally overtook the unfortunate Darius, whom he found by the wayside in a waggon, covered with wounds and just dead.

The murder of Darius was a stroke of signal good fortune for Alexander. The odium fell on Bessus, and it ended the major operations of this wonderful campaign. Darius was overtaken in the neighbourhood of Damghan, and if we study the map we shall see the enormous distance already covered by the conquering Macedonians. But the overthrow of the Persian Empire imposed on Alexander the necessity for establishing his authority throughout its widespreading limits, and this task taxed his genius and his resources to the utmost.

The exact route followed by Alexander in his conquest of Hyrcania and Parthia has not hitherto been traced. During my travels I have examined the question on the spot, and, realising that caravan routes seldom change, I fixed Zadracarta, the capital of Hyrcania, in the vicinity of Astrabad, which is situated at the point where the easiest pass across the main range meets the route from the Caspian Sea. At Zadracarta the army, which had marched through Hyrcania in three divisions and had received the submission of the remnant of the Greek mercenaries, was reunited after a successful campaign.

In my opinion, the onward march lay up the valley of the Gurgan, to the north of which river I was shown the ruins of a brick wall and ditch, with small forts at intervals. It ran parallel to the river and bore the significant name of Sadd-i-Sikandar, or 'The Barrier of Alexander.' Some marches farther on there is a legend that Alexander grazed his horses on the famous meadow of Kalposh. The caravan track to Susia (the mediæval Tus), which was his objective, passes this meadow, and this, I think, satisfactorily settles the question of route in this section.

At Susia Alexander heard that Bessus had assumed the title of Great King, and he decided to attack him without delay. Traversing Areia, the modern province of Herat, by the caravan route, he reinstated the satrap, posting a Macedonian guard at the capital, and was well on his way to Bactria when he heard that the satrap had murdered his men and had collected a force.

Marching with extreme rapidity, Alexander surprised and defeated the satrap. It was, however, clear to him that it would be wiser to subdue Zarangia, the modern Sistan, before proceeding farther eastwards. He therefore marched south to the

fertile delta of the Helmand, the classical Erymander, where I founded the British consulate some thirty years ago.

After organising Sistan, the army marched up the Helmand, Alexander founding Kandahar, a corruption of Iskandaria. Again he changed his direction and marched north towards Bactria, by what has always been a caravan route. More than 2000 years later another European force marched along it in the opposite direction. It was a British force under Lord Roberts, who took his title from Kandahar.

Alexander crossed the snow-covered Hindu Kush, then somewhat vaguely termed the Caucasus. The Macedonians suffered terribly from the extreme cold, from the deep snow, and also from scarcity of provisions, but they won through and descended into Bactria. Bessus fled in terror, and Bactria (now Balkh), the last great city of the Persian Empire, was occupied. It is not generally realised that Alexander met with great opposition in Central Asia, which it took him two years to overcome. As a result, nowhere is the memory of Iskandar Zulkarnain more lasting.

At first he was fortunate, for the fugitive Bessus was surrendered by his own confederates, and was sent to Ecbatana to expiate his crime by crucifixion. Alexander crossed the broad Oxus, which thrilled me when I first saw its turbid waters, and, determined to beat the north-eastern boundaries of the Persian Empire, he advanced to the even more remote Sir Daria, where he founded Alexandria, well named *Eschate* or 'The Farthest,' the modern Khojent. Some years ago, when visiting this city, I examined the map, and was amazed to see that Alexander had led his army across Asia for a distance of 3500 miles as the crow flies. This gives some impression of the stupendous nature of his achievement.

The treachery of a Persian satrap caused the only military disaster that befell the conquering Macedonians. Their garrison at Marcanda, the modern Samarcand, was besieged, and a division sent to its relief was cut to pieces. Alexander marched rapidly to the scene and relieved the garrison. He then returned to Bactria to rest his troops for the winter of 329-328. During this campaign he kept up communications with Persia and Macedonia through the cantonments which he had established, and we read that at this period he received large reinforcements from Macedonia.

In the spring four columns completed the subjection of Central Asia. During this campaign Alexander accomplished one of those feats which strike mankind. His objective was a fortress, termed the Sogdian Rock, which was believed to be inaccessible, its defenders boasting that only winged men could take it. Picked

Macedonians accomplished the feat of scaling the precipice by means of their iron tent-pegs, and Alexander won the fortress—and, the fair Roxana.

By the early summer of 327 Alexander had completed the subjugation of Bactria and Sogdiana, the former country being ruled for many generations by Macedonians or Greeks. He had already prepared for the invasion of India by securing the submission of the chiefs of the Lower Kabul Valley and of the Raja of Taxila, whose territory commanded the important ferry of the Indus. The caravan route then ran to the north of the Khyber Pass, and the main body, under the guidance of its allies, marched along it to the ferry of Ohind, on the Indus, about fifteen miles above Attock.

Alexander decided that it was essential to subdue the independent tribes of the hill country to the north. Until quite recently this district remained unexplored, but we now know that he marched up the Kunar Valley and through Bajaur. Crossing the Gouraios, the modern Panjkora, he attacked the Assakenians, and, after desperate fighting, captured their chief city, Massaga, situated in the Swat Valley.

The panic-stricken inhabitants of the valleys now took refuge in the famous natural fortress of Aornos, and before proceeding further I will quote from Arrian :

> It is said to have had a circuit of about 200 *stadia*,[1] and at its lowest elevation a height of eleven *stadia*. It was ascended by a single path, cut by the hand of man, yet difficult. On the summit was plenty of pure water and much good arable land. A report is current concerning it that Hercules found it to be impregnable.

Alexander determined to capture Aornos, and was materially helped by some villagers who had submitted, and under their guidance Ptolemy, the future King of Egypt, followed a steep track and occupied without opposition a knoll close to the path leading up to the fortress. He fortified this position with a palisade and beat off a fierce attack. Alexander followed him with the main body, and, realising that to attempt an immediate assault was out of the question, he extended and heightened the knoll for three days. On the fourth, under cover of bolts from the engines and stones from the slings, a body of men fought their way to a small hill that was on a level with the rock and established themselves. The defenders were terrorised and Aornos was won. This was the most celebrated feat of Alexander, and I suspect that the legendary failure of Hercules inspired the Macedonian hero to attempt it.

The identification of this site has puzzled frontier officers for

[1] A *stadium* is 606 feet.

a century, but, in default of the complete exploration of this section of the Indus Valley, the problem was not solved until a year ago. Sir Aurel Stein, who had examined and rejected the claims of a site termed Mahaban, was able to penetrate farther up the Indus Valley than any of his predecessors. In a big bend he discovered a natural fortress, termed Pirsar, or 'The Heights of the Saint,' which agreed very closely with Arrian's account. He considered that this was undoubtedly the famous Aornos, and, in view of Stein's special knowledge, we may well believe that this problem has at last been solved.[2]

Taxiles rendered the invaders invaluable assistance and the passage of the Indus was safely accomplished, but a hostile king, Porus, held the line of the Jhelum, which was swollen by the monsoon rains. Porus was a noted warrior, and he possessed a large number of trained war-elephants, which neither the Macedonians nor their horses had hitherto faced.

Alexander deceived Porus by making marches and countermarches, and succeeded in crossing the river from a point seventeen miles upstream, where a wooded island screened the operation, which was further covered by a storm of wind and rain. Porus, hearing of the successful crossing, met the invaders close to the site of the Battle of Chillianwalla. The front of the Indian army was covered by the war-elephants. Accordingly Alexander sent a brigade of heavy cavalry to work round to the enemy rear and attack his cavalry, while the phalanx was ordered not to advance until this action had developed. He waited until the Indian cavalry began to move off to meet their threat to the rear and then charged home. The discomforted Indians took refuge around the elephants and the phalanx was ordered to advance. At first the situation was serious, as the elephants crashed into the pikemen. The Indian cavalry then gallantly attempted a second charge, but were driven back and hemmed in around the elephants, who gradually became unmanageable from their wounds and attacked friend and foe. Finally valour and sound tactics won the day, and never, I think, did the genius of Alexander shine with greater brilliancy.

The Punjab was the limit of conquest. Alexander, fired by reports of great kingdoms to be conquered in the Ganges Valley, gave the orders to advance, but the war-weary veterans, anxious to enjoy the wealth they had won at the cost of such danger and hardship, clamoured to be led back to the west, and the greatest soldier of all time allowed himself to be conquered by the prayers of his men.

To term the march of the victorious Macedonians down the

[2] See 'The Rock of Aornos,' by Lieut.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn, *Nineteenth Century and After*, September 1926.

ndus and through Baluchistan to Persia a retreat is a misnomer. Alexander had conquered the Persian Empire and had beaten its ounds to the widest extent eastwards. He had renounced for while the conquest of the Ganges Valley, which lay entirely utside the sphere of Persia ; but everywhere he marched as a conqueror, and he finally completed beating the bounds of his empire westwards at Susa.

Ships had been constructed and launched on the Jhelum, and in the autumn of 326 the great armada started downstream towards the Indian Ocean, which was distant nearly 1000 miles. Nearchus was in command of the flotilla, which kept carefully defined stations, while divisions of the army marched down both banks.

Alexander attacked and subdued the peoples as he advanced. On one occasion he led an escalading party in an assault on a fort, and, jumping down unsupported among the enemy, was severely wounded before help arrived. When rescued, his life was despaired of for a while, but he slowly recovered, and had one more glorious deed of valour to his credit.

The long march took a year to accomplish, and Alexander, the great explorer, had the intense gratification of sailing on the Indian Ocean, where he sacrificed bulls to Poseidon, and besought the god to be favourable to Nearchus and the fleet.

Returning to the apex of the Indus delta, Craterus was espatched to Persia by the route through Sistan, which was vidently well known ; he was placed in charge of the convales-nts and elephants. To Nearchus was allotted the difficult and langerous task of sailing along the coast of Baluchistan to the Karun River. He was instructed to keep in touch with the main body which Alexander himself had decided to lead through Makran, the coastal province of Baluchistan. Possibly the Mace-onian king was influenced by a legend that Cyrus had lost an rmy in these deserts, but clearly his purpose was to supply his eet, this fact being proved by the constant efforts he made to aintain touch with it.

The army was able to keep near the coast for perhaps 100 iles, but Ras Malan, a mountain mass that hinders access to e sea, forced it inland, and here it was that its sufferings began. o quote Arrian, ' the blazing heat and want of water destroyed a reat part of the army. . . . They met with lofty ridges of sand, ot hard and compact, but so loose that those who stepped on it nk down as into mud.' I have travelled in Makran in the early utumn, the same season that Alexander's disastrous march was ndertaken, and nowhere have I suffered so intensely from the eat, the lack of water and supplies, and from the sand, so that I n fully realise the accuracy of the description.

The army regained the coast near the sun-stricken port of Pasni, where fresh water is obtainable by digging shallow wells in the sand, but at Gwadur a natural route leads inland to Pouri, which I have identified with Pahra, situated in the fertile valley of the Bampur River. There the survivors rested for two months, while Macedonian and Persian officials alike hastened to bring supplies and equipment of every kind for the worn veterans.

With hardship a thing of the past, the refreshed heroes marched down the Bampur River to a lake where its waters commingle with those of the Halil Rud, up which the army advanced. I was the first European to follow the great explorer in this section of the expedition, and, by an amazing piece of good fortune, a peasant brought me what proved to be a Greek alabaster unguent vase of the fourth century B.C., which proved beyond all reasonable doubt that I had accurately traced the route of the Macedonian army.

Alexander made a standing camp in the valley of the Halil Rud. There he was rejoined by Craterus, who had apparently met with no difficulties, but there was no news of the fleet and messengers were despatched to gain information. One day Nearchus and a few companions suddenly appeared in camp, weather-beaten and in rags. Alexander, seeing their miserable plight, wept bitterly, fearing that the fleet was lost, and we can imagine with what joy he heard that it was safe in the harbour of Harmozia, later the famous mediæval port of Hormuz.

Orders were now given for the last section of the march. Nearchus returned to the fleet with instructions to sail up the Karun, Alexander marched with the light troops to Pasargadæ, where he visited the tomb of Cyrus the Great, and the greatest expedition of all time was brought to a successful conclusion at Susa. There, in the palace so graphically described in the Book of Esther, a series of festivities, which included marriages between the Persian women and the Macedonians, fitly celebrated the great occasion.

To conclude, a study of the map will show that practically every province of the Persian Empire had been visited by the conquering Macedonians, who had also won territories beyond the Indus. As Arrian puts it, 'I think there was at that time no race of men, no city, not even a single individual to whom Alexander's name and fame had not penetrated.'

PERCY SYKES

THE BLACK WIND

From the North, the Black Wind.—SALTAIR NAN RANN.

IN the days before the material filled men's minds; in the days when humanity was nearer the spiritual and the mystical, each wind was known by its own especial colour. These colours were not woven out of human fancies; they had in them an occult, inner meaning. And, since the Celts were a nation of seers and of mystical dreamers, there is naturally much occult lore in the traditions which have been handed down to us through the ages.

To the Celts the north wind was known as the 'Black Wind.' The Romans called it by the same name. To them it was *Aquilo*. From that word came *aquilus* (dark-coloured) and *aquila* (the eagle, but literally the 'dark-coloured bird').

To take a second example in the occult naming of winds. The spiritual colour of the south wind was white to the Gaels. Another nation, the Greeks, saw with the Gaels in this matter, for we read that they sacrificed a white lamb to the white (the south) wind, and a black lamb to the black wind. Thus in their occult lore of the winds the three nations—Celtic, Greek, and Roman—agreed.

As I pen these lines the black wind's eldest son, 'White Feet,' is treading the Hebrid Sea from Tiumpan Head and Rudha Stoer southward. Here and there he herds swift-moving snow showers before him—white columns that constantly change shape as they move onward towards the south. So delicate, so ethereal are these drifting showers, that one can imagine the Fir Gorma are sweeping the dust from the green-crested seas on which they play on a moonlight night between Lewis and the Bespelled Isles. Some of these showers are white, others creamy, one of them grey, like thin smoke from some passing steamer that ploughs the foam-tipped seas.

Little more than an hour ago I stood upon the snowy crown of the Quirang of Eilean a' Cheo and saw, through the clear air northward, the white heights beside Rudha Stoer and, nearer at hand, the Summer Isles (on which the snow did not lie) rise dark against the glistening background. Southward MacLeod's Tables were draped in white; over each a tablecloth of spotless white

was spread. Black squalls hid the dark Cuillin—the north wind must have made stern music to-day among their precipices—and from their harried spires, invisible across grey mists, the powdery snows must have been swept far into icy space. As I stood there, 1500 feet above the eager waters of the Minch, a flock of snow buntings crossed the hill face just above me. Against the dazzling snowy expanse their white wings seemed grey and without lustre. The birds alighted to feed restlessly for a few moments upon the seeds of the grasses that thrust trembling heads above the snow, then continued their leisurely flight northwards.

At that time the air was clear and sunny, but now, as I write, soft drifting flakes on the north wind are veiling from my window the sunlight that floods the emerald-green waters of the Minch beyond the old castle of Dun Tuilm and burns upon the snowy cone of Clisham of Harris towards An t- Eilean Uaine.

In the shelter of Eilean Tuilm a single herring drifter lies at anchor, its masts and deck grey with powdered snow. Gradually, to the very edge of the tide, the ground is whitened, and white-crested waves advance rhythmically to greet the young snows.

How beautiful are the first snows that fall while autumn lingers. They do not lie long beside the strong tides of the Atlantic; they are here to-day and gone to-morrow, but the memory of their virgin purity lingers in the mind after their passing.

How wonderfully does the pale moon draw the waters of the ocean towards herself. She exercises an irresistible, a subtle attraction upon them, so that the eager tidal stream hurries in a swirl of spray northward past Rudha Hunish on the flood, and, at the ebb, sets its unerring course southwards toward Vaternish, Sleat, and Rhum, and from the Minch into vast Atlantic deeps untroubled by the fiercest storm.

A day of intense storm on the black wind I recall. A swiftly-falling glass had prepared the men of the island coast for heavy weather, but the morning had dawned with the lightest of airs drifting across the sea, and at sunrise fragments of rainbows had been lighted low above the water's surface. Two hours before noon the wind freshened quickly, backed from west to north-west, then to north, and in the space of half an hour was blowing with gale force. The sky was leaden; all distant view was obscured by the grey lances of the rain and the clouds of flying spindrift. Each succeeding wave was more fierce and impetuous than its predecessor. Pale green water walls advanced eagerly to the dark cliffs. They seemed to pause momentarily—to crouch for their spring—then leaped upon the smooth black walls of rock which had withstood those white-maned horses of Manannan for

so many ages—since, indeed, the days when the sea god himself drove his chariot across the crested waves from Erin to Hy Braseal.

Towards evening that day, when the flood tide had fought its way foot by foot against the storm and at length was at the full, the seas were so heavy that the spray from the waves swept in an almost continuous cloud over the headland of Rudha Hunish. Across the grassy crown of the headland the spray drifted in dense grey showers, lashing the grasses so that they quickly lost their verdure and became withered and lifeless as the plants of the high tops at midwinter.

Towards sunset a rift appeared in the racing clouds on the western horizon, and above the pale green and pale grey waves a splendid rainbow was lighted. What I saw then was in harmony with the spirit of the storm. From his giddy, wind-harried perch on the topmost pinnacle of rock a peregrine falcon shot out into the air. His wings, thin and pointed, were bent back so that they almost touched his flanks. There, outlined against hastening clouds, he hung suspended, then swerved and flew a short distance down wind. I wondered what had caused him to leave his perch, but then I saw a gaggle of grey geese making their way laboriously northward in the teeth of the gale. Grimly the falcon awaited their coming. The geese did not see him until he descended like a thunderbolt in their midst. But, apparently misjudging the strength of the wind, he missed his quarry, and the geese, calling loudly and excitedly, scattered at once. Against that fierce wind even the peregrine could not overtake them, so he returned sullenly to his dark storm-swept perch and faced crouchingly the squall of stinging hail that now swept on the black wind across the headland. The geese and the solans were the only birds to venture abroad on this day of storm; a single pigeon that I saw was standing, apparently dazed, upon a narrow ledge of rock. It seemed afraid to move, for only on the few square inches where it stood was there partial shelter from the driving spray and the strong gusts; had it attempted to fly it must have been swept away like a leaf on the gale. But no storm is too fierce for the keen-eyed, strong-winged solan, and across the more sheltered bays those tireless fishers were beating backwards and forwards as they searched the green depths for the silvery herring or the swift-swimming mackerel.

At dusk on this day of storm a curious frothy smell hung above the narrow gulleys where the waves were flowing in with milky-white overfalls tinged with greyness. Many stems of tangle seaweed had been torn from their moorings by the huge seas, and now lay piled upon the rounded, slippery pebbles. Each wave as it crashed high over the smooth-worn rocks threw fronds and

stems of seaweed far into the air: as that great gale swept broad pathways through the forests of the land, so did it, through the huge seas which it formed, devastate the forests beneath the wave.

At high tide I looked, from a little hill, across that wild headland. I had been driven from the headland itself by the great and increasing seas that threw their spray high above my head, and caused my collie dog Dileas to shiver in fear. And now at dusk I was standing on a big rock from which the storm momentarily threatened to tear me and was looking seaward on to the storm-lashed headland and, beyond it, to where a dark skerry rose from a yeasty waste of waters. The tide now was so high that each wave battered the headland, and sheets of grey spray drifted like mist across the grasses where in fair weather snipe have their home.

Some of the greater waves broke with a force which reminded me of the bursting of one of those floating mines with which the seas were strewn during the war. Manannan himself, god of the sea, could scarce have driven his chariot across those waves which the blustering wind was driving in confused, sullen ranks southward. But with the night came a lessening of the wind, and morning broke serene and windless. Gone were the great waves; there remained only a gentle swell that swept in lazily from the north, breaking in long white combers below the cliffs. The autumn sun shone brightly upon the blue sea, and off-shore an unending procession of migrating sea birds were passing south. These feathered travellers were chiefly kittiwakes and guillemots, but amongst them were one or two solans, upon whose plumage the low October sun flashed.

That wind of which I write was a wind of storm, but it is not always that the black wind brings rain and tumbling seas to the isles. It is more often the bearer of fine weather—of serene blue skies and clear sunlit air. How inspiring on such a day it is to climb to the crest of one of the grim Cuillin and look across quiet, dream-like seas to the distant horizon where lie Coll, Tiree, and the pleasant Treshnish Isles; where, far westward, the Long Island rises from a cobalt ocean; where, beyond even those distant isles, the blue cone of St. Kilda towers at the gateway to Tir nan Og. On such a day as this sea spell and hill spell seem to intermingle, and one lives awhile in an enchanted land whose beauty sinks deep into the soul, in a land where are present once more the old Celtic gods and heroes—Manannan, Dalua and Angus Og, Cuchullain, Fionn and Oisin.

One day of the black wind I recall when in Skye the sun shone brightly and over Harris a great cloud, inky black and very wonderful, lay throughout the day. Backwards and forwards this

cloud drifted idly, and from it torrential rain descended. At one time the sea was pale green, and Fladda Isle, with a purple bloom upon it, was outlined against the squall. At another white streaks of snow were falling seaward on the far northern horizon, and, where a white shaft of sunlight shone diagonally upon these lines of snow, the Cross of St. Andrew was suddenly formed. At the base of the cross a fragment of a transient rainbow burned mistily upon seas that seemed oppressed and troubled by the vast cloud canopy that hung menacingly above them. West and north the sky was so dark that it was a relief to look southward, for here magnificent cumulus clouds towered away and away into the serene blue of the sky.

About this time of which I write the black wind from the north persisted day after day. Sometimes it brought snow and storm, sometimes sun and fine weather with clear blue sky. Daily the snowy covering upon the Black Cuillin thickened, and when one afternoon the storm clouds of the morning lifted, their white spires rose like some Polar range into the blue of the autumn sky. The beauty of those needle-like peaks was startling, almost unearthly: it was with difficulty that I could take my eyes from them. The hills were in shadow—all save the ridges. On the ridges the low sun shone brilliantly, so that by contrast the snowy corries, deep in shade, were a very dark blue-grey. Aloof from the main group the brindled cone of Blaven rose. On each hill, from crest to base, the October snows lay deep. The peaks and spires rose in a white-robed company incredibly remote; they seemed to point to the great silences that belong to another world. How rare is it to see them thus in October, whitened by the Polar wind!

At sunset that day I again saw the Cuillin unexpectedly. They then appeared not as hills, but as clouds. They rose, clear-cut yet ethereal, on the horizon, guarding that ancient ruined castle where Cuchullain of old learned the arts of war from Queen Sgathach—she who possessed the magic three-stringed harp. That harp had one string of iron, one of bronze, and one of silver, and in a poem written before the twelfth century the harp and its magic properties are thus described:

> The harp was one of three strings
> Methinks it was a pleasant jewel:
> A string of iron, a string of noble bronze
> And a string of entire silver
> The names of the not heavy strings
> Were Suantorrgles; Geantorrgles the great;
> Goiltorrgles was the other string,
> Which sends all men to crying.

If the pure Goltorrgles be played
For the heavy hosts of the earth,
The hosts of the world without delay
Would all be sent to constant crying.
If the merry Geantorrgles be played
For the hosts of the earth, without heavy execution,
They would all be laughing from it,
From the hour of one day to the same of the next.
If the free Suantorrgles were played
To the hosts of the wide universe
The men of the world—great the wonder—
Would fall into a long sleep.

A few days later, the black wind still holding, I was in the heart of the Cuillin in a world of white. The river at Sligachan was in places frozen across, and as I reached Harta Corrie and crouched beneath the Stone of Blood, where the MacLeods and the MacDonalds fought hand to hand more than 300 years ago, the clouds had dropped low and snow was falling thickly. Once an eagle passed over, and sent an old cock grouse flying for his life. Once on the drifting snows came the roar of a stag.

Hour after hour the storm persisted, but late in the afternoon the clouds lifted, and one by one the high tops of the Cuillin showed themselves, with a primrose light upon them and thin clouds of gleaming snow drifting along their slopes upon the breath of the black wind.

At last, after many weeks, the reign of the black wind ended. One day, early in November, his brother the white wind sped eagerly from the south. The morning of his coming had been cloudless, and before dawn Mars had wakened me by his ruddy light as he steered his aerial course westward over the dark waters of the sleeping Minch. But at noon the sky was grey and lowering, and the strength of the white wind was momentarily increasing. Early that afternoon the Cuillin, as viewed from the north, were a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The south wind was lifting the snow that had been driven in on the north wind to the southern slopes, and was hurling it high into the air towards the north, whence it had come. Each hill was enveloped in a thin grey cloud of fine drifting snow. Upon Sgurr nan Gillean the drifting was specially severe, and here the driven snow was rising to a height of several hundred feet above the hilltop. Against the leaden sky that cloud of furiously whirling snow was a ghostly and arresting spectacle. How great to-day was the strength of the wind, how inspiring that swiftly-moving air that had leaped from far beneath the southern horizon and was surging northward into the domain of the black wind.

It is not only in winter that the black wind comes. Even in June he may cover the dark Cuillin for days on end—may harry their venerable spires with lances of hail and soft-clinging snows; for his home is in Polar wastes, and even at midsummer his breath is chill across Atlantic solitudes and lonely highland glens.

SETON GORDON.

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CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER

I. The Case against 'Evolution.' By GEORGE H. BONNER 581
II. The Nation and the Prayer-Book. By the Rev. A. H. T. CLARKE . 597
III. The Vatican, France and L'Action Française. By the Rev. W. W. LONGFORD, D.D. 611
IV. The Administration of the British Army. By Lieut.-General Sir TRAVERS CLARKE, G.B.E., K.C.B., K.C.M.G. 624
V. War Graves and the British Commonwealth. By Major-General Sir FABIAN WARE, K.C.V.O. (*Vice-Chairman, Imperial War Graves Commission*) 631
VI. Nationalism in South Africa. By P. V. EMRYS EVANS 642
VII. Ten Years of Bolshevism. By GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK 652
VIII. Broadcasting, the State and the People. By Sir JOHN REITH (*Director-General, B.B.C.*) 667
IX. The Toll of Secret Disease. By E. T. BURKE, D.S.O., M.B., Ch.B. . 675
X. Tennis: Indoors and Outdoors. By E. B. NOEL 687
XI. Warren Hastings. By A. L. P. TUCKER, C.I.E. 695
XII. The Mirror of Beauty. By ROBERT WHYMPER 708

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THE
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No. DCIX—November 1927

THE CASE AGAINST 'EVOLUTION'

'The antagonism between science and religion, about which we hear so much, appears to me to be purely factitious—fabricated, on the one hand, by short-sighted religious people who confound a certain branch of science, theology, with religion; and on the other by equally short-sighted scientific people who forget that science takes for its province only that which is susceptible of clear intellectual comprehension, and that outside the boundaries of that province they must be content with imagination, with hope, and with ignorance.'

Thus Professor Huxley, after devoting some ten pages to an attempt to prove that the Biblical account of Creation is inconsistent with the findings of science.[1]

It was in the pages of *The Nineteenth Century* that the prototypal controversy of all the succeeding battles between the two

[1] 'The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature' in *The Nineteenth Century* for December 1885.

types of mind, the religious and the experimental, was fought out, its protagonists being—on the side of science (representing the newly-fledged Darwinian hypothesis), Professor T. H. Huxley, and, for the most intellectual type of orthodox religion, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

It is interesting to compare those early salvoes fired between the two protagonists with these latter-day broadsides by which the recent meeting of the British Association has caused the intellectual æther to vibrate.

It was in November 1885 that there appeared Mr. Gladstone's *Dawn of Creation and of Worship*, a reply to the conclusions of Dr. Réville's *Prolegomena to the History of Religions*, translated by Mr. Squire and published by Williams & Norgate in 1884.

Mr. Gladstone objected both to Dr. Réville's manner of handling the Book of Genesis and his method of dealing with the mythology of Homer, and attempted a rational explanation of the Biblical six days of Creation.

We can observe in this article the antagonism between what may be called the 'derivative' aspect of the Evolutionist theory and the standpoint of orthodox theology beginning to crystallise.

After suggesting that 'Evolution in its highest form' was not unknown to St Paul and other Christian thinkers, he goes on:

> For those who believe that the old foundations are unshaken still, and that the fabric built upon them will look down for ages on the floating wreck of many a modern and boastful theory, it is difficult to see anything but infatuation in the destructive temperament which leads to the notion that to substitute a blind mechanism for the hand of God in the affairs of life is to enlarge the scope of remedial agency; that to dismiss the highest of all inspirations is to elevate the strain of human life; and that each of us is to rejoice that our several units are to be disintegrated at death into 'countless millions of organisms'; for such, it seems, is the latest revelation delivered from the fragile tripod of a modern Delphi.

Professor Huxley's counterblast is the article of December 1885, already quoted, to which Mr. Gladstone replies with his *Proem to Genesis: a Plea for a Fair Trial*, in the number for January 1886.

> I cannot [he says] . . . comprehend the rapidity with which persons of authority have come to treat the Darwinian hypothesis as having reached the final stage of demonstration. To the eye of a looker-on their pace and method seem rather too much like a steeple-chase.

His *Proem* brings down upon him in the February number for 1886 the thunder of both Professor Huxley and Henry Drummond in two parts of an article entitled simply, 'Mr. Gladstone and Genesis.'

In part II. of this piece of work there occurs the following surprising passage, quoted, it is true, but with full approval:

> Matters which are discoverable by human reason, and the means of investigation which God has put within reach of man's faculties, are not the proper subjects of Divine revelation. . .

This is a principle which, if pushed to its conclusion, would mean that religious expressions of truth are not verifiable by reason, that no revelation could be tested, and that nothing of fundamental importance could ever be proved.

With these articles the principal phase of the controversy concludes, though we may trace reverberations of its side-issues through many subsequent years.

The main point of divergence is the apparent inconsistency between the facts revealed by science and the account of the story of Creation in Genesis.

There is also apparent throughout the tacit assumption on the part of the scientists that the conclusions based upon experiment and observation are more reliable than the Scriptural revelation.

To-day, forty years later, the controversy has entered upon a wider stage. It is no longer merely the trustworthiness of the Biblical account of Creation that is exercising men's minds, but the whole edifice of religious faith is believed to be shaken by the declaration of scientists that man has evolved from the animals.

> To-day there is, among competent men of science, unanimous agreement that man has been evolved from an ape-like stock. He arose, possibly a million years ago, from a tangle of apes which began to vary in different directions. . . .
>
> Darwin's triumph has destroyed the whole theological scheme.[*]

If this is so, then all our conceptions with regard to religion must be fundamentally modified, for it is certain that if the human soul has been evolved from the animals it has not come from God.

But before we consign to the intellectual bonfire the cherished beliefs which have helped hundreds of thousands of men and women to live a worthy and unselfish life, let us examine basically the foundations of the theory of the animal descent of man, being particularly careful to distinguish between what is known fact and what is merely deduction or inference based upon it.

It is necessary, first of all, to define the meaning of the term 'Evolution.' The meaning of the word is, of course, unfoldment, the expression in a sequential process of certain types, attributes, faculties, or powers.

[*] The sermon by the Bishop of Birmingham in Westminster Abbey quoted from the *Manchester Guardian* of September 26, 1927.

But at the present day the term 'Evolution' has come to connote the implications of the Darwinian hypothesis, the conclusion that man can trace his descent from the animals. In this essay, therefore, it will be convenient to use the word in the popular sense, except where another meaning is expressly indicated.

The facts of Evolution are admitted by all but the perverse—namely, that close observation of the phenomena of Nature reveals an ascending series of types, ranging in degree of complexity and intelligence from the very lowest up to man. Upon the examination of geological and other evidence it becomes apparent that these types have a more or less definite order in time—that is to say, that in the history of the globe upon which we live the simpler types have preceded the more complex, and the lower forms of life those endowed with greater intelligence.

There is also evident a certain similarity of organic structure between the higher mammals, such as the ape, and the highest animal of all, man—a similarity which extends also to those instincts, habits, and natural activities which are necessary to the preservation of physical life.

These are facts which few would be so hardy as to dispute; but as soon as any deductions are made from these agreed bases the greatest divergence of opinion and conclusion is at once apparent.

On the one hand the scientific school maintains that man has actually 'descended' from the lower animals, and that, since the process of evolution apparently tends to produce successively higher and higher types, this 'descent' (which the unthinking might call an 'ascent') will be further continued until some variety of super-man is produced.

The exponents of religion, on the other hand, observing in this theory no guarantee of any divine principle in man, no certainty of immortality, and no essential difference, except of degree, between man and the animals, are loud in their denunciation of the animal ancestry of man.

In order to compare the relative truth of the convictions held by the opposing sides it is necessary to examine more closely the nature of that which is supposed to evolve.

There are in general three types of the evolutionary theory as applied to and including man. These are, firstly, materialistic theories which postulate that man is a solely material organism, entirely corporeal and mortal. These theories, in order to explain the differences in complexity and intelligence between man and the higher animals, are forced to bring in some such principle as chance or natural law, mere names which explain nothing.

Secondly, there are those theories, sometimes of a pseudo-

mystical nature, which hold that in some unexplained manner 'life evolves,' and that the vital principle which, years ago animated an amœba will ultimately, after passing through all the stages in the hierarchy of existence, become 'individualised' into a man. This theory likewise is obviously partitive, for life alone, without consciousness of some sort, could hardly become anything other than it was.

A modification of this theory postulates that some kind of entity potentially but not actually human is at various stages the 'group-soul' of whole collections of animals or vegetables, but at length, by the acquisition (again in some unexplained manner) of a superior principle, is 'individualised' into a human being.

Thirdly, there are the theories which postulate that man's body has 'evolved from the animals', but that his soul or spirit has come from heaven, and, again by some unexplained process, takes over the results of ages of evolution and is enabled to function in a human body.

The first type of theory—namely, that man is purely corporeal, a physical being and nothing more—is so patently absurd, and has been so frequently and so thoroughly refuted by thinkers from Plotinus onwards, that it seems difficult to believe that there could be human intelligences so deeply immersed in matter as to maintain it.

The fact that the human body disintegrates at physical death is a proof that there is some principle which controls and animates the body during life but which deserts it at death. The body itself is, as we are well aware, perpetually changing; the particles of matter which compose it in childhood are not the same as those which compose it in middle life. But matter itself is unable to control matter, still less to give individuality, permanence and continuity to a changing aggregate of material particles such as a physical body; therefore the animating principle, whether it be called soul or by any other name, is of an immaterial nature, and no purely materialistic or mechanistic theory will suffice to explain the differences between the highest and the lowest orders of existence.

The second type of theory has a superficial plausibility which renders it readily acceptable to certain types of mind. But when it is examined more closely and its logical consequences are faced without evasion, it is as unsatisfying as the first. If Evolution is to imply, as it is invariably understood to imply by the exponents of this type of theory, that something of a lower order becomes in process of time something of a higher order, then this implies some principle which gives continuity. But such a principle can be no other than a principle of consciousness. If the entity which was at one time inhabiting the body of an amœba 'evolves' in time

into a human being, there must be throughout some kind of individuality of intelligence preserved, otherwise there can be no connexion, in a casual sense, between the stages.

This principle applies also to the variation of this second theory which postulates that the evolving entity is from the very outset 'potentially human,' but only reaches the full stature of humanity after having passed through all the lower kingdoms.

There are various difficulties connected with this type of theory, the most obvious being that if every individual of every species from the lowest to the highest is in a process of becoming something other than it is, we should expect to find at least some evidence at the present time of the change of one species into another. That is to say, it would not surprise us to find that the goldfish which we left in the bowl overnight had become mammalia by the morning, or that the contents of the kitchen garden had during our summer holidays taken the leap into the animal kingdom.

This is of course to give extreme examples. Nevertheless, this possibility would logically follow from the premises upon which this theory rests.

But there is no conclusive evidence in historical times of the change of one species into another. The dog, after ages of domestication by man, will still inter-breed with the wolf. The supply of amœbæ is still unexhausted, though one would expect, if this theory were conclusive, that the members of the lower species would by this time be becoming rather fewer, having passed on to a higher stage. Nor does the anthropoid ape, even in the most ideal conditions which a 'Zoo' can provide, ever to our knowledge change into a human being.

The species have, generally speaking, remained relatively fixed since the beginning of history.

The argument that historical time is not sufficient does not alter the principle in the slightest. If this theory were proved as the real explanation, there ought to be, not a few, but thousands of examples of the individuals of one species actually changing into another species before our eyes. There should not be one but hundreds of missing links found in the world to-day. If it is maintained that the process went on in pre-historic times but has now ceased, then the whole theory falls to the ground, for the essential characteristic of this interpretation of the theory of Evolution is that it is a continuous process, a progressive development of the higher from the lower.

Another and perhaps even more serious objection to this type of theory is the fact that if man evolves from the lower animals and there is a continually ascending production of higher and higher types, then the same process should be traceable in the

development of human society. The world should, from the earliest historical times, have become more and more perfect as higher and higher types of men were successively evolved. But there is no evidence that higher types of men are active in the world to-day than has been the case in some of the earliest periods of which we have records. Plato and Pythagoras have not been surpassed by any of their successors. Even the most ardent Evolutionist would hardly maintain that the process, if any, which culminated in the Great War was the best kind of natural Evolution.

It would seem, therefore, that when the principle of Evolution is applied to human concerns some factor which is not present in the evolution of the vegetable and animal kingdoms must be taken into consideration.

Lastly, there is the third type of theory, which distinguishes the bodily nature of man as having come from the animal kingdoms, but regards his higher nature as having come from above.

This theory also presents difficulties, for, like some of the previous ones, it postulates that something which is not human becomes human. Again, if the human soul is a principle of such power that it can animate and keep together a human body after having acquired it, what is there to prevent it being capable of constructing such a body for itself at any time it should require a vehicle in which to manifest ? It is the soul which makes man man. Why, therefore, should a human soul be compelled to animate, throughout uncountable ages, vegetable and animal bodies ? If the soul determines the nature of the body, we should expect a human soul always to manifest in a human body and in no other kind.

The fact that the human embryo passes through the stages of all the lower kingdoms before arriving at the human is sometimes adduced in support of theories of this kind, but this again is not conclusive, since it is obvious that the human body, as the highest production of Nature, must contain in some manner the characteristics of all the kingdoms below itself. If man is a microcosm of the macrocosm, there is nothing surprising in the fact that the unfoldment of the human body should follow the apparent stages of cosmic manifestation, while the fact that the process is gone through in the space of nine months instead of millions of years indicates that the principle behind it is of a superior nature to that which animates any single one of the lower kingdoms.

But perhaps the most weighty argument against any theory which postulates a causal relation between the lower and the higher kingdoms, in the sense of supposing that man is evolved

from or produced by the animal kingdom, is one that is often totally overlooked.

It is a principle inherent in the very nature of things, and one which no example has yet disproved, that the lower cannot by itself alone produce the higher. Any apparent evidence of this means merely that all the causes which are operative have not been taken into consideration.

When attention is paid solely to the similarities which exist between man and the highest animals, it may appear that there is overwhelming evidence for some sort of kinship between the two kingdoms, but when the distinctions between man and the very highest of the animals are considered, these are found to be even more striking.

Among the characteristics which distinguish man from the animals are the following :—

Man possesses free-will, the capacity to make a deliberate choice.

It may perhaps be maintained by some critics that animals possess this to a certain extent, but upon closer examination it is found that animals invariably obey the strongest instinct, though occasionally an almost even balancing of the forces of two opposing instincts may give the appearance of hesitancy and choice.

But man may deliberately inhibit and disobey the strongest natural instinct. He may choose the line of greatest resistance and act or refrain from acting either in accordance with his personal desires or in opposition to them. Those who deny to man the possession of free-will fail to realise that the whole structure of human society, including all legal codes and ethical standards, is based upon the assumption of free-will, and that if man is not free to choose, but is compelled to act in a certain way by some kind of mechanical necessity, then the whole of the human race from the beginning of history has been suffering under a stupendous delusion, all the strivings of human nature towards greater perfection have been in vain, all aspirations and all pursuits of ideals have been nothing more than empty imaginings, and all thought a mere automatic action of cerebral juices, incapable of attaining to any degree of truth.

Besides the possession of free-will, the capacity for abstract thought also distinguishes man from the animal kingdom. The operation of a certain kind of natural intelligence is discernible in the activities of animals, but this does not extend to the capacity for making an intellectual affirmation with regard to some abstract aspect of truth.

No animal can say 'That is beautiful,' 'That is true,' because the animal is not possessed of reason and cannot relate objects to abstract ideas nor abstract ideas to one another in its mind.

Both free-will and the capacity for abstract thought depend upon the attribute of self-consciousness, the capacity to say 'I am I,' 'I think,' 'I know,' which no animal possesses.

But the essential point in regard to these differences between man and the animals, as bearing upon popular expositions of the theory of Evolution, is this:

Self-consciousness cannot possibly be produced by anything lower than itself. No amount of natural selection, environment, 'emergence,' or any other convenient label will avail to make self-conscious that which is not self-conscious unless it has in it the potentiality of self-consciousness, will avail to give free-will to that which does not possess it, or endow with reason that which is irrational.

This is the fundamental fallacy connected with most expositions of the theory of Evolution, that they make the lower produce the higher, which is impossible.

Evolution, therefore, in the strict sense of the word, implies the orderly unfoldment on the plane of manifestation of *potentialities already inherent* in the formative principle of that which is said to evolve. It does not necessarily imply any causal relationship, in the strict sense, between a lower stage and a higher one.

Error is liable to creep in and false deductions are likely to be made when (as often happens in scientific experiments which regard only the phenomenal side of things) the physical and apparent processes of growth and unfoldment are not properly related to the abstract laws and principles behind them.

In the erection of a cathedral the 'idea,' as we call it, of the finished product subsists first of all in the mind of the architect, from which it is carried outward in successive stages of plans and builders' instructions.

But when only the effects on the physical plane are regarded there is solely apparent the erection of a stately and complicated edifice from the simplest foundations or beginnings.

It is just as logical to postulate that man is evolved from the animals, in the sense of meaning that before there could be men there must be animals, and that the animals in some way contain the potentialities of man, as to state that the cathedral is 'evolved' from its foundations.

In both cases the effects only are regarded, and due consideration is not given to the real and underlying causes without the operation of which the finished product could never come into existence.

If we apply the principles outlined to the emergence of man on the physical plane, we are led to the conclusion that man, as man, could not possibly be produced or evolved from anything

lower than himself. He must have subsisted, as a principle in the spiritual world, from all eternity. No amount of development can turn an individual ape into a human being, because the ape has not the potentiality of self-consciousness. A human soul is always and eternally a human soul—not needing to evolve from anything else or into anything else, but manifesting in a physical body in order to unfold, or evolve in the strict sense, its undeveloped potentialities, to become self-gnostic and fulfil its eternal purpose.

The evidence for the divine and not the animal origin of man is overwhelming if the sacred Scriptures and inspired revelations of the most enlightened nations of all periods in the world's history are taken into account; but as all this evidence would probably be swept aside as valueless by the so-called scientific outlook of to-day, it is necessary to give a proof based on undeniable and easily verifiable evidence that the human soul is a principle immeasurably superior to the whole animal kingdom, with a divine origin and a divine destiny, coming, not from the dust, but from heaven, a flower which lives not only in time, but in eternity.

Before proceeding to this demonstration, however, it is necessary to deal with certain refuges of the illogical to which the die-hard exponent of partitive Evolutionist theories may fly, like his adopted pithecanthropous ancestor, to the trees of the primæval forest.

First, there is the tendency to bring in chance as an ultimate explanation. The dragging in of chance, of course, explains nothing; but with a certain almost childish *naïveté* some even of those who style themselves scientists fall back on this principle in order to conceal or justify their ignorance of fundamental causes.

Sometimes, even, what are known as the mathematical laws of chance, as exemplified in the fall of dice, are cited as examples of the so-called operation of this principle. But it is obvious upon a moment's consideration that if there were really such a thing as chance no mathematical laws could be formulated concerning its operation.

That which we designate as chance is in fact the result of the working of causes which are unknown to us.

A second refuge to which the materialist may turn, when pressed for an explanation which is really satisfying, is that the ultimate reasons and principles of things are unknowable, and that it is therefore futile to investigate anything but that which can be weighed and measured. But it is admitted that all processes depend upon laws, and these laws upon principles. The principle which gives life and intelligence to a human being

must, as has been demonstrated, be itself immaterial and abstract, for the matter cannot control itself. A man is not his body, the changing corruptible thing which is palpable to the physical senses; it is the soul, or whatever be the name applied to the animating and self-conscious principle behind the body, that is the man. And since this soul is the man himself, it must be capable of being investigated by man as surely and easily as anything which it controls or animates; in other words, that which is abstract, causal, and spiritual *is* knowable—when the proper methods are employed in its investigation—as certainly as that which is concrete and is produced by the effects of the action of the former. If this is so, then real causes and ultimate principles are knowable to the human mind, which is capable of dealing with and relating abstract causes and ideas to each other and to their effects, and thus tracing out the real sequence of any chain of causation.

Lastly, it may be put forward in attempt at evasion of the real issue involved that, although such ultimate explanations may be attainable, it is not the domain of science to achieve them. But this is to limit science to but a small fraction of her rightful domain. There are two aspects to everything—concrete and abstract, spiritual and material, ideal and actual; and if science is to limit her field to the one she will be of little real use to man, for the below depends on the above, the work of art could have no existence or explanation but for the thought in the mind of the artist, and the material world no significance but for its relation with the spiritual world.

Science has too long been chained by those who profess to be her high-priests. She is not, as we are sometimes led to believe, the nursling of matter, the preserve of the earth-bound, and the orphan daughter of experience, but the light which shines from the world of ideas into the world of actual things, the bridge between the seen and the unseen, and the handmaiden of infinite truth. Who shall fix the limits of what is unknowable by the human mind? Not he who proclaims that his own soul cannot be known by himself.

It is in the investigation of the nature of causes that the key to the understanding of the phenomena of Evolution lies. Everything that exists or ever can exist depends upon the action of four distinct causes. There is, first of all, the final cause, the ultimate end for which the thing is produced; secondly, the efficient cause, or that which actually brings it into existence; thirdly, the formal cause, which gives to it the definite type or shape which it assumes; and, lastly, the material cause, the matter out of which it is made.

For the making of a picture, or indeed of any artificial object

whatsoever, the operation of all these causes is essential. If the artist had no ultimate purpose in view (even if only that of making his living), he would never set about making the picture; if there were no artist as efficient cause, no picture could be made; if he had in his mind no ideas to which he could give expression in definite symbolic forms, he could never make a picture; and if he had no materials, the ideas and forms would remain in his mind unexpressed.

Now since all existence, in the strict meaning of the word, as that which 'stands out,' necessitates the uniting of some kind of form to some kind of matter, and since all form implies relationships which in their ultimate analyses can be expressed numerically, these formal relationships imply abstract ideas of number. But the relationship of abstract ideas of number is impossible without thought of some kind; therefore all form and all creation, whether cosmic or microcosmic, divine or human, depends upon a thinker.

In all the greatest philosophies and religious mystery-systems of the world it has been as the Divine Mind that God as Creator has been adored. Man is made in the image of God, and it is his divine principle of intellect which makes him superior to the whole animal creation, which enables him to imitate in his lesser fashion the creative activities of God, and which gives him the power to attain to a knowledge of God and of God's creation.

The difference between the operations of the Divine Mind and the human mind is that whereas the former are eternal and not characterised by process, those of the latter are normally discursive and characterised by time. But this difference in no way affects the necessity of the four causes. If we apply these to the cosmos the final cause is the showing forth of the Divine Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, the efficient cause is the Creative Mind of God, the formal cause the Divine Archetypes or Eternal Spiritual Ideas which are perpetually expressed by the forms of Nature, and the material cause is the principle of matter, which is itself in its highest aspect divine, since in the creation of the cosmos both form and matter must come from God, who, as the Super-essential Unity, necessarily comprehends and is prior to both principles.

The application of the four causes to man results in the demonstration that since man, while in a physical body, possesses and exercises self-conscious intelligence, the final, efficient, and formal causes which contribute to this result must be superior to any causes which belong solely to the material plane, and that therefore man does not 'evolve' or descend from the animals.

When the phenomena of the universe and the productions of Nature are thus looked at, as it were, from above as well as from

below, the process to which we give the name of Evolution takes on an entirely different aspect.

The Ideas and Archetypes which the manifested world expresses are eternal and unchanging: they subsist beyond time and space. But since they are perpetually being expressed in time and space, this expression naturally takes the form of a process. Just as in any human work of art the finished product appears from the outside to arise to perfection from simple and rudimentary beginnings, so with the universe: in the order of time the types appear to ascend, the lower preceding the higher.

But the potentiality of the highest type subsisted in the 'idea' from the very beginning; therefore it is misleading to speak of the lower types producing the higher ones. But the Perfect Divine Idea of the universe comprehends many types; consequently when certain preliminary stages are passed through on any one physical globe, and it has become habitable, the types remain relatively fixed—a fact which could only be accounted for by the stability of the eternal ideas behind them.

But since the Divine Idea of man contains the characteristics, in terms of himself, of all that is expressed in the lower kingdoms, and over and above this a spark of the Divine Mind, and since it is this spark of self-conscious intellect which gives him his superiority over the animals, it is impossible that man should have 'evolved' from the animals. Moreover, man is distinct from the cosmos, since he has free-will and can act either in conformity with or in disobedience to the laws of Nature. On the one hand he can transcend Nature, and in a certain manner surpass her perfections, while on the other he can deliberately mar her beauty, both in his own body and in the world outside him.

This is the truth behind the 'special creation' theory of the fundamentalists—that the Divine Idea of man is distinct from the Divine Idea of the cosmos.

Thus, since man and the cosmos are distinct, and since the spiritual nature of man could not have been produced from anything material and is in no way whatever dependent upon the material side of things except as a medium through which to express itself, there is no need to postulate a descent or ascent of man from the animal kingdom.

Such a theory could never be propounded or made in the slightest degree plausible without the ignoring of the final and formal causes and the attributing to the efficient cause of contradictory attributes.

There is not a shred of conclusive evidence for the animal ancestry of man: the whole structure of its colossal delusion rests upon certain similarities between the physical nature of man and

that of the animals—similarities which are easily explainable without postulating any descent of man from the apes.

The present-day outlook of science is due to the fact that scientists have devoted their attention almost exclusively to the outer and apparent nature of things, and have thus been led to generalise from these outer appearances and effects without relating them to their real causes.

Thus the conflict between scientists and exponents of religion is due on the one hand to the fact that religionists untrained in philosophy are often apt to take the words of sacred scriptures which have a mystical meaning and attempt to interpret them literally, while scientists, equally untrained in philosophic reasoning, generalise from observed facts without taking into account the logical consequences which follow from their assumptions.

Full reconciliation will only be possible when both religionists and scientists exercise their reason in such a manner as to enable them to reconcile the facts of the physical world with the ideas and principles of the spiritual world. To give an example. When the six days which are mentioned in Genesis are taken in a mystical sense as six hierarchical degrees of divine creative expression, arranged, not in order of time (since all divine activity must be of an eternal nature and all divine thoughts or ideas are eternal), but in ascending order of dignity, the production of man is seen to be the culmination of this creative activity. As a spiritual idea man—that is to say, ideal man—is eternal, as is the spiritual ideal universe in which are the 'ideas' which the types and forms of the physical universe express under the conditions of time and space, while the fact that man appears last in the physical world is only so much additional evidence that he transcends all that has gone before him, since in the order o manifestation the less perfect invariably precedes the more perfect.

Thus between the facts revealed by science and the Biblical story of Creation there is no inconsistency when both are taken in relation to that to which they refer, the account of Genesis referring to the spiritual aspect of Creation, while the scientific facts record the manner of operation on the physical plane of the spiritual and ideal causes which current science has not yet investigated.

The great danger of the evolutionary theory, presented as it is to-day by scientific materialism, is that it entirely misrepresents the real nature of man, robs him of free-will, and is inconsistent with any hope of immortality. It would be well for those who propagate it with such nonchalance to realise its true nature and the inevitable results which will follow if the fatalism and materialism which are implied in the general presentation of it at the present day take firm root in the receptive minds of the rising generation.

It is in its essence a miserable, obscurantist and illogical theory, sponsored by leading minds as the standard of a crusade for truth, but in reality unsupported by any real evidence, upheld as a product of reason, but, when examined, found to be of all theories the most unreasonable.

So far from having in it anything hopeful or inspiring, it is likely, if widely accepted, to delay the progress of the human race more effectively than the most rigid ecclesiastical dogmatism.

The creeds of the Churches, which their leading adherents are now abandoning so gaily, may yet be found to contain, when rightly interpreted, far more of truth than the tentative scientific interpretation of observed facts, and to be far safer guides to conduct than the ethical principles which would follow from the supposition of a flagellate or even simian ancestry.

One might well think the human race in a curious condition when a bishop in a cathedral can preach a sermon which is absolutely inconsistent with the fundamentals of the creed of his Church. Strange things have in the past been done in the name of religion, but none stranger than this.

If man has come from the animals, then he is not immortal, for the soul cannot be immortal at one end (in the future) and not at the other (in the past). Or, if it can, let those who say so explain how.

If man has come from the animals, no saviours are necessary to the human race.

The animal creation is not generally considered to be in need of salvation, while if Evolution is progressive, and man descends from the animals, he must be more self-sufficient than they, and therefore less in need of salvation or redemption than that from which he is said to have come.

If man has come from the animals, then the import of nearly all the sacred scriptures of the world has been consistently misinterpreted from the beginning of history.

The teachings of Christianity (and all other great religions) and the present-day teaching of Evolution are fundamentally incompatible ; nor can the most skilful evasion of real issues and the glossing over of awkward questions make them consistent.

The doctrine of the immortality of man and his divine origin is one that can be proved to the hilt to those who are able to reason clearly and impartially. The former is indeed proved by the very fact that the human mind has the conception of immortality. That which is altogether mortal could never even think of immortality, and it is certain that the mind of man never found immortality in the physical world.

Those who claim for man an animal origin and an uncertain destiny are often loudest in their cries for a drastic use of reason

and a fearless acceptance of truth. Let them therefore, before they take away from the rising generation its natural belief in immortality, in the saviours of mankind, of whom the sacred scriptures relate, and in the eternal divine spark of intellect in man which makes him capable of ultimately attaining conscious union with God, first explain the following:

First, by what means can the lower produce the higher, that which is not self-conscious that which is self-conscious, or that which is without free-will that which possesses it?

Secondly, by what means, except through the agency of self-conscious intelligence, can any idea be expressed by a form or any form be united to matter?

Thirdly, if the possession of free-will by man is questioned, let it be explained how a being whose will is not free could ever arrive at the intellectual conception of the principle of free-will, or how a being which has no immortal principle could arrive at that of immortality.

These are but a few of the questions which must be fully answered before the theory of the animal descent of man can even be entertained.

Let it not be thought that this essay is an attempt to belittle or ridicule the devoted labours of scientists or the majesty of science herself. But let us have real science, the science which looks upward as well as downward, which distinguishes between observed facts and the conclusions based upon them, and whose conclusions can be proved by the criteria of reason and experience, for by this kind of science alone can real satisfaction and lasting progress be bestowed. Truth neither science nor religion need fear; but truth is attained only when all effects are properly related to their causes, all thoughts to reality itself, all that is material to all that is spiritual, and that which is below to that which is above.

We shall not find the causes of spirit in matter, nor the origin of soul in body. But when by exercise of the true powers of the human intellect we see clearly the relation of spirit to soul and of soul to body, when we can contemplate heaven as the archetype of earth and earth as the reflection of heaven, when at every stage of the unfoldment of natural forms the operation of the four inevitable causes can be clearly traced, then will science begin to come into her own, the origin and destiny of man will not only be known by religious revelation, but established by scientific proof, and the mind of man will be illuminated by the dazzling reflection of the Perfect Circle of Infinite Truth.

George H. Bonner.

THE NATION AND THE PRAYER-BOOK[1]

Sine ira et studio.—*Tac., A.* i. 1.

J'écris en honnête gens aux honnêtes gens.—*Pascal.*

'I speak as to reasonable men: judge ye what I say.'—*St. Paul* (1 Cor. x. 15).

THE text of the English National Prayer-Book is under revision. That sacred emblem of our national unity has—more even than the Royal Navy and the authorised version of the English Bible—held together for some four centuries the scattered units of the Anglo-Saxon race. What is now proposed as its substitute ? Is that substitute an improvement upon the language of the present Book ? Does it involve change of doctrine ? Will the new Book be final ? And, if so, will it bring peace and strength to the Church of England ? These questions we propose to try fairly and clearly to answer.

TWO PRAYER-BOOKS

To begin with, What is it suggested that Parliament be asked to sanction ? There are to be *two* Prayer-Books. Now it was the very object of our present Prayer-Book to reduce to one the many Prayer-Books of the Middle Ages :

> Whereas heretofore there hath been great diversity in saying and singing in Churches within this realm—some following Salisbury Use, some Hereford and some the Use of Bangor, some of York, some of Lincoln : now from henceforth the whole realm shall have but one Use. ([Cranmer's] Preface to the Prayer-Book.)

The authors of the new Prayer-Book contemplate at least *two* Uses. Yet in 1923 the Bishop of Gloucester wrote as follows :

> I sincerely hope that nothing will be done to create two Prayer-Books. . . . With regard to Holy Communion it is difficult to conceive a more complete failure of statesmanship . . . [than] by allowing a discussion in

[1] Being a sequel to an article on 'The Revision of the Prayer-Book' in this Review for November 1926, and also to two pamphlets on the same subject published by Messrs. Hatchard's, Piccadilly (price 2*d.* and 1*d.*).

exactly the Service in which most of all we should be united. . . . May I express the hope that, whatever is done with the rest of the Prayer-Book, we definitely refuse to acquiesce in any proposal to allow alternative forms of Service? (Right Rev. Dr. A. C. Headlam, *The Times*, November 15, 1923.)

This he repeated the very next year in his primary charge to the clergy of Gloucester. The late Bishop of Salisbury had already taken the same view:

I am the only bishop in the room who has served a dozen years where there was a dual Use. I am afraid I must take exception to the statement that it has not been a cause of cleavage. On the contrary. (Dr. F. E. Ridgeway, late Bishop of Salisbury, Upper House of Convocation, *Debates*, 1915.)

It appears that these wishes are not to be respected. There are to be 'two Prayer-Books' and an 'alternative Communion Service.' And both books are to be 'optional,' that is, to be used in whole or in part or together in any proportion the minister may think fit. Henceforth the whole realm shall have two Uses. That is to say, henceforth the Church shall speak officially with two discordant voices.

Two Parties

Now what is the meaning of this? The Church, as Baron von Hügel has shown, must allow for three different angles of vision—the institutional (or High Church), the mystic (or Low Church), the intellectual (or Broad Church). Without these three concurrent factors there would be a weakened hold upon revealed Truth. In the Church of England to-day the apparent mutual hostility of two of these three groups threatens to oust the third. We may label these two groups the Anglo-Catholic and the Modernist parties. The two parties (as even Father Neville Figgis admitted) correspond very much to the Pharisees (or Traditionalists) and Sadducees (or Nationalists) of Christ's day. It was the verdict of a contemporary that 'the Sadducees say that there is no resurrection: neither believe in angels or spirits; but the Pharisees confess both.' To-day once more is the historic battle set in array between the same parties. And it seems to have been the aim (rather than the hope) of the new Prayer-Book, by prudent (or imprudent) concessions in these two contrary directions, to placate both. Let us now examine the nature of the respective claims of both these parties.

Anglo-Catholic Claims

The Anglo-Catholic party, so the Bishop of Truro declares, quite frankly desire an increased assimilation to the devotional

practices of the Church of Rome. Like the old Non-Jurors—from whom through Keble, their first founder, they sprang—they seem to threaten secession unless the Church can see fit to surrender something more to their demands.

What are their demands? They are in effect seven: (1) Approximation of ritual to the Roman Mass with its accompaniments, such as (2) priestly pre-service, called by Romans *introibo* [see 'Deposited Book,' p. 434]; (3) the Roman Mass-Vestment (or chasuble [p. 204]); (4) the Roman wafer [p. 204] as a substitute for 'the best and purest wheaten bread' and 'such as is usual to be eaten' ordered by the English Prayer-Book; (5) perpetual reservation of the Host for the purpose of communicating the sick in emergency direct from the service in church; (6) prayers 'for' instead of the old Church's commemoration 'of' the Dead—for which the chief festival is All Souls' Day, *i.e.* November 2 [p. 439]; (7) the doctrine of Transubstantiation, whose chief festival is that of *Corpus Christi* on Trinity Thursday [p. 443]. All these points the new Prayer-Book appears to concede.

The basis of our present Prayer-Book is twofold. There was the first Prayer-Book of King Edward VI., designed (like the proposed new Prayer-Book of 1927) to approximate to the Roman Use. This first Prayer-Book of 1549 the Archbishop of York wishes to restore. It was so patient of a Roman interpretation that the then Roman Bishop Gardiner pronounced it so at the time. For that reason Cranmer issued his second Prayer-Book in 1552. That book is the direct parent of our present Book. It broke up the Roman Canon of the Mass into three parts and widely distributed them. At the same time it altered the sequence of the prayers so as to forbid any theory of a real Presence 'in' the consecrated Elements. The new Book is a half-way return to the 1549 Book. In two parts out of three it restores the Canon, alters the Consecration Prayer and even the sequence of the rest of the service. It goes behind the 1549 Prayer-Book in restoring the purely papal and, as Bishop Creighton termed them, 'un-scriptural' dogmas of All Souls' and *Corpus Christi* Days! (Creighton's *Life*, ii., 303.) Yet Dr. Headlam in *The Times* of October 7 defends all these changes as 'Scriptural' and even 'Evangelical.'

Change of Doctrine

Now are these 'changes of doctrine' strictly so called? They are frankly admitted so to be by Lord Parmoor:

> So many letters reach me asking my opinion on the Revision of the Prayer-Book. . . . As chairman of the House of Laity, during the early discussions . . . I cannot doubt that the Revised Prayer-Book does

introduce, as an alternative, change of doctrine. . . . The Reservation of the Sacrament will certainly mean 'carrying about, lifting up and worshipping' [contrary to] Article XXVIII. 'Of the Lord's Supper.' (Letter to *The Times*, July 1, 1927.)

Such change of doctrine is not less frankly admitted by the Bishop of Gloucester, the most learned and able apologist for the new Book. He writes:

> The Prayer-Book which we now use . . . was based upon one produced in 1552 [Cranmer's Second Prayer-Book]. And the differences between the Prayer-Book of 1552 and the Prayer-Book of 1662 [the present Book] are not great. . . . The new Prayer of Consecration . . . is similar to that we have in the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI. [that is, of 1549]. . . . There is [now] provision for . . . All Souls' Day. . . . Then there are 'Commons' for the festivals of an Abbot or Abbess. . . . The clergy had proposed the commemoration of *Corpus Christi* day. It was obvious that, owing to the doctrinal [he means Popish] associations connected with the festival of *Corpus Christi*, there were reasons for not making this an authorised festival.

So what did they do? They apparently 'authorised' it by merely leaving out the name *Corpus Christi*, while using a special epistle and gospel and allowing the collect composed by St. Thomas Aquinas, the formulator of the doctrine of Transubstantiation! In this way Dr. Headlam thinks the clergy will be satisfied

> by joining with the rest of Western Christendom [*i.e.*, Rome] in celebrating the festival of *Corpus Christi*. (Bishop of Gloucester, *The New Prayer-Book*, pp. 1 and 68, 31, 32.)

Now are these Romeward changes or not? They are so thought to be by the editor of the Anglo-Catholic organ, the *Church Times*:

> The sacrifice of the Mass appears to me to be emphasised in the new Canon. The doctrine of Purgatorial progress is certainly implied in the Prayers for the Dead. It appears to me within the authority of the individual Bishop to permit the use of a Tabernacle instead of an aumbry. (Mr. Sidney Dark, letter to the *Spectator*, June 25, 1927.)

Dr. Headlam strangely contends that the new Prayer of Consecration, far from being more Romewards, is actually less Romewards because based on an Eastern usage which invokes the Holy Spirit on the Bread and Wine. Yet history teaches us that the use of this very invocation brought the Eastern Church to accept the absurdity of Transubstantiation in all its grossness before it reached the Western. Transubstantiation by invocation is to-day the characteristic method and doctrine of the Eastern

Church. And this invocation is even in the Roman Church the lever by which that 'miracle' is worked:

Send down thy Holy Spirit and change this Bread into the Body . . . of Jesus Christ, . . . Who took bread, *etc.* (*American Catholic Prayer-Book*, Antiochean rite.)

The editor of the *Church Times* candidly reports this fact and writes:

There is no doubt whatever that Dr. Knox [late Bishop of Manchester] is right when he says: 'The new Prayer [of Consecration] is consistent with the idea that a change is wrought in the Elements by the action of the Holy Spirit and [is consistent] with the idea that a Sacrifice is offered by the priest for the remission of the sins of the living and the dead. (*Church Times*, February 18, 1927.)

Father Woodlock, the Jesuit, is of the same opinion. He writes that the revival of the Anamnesis and reunion of the Consecration and order of Communion involves a change which brings it '*quite definitely into line with the Mass.*'

The new prayers . . . express an oblation of the consecrated bread and wine which . . . would seem to be patient of a sacrificial and propitiatory interpretation, *which the office of* 1662 *could not possibly bear*. (*The Times*, June 23, 1927. See his *Lectures*, p. 79, ed. Sheed and Ward.)

These are serious charges. And what in all fairness has Dr. Headlam to say in answer?

Reservation

The exact meaning of these changes may be seen in the light of another set of rubrics to be found on another page:

An Alternative Order for the Communion of the Sick.

. . . If further provision be needed in order to secure that any sick person in his last hour may not lack the benefit of the most comfortable sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ the Priest, if the Bishop shall so permit, may . . . *reserve* so much of the consecrated Bread and Wine as is needed for the purpose . . . The Sacrament so reserved, shall not be brought into connexion with any service or ceremony nor shall it be exposed or removed except in order to be received in Communion. . . . All other questions that may arise concerning such reservation shall be determined . . . by the directions of the *Bishop*. [In 'Composite Book,' 'Bishops.']

Harmless as some of these changes may seem, these new rubrics appear to come into open conflict with the Thirty-nine Articles and with the 'Black' or last 'Rubric' at Holy Communion:

['Black Rubric.'] In the Holy Communion . . . no adoration is intended or ought to be done . . . For the . . *Bread and Wine remain*

still in their very natural substances and therefore may not be adored (for that were *idolatry* to be abhorred of all faithful Christians). *And the natural Body and Blood* of our Saviour Jesus Christ *are in heaven and not here*—it being against the truth of Christ's natural body to be at the same time in more places than one.

Now from the new Book the Thirty-nine Articles may be, and the above-named 'Black' Rubric at Communion is, actually withdrawn! Especially note Art. XXVIII.:

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance *reserved*, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped,

and Article XXXI., which reads:

The sacrifice of Masses, in the which it was commonly said that the Priest did offer Christ for the living and the dead to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.

These rubrics have opened up a host of other difficulties. In the first place, is reservation expedient or even necessary? On this subject let us hear the late Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. John Wordsworth:

The original intention of Reservation [was] not for the purposes of adoration but for safety. . . . Some . . . wish to restore Reservation for the sick. It is certainly very rarely necessary and, being directly contrary to the rubrics of our Communion Office, it must be pronounced unlawful without fresh authority. Nor should I personally be anxious to move for such authority. The dangers of Profanity on one side and Superstition on the other have been proved too great. . . . If Reservation for the sick were passed it would inevitably tend to become the ordinary method . . . to reserve always on the plea of providing against emergency. (Bishop J. Wordsworth, *H. Communion*, pp. 118: Parker's, Oxford, 1s.)

SAFEGUARDS FOR RESERVATION

In the second place, are any safeguards possible against 'adoration' of the Sacrament? It was tried in the diocese of London and failed. Here is the witness of the present Bishop of London (Dr. Winnington Ingram):

To allow no access whatever to the Blessed Sacrament when and where it was reserved for the sick . . . in the first place that has proved impossible . . . [I] frankly admit that the plan has broken down. (*Debates* in Upper House of Convocation *on Reservation*, February 9, 1917.)

Says the Bishop of Exeter:

I do not see how it is *possible*, once the Blessed Sacrament is 'reserved,' . . . to resist any form of 'adoration.' . . . The words used in our present Prayer-Book do not suggest that there is any Presence of Christ, except to the worshipper who partakes. . . . In the new Book . . . words receive an enlargement . . . [which already] exist in the Roman

Missal; and [there] they are explained in an official paraphrase to be a prayer for Transubstantiation. . . . To put in words which justify a doctrine and then to object to people following the logical result of that doctrine . . . is surely a most unreasonable process. Those who believe in that doctrine will also be able to point to . . . a service . . . that can and will be used on *Corpus Christi* day. . . . The step from Adoration to Benediction is but a small one. . . . You cannot govern a Church by splitting hairs. . . . The promoters of the [new] Prayer-Book, realizing the unpopularity of the Communion Service, have insisted that the Prayer-Book shall be taken as a whole. . . . The moment must come when . . . people will say: 'The Roman Church and the Anglican Church are so alike I cannot see the difference.' (Bishop of Exeter, *Diocesan Gazette*, July 1927.)

Dr. Hensley Henson, Bishop of Durham, was of the same opinion in 1923:

The proposed changes are largely a concession to the law-breaking party. . . . The English Church Union report . . . claims the right [of Reservation] as an integral part of the priest's office. . . . I do not think that we can be reasonably asked . . . to commit ourselves in passing these rubrics. . . . I personally cannot consent to the proposals that affect the Holy Communion. . . . There is not one of them that can prudently be conceded.

He then concluded:

The sane and moderate religion of the Prayer-Book is now really imperilled. And English clergymen in considerable numbers are eagerly active in substituting for it the very type of piety which the Prayer-Book was framed to discourage. . . . After four centuries does the Church of England really wish to restore the Mass and the Confessional to the central place which they held before the Reformation, and which beyond question they hold in the teaching of the Anglo-Catholics? (House of Bishops, *Debates on the Revision of the Prayer-Book*, April 16, 1923: S.P.C.K., 1s.)

With these loudly expressed fears agrees the Report of the Royal Commission on Ritual (published in 1906) which furnished a basis for the new Book.

Practices unquestionably . . . condemned by the Church of England exist in considerable numbers. . . . The common feature present in and characteristic of most of the illegal practices, . . . such as . . . the use of the Canon of Mass, . . . Reservation, . . . is the tendency . . . to regard the consecrated elements as in themselves the objects of adoration. . . . These practices lie on the Romeward side of the deep cleavage between the Church of England and that of Rome. It is significant that many of them receive their chief support from a section of Churchmen who . . . profess allegiance to what they term Catholic custom—an allegiance which in practice is found to involve assimilation of some of the most distinctive methods of Roman worship. (*Royal Commission Report of the Year 1906*, pars. 297–299 [pp. 53–54].)

What, then, are the grounds for altering the Communion Service? It is somewhat disquieting to learn the true reason :

> A large number of the minor reforms represent[s] the legitimation of what is already done [*i.e.* by the recalcitrant clergy]. . . . To grant [this] enables the great body of the clergy to be whole-heartedly loyal. (Bishop of Gloucester, *The New Prayer-Book*, pp. 95, 99.)

How 'loyal' may be seen by the fact that this very year the Bishop of Kensington ordained a clergyman in the Bishop of London's diocese with the Roman rite of paten and chalice. This *porrectio instrumentorum* was regarded by Pope Leo XIII. as necessary to the validity of an ordination !

Modernism

But the new Prayer-Book has not only disturbed the 'Protestant' world. It has no less disturbed the 'Catholic' world by its imprudent concessions to Modernism. What is Modernism ? It is the conscious antithesis to Catholicism. Catholicism is *par excellence* the 'religion of authority.' It is traditional, historic, and conservative. Its motto is : *Stare super antiquas vias*. Modernism claims to be its opposite. Its religion is 'the religion of the Spirit'; its Church is 'the Church of the future.' Its methods are liberal, progressive, scientific and critical of tradition. Its motto is : 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.' Tennyson perhaps portrays its spirit in these terms :

> There is more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.

If Traditionalism sees God everywhere, in creation, in miracle, in special 'providences,' even 'in the fall of a sparrow,' Modernism finds Natural Law everywhere. It prefers Evolution to Creation. It questions the miraculous, even in the life of Christ. It subjects to an extreme philological analysis the records of the Faith.

Concessions to Modernism

It is a certain fact that the new Prayer-Book is a concession to Anglo-Catholicism. But, strange to say, the assumptions of Modernism seem also to find many echoes in the new Prayer-Book. At any rate, from the Wedding Service (at the special request of one Modernist bishop) has disappeared the idea of direct Creation. From the Baptism Service (at the request of two well-known bishops) has been withdrawn the doctrine of man's hereditary sinfulness, which alone seems to provide the very *raison d'être* for Infant Baptism at all ! From the Proper Preface for Whitsun has gone (at another bishop's request) the miraculous accompani-

ment at Pentecost of 'wind and flame.' Everywhere the Old Testament seems to be especially under a ban. The names of Adam and Eve, the submission due from the woman to the man (repeated in the New Testament), the names of Abraham and Sarah (both with their discovered equivalents in Assyrian), of Isaac and Rebekah, of Jacob (whose name recurs in Egyptian)—all have gone. For all this there may be good reason. But it does not appear. So also vanish both the universal tradition of the Flood and Israel's historic exodus from Egypt by the crossing of the Red Sea. Yet both of these occurrences are named in the New Testament as types of baptism. Now the Old Testament, as Professor Kirkpatrick reminds us, was the 'only repository of the historic revelation vouchsafed to the nation of Israel.' It was the sole Bible of Christ and of His apostles. It alone provided prophecies of the Christian Church to come. Yet everywhere the Old Testament Canonical Scriptures—which from the days of Ecclesiasticus and Josephus to those of St. Athanasius and St. Jerome were always kept distinct—are now confounded with the half-mythical Apocrypha. Indeed, belief in the Canonical Scriptures—as the Bishops of Gloucester and Hereford frankly admit—is no longer required of candidates for Ordination !

The old question : 'Do you unfeignedly believe all the Canonical Scriptures of the Old and the New Testament ?' puts a very severe strain on the consciences of many. (Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. A. C. Headlam, *The New Prayer-Book*, p. 40.)

Of the Modernism of the new Prayer-Book there seems to be no doubt whatever. For the able but ultra-Modernist editor of the *Modern Churchman*—the Modernists' organ—sings, in his April issue, a pæan on the 'sixteen' concessions made to his cause, and thinks that for those sixteen reasons only the Book should be forced through.

In short, the Government is asked to pass a Book which is at one and the same time Modernist and Anglo-Catholic. Is such a Book feasible ? Or is it likely to be final ? By an odd coincidence both Lord Halifax in the *Church Times* and a Modernist contributor to the *Outlook* quite frankly assert from their opposite points of view that their respective party looks on this new Book as only an 'instalment' of future favours to come. And both these factionists forecast 'about twenty years hence' as the time for the next fight to a finish between these two hostile groups. If, therefore, the Government passes this Book, none of the three parties in the Church will be satisfied. And two of them will make it the occasion of further revision. This provides a beautiful prospect, truly, for the peace of the Church.

INFERIOR PRAYERS

The English of the new Prayer-Book will hardly compare with that of the old. An air of intellectual slovenry and hasty scholarship pervades the whole. Let us give some instances. In the Ordination question what is to 'believe . . . as given'? In the Athanasian Creed (which may be read without verses 2 and 42 at the option of the minister and without the congregation), what is the meaning of the rubrical direction: 'at any time *when* . . . *may*' (twice)? Again in the same Creed, what is a 'reasoning soul' (Lat. *rationalis*)? And how is man 'less than the Father'? And what sort of human or divine nature can Christ be said to possess by His 'taking manhood into God'? The Latin reads: 'by taking up of manhood into God.' Lastly, how can the Latin of that Creed *resurgere habent* be rendered 'must rise again'? *Habeo* in this connexion is the ordinary post-classical future. (See Oehler on Tertullian, *de fem. cult.*, i. 6.) As Dr. White, Dean of Christchurch, agrees, to 'have to' in the sense of 'must' would require in Latin *debuerunt* or the use of the gerundive. Again, on p. 138 ἁρπαγμός could not obviously mean 'prize,' which is ἑρμᾶιον, and that word occurs at c. iii. 14 just below. The word ἁρπαγμός recurs only twice again (in Plutarch and Cyril); and an active verbal noun ending in -γμος or -σμος cannot (except, perhaps, in a very few instances of common words debased by colloquial misuse) possibly have a passive meaning. Here it means 'an act of rapine' (F. C. Burkitt, D. S. Margoliouth. See H. A. W. Meyer *ad loc.*). Again, it is noticeable that in the 'Occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings' all the Prayers for the King (except for the one petition in the Communion Service seem to be optional. On p. 88, l. 16, they may be omitted altogether! One Collect for Foreign Missions contains (by a misquotation of St. Paul) the nonsensical request to 'hasten the time when the *fulness* of the Gentiles shall be *gathered* in.' Dr. F. E. Brightman has already remarked other misquotations of the New Testament words. While approving some of the new changes Dr. Brightman (whom the Bishop of Gloucester justly describes as one of our greatest liturgiologists) sums up as follows:

> As to the Book as a whole I would say at once that on almost every page of it I find something irritating, something inexact or untidy or superfluous or ill-considered or unreal. . . . The only virtue I can find in the new Introduction is that it enables one better to appreciate the quality of the old in spite of its defects. . . . Speaking generally no one can fail to recognise how inferior [the new Prayers] are, in strength, in variety, in quality of expression, to the older prayers with which they are mixed up. . . . I seem to have noticed . . . perhaps only three which are of real distinction. . . . The Exhortation has nothing material to say which is

not said with more virility in the old one. . . . The Prayer for the Observance of Sunday . . . . contains no petition which might not equally be used in relation to a Bank Holiday. . . . The Collects for the Lesser Feasts are most of them thin and unimpressive. . . . The new Canon marks a tardy attempt to retrieve the losses of 1552. . . . But the result is unsatisfactory to many people; and I venture to reckon myself in the number. If I calculate aright, there are at least 384 possible varieties of Matins, if said through to the end. But if it is immediately followed by another service, *e.g.* the Litany, the number rises to 2080. (Rev. Preb. F. E. Brightman, D.D., in the *Church Quarterly Review*: 'The New Prayer Book Examined,' pp. 221, 222, 223, 226, 236.)

Change of Book

These are serious conclusions to which a definite High Churchman allows himself to come. That the Prayer-Book needs revision no candid person will dispute. Abbreviations, modifications, occasional simplification and readjustment—that is all the Royal Letters of Business contemplated. More than that was unnecessary. When the Royal Letters of Business appeared the following was the document revising the Book of Common Prayer which obtained the assent of the clergy. It was called '*N. A.*' (that is, National Assembly), No. 84. The Book is before me as I write. I reproduce the title:

1917. ROYAL LETTERS OF BUSINESS. (No. 504)

Convocation of Canterbury.

Resolutions of the Joint Committee on the Royal Letters of Business as amended and accepted by the Upper House on February 10, 11 and April 28, 29, 30, 1915, together with further *resolutions accepted* by the Upper House on February 8, 1917.

To this a preface was written by Bishop Gibson, late of Gloucester, and chairman of a certain committee for the drafting of the Book, in which he writes:

. . . The present Report (No. 504) contains the *complete resolutions* of the Upper House on the Royal Letters of Business, *viz.* those accepted in 1915 and also those modifications and additions which were accepted by the Upper House in 1917 after consideration of the Report of the Joint Committee on the recommendations of the Advisory Committee. [Signed] E. C. S. G. (March 21, 1917.)

Unconstitutional Procedure

Now what has happened to all these 'resolutions,' 'modifications,' 'additions,' 'considerations'? The Book recording them has since apparently been withdrawn. And what were some of these 'resolutions,' *e.g.*, as to Holy Communion? We turn to pp. 35–40, and it is at once clear that, but for a very few verbal

and purely minor changes, that Service of Holy Communion is left unchanged. The order, the language, the doctrine, the rubrics at Holy Communion remain, in effect, the same. It was due to the practically unanimous vote of the whole episcopate at the time. As a result this was the Book which the Royal Letters of Business produced. This Book the Convocations of Clergy passed. This is the Book which the nation was to be asked to consider as an improvement or an enrichment of the old. With this Book the Bishop of Norwich openly declares that he would himself be satisfied. But where is it? 'And echo answers: Where?' What is the meaning of these *twenty years* of 'resolutions,' 'modifications,' 'additions,' 'amendments,' 'considerations' by Upper Houses and Joint Committees? Where are they to-day? The Book placed before the Government to-day, with its seven points of Anglo-Popery and sixteen points of Ultra-Modernism, is another Book altogether. [It looks as if the new Book had outrun the original limits laid down by the Crown and is to that extent *ultra vires*.]

But where did this new Book come from? Its name is (or rather was) the 'Composite Book.' Its title runs (or ran):

> National Assembly of the Church of England Book proposed to be annexed to the Prayer-Book Measure of 192–. Provisional. Subject to Further Revision by the House of Bishops. Issued February 7, 1927.

In the very next month this same book reappeared (with no appreciable variations) as the 'Deposited' Book. The title-page runs:

> Book Referred to in the Prayer-Book Measure To be submitted to the Convocations on March 29, 1927.

It was this Book which passed by such splendid majorities as representing no less than 'twenty years' work and the practically unanimous consent of the bishops'—bishops, who had as a matter of fact twenty years before strongly and almost unanimously condemned it! It seems to me that this Book which Parliament is being now asked to pass is a wholly new Book, first issued in 1927 and purporting to be the same as that of 1917. A favourable critic writes:

> The Revision of the Prayer-Book . . . may prove to be . . . a critical event . . . for the future of religion in the land. . . . The whole nation has a legitimate concern in it. . . . The new proposals must receive the approval of Parliament. And Parliament means all of us—Nonconformists just as much as Conformists. . . . A new type of public worship in the National Church obviously will affect the religious atmosphere of the country and the religious sentiment of the People. (Rev. Carnegie P. Simpson, D.D., in the *British Weekly*, February 10, 1927.)

A NATIONAL ISSUE

It is to be feared that the passing of this Book may defeat the object of the Lambeth Pastoral on Reunion and rouse all the worst ferments of the whole Protestant world. For example, it is held that:

The Deposited Book disturbs the settlement arrived at and makes changes in the direction of Roman Catholicism. For a single example, the proposal to legalise Reservation of the Sacrament is in direct opposition to Article XXVIII. in the Book of Common Prayer, which denies that Reservation was ordained by Christ. Other changes imply a close approximation of doctrine to that of the Roman Mass. . . . The Measure also involves . . . limitation of the rights of Parliament. Clause i. varies explicitly three Acts of Parliament and implicitly many more. . . . For Parliament to allow this Measure to go through will mean an abrogation of the powers it has possessed in the past. The present Parliament has no authority from the nation to deal with this question. . . . We, therefore, ask that the proposals should be divided into two Measures—one dealing with non-controversial alterations and the other with doctrinal changes. . . . I am, *etc.*, [Signed] M. E. AUBREY, The Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, [at] the Baptist Church House, Southampton-row, W.C. 1. (*The Times*, September 27, 1927.)

It is understood that along these lines the Bishop of Norwich will in the House of Lords move the rejection of the Book. He is reported to have said that 'the Truth itself is at stake, not merely a manner of holding the Truth.' It is understood that he will be supported by the good wishes of the Bishop of Exeter (Lord William Cecil), representing the definitely High Church party, by the Bishop of Birmingham, an ultra-Modernist, and by the Bishop of Worcester, presumably a moderate Low Churchman. It is certain that these four prelates will have large support—especially among the great middle group which must of necessity form the representative part of the nation. We understand that the Bishop of Worcester has pressed the Archbishop of Canterbury to publish the division lists of the House of Bishops on the major controversial aspects of the Deposited Book. The nation has a right to know by what majorities and in the face of what opposition the bishops were all asked for the sake of loyalty or unity to adopt the new Consecration Prayer and the Reservation rubrics.

WHAT CAN BE DONE

If the Book should pass it will unquestionably mean a step towards Disestablishment, which to-day would involve Disendowment. And that means, according to Mr. Gladstone's estimate, some 90,000,000*l*. to the credit of the State. If, on the other hand, the Book is held up for further consideration by Parliament as having no mandate from the country, no serious

harm will be done. Bishop Burge's Committee on Faith and Doctrine could in that case be allowed to conclude its labours. A standard of doctrine could thus be set up. Then the several parts of the new Book could be scheduled in instalments and sent out for public consideration. The nation at large, with its many devout and learned critics, could thus have leisure to discuss it. A Day of Prayer could be set apart to inaugurate the great experiment of improving our national Liturgy. Lastly, the whole of the changes—none of which need be vital and many of which are long overdue to meet more modern phases of thought—might be embodied in an APPENDIX to be used only at the discretion of each Church and at the responsibility of each bishop. That would at any rate be an honest and wise course. If it were done it would be seizing the occasion of a great and useful opportunity.

A. H. T. CLARKE

THE VATICAN, FRANCE AND L'ACTION FRANÇAISE

THE news which trickled into the daily Press on and after September 20 that a cardinal had resigned his honours in order to devote himself more wholly to spiritual things, in view of his age and the inevitable end, struck the majority of English readers only as being a fact of passing interest. Our isolation from the Continent and its affairs hardly needs a clearer demonstration. Nothing was suggested to our English mind by the name of the cardinal in question ; and our very general lack of near acquaintance with the present situation in France gave us no clue to any possible ulterior reason for the cardinal's action.

Cardinal Billot, as he was, the author of the *Tractatus Ecclesia Christi*, is probably the most eminent Jesuit theologian of the Roman communion. A convinced anti-Modernist, he is generally considered the responsible author of the decree *Pascendi Gregis*, put forth by Pius X. in September 1907. Of the havoc wrought by this decree upon liberal theological thought, and of the position into which it has put Roman Catholic theology, there can be no question. Whether these consequences are or are not desirable is a matter of opinion. But at any rate Cardinal Billot's standing and renown are commensurate with the greatness of the results achieved. He was created cardinal by Pius X. in 1911 in order that his services might be retained in Rome, and as an answer to his liberalising opponents who from the time of Leo XIII. had been seeking his rustication.

Cardinal Billot is no longer cardinal, and up to the moment of writing (mid-October) this fact and its possible significance has been almost daily agitating the French and Italian Press. The news was at first scrupulously kept secret. It got out owing to an unfortunate indiscretion traced to the American college at Rome, where, previous to his retirement, the cardinal had resided. First whispered in America, it got back to Europe. But this, unfortunately for the Vatican, was not the only indiscretion in September. The rector of the French seminary at Rome, Père le Floch, was announced as having resigned his position on September 22. This, following Cardinal Billot's resignation, caused

no small stir. It is clear now why the announcement had to be made public. On September 22 the mail ship *Roland Garros*, from Mauritius to Marseilles, called at Port Said. It carried an interesting passenger, now for the first time in touch with Europe. On September 27 the *Roland Garros* reached Marseilles. It was on the same day that the *Populo di Roma* stated that it might be expected that representations would be made to Père le Floch to persuade him to remain at his post. But his successor was then landing at Marseilles, together with Mauritius papers which announced that Père Berthet, superior of the College of St. Jean Baptiste de la Salle, in Mauritius, had been appointed, after correspondence with the Vatican, on August 18 to the rectorship of the French seminary. The announcement of the appointment therefore had to be issued in Rome at once, and appeared in *Havas* on the same day as the *Populo di Roma* spoke of persuasions to Père le Floch to continue. It now has become public that Père le Floch's 'resignation' was accepted on July 16! What might have happened had there been no leakage of information at Port Said, and no inopportune arrival of newspapers from far away Mauritius, one cannot say. But, at any rate, the affair got sadly bungled.

For what is the meaning of these events? It is significant that until September 27 the official organ of the Vatican, *L'Osservatore Romano*, kept silence—in regard to Cardinal Billot a pregnant silence. The case of Père le Floch, though it belongs to the same catena of events and the same order of policy, might have caused small notice had it not been so nearly connected with a far more sensational affair. But it is significant enough. The French seminary at Rome plays a part in the education of the superior French clergy, which makes it imperative that it should absorb the views of the Vatican if those views are to be secured in France. The rector was known to be averse from any interference with the tradition of the college. Here is his public declaration of his position:

> At the French seminary we are only concerned with the eternal. There is no bias to party whether of the Right or of the Left. Our rule, our inflexible law, is to obey the Truth, which neither dies nor changes and which remains the same in itself under monarchies as under democracies.

Such a position is apparently too remote for Vatican politics. Père le Floch's public conferences during the war to dissipate misunderstandings between Rome and France are not remembered in his favour. Information became available in the Italian and French Press on October 1 that his resignation was compelled by imputations upon himself and his seminarists addressed to them in audience last summer by Pius XI. in a discourse attacking the

clergy and others who were associated with l'Action française and its struggle with the Vatican.

In the matter of Cardinal Billot, whose 'resignation' significantly followed that of Père le Floch (a fact which was unknown to the official Catholic papers in France when they first advised their readers of Père le Floch's retirement), we are led into deeper waters. On September 26 the *Populo d'Itália*, pointing out that no such event as a cardinal's resignation had happened for 120 years (in the case of Cardinal Caraffa), expressed its astonishment at the continued silence of the official Vatican organ. On September 29 the Paris *Figaro*, which had also demanded enlightenment, was told in *La Croix*, one of the French Vatican supporters, that there was no enlightenment necessary. Here were just simple facts of no significance. Unfortunately for *La Croix*, the *Daily Herald* on September 27 stated, on the authority of its correspondent, that those in closest touch with the Vatican circles regarded Cardinal Billot's retirement as 'a new proof of the success of M. Briand's policy of establishing amicable relations with the papal authorities.' Cardinal Billot was accused of striving to hinder this possibility, and his resignation was stated to be the result of the triumph of Gasparri, papal Secretary of State.

'A new proof of the success of M. Briand's policy.' Such, in fact, it is. What is that policy? Since the autumn of 1926 M. Briand and Pius XI. have discovered a common cause in a common fear of the movement known as l'Action française. This national religious and patriotic movement has set itself the task of protecting the Church and of re-erecting the monarchy as the only possible way of escape from the mischiefs which beset the country. It includes both Catholic and non-Catholic members, and aims to create what is called a 'Nationalisme intégral' established and secured in a hereditary monarchy in alliance with the Church. Its outlook is conveyed in the words 'Réligion et Patrie.'

M. Briand is not alone among French republican statesmen in viewing with concern the growth and activity of this movement, which now has wide influence, not least in Paris. The Pope, on the other hand, wishes to maintain that political world policy of which Europe had sufficient evidence during the war in the pontificate of Benedict XV. There is some reason to believe that Benedict XV. was the victim of his entourage. There is no doubt that he was profoundly shocked when it was discovered that Monsignor Gerlach, editor in 1915–16 of the *Osservatore Romano*, had provided the plans and the scheme of destruction of the Italian cruiser *Leonardo da Vinci*, blown up with 21 officers and 221 men on August 2, 1916—the outrage which brought Italy to

declare war on Germany. There is every reason to believe, however, that Pius XI. accepts as his own the present pro-German policy of Cardinal Gasparri. Illustrations abound, the latest being the extraordinary *démenti* on October 1, first of the meaning and afterwards of the words used by himself in greeting the American legionaries. This was observed by all who follow the Continental papers. The Press of both France and Germany saw at once that the words constituted a gravamen against Germany in the matter of war-guilt. German concern being of more importance than French congratulation, a revised version of the speech has now been issued!

Pius XI. aims at securing world influence within the political sphere by friendship with Germany. A French Catholic nationalism therefore constitutes an embarrassment. Not only does it suggest the danger of a renewed Gallicanism—of French Churchmen being led by their national politics to criticise and condemn the political tendencies of the Papacy: there is danger to the success of the papal policy in a political combination which includes both the Catholic and non-Catholic elements of French nationalism. It becomes necessary, therefore, to break up l'Action française, with its record of nearly thirty years' patriotic idealism, if the papal policy is to be secure. This consummation is envisaged through a rehabilitation of the unfortunate policy of Leo XIII.—a strengthened *entente* with an anti-clerical Government. Thus the Vatican, and equally the Republic, will rid them of their potential adversaries. For the Catholic, opposition to the Republic, his most bitter foe, is to be disloyalty to the Vicar of Christ; loyalty to the Vicar of Christ will separate him from his fellow-politicians—there we have the situation in a nutshell.

By the autumn of 1926 M. Briand, having failed to realise his purpose of sapping l'Action française through appeal to the Duc de Guise, had himself turned for help to the Vatican. The movement, impregnable on its secular side, might be carried by an attempt on its ecclesiastical side. From that point forward matters have advanced with great rapidity. Something was already being attempted on the Vatican's behalf. The object of attack was the daily journal named after the movement. On August 25, 1926, Cardinal Andrieu, Archbishop of Bordeaux—with the late Nuncio Cerretti, the protagonist of the Vatican policy in France—published a *Reply to some Young People*, who, the document alleged, had asked his counsel as to the propriety of reading the publications of the movement.

This '*Reply*' is an extraordinary production. It very naturally astonished not only the members of l'Action française, but also not a few of the French prelates. It is mainly extracted from

the pages of a Belgian Germanophile, Fernand Passelecq, a bitter and unscrupulous enemy of l'Action française. Some of the charges laid are so grotesque that it is hardly credible that the Archbishop could have made himself responsible for them, the more particularly since in October 1915 he wrote to Charles Maurras (with Leon Daudet the chief figure on the paper and in the movement, and now the whipping boy of the Vatican): 'You defend the Church, and it was never more necessary. . . . You defend the Church with a courage equal to your ability!'

It is hardly surprising that on the appearance of this bolt from the blue French prelates joined others in writing in defence of Maurras and l'Action française. Cardinal Charrost, writing to the Press as late as December 4, says:

> L'Action française is the first great and disciplined anti-revolutionary movement which has appeared in France since the publication of *L'Encyclopédie*, whence sprang the Revolution with its fearful destruction. The Church will not forget this, nor the courageous and meritorious vindication of herself and of her Chief by Maurras in the most anxious hours of the world conflagration.

The reference here is to Maurras' book *The Pope, War and Peace* (1915), a defence of the French clergy and of Benedict XV. against attacks which were being made against them.

And yet on December 29 *l'Action française* was placed upon the Index!

What, then, had been going on? In September Pius XI. had given his benison to the specious document of the Archbishop of Bordeaux. Fresh astonishment. Cardinal Billot, we are told, did not hesitate to express his chagrin. It was thought in France that the Pope had been misled. On October 12 Charles Maurras addressed a letter to Pius XI. explaining the real history and purpose of the movement and the general attitude of the paper. This letter was not even acknowledged until after February 5, 1927, when Maurras wrote quite courteously to Cardinal Gasparri stating that he had received no acknowledgment and enclosing a fresh copy of the letter. The reply of Gasparri for brevity and discourtesy would be hard to equal. Possibly the usages of polite society are not sanctioned by Rome in communication with those condemned by the Holy Office. Of course, as is now clear, the train of events had already been decided upon. On December 4 a personal and confidential circular was transmitted to the French archbishops by Monsignor Maglione, the Nuncio, notifying the refusal of the Pope to allow the appointment of chaplains to supervise the teaching of Catholic faith and morals within the local groups of l'Action française. Attack after attack then appeared in the *Osservatore Romano*, until finally a *procès verbal*

of the Holy Office drawn up under German auspices during the pontificate of Pius X. was 'providentially' rediscovered in the Vatican archives. Pius X. had expressly refused to sign this condemnation; he had, on the contrary, sent his blessing to Maurras and called him 'a grand defender of the Faith'—though he knew that Maurras, while revering and supporting the Church, found himself unable for intellectual reasons to profess himself a Catholic.

Pius XI. has seen fit to traverse the action of his saintly predecessor. After the consistorial allocution of December 20, which preceded a condemnation which allowed no defence, it is stated that the Nuncio to Paris was seen congratulating the German Jesuit Cardinal Ehre on the delicate position into which the Pope's discourse had put Cardinal Billot.

For Cardinal Billot had been striving during these past months to prevent the climax of this egregious action. His sympathy with l'Action française was of many years, and well known. And how could a man of his intellectual eminence admit even the respectability of such a document as the August '*Reply*' of the Cardinal of Bordeaux? Cardinal Billot knew well what was happening. His patriotism, his realisation of the fatal character of the papal policy towards France and the French Church, together with the deliberate management of the Gasparri clique—these must be held the main causes of that almost unheard-of step which has so startled the ecclesiastical world abroad. For more than two years, it is stated, Cardinal Billot's name had not appeared in the list of dignitaries received at the daily audiences of the Pontiff. In June 1924 the Pope had spoken to him of his astonishment at the further setback to the Church in the late elections. Cardinal Billot suggested that part of the responsibility must lie with the policy of the Nuncio at Paris. This so incensed Pius XI. that relations henceforward were strained. It is reported on unexceptionable authority that the Pope banged the table before him with his fist saying, 'It is my policy, it is my policy!' The final audience on September 14 is reported as having lasted for three minutes.

The reader is now possibly in a better position to judge whether Cardinal Billot's action proceeded from the causes officially suggested. The straits in which the semi-official organs have been left, and the shifts to which they have been put to tranquillise the faithful, tell no uncertain tale. But they all have urged in common that trust in the Holy Father and obedience is the necessary duty of the French Churchman.

But why in France should this trust be so absolute? Why is it that orthodox French Churchmen, who accept whole-heartedly the Infallibility decree of 1870, are declaring emphatically that

they will not be dragooned into the situation which the policy of Pius XI. has determined for them? To this question two clear answers are given. The first asserts the folly of maintaining a policy which in the event has had already such grievous consequences for the French Church; the second denies the right of the Vatican to dictate his politics to the French Churchman, and not only to dictate, but to superintend the observance of the command. We in England, freed these past four centuries from such a plight as the French Churchman now discovers himself to be in, free for over two centuries even from the danger of such a plight, find it difficult to appreciate the position. But once we appreciate it, we can read past history with a new understanding, and understand the significance and the necessity of the declaration, 'The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England.' We may possibly come to be more sympathetic with the point of view which issued in the general outcry in 1850 when Pius IX. set up his new hierarchy in England under Wiseman. A serious study of events in France of late should at any rate check the ardour of those among us who yearn to see the Pope's spiritual dignity recognised by English Churchmen.

For the Papacy cannot draw a dividing line between things spiritual and secular politics. It may not be always an easy line to draw; but the Papacy does not attempt to draw it. Since the time of the loss of the Papal States in 1870 the occupation of the Vatican with world politics, which it seeks to control, has been one of the most marked and developing features of its history. This ultimate loss of the Papal States was envisaged in 1868, when Pius IX. called that Council which, without previous warning, was to be led to accept the Infallibility decree. The decree when obtained did not contain all that Pius IX. had been aiming at. Its reference was closely confined to questions of faith and morals. It had been intended to include in the new constitution, *Pastor Æternus*, questions of law and discipline, and to make opposition to papal decisions sinful. These questions were treated in great detail in the Syllabus, and the failure to complete the scheme left a distinct gap in the new system which was established in 1870. But what the Vatican did not gain by the vote even of a Council reduced by the withdrawals of non-Ultramontanes it has been quietly assuming during the last half-century.

Leo XIII., elected Pope in February 1878, during a pontificate of a quarter of a century laid down the main lines of advance. He determined to make a fresh place for the Roman Church and the Pope in the midst of modern society. His success, considering the difficulties under which he laboured, was astonishing, and says much for his diplomatic ability. But his political sense was far from infallible, and he made mistakes the consequences of which

are even yet accumulating. In order to undermine the attitude of hostility to Roman Catholicism very generally manifested in the modern State fifty years ago, he insisted on the obedience of Catholics to the powers that be as ordained of God. He was probably himself deceived by his own sophistry. In regard to France, this position entailed the unreserved acknowledgment by loyal Catholics of the Republic as the divinely ordained form of government for themselves.

By this act of policy, which ultimately forced the clergy and their flocks out of opposition to an anti-clerical, if not anti-religious, form of government—making them Catholic democrats —Leo XIII. hoped to assuage hostility on the part of the democrats and finally to capture 'democracy' through the weight of the Catholic vote. His plan totally miscarried. The Republican Government, freed from effective opposition, was strengthened in its power to attack the Church; and the Catholic laity, misconstruing policy for surrender, began to come to terms with a republicanism which disavowed religion. It is said that Leo XIII. died of a broken heart. It may well be when one considers the weight of disaster which fell upon the French Church—losses of adherents and expulsion of the Congregations (1901) followed, though after Leo's death, by the separation of Church and State and the scandalous confiscations of Church property (1905).

It is this policy which Pius XI. is pursuing, aided since last autumn by a most complete and interested understanding with M. Briand. His motive differs somewhat from that of Leo XIII. It is no longer a question of capturing republicanism through Catholic *ralliement*. Such a possibility has long since disappeared It is now a question of an integrated world-policy—not of policies of adaptation in this State or that. It is in Germany, where Roman Catholic advance has been so rapid since 1870, that the Vatican sees the hope of the future. For Pius XI. France is a spent power. It remains, therefore, for the Church-folk of France to lay aside national aspirations, lest they should hinder the development of the papal world policy. And we are seeing now how their loyal acceptance of the Pope's final control in matters of faith and morals is being turned against themselves to compel their obedience to his political findings. For findings other than those allowed by the Vatican are now brought within the ambit of faith and morals, by whatever questionable means. In the case of l'Action française the Vatican decrees that co-operation of Catholics with non-Catholics, who yet honour the Church, entails danger to faith and morals and therefore must cease. But co-operation with political opponents of the Church and with atheist freethinkers is quite safe and should be pursued, since it jumps with papal policy. Does this seem to us too inconsistent

to be true? Consider then the regulations as to modesty in dress issued by the Pope throughout Western Europe, and enforced at the church doors, and the character of the pictorial advertisements in the *Osservatore Romano* to which attention was drawn last January to the accompaniment of a merriment in France which has hardly yet died down.

It is interesting to notice the political foresight of Monsignor d'Hulst, who wrote in 1892 to Cardinal Langénieux:

> I am fearful, for the Holy See and for the Catholics of France, of this official display of the pontifical authority in our home politics. I fear that this meddling will be turned against ourselves before long to deny us the right to speak or act as free citizens. It will be said, 'You are only the delegates of Rome, you have not the right even to your political opinions.'

Such is the situation which has now arrived. It is in this situation that French Churchmen are now entangled, and it is from this plight that French Churchmen loyal still to l'Action française are struggling to free themselves and their fellows. It is a struggle which merits the sympathy of English people, though we cannot ourselves envisage the meaning of a political situation in which the Papal Nuncio gives the orders, and does not hesitate to intervene even in questions of the elections. It is therefore the more astonishing to find an English Church paper like the *Guardian* supporting the papal action and condemning l'Action française as it did on September 30.

The course of events between December 29 last and the resignation of Cardinal Billot has been noteworthy.

Understanding with the secular power became complete on January 1, when the Papal Nuncio made a statement of the policy of the Holy See, addressed to the President of the Republic at the reception of the Corps Diplomatique held at the Elysée. This constituted, according to *Le Temps*, an approbation by the Holy See, without reserve of any sort, of the foreign policy of M. Aristide Briand. It is interesting to observe that the Vatican has condemned Maurras and l'Action française largely on the ground of the moral danger to Catholics of association with a philosophical disciple of Auguste Comte. It finds no difficulty in joining hands with M. Aristide Briand, erstwhile condemned to prison at Redon for such an offence as would debar him for ever from public life in England. Such is the value of motive alleged against l'Action française!

In January the bishops of France published in the ordinary routine the decree of the Holy Office and the Pope. The situation, however, became so acute, owing to refusal by so many sincere Catholics to accept the decision of the Pontiff, that late in February a document was circulated among the bishops for signature which supported the Pope and remonstrated with the

faithful. It was probably sent out from Rheims. But, at any rate, it was not the spontaneous act of the episcopate. In a somewhat altered form, and undated, it was published in the first week of March with the printed signatures of 116 prelates. It is significant that one bishop, Monsignor Penon, has been bold enough to write to the Press stating that, though his name was printed, he had never signed. Of how many more could it be stated that they lacked courage to follow this example? It would be interesting to know.

On March 8—the date is noticeable since its bearing on episcopal signatures may have weight—the Grand Penitentiary at Rome, the Austrian Cardinal Frühwirth, issued, by order of the Sovereign Pontiff, a response to a series of questions asked by the Bishop de N—— (the name is withheld) in regard to l'Action française. In short, the gravest punishment is threatened against clerical supporters—absolution is forbidden to all continuing to read the journal and to support the leaders of the movement. All such are to be treated as open or notorious sinners and refused participation in any Catholic association.

This decree did not become public till March 29, three weeks after its issue. Cardinal Frühwirth has since resigned his office. It is said that he was not too much pleased with having to issue such a decree. On April 16 the Catholic directors of l'Action française addressed to Cardinal Gasparri a complaint to the Pope pointing out how gross were the inaccuracies of the charges of the Archbishop of Bordeaux, made originally on August 26, 1926, and continued on January 7 and reiterated in a pastoral of March 4, 1927. It was returned by hand without even an envelope! A further attempt to get the same complaint transmitted through the Nuncio in Paris was no more successful. The crisis continues; the resignations of Père le Floch and Cardinal Billot are but further signs of what in the Bishop's declaration of March is called the '*crise douloureuse chez les Catholiques de France.*'

Hitherto l'Action française has only been mentioned incidentally. Consideration a little more at length is called for. What is its history? What justification is there for its existence? Few English people know anything whatever about it. There are some who have a notion that it is a curious romantic movement not to be taken seriously: some have gained the impression that it is some sort of '*opéra bouffe*' performed on a political platform. Such ideas are very wide of the truth. L'Action française is a political movement now nearly thirty years old, with first-rate intellectual credentials and based upon a wide study of political science. It was founded in 1899 by Henri Vaugeois, who drew together a body of distinguished literary men to discuss political doctrine with a view to the salvation of

France. At the outset the enterprise was purely scientific. It set itself to discover the political conditions under which national greatness could be achieved and maintained. The original group of writers moreover, with the exception of Charles Maurras, were republican. They began their research with a distinct republican bias. In shortly over two years they came to the conclusion that the only salvation for a dying France lay in adoption of the monarchical principle: 'Les régimes valent par les hommes et la comparaison entre l'Angleterre monarchique et la France républicaine n'est pas à notre avantage.'

It is possible that the origins of the movement owe not a little to the publication in 1898 of J. E. C. Bodley's *France*. In the preface to the 1899 edition Bodley wrote: 'At last devoted Parliamentarians, some of them taking their text from this book, are ominously rivalling the Reactionaries with schemes of constitutional revision.' Historians, of course, are familiar with Bodley. He has only to be read to realise the complete justification which exists for the political attitude which characterises l'Action française.

To give two further quotations from Bodley's book, and a few references to the evils which he so fully illustrates, may not be out of place, since ignorance of conditions in France has caused much prejudice since the war among those even who fought at her side. The France which most English people are now somewhat concerned about is not the real France, nor does it in truth represent the majority of the nation. The France we know is the France which is mirrored in its Government. Here are Bodley's words (p. xvi):

> The French will sink lower and lower from the high place among nations to which their qualities entitle them unless they get a Government to suit their national character.

And again in the same preface:

> For the sake of France I wish that the course of events since the first publication of this book had forced me to modify every page which suggests that the parliamentary republic is incurably afflicted. But the sincerest apologists of representative government at last recognise that after a long trial their country is politically in as sad a way as a hundred years ago, when the Directory was darkening the decline of an old century.

The great and outstanding vices of French parliamentary republicanism are the power and extent of the tyranny of what is called freethought, the management of elections, the character and type of Ministers, the chaos of groups, the shortness of Ministries, and the prodigal nature of finance. The freethinkers, Jews and Masons, are possibly not more than 10 per cent. of the nation; but, organised in lodges, they have hitherto exercised

one of the most powerful and far-reaching influences in the country. The functionaries of the republic have to submit to the terrorism of these anti-clericals or take the consequences. And these anti-clericals, Bodley points out, are composed of the least worthy elements of the nation. Elections are not free, but are 'managed' in ways revolting to the English sense of political probity. The dice are loaded by the Government, and the electoral lists are not infrequently manipulated and falsified. The Ministers, who generally begin as local politicians under the auspices of local committees of a dubious type, rarely belong to the better class of Frenchmen. Men of intellect and refinement will not court the necessary favour of these committees, and they themselves have no fondness for those socially and intellectually above them. Of the chaos of parties and shortness of Ministries few here in England are ignorant. Of the republic's financial irresponsibility many in England to-day have only too real a reason to be aware.

L'Action française has combined successfully in one movement Catholic and non-Catholic patriots, the non-Catholic section steadily supporting the Church even to the point of accepting with complete deference the validity of the orthodox Catholic devotion to Rome as the *spiritual* source of ecclesiastical authority. Many, through this association, have been won over from agnosticism; in fact, the marked revival in Church life and Christian observance in France which was becoming apparent just before the war is mainly to be attributed to this new patriotic movement. With an institute for research into political problems, and with a journal of first-rate literary merit, the movement has aimed to influence the aristocracy of thought and talent in every grade of social life. And it has succeeded. Members of the movement form a strong proportion in the Catholic universities, and the majority in the State universities, which outnumber the former. There are 50,000 'leaguers' among the youth of France, 45,000 subscribers and 200,000 readers of the journal. And the influence of this strong body of opinion goes far beyond that of mere personnel. Those who are members of the French Church, convinced and ardent Catholics, in view of what is happening, refuse to surrender their freedom of political action. They say, with justice, that they refuse to become helots, or to stand aside and see the French Church brought into the situation of the Church in Mexico. They repeat O'Connell's maxim: 'Our faith from Rome, our policy from home.' 'We are not here,' they say, 'to attend to papal politics, but to French politics; we are not Catholics in revolt, but loyal Catholics: we have taken care to inform ourselves, and we know how far our obligations in religion extend.'

Such is the situation. We have viewed the process through which it has come into being. What will the issue be? There is no more interesting question within the sphere of secular or ecclesiastical politics before Europe to-day. Bodley in 1898 wrote: 'Gallicanism is said to have died with Monsignor Dupanloup, its last eminent exponent; but the old Gallican spirit still lingers in France in the thoughts and actions of Catholics who call themselves Ultramontane.' What was true then is true now, even though French Churchmen and l'Action française sincerely and vehemently repudiate Gallicanism. The Vatican, however, does not wholly misinterpret the potential position. Where this time will victory lie? We in England cannot remain disinterested. Not a few of us derive ultimately from France. Few of us could prove an ancestry entirely free from French associations. Our past history has been affected and determined by France more than by any other country in the world. Events in France and movements in France sooner or later tend to bear upon English thought and life. We shall not be unaffected by the consequences of the politico-religious struggle which is now raging, whatever the final issue may be. And there can be little doubt about which side English sympathy will most generally favour, once it is awake, nor upon the relative advantage to ourselves of the consequences which will follow on the victory of the Vatican or of the French *non possumus*. For we also have our Vatican problem.

W. W. LONGFORD.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE BRITISH ARMY

In September an official announcement was made by the War Office of changes authorised in the organisation of the British Army to come into effect on October 1; and a detailed statement regarding these changes was promised at a later date. Only their general purport was published in September. This was, in effect, that the organisation of a British army in the field would be changed from the system existing throughout the World War of the Commander-in-Chief having three Principal Staff Officers—a Chief of the General Staff, having control of Operations (strategical and tactical), an Adjutant-General, having control of Personnel and Discipline, and a Quartermaster-General, having control of Transport and Supply; and the new system would provide for a fourth Principal Staff Officer, representing the Ordnance Department of the Army, this fourth Staff Officer to share with the Quartermaster-General the responsibility for Transport and Supply.

The announcement of the general nature of the proposed changes evoked many protests from soldiers who had had wide experience of the Administrative Services of British armies in the field. These protests seem to have had some effect. There has been no publication as yet of the details of the proposed changes, and the Secretary of State for War, who had arranged to depart for India in October, changed his plans and announced that he would remain in the United Kingdom for the opening of the new session of Parliament to meet the questions raised regarding the wisdom of the changes.

The matter, therefore, at the date on which I write (mid-October), is evidently considered to be not finally settled but subject to review, and it would not be a matter for surprise if, as a result of parliamentary discussion, the proposed changes were abandoned, or were greatly modified. Nevertheless, there is still call for their discussion if only for the purpose of bringing before the people of the Home Country, and of the British Empire generally, the issue of efficient British Army administration. The people of the British Empire Overseas are included among those

interested for this reason: that it is to the highest degree desirable—if not essential—that the Army system of the Mother Country should remain the model of the Army systems of the self-governing Dominions. Sound Imperial strategy dictates that if we have to prepare for the unfortunate event of another great war our plans should be based on the presumption that the self-governing Dominions will show the same full degree of fervent patriotism as inspired them between the eventful years 1914 and 1918; and, accordingly, that our organisation should be kept in close touch with theirs. Indeed, I should go so far as to say that no great modification in our Army system should be made except after consultation with the Overseas Dominions. In the last Great War it was of the greatest importance to our Commanders-in-Chief in the field that a Canadian Corps or an Anzac Corps was organised on the model of a Home Country Corps.

There is no indication that the changes proposed in September were the subject of any consultation with the Overseas Dominions. There is even no certain indication that they were discussed with those who had the chief responsibilities in the conduct of our various Expeditionary Forces in the World War, nor with authorities in the industrial world whose advice would have been valuable.

The historical development of British Army administration needs to be studied in coming to a sound conclusion on the problems raised by the proposed changes.

Interesting as it might be, I do not intend to recall facts from the record of that excellent Army administrator, Cardinal Wolsey; nor from our experience during the Peninsular War when the Quartermaster-General's Department assumed, perhaps, the chief control of the campaign; nor from the muddled administration during the South African War, which, to quote the report of the Esher Committee, 'outraged public feeling throughout the Empire.'

It will be sufficient to go back to the Report of the Esher Committee in 1904 and take it as the datum line. From that report dates the modern administration of the British Army. That Committee, convened as a result of the South African War and shortly after its conclusion, sought for the first time in our military history to set down a logical policy of administration. Its conclusions, which were indorsed by Parliament and generally put into effect, have a close application to the issues raised by the changes now proposed. For instance, the Esher Report states:

The Army Council is not, and cannot be, a representative body as regards the several arms and departments.

The proposed changes seem to depart from this principle. Again:

The greatest change affecting the Quartermaster-General which we urge is a transfer of the Army Ordnance Department to his branch. In the field the Quartermaster-General must be charged with the transport of stores of all kinds . . . should be the holder and issuer of all military stores in peace and in war.

The proposed changes are in direct contradiction of this. Again:

There should be a Director of Transport and Remounts, and a Director of Supply, both being under the Quartermaster-General. . . . The employment of railways in war is in its proper position in the branch of the Quartermaster-General.

That was a conclusion we departed from at one stage of the World War and found the departure inadvisable. Now it is apparently proposed again to depart from it.

I do not suggest that we should treat the Report of the Esher Committee as representing a plenary and final inspiration for all time in regard to Army administration. But undoubtedly that Committee, set up within a year of the signing of peace at Vereeniging, arrived at sound principles after a very careful and exhaustive examination of the facts; and this much at least may be said, that its conclusions should not be departed from without an inquiry at least as careful and authoritative.

The experience of the World War certainly vindicated the principles laid down by the Esher Committee: indeed, emphasised the necessity of an even further degree of simplicity in the policy of administration which it sought to lay down. The experience of the British Army in France from 1914 to 1918 provided the clearest proofs that administration, to be efficient and economical, must not be a matter of divided responsibility. At the outset there was a division: the Administrative Services at the Base were under the Inspector-General of Communications, in the forward zone under the Q.M.G. That division was seen to be inadvisable and was soon abolished. Then special circumstances suggested another division of the Administrative Services—not in this case regional, but functional. Railway and inland water transport were controlled by the Director-General of Transportation—in effect a fourth Principal Staff Officer such as the new proposals suggest—while road transport and all supply services remained under the control of the Q.M.G. Whilst 'trench warfare'—*i.e.*, war under conditions of semi-stabilised positions—continued, this procedure worked. But when the great enemy attack in the early spring of 1918 changed the character of the war, it broke down The British Army had to accept the logical principle that one

department should be solely responsible for supply and for its distribution.

It is clear that the improvisation of a temporary measure during a grave crisis to meet this administrative difficulty meant an addition to the already heavy burdens carried by the Commander-in-Chief; the fault in our administrative system which this dual control created had rapidly to be remedied, and in the final stage of the campaign it was recognised that the division of one responsibility between two people was fraught with danger. Thenceforward, until the cessation of hostilities, the Administrative Services of the British armies in France were all under my charge as Q.M.G. During that time they had to meet the varied demands of a defensive war of movement, of a short period of trench warfare, of a great offensive war of movement; and I think it is generally agreed that all those demands were met effectively, that the British Army was kept to the highest possible standard of mobility, and that the British soldier and his animal were better supplied than any others in the field. Certainly during the last stage of the campaign the British Army, on the calculation of prisoners, guns and other material captured, did almost as much effective work as the other Allied armies combined. It is not unfair to conclude that this was because Administration was a good servant to Operations.

The objection is sometimes made, when the principle is asserted that Transport and Supply must be under one head, that, in view of the great complexity of modern warfare, this imposes too great a task upon one man. This objection appears to me fallacious in theory. A task which by its nature is indivisible in purpose, but which subdivides into a vast number of details, can surely be better carried out under one head, responsible for the choice of efficient subordinates and for effectively correlating their work, than by two heads who are liable to get to cross-purposes. In theory, I say, it is fallacious; and in practice it was proved so in France. The Administrative Services during the last stage of the campaign worked successfully under one head when they had reached the greatest stage of complexity, and when they had to meet some circumstances of special difficulty. The financial resources of the Alliance were coming near to the point of exhaustion. The submarine campaign of the German enemy had reduced greatly the resources of the world both in goods and in means of transport. New developments of gas and aerial warfare were almost daily imposing new tasks of transport and supply. Yet there was no failure under unified control.

To summarise very briefly some of the varied tasks of the Administrative Services:

The supply of ammunition was on a scale which would have seemed incredible in the light of the experience of any previous war. We kept a reserve of 258,000 tons of ammunition in France. In August 1918 we were supplying to the troops daily over 9000 tons of ammunition. (This was in addition to food supplies, equipment supplies and medical supplies.)

Some transport figures: In 1918 our broad-gauge railways ran 83,680 loaded trains and covered 62,000,000 loaded waggon kilometres. In that year 15,000,000 British personnel were carried by broad-gauge railway. It was necessary on a day of intense fighting to carry up nearly 2000 tons of supplies of all kinds *per mile of front* of the 'intense battle' area. The broad-gauge railways were supplemented by a light-railway system and by Mechanical Transport, which employed 33,500 lorries and omnibuses, 1400 tractors, and 15,800 lighter vehicles. In addition there was an Inland Water Transport organisation which had 980 vessels in use. Subsidiary to the railway, shipping and transport were great dock services at various ports. The animal transport employed 500,000 animals. The problem of keeping them fit for duty was complicated greatly by the use of mustard gas by the enemy, and by the air raids, which made it necessary to split up horse lines into small groups protected by bomb-proof traverses. Yet the sickness rate among these animals was kept down to 7·5 per cent., a figure which will compare favourably with any peace-time commercial mobilisation of transport animals on a large scale.

As caterer the Army dealt with 3,000,000 men and 500,000 animals, and these were fed with an abundance, a variety and a certainty that practically banished from an exacting campaign sickness due to bad nutriment. Though all Europe was suffering from a severe pinch in food supplies, to the very last the British hospital patient, the British soldier and his animal enjoyed good rations. This was made possible by an economical organisation which eliminated waste, which saved from the camp kitchens the fat and the bones and the swills. Not only was food supplied in plenty, and economically utilised to the last scrap—it was also supplied with a consideration of individual tastes that could remember the men in hospital, the spices for the curry of the natives of India, and the nut-oil for the Chinese labourers; and, when its hospitality was extended to the soldiers from the United States, to whom coffee was a necessity, it was ready with coffee beans and with hand-mills to grind the beans.

As banker the Army dealt with every currency and note issue of the civilised world. It had savings banks and an investment organisation for British troops and special savings banks for the Chinese. It insured its civilian labourers against death and

resident, and it negotiated the payment of *octroi* to towns where its troops were stationed, and compensation to French property owners for the leases of their lands and buildings and the war damage to their property. As manufacturer it repaired everything and made many things it used; and the designing of the most effective 'lay-outs' for its numerous factories and works was not the least of its economical activities.

There were many other what may be called minor activities, though in numbers employed, and in production obtained, they were great industries. The Army was in very great measure its own lumberman: in the last year of the war, through its Forestry Department, it produced from the French forests over 2,000,000 tons of timber, four-fifths of its total needs. The Army was in some measure its own farmer, growing vegetables and other food and fodder stuffs, and as tiller and harvester helping the French peasant (in 1918 it saved the crops on 18,000 French acres, harvesting them at night, the soldiers having to work sometimes in gas masks). It was its own repair tailor and bootmaker, and in workshops at the Base employed prisoner and civilian labour with such economy as to evoke the admiration of the thrifty French. It did not despise the *rôle* of rag-picker or the economy of turning to use the remnants of derelict boots. As laundryman it was efficient and economical. The soldier going out of the line had always clean underwear waiting for him at his divisional baths, and his soiled garments were disinfected, cleaned and repaired, rents patched, everything reconditioned, while such garments as were beyond repair were shipped away as rags for the shoddy mills of Dewsbury.

Truly Administration had many branches. But because it was throughout under the one system and the one chief, it was possible for the devoted and skilful work of all the heads of its various departments and sub-departments (many of them temporary officers) to be co-ordinated successfully.

When I returned from France to take up the responsibilities of Quartermaster-General to the Forces I was naturally inclined to attach a full degree of importance to the maintenance of a sound administrative system, and to this end favoured the establishment of a School of Administration. I trust that I keep within the bounds of discretion in stating that in post-war military discussions of our Army system there was a tendency for two schools of thought to form. One school was inclined to think that in that cutting down of expenditure which all knew to be necessary the major sacrifices should fall on the Administrative Services. The other school of thought was inclined to the view that in the last war Administration had been of equal importance with Opera-

tions and that in future wars its importance would be possibly further increased.

In my view it would have been to the national advantage if a Committee on somewhat the same lines, and of as authoritative a character, as the Esher Committee of 1904, had been set up in 1920 to study the lessons of the war—to consult not only military but financial and industrial authorities, and to give to the public a considered view of how we could get the best value in cost and efficiency for our military expenditure. The Esher Committee was convened practically as soon as the South African War was over, while every detail was fresh, while every kind of evidence was available, before the passing of years had effaced the clearness of memories and removed many of the most important actors from the scene. In spite of the grave drawbacks consequent on the lapse of time, it may not be too late to support the setting up now of such an authoritative body and to refer to it, *inter alia*, the proposals which have been recently announced for a drastic alteration in a Staff system which the World War proved of such sound constitution.

TRAVERS CLARKE.

WAR GRAVES AND THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

The month of November opens, in the calendars of the Christian Churches, with commemorations of the dead; in the celebration of Armistice Day, November 11, the first place has been assigned universally to the remembrance of the dead of the Great War. For peoples of many creeds and races the month therefore appears to be established as one within which sacred observances, varying in expression and ceremonial but with a common object, will take place; this will probably continue so long as the living recognise their obligations to the vast multitudes who in successive generations made and unmade the surface of civilisation, struggled and failed and succeeded, but laid deeper and deeper the foundations of the good and the ill they inherit. With these observances this article is not directly concerned; no one, it is true, engaged in the work with which it deals could, if he willed, be uninfluenced by them. He is constantly reminded of them and sees growing up around the material achievement of that work observances based on a sentiment new not only in its intensity, but also in the source of its emotion; for nations do not for the first time in their history arm the whole of their young manhood and despatch it overseas to fight their battles without undergoing deep spiritual experiences which modify the national character. But the purpose of this article is rather to draw attention, at this time, to certain tendencies which have begun to show themselves as the Imperial War Graves Commission are nearing the completion of the first of the two tasks allotted to them—making permanent the work which the soldiers themselves had done in caring for the graves of their comrades, changing its form as little as possible and continuing it in the same spirit. And let it be said at the outset that this spirit could only be maintained if the work were continued as it had been begun by the comrades of those it commemorated; in no other way could artificial sentiment, painfully inseparable from the professionalism associated with civilian burial, be avoided.

The British Empire lost approximately 1,075,000 men in the Great War. Of these it may be safely estimated that 88 per cent.

either went straight from towns and villages in the United Kingdom to the battlefields overseas, or were descended from ancestors who had left the British Isles to found homes in distant parts of the world. The remaining 12 per cent. represented almost every white and coloured race peopling the globe.

The spirit of high adventure, which has for the last four centuries led the British with a purposeful restlessness over the known and untracked face of the world, moved the armies of the Empire, between 1914 and 1918, to every quarter of the globe where the fortune of war might be fairly tried. Gathering together 'from the uttermost ends of the earth,' in their millions they crossed the English Channel, in their thousands and hundreds of thousands the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Southern Seas, and helped to hold and finally fling back the enemy in France and Belgium, Italy and Macedonia, Gallipoli, Palestine and Mesopotamia, Egypt and East and South-West Africa; in these and more than fifty other countries they buried their fallen comrades with a humanitarianism which was not to be denied—in itself a silent protest against the universal militarism which, proud in their civil liberties, they had rejected throughout their history, but had at last been forced to adopt. For the first time in the record of British armies, or indeed in the long story of the world's wars, a military branch was organised in the field to register, mark, and care for the graves of the dead.[1]

The situation to-day, based on what was accomplished by that military organisation in all the areas of war, is that, of the 1,075,000 soldiers and sailors who fell, 752,000 rest in graves which have been registered and marked. Of these graves 580,000 have been definitely identified, while 172,000 contain the bodies of soldiers whose names are not known. There remain 323,000 officers and men (including 50,000 Indians and 50,000 African natives) who have no known grave, some because of religious objection to sepulture, but the vast majority because they have never been found.

During the war, as has been shown, the British armies in the field required no pressure from the relatives at home to cause

[1] It was due to the foresight, broad sympathy and persistence of a regular soldier (Sir Nevil Macready, Sir John French's Adjutant-General) that this military organisation (the Directorate of Graves Registration and Enquiries) was first established. Between the first Battle of Ypres and the gas attack in 1915, a period which threw an unequalled strain on a general headquarters in the field, General Macready in his improvised office in St. Omer found time to convert an over-burdened War Office to a recognition of the necessity of this new establishment. Towards the close of the war another regular soldier, Sir George Macdonogh (Adjutant-General at the War Office), protected and developed this organisation which it became increasingly difficult to maintain.

them to give reverent and manly respect to the graves of their comrades; moreover, in spite of the inevitable shortcomings of a military organisation hampered by the fluctuating conditions during certain stages of the war, when the ground in which the graves were situated frequently changed hands, a bond of sympathy was formed between the relatives and this organisation, strengthened, it is believed, by constant personal communication. But a cause for anxiety soon made itself felt, not only among the relatives, but more particularly among the soldiers in the trenches, who voluntarily, and often at the risk of their own lives, were sparing no pains to give honoured sepulture to their comrades. It was not unnatural that they should demand some assurance that their labour would not be lost and that the permanence of the graves was guaranteed. This anxiety grew as the scythe of death swept faster and faster and large war cemeteries sprang up behind the lines, row being added to row of wooden crosses until they were not inaptly described as silent cities of the dead. Permanence could only be secured by acquiring the land in perpetuity; the difficulties and complications which lay in the way of such acquisition, when often the only condition which could be observed in the selection of land for burials was that its situation should provide shelter from the enemy's guns, are obvious.

The solution of these difficulties was first attempted in France, where, be it recorded to the lasting honour of the French people, the problem had only to be stated for the Government to decide that, while compensation, when demanded, must be paid to private owners of land, no money transaction could pass between nation and nation, ally and ally, in connexion with an object so sacred to mankind. By the French Law of December 29, 1915, it was decreed that the land in which the soldiers of France and the Allies were buried should be set aside in perpetuity at the cost of the French nation.[2] Similar laws were adopted in rapid succession by the Governments of our other Allies, and the perpetual reservation of land was later secured by treaty with the Turkish Government and by purchase from the local or other authorities

[2] Having been charged with the negotiations which led up to this decision, I should place on record the obligation which the peoples of the Empire are under to the late Philippe Millet, a wise and gallant friend of England. Wounded with the French armies at Mons, he was later a liaison officer with the British Army, and I obtained his assistance in these negotiations. The proposed law naturally raised many technical difficulties, and on account of these was thrown out by the French Senate, in spite of the efforts of the Government, after having been passed by the Chamber of Deputies. It was largely due to Millet's advocacy behind the scenes that a conference was held between the Chamber and the Senate which found a means of circumventing all obstacles. Events have proved that he judged the generous sentiments of the French public as correctly as he gauged the depth and duration of British gratitude.

in all those cases where it has not been offered as a free gift. Perpetuity was thus ensured for the sites of all the war graves of the Empire scattered throughout the world, and the Empire has decided that this generation shall make provision for their permanent maintenance.

It was actually during hostilities, in 1917, that this decision was taken. Looking back and recalling the circumstances in which the Governments of the Empire considered this question, it is gratifying to remember that their deliberations were never disturbed by the slightest doubt as to a victorious termination of the war. But the war cemeteries and scattered and isolated graves had by then assumed such appalling numbers that it was seen that the arrangements for their care in the future could not be left for settlement to the period which would follow the cessation of hostilities, when lassitude would replace creative energy, and what strength there was would be absorbed in slow and painful re-adaptation to the forgotten conditions of peace. The Imperial War Conference was then sitting in London, and was clearly indicated as the supreme authority which had the right to determine the fate of a movement, military in form and limitations, but democratic and Imperial in the spontaneity which gave it its vitality. Since the first Battle of Ypres the Empire had found its manhood on the world's battlefields : the voluntary co-operation of the younger nations with the Mother Country had been sealed with blood from St. Julien to Cape Helles, from the Indian Ocean to the shores of the South Atlantic. The Imperial Conference, in the political sphere, stood for that same spirit of free co-operation among partner nations : in that spirit alone could the problem be approached if faith were to be kept with the dead.

The Prince of Wales, the heir to the Throne, the symbol and focus of Imperial unity, had personally taken a keen and active interest in the care of the war graves on the Western Front, and was president of a small British committee considering their future treatment ; by him, most fittingly, the matter was referred to the Imperial Conference in a Memorandum emphasising its common interest to all parts of the Empire and suggesting common action by their Governments. How the Conference placed the question first on its agenda and gave it long and anxious consideration in its debates is related in the Official Report.[3] Unanimously the assembled Prime Ministers and representatives of the Empire decided to set up, under a constitution of which they studied and approved every detail, the Imperial War Graves Commission, the first body, it has been claimed by the younger

[3] See Reports of the Imperial War Conference, 1917, and Imperial Conference, 1918.

nations, which has given full administrative expression to the principle of free partnership on a basis of equality.[4]

What the Commission has accomplished on the practical and material side need not be told here; in *Up and Down Stream* Mr. Harry Gosling, who is one of the Commissioners, says: 'I am not sure that it is not the biggest single piece of work that has been done since the war.' In outline to all, in detail to very many, people of the Empire it is well known, the principle of equality of treatment for the graves of those who were equal in sacrifice having been submitted to their judgment and obtained their universal approval. The simple headstones, all alike in form, the narrow beds of flowers which front them, edging the well-mown lawns, the tall cross of sacrifice bearing high a bronze sword, the massive stone of remembrance,[5] the slightly different treatment of the cemeteries in the mountains of Italy and on the Gallipoli Peninsula, the monuments to the missing, thickly graven over with the names of those who have no known grave, such as those recently unveiled at the Menin Gate of Ypres, Tyne Cot on the Passchendaele Ridge and Neuve-Chapelle, and the Memorials at Chatham, Portsmouth and Plymouth to those who have no grave but the sea—all these features are as well known to countless men and women here and overseas as are the monuments in their own cities and public places.

The work of construction will soon be drawing to a close, punctually, it is hoped, in accordance with the limit of ten years which was submitted as an original estimate to the Imperial Conference; but even now, before the period of permanent maintenance has been fully entered upon and the influence of what has been accomplished may be carefully weighed and analysed, certain indications may be noted. There are signs that both the material achievement and the common action of the

[4] A study of the Commission's charter will alone give a clear understanding of their organisation; the name of the present Commission—the status of the official members, and the representative element in the selection of the unofficial members to all intents and purposes, being constant—suggests the Imperial basis on which the organisation has been established; they are:—*Official*.—Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Secretary of State for War (chairman); Mr. L. F. Amery, Secretary of State for the Colonies; the Earl of Birkenhead, Secretary of State for India; Viscount Peel, the First Commissioner of Works; the Hon. P. C. Larkin, High Commissioner for Canada; Maj.-Gen. Sir Granville Ryrie, High Commissioner for Australia; the Hon. Sir James Parr, High Commissioner for New Zealand; Mr. J. S. Smit, High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa; Captain Victor Gordon, High Commissioner for Newfoundland. *Unofficial*.—Mr. Harry Gosling, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Lieutenant-General Sir George Macdonogh, Sir Robert Hudson, Admiral Sir Morgan Singer, Sir Henry Maddocks, General Sir Walter Braithwaite, Major-General Sir Fabian Ware (vice-chairman).

[5] See Sir Frederic Kenyon's Report to the Imperial War Graves Commission, January 1918.

participating Governments which has produced it afford grounds for a stronger faith in the future of mankind than can be built on a study of the political events which have followed, but appear to undermine, hopes sincerely centred in the Peace of Versailles. In so far as these grounds relate, first, to co-operation among the self-governing States comprising the British Empire (or as some prefer to call it the British Commonwealth of Nations), and, secondly, to the attitude towards war itself of the generation which is gradually assuming control of the world's politics and of those which will come after them, certain conclusions may, it is thought, already be drawn.

Speaking in July 1919, Lord Milner, with his unrivalled experience of different forms of Imperial administration, uttered the following words of warning:

> The only possibility of a continuance of the British Empire is on a basis of absolute out-and-out equal partnership between the United Kingdom and the Dominions. I say that without any kind of reservation whatever It is very easy to say that: but undoubtedly the working out of it in practice without bringing about the severance of relations between us and the Dominions will be one of the most complicated tasks which statesmanship has ever had to face. I am not afraid of it, and yet I have to admit that the difficulties are such that our best efforts may end in failure. I hope not. At any rate, there is no other way out.

No better expression has been given to the principles which the Imperial War Graves Commission have endeavoured to follow, often in the face of difficulties known only to themselves, in developing and carrying out their administrative functions. How they have done so can best be shown by briefly explaining their financial organisation; and, indeed, no excuse need be offered in a decade in which the permanent head of the Treasury has, in the natural course of administrative development, been placed in a position of supremacy in the Civil Service of the United Kingdom for accepting it as a fact that financial control is the key to administrative control. Are there, for instance, any who have endeavoured, since Mr. Deakin's magnificent failure at the Imperial Conference of 1907, to build up bits of common Imperial administration, who have not seen their dreams and ideals break themselves, as his did, against the almost impregnable defences within which the United Kingdom's governmental system of financial control has, on the whole to the benefit of the people of these islands during the last hundred years, entrenched itself? And yet common financial control had to be established if the Commission were to succeed in pursuing common action on the part of the participating Governments.

The Imperial Conference of 1918, following that which had

created the Commission, decided that the cost of the work of the Commission should be shared by these Governments in a fixed proportion, that adopted being based on the respective number of the graves of their dead; further, these Governments agreed that they should all be presented annually, for submission to their Parliaments, with identical estimates of the total cost of the work of the Commission for the ensuing year. When these estimates came before them all the Parliaments voted their proportion of the total amount (and have continued to do so each succeeding year), and thus a common fund was formed. But it became apparent to the Dominion representatives after the first voting of these moneys that, in accordance with more than one past precedent, if the principle of equality of status were not forced to its logical conclusion the Government of the United Kingdom, on whom, on the basis laid down, the provision of 80 per cent. of the expenditure fell, would assume sole administrative control of this common fund. This, they saw, would raise difficulties with their Parliaments; for, among the political traditions which the younger nations have carried from these shores, they cherish as one of the guiding principles in the struggle for liberty that which is summed up in the old democratic cry, 'No taxation without representation'; and representation in providing but no representation in controlling the spending of moneys is incompatible with modern financial common sense.

The Dominion representatives, of whom Sir George Perley, the High Commissioner for Canada, was the senior, therefore took up the question with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. (now Sir) Austen Chamberlain, who naturally represented the Government of the United Kingdom in the matter. He immediately recognised that the Commission represented a voluntary arrangement among partner or allied States (each of which was free at any time to withdraw from it), and that the inevitable consequence was that they were free to control their own finance and administration. But he did not admit this in any grudging spirit, as if it were merely the abandonment of a power exercised in the past by the Mother Country; as a constructive statesman he saw that, in her accumulated experience and older wisdom, the United Kingdom had something positive which she could contribute to the new experiment in Imperial co-operation, and, wishing for its success, he offered to nominate a representative of the Treasury to attend the meetings of the Commission's Finance Committee and to afford all possible advice and assistance on financial and administrative questions. The offer was gladly accepted, and from then until now, through this Finance Committee, the Dominion Governments represented

on the Commission have had the benefit of the experience of the United Kingdom Treasury without any infringement of their national right or status.

The practical administrator will realise that the representative of the United Kingdom Treasury in this position may, his chief being the Chancellor of the Exchequer who is primarily responsible for providing 80 per cent. of the expenditure, embarrass rather than help the Commission unless he is in sympathy with the spirit in which the arrangement was made. And it has to be admitted that the civil servants of the Mother Country have at least as many prejudices to abandon as those of the Dominions, if success in co-operative effort of this kind is to be achieved and extended; but it may be confidently affirmed that the arrangement has fully justified itself in the results. Should disagreement at any time arise, as far as the Government of the United Kingdom is concerned, it would be one between two of its Ministers, the Secretary of State for War, the chairman of the Commission, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the matter would in the last resort go to the Government for Cabinet decision.

Further evidence of the willingness of the Dominions to co-operate on such a basis as this is afforded by the practice that has grown up as to the public auditing of the Commission's accounts. While these are regularly audited by an auditor appointed by the Bank of England, the Commission has always agreed that they are open to inspection by the Auditors-General of all the participating Governments; so far the Dominion Governments have not exercised this right, being satisfied with the statement of the Commission's auditors, and doubtless grateful for the additional check freely provided by the United Kingdom Auditor-General, with his unequalled experience, and the consequent investigation into expenditure carried out annually by the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons.

This method of free co-operation has now passed the experimental stage, and, since the creation of an Endowment Fund to ensure the cost of permanent maintenance, may be said to be firmly established. In spirit and in practice it is far removed from the centralising tendencies connected with proposals for Imperial Federation, and its success seems to justify the following briefly summarised deductions. First, whenever there is a common Imperial service which requires performing, the younger nations will willingly bear their share of the cost. (Might one venture to state the converse—that when they will not share the cost, the service in their opinion is not worth carrying out?) Secondly, in all financial partnerships the peoples of the Dominions

demand their share in the direct control of administration, and where this is obtained, by some such arrangement as has been outlined, there is no theoretical or insuperable practical obstacle to co-operation ; if, on the other hand, this principle is ignored, any Dominion Government which enters into such a partnership would find it increasingly difficult to continue, at any rate with the informed consent of their people.

It has been argued that the success of this experiment is due mainly, if not entirely, to the fact that sentiment is the essence of the work of the Imperial War Graves Commission. Of course, no one would deny that sentiment creates an atmosphere around that work in which all unnecessary disputes would be out of place ; but, on the other hand, this very sentiment multiplies the possible causes of friction and misunderstanding between the public and the Governments in whose name the Commission are acting. At least one instance might be quoted where one of the Dominion Governments found a considerable and influential section of the public opposed on sentimental grounds to one of the fundamental principles of the Commission's policy, and it is significant that, in refusing to give way to the pressure brought to bear on them, they took their stand on the desirability of a common united policy for the whole Empire ; on that ground they overcame, and indeed reconciled, the opposition.

For those, then, who look to the League of British Nations to play a decisive part in the settlement of the world's present misunderstandings there is hope to be derived from the example of common action, based on free co-operation, afforded by the Imperial War Graves Commission during the last ten years. But is the work which they are doing likely to further the cause of peace, for the promotion of which the larger League of Nations was founded with the consent of an overwhelming majority of the peoples wearied and broken by war ? At the close of his pilgrimage to the war cemeteries in France and Belgium in 1922 the King referred to 'this massed multitude of silent witnesses to the desolation of war,' and expressed the hope that 'the existence of these visible memorials would, eventually, serve to draw all peoples together in sanity and self-control.' It has been argued by some that the sight of serried rows of graves will not frighten the high-spirited youth of any nation or deter them from engaging in war, that, indeed, these permanent memorials in honour of the dead of a past war may stir them to emulate the sacrifice to which mankind has attached a value so great as is here recorded. As far as one is able to judge at present, these two tendencies are fairly evenly balanced. The impression created on our own people generally (that made on the relatives of the dead is not for discussion here) by the larger cemeteries

containing 10,000 or more graves is undoubtedly one mainly of horror which arouses bitter reflections. But that is not the effect always produced by the smaller cemeteries.

On the ramparts of Ypres, in folds of the ground down the still scarred battle front, by the road side, in village orchards, in the flat and open country among the rectangular *parcelles*, in the Flanders mists and the Picardy sunshine, rises many a cross of sacrifice surrounded by a group of white headstones splashed with the bright colour of flowers; these certainly do speak of the romance of heroism and of spiritual achievement, they do suggest that the fame won by self-sacrifice on the field of honour is the purest and noblest to which man may attain; never before have heroes' graves been honoured with quite the same general reverence and devotion. The influence of these on the individual may be possibly of a martial rather than of a pacific order. On the other hand, for the first time in history the names of all who fell in a war have been recorded where they fell on visible monuments, and the collective effect of these, the first great object-lesson in the cost of modern war, must surely give pause to the most ardent aspirant for military glory.

And, if one turns to the international aspect of the question, there is still more solid ground for the hope that this work may conduce to 'sanity and self-control' among the peoples. The history of Europe, one long struggle for national dominance with the constant shiftings of the balance of power, shows how the ally of yesterday is often the enemy of to-morrow. Political developments since the Treaty of Versailles have proved that the same tendencies are endeavouring to assert themselves, and many are asking in despair, as their hopes of general disarmament are deceived, if history will merely repeat itself and the struggle will follow once more the old bloodstained tracks furrowed deep across the map of Europe.

It would be a denial of every generous impulse of humanity not to believe that our dead have set up an impassable barrier against any possible hostile contact between ourselves and our allies of the Great War; in hundreds of their towns and villages, which have given their names to victories and defeats, there are permanent monuments, the cross of sacrifice surrounded by simple British headstones, passed daily by the local inhabitants and the object of frequent pilgrimages for people from all parts of the British Empire. Here, in the closest union, the men and women of the different nations meet, those who gave their sons, their husbands and their brothers and those who know, having made like sacrifice, that these died that their homes might be once more their own. For ever in these lands of our allies our dead speak, friends to friends, and their voice is the voice of

peace. The nations of the British Empire have surely done something for the future good of mankind in building in stone fitting temples in which that voice may be heard. Would anyone be so bold as to deny that the echo of that voice may be heard across the frontiers behind which those who were their enemies mourn their dead also?

FABIAN WARE.

NATIONALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA

Nowhere in the British Empire did the decisions of the last Imperial Conference appear to have had a more far-reaching effect than in South Africa. In fact, never since the inauguration of the Conference have its labours produced such immediate results in any Dominion. The development of inter-Imperial relations during the last two decades has been a slow and almost imperceptible process, and it has lacked dramatic element. The changes in the status of the Dominions have been great, but they have been regarded both in this country and overseas as natural developments in the life of growing communities. The changed attitude of the Nationalists therefore caused some surprise, not only in the Union, but throughout the Empire. The high hopes of racial reconciliation were not destined to be fulfilled, and they faded away in the bitter controversy aroused by the revival of the Flag Bill. No explanation of the present situation would be adequate without some account of the rise of the Nationalist Party, and the traditions on which it was founded.

The political tradition of the early Boer settlers rested on grievances combined with religious zeal. They endured the hardships of the Great Trek more easily because they felt that they had set forth as the Israelites into the wilderness to escape from a Government which was hostile to their political and religious ideals. They determined to establish themselves in the interior as free communities beyond British jurisdiction. Thus the foundation of the anti-British tradition was laid, which the history of succeeding years did nothing to destroy. A bias was formed in the minds of many Dutchmen which became an integral part of their political faith, and to it can be traced the deepest and strongest sentiment to which the Nationalist Party appeals.

It was, perhaps, too much to hope that all the peoples of the two former Republics would be prepared to accept the policy of reconciliation which was initiated within four years of the extinction of their independence. The irreconcilable elements seemed to hesitate in sheer astonishment at the attitude of the Imperial Government in granting autonomy to territories which had so recently been conquered. For a time the Dutch formed a solid

political phalanx, and purely Dutch Governments were set up in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. In 1910 the government of the whole of what is now known as the Union passed into Dutch hands. The very fact, however, that one race had gained political control of the sub-continent made it certain that sooner or later the conflicting interests of different sections would lead to an open breach. It gradually became apparent that the Dutch would divide on the policy of reconciliation. General Botha and his followers accepted the settlement as laid down in the Act of Union, and he used his great influence to make it successful. The Act of Union, however, confirmed the British connexion while it handed over the political control of the whole country, including the almost entirely British province of Natal, to Dutchmen. This solution of the problem was accepted by the British community, and, apparently, by the Dutch.

The bitterness, however, was too deep and the prejudices too strong to enable even the most tactful of leaders to persuade all his compatriots that the prosperity of their country lay in the acceptance of his policy. Soon after the formation of the first Union Ministry fundamental differences brought about the resignation of the Government and its reconstruction without General Hertzog, the leader of the Orange Free State Dutchmen. With the elimination of General Hertzog the discontented elements were set free and the foundations of the Nationalist Party were laid. He was a trusted leader, and he represented the portion of his own people which had been unable to express itself while he was still in the Cabinet. Not only was he opposed to a settlement which meant the acceptance of the British connexion, but he represented those forces among the Dutch which all through the stormy history of South Africa have opposed any Government, whether British or Dutch, which offended their stern conservative instincts.

The party which gathered round General Hertzog was created in order to achieve 'sovereign independence' for South Africa. In other words, it was formed in order to break the British connexion. No act of the Imperial Government since the conclusion of the Anglo-Boer War could be interpreted as interference in the internal affairs of a self-governing Dominion; in fact, the attitude of His Majesty's Government had been sympathetic to Dutch aspirations. The appeal could not, therefore, be to a live political issue, but to past and even historical events. Certain sections of the people, however, after only ten years, still brooded over past wrongs, and the agitation met with an immediate response.

It was not denied that the grant of self-government to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, and the creation of the Union, had led to more settled conditions than the country had

enjoyed since the white man first landed on its shores. No specific charge was made, or could be made, of interference on the part of the Imperial authorities. What, therefore, lay behind the thoughts of the men who set forth on this political pilgrimage? The cloud of past events still hung over their minds, and made it impossible for them to appreciate the genuine desire for concord, not only on the part of the Imperial Government, but also among British South Africans. The spirit which dominated the party was one of resentment. It was not the gift of self-government, but the hands which gave it, to which they objected.

Nothing could illustrate this attitude of mind better than a speech made by Mr. Havenga, the present Minister of Finance, on his return from the last Imperial Conference. He is reported to have said that his party had always resented the freedom which had been 'forced' upon them in the past. In spite of all evidence, they still suspected that in some mysterious way Downing Street exercised a baneful influence on the country, and that Dutch aspirations were baulked. In a sense they were right, for in a country containing a large and influential British population purely Dutch ideals could not prevail, and a certain measure of compromise was essential. They were wrong, however, in supposing that their difficulties were caused by the Imperial Government.

The feeling of inferiority on the part of the Nationalists contributed to the bitterness of the political campaign. As recently as this year General Hertzog, in a strange speech at the Cape, said that, as the result of the Imperial Conference, his Dutch followers could stand up and look an Englishman in the face. It was a curious statement from a man belonging to the same people as General Smuts, who had sat in the innermost councils of the Empire during its greatest crisis—a position not shared by any Dominion statesman of British descent.

The secession issue formed part of a larger political programme. The Nationalist leaders determined to adopt a policy which aimed at the complete elimination of all British influence in the sub-continent. They made no pretence that there should be any equality between the two races, and they worked openly for the complete ascendency of the Dutch. An Afrikander nation was to be brought into being, speaking Cape Dutch, which has already been renamed Afrikaans, and governed in accordance with the ideals of the more reactionary section of the Dutch population. The policy of the party was definitely racial, and no concession was made to British feelings and traditions.

The spirit of compromise, so deeply ingrained in all British peoples, is not lacking among those who live in South Africa, and

as long as the Botha and Smuts Governments remained in power they were loth to believe that the Nationalists really meant to establish a Dutch hegemony. It is, however, difficult even for British people living in the country to realise the ignorance of the Nationalist Party with regard to the growth and development of the British Empire. No stronger nationalist feeling in its true sense can be found anywhere than in such Dominions as Canada and Australia. The affection of the people for their land, and their belief in its future, draws strength from the Imperial connexion, and racial antagonisms are unimportant or non-existent. There appears to be nothing inconsistent to the peoples of the other Dominions in their loyalty to their own particular country and to the Empire as a whole. On the other hand, peoples divided from one another by thousands of miles of sea and living under different conditions of life are developing along individual lines. By its very nature, therefore, the British Commonwealth fosters the growth of nationalities within itself.

In all the Dominions, except South Africa, new nationalities have come into being. In the Union alone the white inhabitants still remain split up into two distinct sections. The elements of a real nationality are present, for the devotion of the British to the land of their birth or adoption is as great as that which is found among the people of other Dominions. The Nationalist Party, however, is at present incapable of appreciating the true position, and is uncompromising in its opposition to the only policy by which the union of the two peoples can be brought about on a satisfactory basis.

The Nationalist campaign has antagonised the British community, and since the advent of the present Government their desire for compromise has gradually changed to a determined opposition to the more unreasonable demands of the Nationalists. The result of this unfortunate revival of racialism has been that the Dutch now feel more Dutch, and the British more British, and both feel less South African.

During the Botha and Smuts Administrations the policy of reconciliation made progress—the British were treated with fairness and the Dutch with generosity. In their anxiety to pacify the extremer elements the South African Party Governments frequently appealed to the British community to make concessions, and they did not appeal in vain. In the outburst of racialism which has followed the formation of the Nationalist Government the restraint and co-operation of the British section is often forgotten.

In 1924 the Smuts Administration fell, and it was succeeded by a Nationalist-Labour Coalition Government. The Labour Party in South Africa was established in order to advance the

interests of the white workers in the country. In many occupations the white man is a supervisor, and not a labourer, and manual work is done by the native. The policy of the Labour Party is to preserve all skilled work for the white man, with the result that the native is restricted to manual labour. The party represents a caste, and is definitely hostile to the development of the native wherever his interests clash with those of the white labouring man. South African Labour can therefore put forward little claim to be either democratic or progressive, and it is out of sympathy with the best thought on the native problem. On this vital question there was some bond in common with the Nationalist, who still regards the native as a hewer of wood and drawer of water.

The two parties from which the new Government was drawn had little else in common except a bitter animosity against the late Prime Minister. The Nationalists were pledged to secession, while the Labour Party had given an assurance that they would never agree to the severance of the British connexion. The Labour leaders joined the Coalition on condition that the question of secession should not be raised during the life of the present Parliament. It has since been frequently discussed, and no pledge was given that anti-British propaganda should not be carried on, or that legislation detrimental to British interests should not be introduced The Nationalist Party was therefore in a position to carry on their secessionist campaign with the added advantages of being in power. In other respects the parties were ill suited, for the Nationalists represented the most Conservative section of the Dutch country population, while the supporters of the Labour Party included the most advanced Socialists in the urban areas.

The British people and their Dutch friends hoped that responsibility would curb the violence of parties which had always been in opposition, but they were disappointed. The Nationalist leaders continued to make anti-British speeches, which now had a new significance as coming from Ministers. Civil servants of British origin began to feel that their places were no longer secure, and that they would have to make way for partisans of the Government. This anxiety spread to other sections of the British, and they began to think that a deliberate attack was being made on their race. For many years they had treated the settlement of 1910 as final, and they had never seriously believed that the Nationalists would reopen the question. In two years the Pact Government has succeeded in irritating the British community by a policy of pin-pricks, and it only required an issue on which they could all unite to enable them to show their feelings The Government provided one by introducing the Flag Bill.

The Flag Bill was part of a policy of eliminating all trace of any connexion between the Union and the British Empire. The King's head had already disappeared from South African stamps, and other measures had been taken to remove any trace of the Imperial tie. These changes had been suffered in silence, but not without misgiving. It was now proposed that the Union Jack should cease to be the flag of the Union. The introduction of the Bill was the signal for popular demonstrations throughout the country. The agitation was not worked by a few wild Imperialists; it was a spontaneous outburst of indignation on the part of the British. The flag became a symbol, and the British felt that if no stand was made on this issue the Nationalists would go forward with their policy of creating a South Africa in which all pretence that there were equal rights between Dutch and British would disappear.

The Flag Bill was agitating the minds of all parties when General Hertzog left for the Imperial Conference. It was clear that if it was forced through Parliament nearly half the white population would regard the official flag with contempt and that the Union Jack would continue to fly defiantly over the town-hall of Durban and in every town and place where the British predominated. In fact, the Flag Bill would lead to more racialism, and the ideal of a South African nationality would recede still further into the dim mists of the future.

General Hertzog landed in England still under many misapprehensions. He felt, according to his own words, that South Africa was a helot State of some dominating Power, the nature of which he was unable to explain. He was, however, brought into contact with statesmen from Dominions greater in size than his own, who did not regard the Imperial connexion as a burden, but as a benefit. In all other Dominions the decisions of the Conference were accepted as further definitions of status already in being. The Nationalists in South Africa, however, regarded them as a Nationalist triumph.

As soon as the South African Party appreciated the significance of the attitude adopted by their opponents they realised that perhaps at last a way had been found to satisfy the Nationalist aspirations without offending British susceptibilities. General Smuts, with the full support of the British community, hastened to congratulate General Hertzog on his triumph in London. The way was apparently open for a better understanding, and General Smuts and his followers were only too anxious to take it. But the path towards racial reconciliation was not to be suddenly smoothed out. The Flag Bill was revived, and hangs like a malignant enemy on the flanks of all those, of whatever party, who strive towards better relations between the two races. An

important party in the Cabinet were in favour of dropping the measure, but they have failed to carry the majority of their colleagues with them.

The internal struggle which has taken place in the Cabinet, however, shows the changing conditions of South African politics. The extremer elements among the Nationalists allied themselves with the Labour Party in pressing for the reintroduction of the Bill. The Labour Party have therefore lent their support to a measure which has aroused more united opposition from the British section than any other Bill introduced by the present Government. The results of the provincial councils elections show that they have alienated many of their supporters.

Three years of a Nationalist Labour Government in South Africa have from one point of view been a useful episode in the political development of the country. Every party has now been in power, and it is hoped that none will feel indefinitely the baneful effects of an inferiority complex.

The future of South African politics is obscure, as the personal element plays an important part in the political life of the country. The Nationalists are bitterly hostile to General Smuts and his Dutch followers, and regard them not only as traitors to their national cause, but as a superior and irritating political intelligentsia. They have all the distrust of the conservative mind for men of new ideas and adaptable minds. The more uncompromising Nationalists would therefore find it difficult to work with the South African Party.

On the other hand, the Nationalists are bound to the Labour Party by circumstances. They are a minority Government working in alliance with men with whom they disagree on the most fundamental issues. The Coalition has been held together by a common hatred of General Smuts, and on such a basis it cannot continue indefinitely. The Government have introduced measures which are Socialist in conception, and therefore antagonistic to the conservative instincts of their Dutch supporters. The differences between the two parties have at times been divulged in the speeches of Ministers, and although Ministers have become more discreet, the differences remain. Sooner or later, therefore, the country must divide on issues which are neither racial nor personal.

At the present time, however, the flag issue remains the chief issue and the most disturbing element in the political situation. The Bill will presumably be passed in October, and if the referendum is in favour of the Government the Union will have a new official flag. It will, however, not be the flag of the Union, but a Nationalist flag. Behind the flag question, however, is a very real anxiety that the secession issue, which was regarded as dead

after the last Imperial Conference, may be revived by the supporters of the Government. It still remains a part of the programme of the Nationalist Party. On the flag and secession questions no concession will be made by the British population, and unless the Government can find a way out of the difficulties they have created there will be much unrest in South Africa.

The quarrel between the two ruling races in South Africa, however, is being conducted under the shadow of a problem before which their differences appear insignificant. They are after all an outpost of European civilisation in a 'black' continent. Every year the native question becomes more important and more difficult, while the white races are torn by internal strife. The problem touches the basis of social and economic life in Africa, not only in the Union, but throughout the continent. Contact with the European has already imposed new standards of life on the Bantu, and has resulted in the break-up of the old order. The native is still uncivilised, but he has become used to certain sides of civilised life. The native races of South Africa are practically without religion, and the only moral law which they obey is that laid down by the rules of their tribe. Large numbers of natives have now become detribalised, and are therefore subject to no jurisdiction, either moral or legal, except that which the white man imposes on them. On this, which may be described as the social side, the problem is of great magnitude, and urgent measures are necessary to deal with a question which daily becomes more serious.

The economic side of the native question is the one which has received most attention because it has already begun to touch the life of a considerable part of the white population. For better or for worse, the proletariat of the country is black, and it works for a white ruling class. This does not mean that all natives belong to the proletariat, but that the proletariat consists exclusively of natives. Nothing can now change the position, for the black man has obtained a monopoly in manual labour owing to the refusal of the white labourer to do more than supervise. The black man's standard of living is lower than that of the white man, and he is prepared to work for lower wages ; he is therefore doubly established as the labourer.

This situation led to the formation of the South African Labour Party. This party, like all Labour parties, was created to watch the interests of a particular class, and its vision is therefore limited. Like its associates in all other countries, it expects every other party and class to make sacrifices, and as it claims to represent the submerged tenth in European countries the demand does not appear to be altogether unreasonable. In South Africa, however, the Labour Party makes no pretence of protecting and

helping the weak. Its policy is to restrict the native labourer to unskilled work, and to retard his development whenever he shows any sign of competing with the European. The fruit of this illiberal and short-sighted policy is the Colour Bar Bill. Economic laws will not allow Labour to hold up the natural development of the people and the country by such artificial means. In the urban areas Labour is able to impose its will at present, but in the agricultural districts it has never been able to enforce the provisions of a Colour Bar Bill. It is safe to say that it never will. Sooner or later Labour will be driven from its entrenchments in the towns.

The limitations of the Labour Party and its attitude towards the black man make it improbable that it will ever make any useful contribution to the solution of the native problem. The Nationalists, on the other hand, are capable of taking a more balanced view, although they have prejudices with regard to the native which would hardly lead to a just and unbiassed view of the question. To the average Nationalist the native is a helot, and is never capable of being anything else. The ruling powers can therefore not be regarded as a suitable combination for dealing with this, the most important of all African problems. The native is well aware of the situation, and is anxious to cling as long as possible to British traditions of native administration. Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland are all anxious to remain under Imperial jurisdiction.

The native is an integral part of the social and economic life of the country, and its progress will therefore depend in an increasing degree on his happiness and contentment. It is inconceivable that an active and vigorous proletariat will be prepared indefinitely to confine its energies to purely manual labour. In European countries where no colour bar exists the proletariat continually feeds the ruling classes, and there are no insuperable barriers. In South Africa the important question is whether the white races will be prepared to accept the principle that the native has rights when he is capable of exercising them, or whether they will refuse to admit he has any. Is the native entitled to do skilled and even higher forms of labour, or is he to be restricted to manual labour? Is the white man to regard the native races as people for whom he is responsible, or is he to look upon them merely as convenient labourers to whom he is under no obligation? These are questions which the Nationalist-Labour Coalition, and indeed any Government, must answer if they are to contribute to the solution of the most pressing of Africa's problems.

It may be said at once that segregation will not be the answer to any of these questions. To put it forward is merely to evade

the issues. A hundred or even fifty years ago it might have been a solution; to-day a serious attempt to put it into force would lead to the collapse of the whole economic and social structure of the country. There is no such easy way out of the difficulty of civilising a continent and adjusting the relations between a highly developed governing race and peoples emerging from barbarism. The task will fall mainly on the British Empire, and it is therefore essential that the relations between South Africa and the remainder of the Commonwealth should be such that the closest co-operation is possible in dealing with African problems.

Africa is still the Dark Continent, and north of the Zambesi the skirmishing line of European civilisation grows thin. In the vast tracts of country where the white man has hardly penetrated, and in the tropical forests, the barbarian awaits the new dispensation which is coming from the outer fringes of his world. His fate will depend to a great degree on whether South Africa can turn from her internal strife to wider issues and fulfil her high destiny as the leader of African thought and progress.

P. V. EMRYS EVANS.

TEN YEARS OF BOLSHEVISM

When one stops to think that it is now ten years since the Bolsheviks overthrew the Provisional Government and seized power over Russia, two questions immediately arise in one's mind. How have they managed to keep the power for so long, and what have they achieved during all this time?

In order to answer the first question, let us touch briefly on the internal political situation. In what way has the Soviet system affected those certain fundamental rights and privileges of the human being which the French so admirably call '*droits de l'homme et du citoyen*'?

In the words of Herr René Füllöp-Miller, whose tremendously interesting book I recommend to everyone who takes an interest in Russia, 'Bolshevism aims at more than the confiscation of private property: it is trying to confiscate human dignity in order ultimately to turn all free reasonable beings into a horde of will-less slaves.' [1]

It is difficult to realise to what diabolically clever devices the Soviets are resorting to control and spy on every movement and action, every word and thought, of their citizens. This continuous, well-thought-out and persistent humiliation and degradation inflicted by the Communists on the population is often far more painful to endure than hunger and privation, even than physical torture. The facts are sufficiently well known already, but readers who wish to refresh their memory on the subject could not do better than read the two most recent books on Russia, one of which, by Mr. Lancelot Lawton,[2] gives an admirable description and the other, by Herr René Füllöp-Miller, a most penetrating analysis of life in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The country is under the domination of a small group of the Communist Party, and the full rights of citizenship are enjoyed only by members of the party, which numbers about 600,000 adherents, or 0·4 per cent. of the population of the U.S.S.R. Such was the situation ten years ago, such it is even to-day. This state of

[1] René Füllöp-Miller, *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism*: Putnams, London, 1927 (see p. 284).

[2] Lancelot Lawton, *The Russian Revolution*: Macmillans, London, 1927.

affairs is not only openly recognised by the Bolsheviks, but they take special pride in it and consider it their greatest achievement.

It can never be emphasised sufficiently strongly that it was not the corrupt and reactionary Czarist *régime*, but the profoundly Liberal and democratic provisional Government, that was overthrown ten years ago. To maintain themselves in power during these ten years the Bolsheviks have resorted mainly to one weapon—violence. This *régime*, which has destroyed the well-being of millions of people, has trampled on all that is most sacred to man, and has fought with equal fierceness Monarchists, Liberals, Socialists, anarchists, and non-political individuals—in a word, all those who do not belong to the Communist Party—this *régime* can only continue by using for its defence the most violent and brutal methods, by utterly disregarding all laws of humanity and political moral. There is therefore nothing surprising in the fact that during the ten years the Soviets have been in power terror has never ceased to reign in Russia. The Russian martyrology, the activities of the Cheka and the G.P.U. (initials of the Secret Police Department), are too well known to the whole world to be dealt with here. If the civilised world has to a certain extent lost its sensibility for fully realising what is going on in Russia in this respect, it is because it has grown tired of getting excited about Bolshevist atrocities. Thus it happens that the wrongful or rightful execution of two Italian anarchists in America stirred up the human soul far more than the mass executions, mass tortures, mass deportations, that have been taking place almost daily in the U.S.S.R. for ten painful years. The system of terror on which the Bolsheviks have based their dictatorship is still being applied to-day as it was ten years ago. During 1927 the terror has even increased, particularly after the break with Great Britain. Almost immediately relations had been broken off twenty innocent people were shot without trial, and ever since we read in the papers with tormenting frequency of hundreds of people executed with or without trial—whichever suits Moscow best. Terror is the defence of the Communist oligarchy against external dangers. But there are also internal dangers, such as a split and the formation of groups within the party. In order to fight this internal danger the Bolsheviks have proclaimed the principle of the 'unity of the party' and prohibited the formation of groups within it. But, in spite of this principle, an opposition *has* arisen within the Communist organisation, and although those who are at present in power are mercilessly fighting against it, the celebrated 'party monolith' no longer exists—it has a crack that is widening every day. The incidents of the past year, Trotsky's and Zinovieff's

speeches at the last session of the 'Comintern,' or at the meeting that was improvised at the railway station the day of Smilga's departure into exile, or on the occasion of the *Pravda's* jubilee, or again on their expulsion from various important posts, etc., show that the opposition has by no means surrendered.

What have the Bolsheviks achieved during their ten years of power? in what way has Russian life reacted to the Communist *régime?* The best answer to this question may be found in examining Russian economic conditions from the Bolshevist *coup d'état* in 1917 to our days.

During their first three and a half years of power the Bolsheviks made an endeavour to realise integral Communism in Russia. In accordance with the Communist theory, they tried to concentrate in the hands of the State all processes of production and distribution, with the exception, however, of agricultural production, which was left to the peasants. But the State systematically confiscated all the results of this production, leaving to the peasants barely enough to live on and to sow for the next harvest.

Thus the total production of nationalised industry as well as agriculture was being poured into a State fund, whence it was directed by means of nationalised ways of communication to the centres of consumption, to be distributed there by the authorities. Under this system money as a means of exchange and saving was becoming useless and was doomed to disappear. Credit likewise lost all its purpose, since the nationalised industries and commerce were being supplied by the State. Taxes were abolished, the only budget receipts being the profits on confiscated agricultural products and the earnings of nationalised industries, trade, and transport. The application of this system soon completely destroyed the economic and financial machinery of the country, and killed all free initiative and desire to work among the population. Within a short space of time Russia was utterly ruined and brought to the brink of a precipice, while the civil war was rendering an already desperate position even more irretrievable. The production of grain had melted away to a level insufficient even for the peasants' own wants, cattle were dying or being confiscated, and the position of industry and transport was even more serious. Administrative and technical disorganisation had reached the extreme limit; all efforts to supply the factories with raw materials and fuel met with insuperable difficulties, and the average productivity of the worker fell to so low a level that the Communist leaders themselves referred to the working classes as 'pensioners of the State.'

Industrial production was thus rapidly approaching a complete stoppage, and in 1921 it reached but 6 per cent. of the pre-war

again. Owing to the deterioration of rolling stock, technical and administrative mismanagement and the lack of goods to be transported, the railways were also nearing a standstill. The fiscal machinery of the country was destroyed; the deficit amounted to more than 90 per cent. of all expenditure—the value of the rouble was dwindling to zero.

The ties between city and village were broken, and the process of Russia's disurbanisation and disindustrialisation was in full swing. Such was the reaction of life to the Communist *régime*. The peasant no longer wished to produce more than he required to keep himself alive; industry and transport were in a state of anarchy and hopeless decay; commerce was almost strangled. Thus in 1921 the economic catastrophe threatened to bury under its ruins even the Soviet Government.

It was then that Lenin proclaimed the New Economic Policy or 'N.E.P.' This 'Nep' was nothing else than a whole series of concessions to life—it was the victory of life over the deadly system inaugurated by the Soviet Government.

It was amongst the peasants that the Communist theories and methods had met with the strongest resistance; it was in the village that life's reaction to Communism proved the most efficacious. Owing to the general opposition of the peasantry the all-powerful 'Committees of the Poorer Peasants' established in every village were abolished as early as the end of 1918. The efforts to create agricultural communities, to which the peasants should transfer their land and work it on communal lines, failed completely, and so did the attempt to establish large State domains. In spite of the socialisation of land declared by law, the Bolshevist leaders have had to admit that they have changed nothing in the psychology of the peasant, who considers the land his property and defends it as best he can.

So the Bolsheviks had to give up their endeavours to implant Communism in the villages, and as recently as 1925 Rykoff, the President of the Council of the People's Commissars, announced that 'Not only in the current year, but for a whole series of years to come, the Communist Party cannot aim at the goal of expecting collectivism in the domain of agriculture.' As far as agricultural production was concerned, the failure of the Bolsheviks was even greater. To the confiscation of agricultural produce, carried out with the help of the 'Red' army, and which constantly provoked peasant risings that were most brutally suppressed, the peasants retorted with a new manœuvre—the limitation of production. The Government, as I have already said, was leaving to the peasants just enough for their own needs and for sowing seed; the peasants began to produce only that quantity and no more. This weapon proved so powerful that the Government had to

yield to the peasants, on whom it depended not only for food supplies, but in whom it also appreciated the principal taxpayers and the principal purchasers of all that the nationalised industries can produce. Confiscation of grain was abolished, and in its place an agricultural tax was instituted. All that remains over and above the payment of this tax can be sold by the peasants in the market. This measure had most far-reaching effects upon the whole economic life of the U.S.S.R., for thanks to it there arose next to the State Soviet economy a private economy with a vast field of action. To a certain extent the liberty of internal commerce was now admitted, and the Government had to abandon its policy that had brought about the almost complete abolition of money. The need of organising a credit system soon made itself felt; new sources of possible revenue for the State had arisen, and it was therefore essential to establish once again a system of taxation.

As to industry, the changes that were brought to it by the 'Nep' were quite considerable. The old Communist organisation, under which the life of all industrial undertakings was ordered from afar—from Moscow—and whose budgets were mixed with the State budget, was abolished. Individual undertakings were grouped into State 'trusts,' that were to manage them under the general supervision of the Council of National Economy. Expenditure was to be met out of their own revenue, and the principle was proclaimed of the 'adoption by industrial undertakings of commercial principles.' In the domain of public finance the Government soon shook off its task of catering for the population as far as food and the essentials of life were concerned, and began hastily to re-establish the old system of taxation and to take measures for consolidating the purchasing power of the rouble.

The result of all these measures and the application of principles prevalent in capitalistic countries was the creation in a remarkably short time of a powerful private economy beside the Soviet one. Thus in sweeping aside the principles of integral Communism and seeking refuge in capitalist practices did the Soviet Government succeed in the year 1921 in averting the catastrophe that was facing them.

'One technician is worth ten Communists,' said Lenin at the time; and he was right, for it was those mostly nameless, non-party, technical men, recalled to their old positions, who saved Russia, and incidentally the Soviet Government. But even after the 'Nep,' just as before its adoption, the Soviet economy is incapable of creating wealth. As I will show, nationalised industry and transport cost the State much more than they bring in. Like a parasite, the Soviet economy lives on the toil of the

peasantry, and is merely consuming the stock of goods and plant it inherited from the preceding *régime*. During the first period of its existence it was also largely benefiting from the continuous and unrestricted issue of paper money, the value of which was thus gradually being reduced to *nil*. The stocks of gold and of goods accumulated by their predecessors and seized by the Bolsheviks on their access to power were very considerable, and it is thanks to these that they were able to carry on for a long time. It is estimated that the value of the former was about 900 million roubles, and of the latter an even higher figure.

According to the Bolsheviks themselves, the stocks consisted of one milliard pouds of grain, 305 million pouds of oil, 204 million pouds of coal, 12 million cubic sagenes of wood, etc.[3] To this there must be added all industrial equipment and the factories themselves, all transport on land as well as on river or on sea—in a word, the Soviet Government suddenly found itself, without having spent a penny to build it up or acquire it, the possessor of the whole economic outfit of an enormous country. But the most important source of livelihood for the Bolsheviks was, and remains, the exploitation of the peasantry. The Soviet leaders have never denied that the whole of their political and economic apparatus exists at the expense of the peasant masses. And the question that is really being discussed by Stalin and his group on the one hand and the Opposition on the other is merely whether or not to intensify the exploitation of the peasantry.

Preobrajensky, one of the leading and best known Communists, once went so far as to formulate a theory of the best means of exploiting the peasants for the benefit of the Soviet *régime*. He suggested in an article published in the *Messager de l'Académie Communiste* that the villages ought to be regarded as colonies, which the proletariat should exploit in order to provide for its own well-being. The exploitation of the peasantry is now the very basis of the whole Soviet structure, and it takes three different forms. In the first place, taxation is so heavy and the system of collection is such that the peasants are compelled to throw their grain on the market immediately after the harvest. Secondly, prices are manipulated by the Government in such a way that they are able to purchase the peasants' produce very cheaply and then export it to the world markets, where they sell it with huge profit. Finally they sell to the peasants at very high prices the commodities produced by the nationalised Soviet industry. As we shall see a little further on, industry and transport, which before nationalisation were yielding a considerable income to the Russian State, have now become, in the hands of the

[3] One poud is 40 Russian pounds, and roughly 36 pounds avoirdupois. One sagene is 7 Russian feet, the Russian and English foot being identical.

Bolsheviks, a source of permanent deficit, and, in the long run, the peasant has got to provide not only for the upkeep of the whole Soviet organisation, but for the industries and transport as well. It is obviously impossible to work out the exact figures of the cost of the Soviet Government to the peasants of Russia, but it must be something prodigious, if to the sum they pay in taxes (very largely excise duties) we add the loss they incur in selling their produce to the Government at low and buying its goods at excessively high prices. Just as before the 'Nep,' however, the peasants have found a way of counteracting this exploitation by means of price policy: since with the proceeds of his sale the peasant cannot buy the commodities he requires in the market under conditions that would suit him, he simply refuses to sell his whole stock of grain. This is precisely what happened during the economic year 1926-27. During the first six months of 1926-27 the total purchases of the Government and co-operative and private organisations amounted to 657·8 million pouds, as compared with 610 millions during the same period in 1925-26. There is thus a difference of only 7·8 per cent., while, according to the Soviet statisticians, the quantity of grain kept by the peasants in 1926, after the satisfaction of their requirements, was 38·6 per cent. above that of the previous year. Clearly the peasants do not wish to supply the market with the total quantity of grain in their possession.

Notwithstanding the clutches of the Soviet *régime*, Russia is showing signs of remarkable vitality, so that there is excellent hope for the future of the country In spite of ten years of Bolshevism the flame of life is still flickering in Russia, and it is gratifying to observe its manifestations. The following few figures may serve as confirmation of life's resistance to the Bolshevist experiment. In spite of the unbearable general conditions, in spite of the civil war, in spite of the great famine, the traces of which can still be seen along the Volga, in the Urals and in other parts of the country, the population of Russia shows a considerable increase. According to the preliminary figures of the last census, published quite recently, the total population on the territory of the U.S.S.R. reaches 146,200,000. This rapid growth, which is taking place simultaneously with the partition of land and the lowering of the methods of land cultivation, has resulted in a very abnormal phenomenon in the villages—over-population. The land is incapable of feeding the whole of the peasant population; hence the village proletariat is growing and absolutely floods the cities in the search for work.

This very largely explains the growth of the number of unemployed in the cities. On January 1, 1927, the total number of unemployed registered at 281 employment exchanges was

[illegible], and during the first half-year of the financial year 1926-27 the number of unemployed showed a rise of 31 per cent. Industry, which is already employing many more than it actually wants, cannot absorb the ever-growing army of the unemployed. But another proof of the vitality of the Russian people lies in the figures of agricultural and industrial production. I quote below the figures published in a pamphlet entitled *L'Economie Nationale de l'U.S.S.R.* which the Soviet delegation distributed to the International Economic Conference at Geneva. In millions of roubles and on the basis of 1913 prices the totals of industrial and agricultural production were:

Year.	Industry.	Agriculture.
1913	8500	11,670
1925–26	7360	11,305
1926–27	8450	11,900

According to these figures, therefore, after ten years of Bolshevism, production has reached the pre-war level. Although there is every reason to distrust the reliability of Soviet statistics, let us accept these figures as fairly correct, at least for 1925–26. It is too large a task to analyse all the branches of Russian production, but this must be said. If the total industrial production in 1925–26 represents, as we have just seen, 87·5 per cent. of the pre-war total, this average percentage is greatly above that of some of the most vital individual industries. Thus, for instance, only 198 million pouds of ore were extracted in the U.S.S.R. in 1925–26, or 36 per cent. of the pre-war quantity on the same territory; similarly, only 52 per cent. of pig iron was produced, 66 per cent. of steel, etc. Furthermore, the Soviet figures can be accepted, only subject to the two following qualifications. First, the population of the U.S.S.R. has risen 7 per cent. above that which lived on the same territory before the war (146 millions now and 136 millions in 1914), the average production per head having fallen in proportion. Secondly, according to the Bolsheviks themselves, the quality of Soviet production being very low and much inferior to that of pre-war production, the coefficient of quality must be taken into consideration when comparing the two. With these two qualifications in mind, it is none the less possible to recognise the fact that since the 'Nep' industrial production has made great progress in Russia. But to appreciate the full meaning of this undoubted improvement it is essential that the following facts should be clearly realised. Was it the application of Communist principles that saved Russian industry in 1921 from complete collapse and secured its recovery? As I have endeavoured to show, it is exactly the reverse. The industries of Soviet Russia did not perish, because in 1921 the

Communist Government was compelled to give up Communism as far as the peasants were concerned, and had to re-establish within certain limits the liberty of commerce, with a free market for the industrial produce. Furthermore, the past generations had created a solid and powerful industrial apparatus which the Bolsheviks took over without bothering to remunerate the capital invested in Russian industry. But is the rapid rise of industrial production in the U.S.S.R. synonymous with industrial progress? It is obvious that a simple expansion of its volume is not sufficient to prove the real state of industry.

Does Soviet industry pay its way? Does it yield a profit or produce a deficit? Is there anything left over for the amortisation and the renewal of plant? And, finally, does the Soviet industry produce at prices accessible to the population? The answer to all these questions is in the negative. It is a State industry, and it costs the State more than it yields to it. In the budget estimates for 1926–27 we see that whereas industry yields to the State 230 million roubles, the cost of it is 435 million roubles, to which must be added 130 million roubles for the purposes of Lenin's famous 'electrification.' The estimated deficit of the railways is 200 million roubles. As to industrial plant and equipment, the Soviet Government is using solely and entirely what it inherited from the previous *régime*. It may be said that the extreme limit has been reached by the Soviet industries in this respect. Unlike the past years, there are no longer any stocks left of machinery that has not yet been utilised, and whatever is not broken or completely exhausted is working at full capacity. Hence, not only to increase production, but even to maintain it at its present level, the Soviets are compelled to incur heavy expenditure that is far above their financial means. At the close of the tenth year of its existence the Soviet Government is faced with the most vital problem of industrial re-equipment, which is rendered even more complicated owing to the difficulty of obtaining credits abroad. The prices at which Soviet industry is compelled to sell its production are extremely high, and their level is about 200 to 300 per cent. above that of world prices. For the grain he sells the peasant can therefore get but 50 per cent. or less of the commodities he could purchase before the war—*e.g.*, in 1913 he secured a pair of boots with 226 lb. of grain, at the close of 1926 he had to give 484 lb. for them; in 1913 a metre of cotton cost him 7·6 lb. of grain, at the close of 1926 14·6 lb., etc.

The price problem is thus one of the gravest questions of the Soviet economy, but so far all attempts to solve it have failed. High cost of production is chiefly responsible for the price level, and it is due to reasons inherent in the very Soviet *régime*—insufficient plant, low productivity of the workers, etc. In the cir-

circumstances, in spite of the rise of production to the pre-war figures, it would be futile to proclaim, as the Bolsheviks so proudly do, that the industries of the U.S.S.R. have reached their pre-war level of development. It is impossible in this article to consider in detail the workman's position in the U.S.S.R. But since the question must be answered whether the position of the working man, in whose name the Soviet dictatorship was established ten years ago, has altered and improved, I can do no better than quote the highest authority on the subject, Professor S. Zagorski, who is head of the Russian section of the International Labour Office at Geneva. In *La Question Ouvrière dans la Russie des Soviets* he says (p. 114):

> The working classes in Soviet Russia live in a state of misery and under far more difficult conditions of struggle for life than before the war. Brain work is remunerated in a laughable way. Social insurance insures the workman but for one third of the minimum necessary to exist. Unemployment is growing on a scale unheard of before; the great majority of the peasant population lives under conditions of incredible misery. The conflicts between the interests of industrial undertakings and those of the workmen they employ are getting more bitter every day. . . . The Soviet *régime* is gradually taking back from the worker all that the latter had conquered at the beginning of the revolution. It is spreading over Russia a gloomy and hateful reaction, and it has put before the working man the fundamental question of its own existence: must he put up any longer with a *régime* that has ruined, perverted and disorganised the working classes and their professional movement in a way that no *régime* in the world, however reactionary, has ever done before?

To conclude this picture of the economic situation of Russia after ten years of Bolshevism, I must touch briefly on public finance and monetary circulation. In a country like the U.S.S.R., where industry, transport, foreign and very largely internal trade, are in the hands of the State, the budget must reflect to a far greater extent than anywhere else the true economic situation. What I have said about Soviet industry can equally well be said about its public finance. Thanks to its energy and ingenuity, but chiefly thanks to its abandonment of Communist principles and the vitality of the Russian people, the Soviet Government succeeded in averting a catastrophe and in somewhat improving the situation. Compared to the pre-'Nep' budgets, the budgets after the 'Nep' show great progress. If one analyses them, however, the conclusion is inevitable that their volume is utterly insufficient to provide for the needs of the State and the country, and that the 'strategic heights of the *régime*,' as the Bolsheviks call industry, transport, etc., live in a state of permanent deficit and exist at the expense of the population—that is, very largely of the peasantry. Such budgets are not a proof of the *régime's* vitality and of social and economic progress. Let us take, for instance,

the figures that have just been published of the estimates for 1927–28. Expenditure is estimated at 5375 million roubles, a figure that may at first seem considerable. But to understand the real meaning of the budget it is necessary to subtract certain charges and further to remember that the purchasing power of the chervonetz is only 40 per cent. of the pre-war rouble. On this basis the total expenditure amounts to barely 1400 million roubles, as compared with 2167 gold roubles of the 1913 budget (after allowing for a 17 per cent. diminution of territory). Thus after ten years of Bolshevist dictatorship, and in spite of the gigantic expansion of the State's functions, the Soviet budget amounts to less than two-thirds of the pre-war budget. To cover its expenditure the Soviet Government will have to raise internal loans to the extent of 365 million chervonetz roubles. In every other country in the world these budget estimates for 1927–28 would be said to have a deficit of 365 million roubles, but the Soviets calmly put down the proceeds of the future loans as ordinary budget receipts, and hence proclaim that their budget balances perfectly. The basis of the Soviet budget is taxation. While, according to Communist theory, all its receipts ought to come from the profits of industry and transport, 70 per cent. of the budget revenue is derived from taxation, and 61 per cent. of the latter is indirect taxation, so much hated by the working classes. After ten years of Bolshevism the structure of the Soviet budget is the most capitalistic imaginable.

The same applies to the Soviet monetary system. Through the ingenious mechanism of the chervonetz the Soviet Government has saved its money from total collapse, but the edifice it erected is fragile and artificial. Not less than 25 per cent. of all the chervontzi in circulation, so the Government's decree stipulates, must be covered by gold, platinum and stable foreign currencies, while the balance of 75 per cent. must be secured by short-term bills and securities. In addition to that, treasury notes are issued with no cover at all, and coin, but these two kinds of Soviet money together must not surpass 50 per cent. of the chervontzi issued.

Needless to say, little attention has been paid to this particular stipulation, and the 50 per cent. proportion has long since been passed. Furthermore, it can be said that the treasury notes were created very largely in order that it should be possible to evade the obligation of the 25 per cent. gold and foreign money currency guarantee of the chervonetz. Taken together the chervonetz and treasury note issues are not guaranteed by precious metals to the extent of 25 per cent., and on July 1, 1927, this cover amounted but to 21 per cent. (issue 1300 millions, metallic cover 273 millions). It is the remaining part of the cover,

however, that makes the chervonetz so different from the bank note of other countries.

The short-term bills discounted by the State bank are bills of the State trusts and other institutions, and in case of any difficulty it is impossible to realise them. They are usually overdue, frequently have to be renewed, and are mostly issued not for short-term commercial transactions, but as a means of financing industry. The chervonetz rate fixed in Moscow is purely artificial, for the chervonetz does not participate in the life of international markets and is not quoted abroad. In Russia, as I have said, its purchasing power has fallen to 40 per cent. of the pre-war gold rouble. Finally, I may quote the following figures, which speak for themselves.

On October 1, 1925, the total money in circulation amounted to 1142 million roubles, of which 652 millions were chervontzi; on October 1, 1926, the corresponding figures were 1343 millions and 781 millions; and on August 1, 1927, 1488 millions and 888 millions.

This review of what the Bolsheviks have accomplished during the ten years of their dictatorship would be incomplete were I not to mention at least in brief one or two other vital aspects of life in Russia to-day. It was one of the Communist leaders' proudest boasts that they would destroy the 'old world' and create a new one. What is it like? The Soviet system denies its citizens, as we have seen, every possible right. But in the domain of sexual relations it gives them full freedom, and in their fight against what they called 'bourgeois morality' the Communists have undermined the very foundations of family, which they have largely destroyed. The results are well known: an unheard-of development of prostitution, venereal disease, abortions, the abandonment of children by their parents, etc.; and at the close of the tenth year of Soviet dictatorship the position is even worse than it was in the beginning. As a result of all this a feature hitherto unknown in the life of civilised countries can be observed in the U.S.S.R.—the formation of whole armies of abandoned children. The cities, and particularly Moscow, are simply swarming with them, and according to Lenin's widow, Kroupskaya, out of the registered 7,000,000 homeless children only 80,000 have been accommodated in the Bolshevist homes for them.

It had been the original intention of the Bolsheviks to take all children from their parents and give them a Communist education. This, together with the amazing schemes for the improvement and increase of schools, has merely remained on paper. The truth is that the old educational system has been destroyed and replaced by a 'class system' favouring the children of Com-

munists and debarring almost entirely the children of other citizens. Once again I advise my readers to read Lancelot Lawton and René Füllöp-Miller on the subject. Lenin proclaimed 'with the confidence of a clairvoyant' that by the tenth anniversary of the Soviet Government 'illiteracy would be completely liquidated' in the U.S.S.R.; but, according to some recent reports of the Commissar of Education, M. Lounatcharsky, the school situation causes the Government the greatest anxiety. In spite of the monstrous conditions created by the Bolsheviks in the domain of education and intellectual life, the creative work of Russian scholars, writers and artists has not been completely strangled. But this is how M. Lounatcharsky pictures the attitude of his Government to the scholars; he wrote as follows on the occasion of the bicentenary celebrations of the Russian Academy:

> From the very inception of the new system the Academy was able to tell it, 'I am not opposing you; I shall endeavour to put up with you. I shall try to be useful to you. But you, on the other hand, have mercy on us—treat us with tact, etc.' 'All right, we'll try,' answered the Soviet authorities. So far we have not had to regret this experiment, and we hope we never shall.[4]

Is this a magistrate talking to a lot of prostitutes and vagabonds? No; it is the Soviet Commissar of Education, the 'cultured' Lounatcharsky, addressing the Russian Academy and talking to them of *mercy*, as if, instead of being the pride of Russia, they were a lot of hooligans!

As to the theatres, one must distinguish two kinds of them—the new 'revolutionary' ventures of people like Mayerhold and his kin and what remains of the old theatre. In his chapters on 'The Propagandist Theatre' and 'Theatricalised Life' Füllöp-Miller very rightly observes that the Bolsheviks use the theatre as an instrument of political propaganda among the masses. That is the principal meaning of the new theatre. The old theatre, on the other hand, may be said to be an instrument of political propaganda for the outside world: it enables the Bolsheviks to boast throughout Europe and America about its perfection and the patronage they have given to it. Thanks to the untiring efforts of J. V. Excusovitch, who is not a Communist, and who was put in charge of the former Imperial Theatres, the enormous treasures inherited from the preceding *régime*, as well as the artistic standards, have very largely been kept up. It was a hard task, and Excusovitch has had to put up a great fight. A few years ago, however, his assistants were arrested and deported and he was surrounded with Communists, his principal assistant now

[4] Needless to say, this is merely Lounatcharsky's 'literary' style. The Academy never said anything of the sort and never asked for *mercy*.

being a workman, who before that was in charge of the beer section of the Food Trust.

The policy of the Academic theatres, as they are now called (the former Imperial ones, the Moscow Arts Theatre and a few others), is to impress foreign visitors with the excellence of their performances, and the opera and ballet in Russia are still much above those in London, Paris, or Berlin. But the foreigners who come there have no idea of how grossly underpaid the Russian artists are, and that after their work in the theatres they frequently have to perform till 4 a.m. in restaurants and night haunts in order to eke out a miserable living. On the other hand, foreign artists, who are now once again visiting Russia (particularly musical conductors, of whom there is a great shortage in Russia), receive a very high remuneration, usually paid in dollars. It is worthy of notice that even in the old theatres many atrocities have been committed, as, for instance, the performance of Puccini's *Tosca* under the name of *For Red Petrograd*, the text being adapted by some Communist. If Russian culture is not altogether dead, it is because of the idealism, self-denial and devotion to the sacred cause, of which the scholars and artists of Russia have set an unparalleled example to the rest of the world.

What chiefly characterises the position of the U.S.S.R. after ten years of Bolshevism is the general disillusionment of all foreign countries as to the possibility of maintaining normal political and profitable economic relations with the Soviet Government. It is obvious that the internal economic difficulties must have had their repercussions in foreign trade. Russia's exports have gone down because prices are too high, because commercial transactions conducted by the State are too expensive, because the chervonetz is artificially kept at too high a rate, because the peasants refuse to sell their produce. And imports have decreased because the Russian State and the population of Russia are poor and incapable of purchasing more. In 1925–26 the U.S.S.R. exported 29 per cent. of Russia's 1909–13 averages and imported 41 per cent.; the hopes of 'trade with Russia' have thus lost their meaning and fascination. Economic, legal, and social conditions have also prevented the productive work of foreign capital in the U.S.S.R With one or two exceptions practically all foreign concessions have failed lamentably, even the German ones. The U.S.S.R. is a State *sui generis* that cannot exist if it is surrounded by States whose system is different to its own: one day it is bound to suffocate in their midst. The Bolshevist leaders are fully aware of this, and that is why a world revolution is by no means an ideal to them, but a practical necessity—a condition of life that must be realised and without which they will perish. Hence the Third International, which is organised, managed and

financed by the Soviet Government. While at the outset some foreign countries were willing to accept the distinction between the two bodies, now the whole world knows that the Soviet Government and the Third International are really one organisation, and that the sole object of this organisation is world revolution. At the close of the tenth year of Bolshevist dictatorship the great change in the attitude of foreign countries towards the U.S.S.R. is the most striking, and as far as the Soviets are concerned the most dangerous, feature. From the very first day of Bolshevism ten years ago a few countries were wise enough to take up the policy of complete moral abstention, as, for instance, the U.S.A., Belgium, Switzerland, etc. Czechoslovakia for a short time seemed inclined to recognise the Soviets, but gave it up, and the rumours of a Swiss *rapprochement* with them were denied by President Motta. These countries have never had to repent of their uncompromising attitude, and the events of the past ten years have proved how right they were. But it is the profound change in the attitude of Great Britain and of France that may be fraught with the greatest consequences. The breaking off of Anglo-Soviet relations and the strong anti-Soviet wave in France are deeply significant. What will Germany's attitude be in the future? But this is a subject for a separate article. On their tenth anniversary the Bolsheviks are faced with a threatening situation from within and from without, perhaps more threatening than it ever was. 'The most extraordinary thing in all this,' said Lenin as long ago as 1919, 'is that nobody yet has kicked us out.' It seems that a great deal has changed since he said it, both in Russia and in the world at large.

GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK.

BROADCASTING, THE STATE AND THE PEOPLE

THE polities with which the field of history is carpeted are so flamboyantly various as to be a standing challenge to the tidy mind of science. Accordingly, in most civilisations, as soon as philosophy has reached the phase of rationalising, the philosopher tries to develop formulæ in which to express (or at least to outline) the kinds of social organisation that peoples, as he knows them, have found for themselves, and on the bases of these to discover Utopian forms that man has not found for himself. But vegetation is apt to spread over the best considered ring-fences, both inward and outward. Every society lives and acts under the influences of its proper tendencies and outlook rather than in obedience to formulæ. The latter are blurred and breached, and it becomes necessary to ask the epigrammatist, who is the shrewd observer of things as they livingly are, for a label.

The epigrammatist's label of a polity introduces an organic or human element as a tempering factor applied to the philosophical label—for instance, the old *régime* in Russia used to be called a 'despotism tempered by assassination,' and that of France before the great Revolution was an 'absolution tempered by ridicule.' To-day we hear the phrase 'Socialism through prosperity.' The same is true of our famous label 'a nation of shopkeepers,' a dual statement in which each half tempers the other.

Now, for many years past, the ruling formula in Britain and west Europe has been 'democracy.' It is a philosopher's word, and its living (as distinct from its theoretical) content has varied enormously, ranging indeed from the high nobility of Abraham Lincoln's idea to that variety cynically expressed in the Spanish verse:

> 'Thought must be free!' I cry unceasingly—
> And death to him who does not think with me

No problem seems to exercise political minds to-day more seriously than that of how to impart to this word one reasonably sure and well-understood meaning applicable to and operating in the world of men and women. It is not, obviously, further

analysis of the theory, as theory, that is necessary; what is looked for is the mode of linking it to the real life that goes on visibly around us. Such links the epigrammatical connoisseur of human nature could find in the cases of Russian and French monarchism; but in the case of modern democracy the task is more difficult, and some indeed have found it so difficult that they have given up trying for such a modifying and practical influence in the real world and have not unnaturally resorted to a counter-theory (as, for instance, dictatorship).

In the past few years, however, a new phenomenon, comparable perhaps in importance to the discovery of printing, has emerged in the field of European civilisation, and it is not irrelevant—it is indeed necessary—to inquire what significance this new thing may bring to the long search for the tempering factor that will give democracy (for the first time under modern conditions) a real chance of operating as a living force throughout the community. Is it, indeed, the very factor itself? This phenomenon is Broadcasting.

Five years ago no one would have foreseen for it such a *rôle* as is suggested here. But five years hence the notion may have become a commonplace. For, on the one hand, the broadcast programme must, in some countries under pressure from the listeners themselves or by virtue of example elsewhere, cover more and more of the field of social and cultural life, and therefore become a more and more faithful index to the community's outlook and personality which the statesman is supposed to read. And on the other hand—and this is the more important aspect of the two—the microphone will achieve what print and the philosophic formulation of doctrine have failed to bring about—it will, namely, familiarise the public with the central organisation that conducts its collective business and regulates its inner and outer relations. One would like to emphasise the word 'familiarise,' for it is used here in no loose sense. Experience has shown that the art of broadcasting is above all the art of establishing a quiet and secure linkage between the performer or speaker or actor and the individuals of a fireside audience. And it is not the printable scheme of government, but its living and doing, not the reading of the names of the leading figures in it, but the conveyance of their personal values 'across the table,' that will interlock governors and governed, the holders and the sources of power, in a real *ensemble*. It can as well, therefore, be the tempering factor in dictatorship as in democracy.

Many may find it somewhat paradoxical that broadcasting, of all modes of communication, should claim to be intimate and individual in its appeal. Those 'listeners' who may happen to read this article, too, will wonder, perhaps, how this view of

[illegible] not squares with the practice of drawing more and more upon performances that are given in public halls, *i.e.*, to large audiences whose psychology is that of the assembly—attuned and purposeful, but specialised and ephemeral. The seeming paradox, however, is not difficult to explain. We have to distinguish between the performance in which it is psychologically necessary that an audience should add its own emotional force rhythmically to that of the performers and that in which the effect is not aided but rather spoilt by a large, high-coloured and grandiose—one might almost say theatrical—mode of performance. Each of these modes in its own time and place, and for its own class of item and performer, is entirely artistic and necessary. The point here, and the explanation of the paradox, is that spoken broadcast, however wide, popular, or even stirring the appeal of its subject may happen to be, belongs essentially to the latter class. (Radio-drama may be a poetical exception to the statement, but it is only partial, and the advanced young men of that world might deny the exception altogether.)

It follows from this that broadcasting, as an agency or instrument in the social and political life of the community, differs radically from those agencies which have served for so many generations, namely the parliamentary oration, the Press commentary, the public meeting, and the club or bar-parlour discussion.

The parliamentary oration as a form of politics originated in classical times, when the State-unit was the city and every citizen could attend to hear in person ; and it came into the West in the train of the Renaissance. But it was only in the free cities of Germany, the Netherlands, and Italy that the conditions of its original flowering were reproduced. Everywhere else the political unit was the country, the province, or the whole land ; and the statesman discussed matters not directly with a people too numerous and too much scattered to hear him, but with intermediaries of some kind—whether nominated from above or from below does not in this connexion signify much. But this assembly, though it has ceased to be a *comitia*, is not purely a committee, for numerically it has the dimensions of a popular assembly. The form of parliamentary transactions thus comes to be twofold—namely, oratory and committee work ; and the revival and continued existence of the former serves to disguise the fact that the statesman is not talking directly to the community.

At this point the printed Press comes into the constitutional scheme. It informs the community of, *inter alia*, the doings of Government and Parliament or the executive and committee side. It prints the oratory, thereby incidentally setting up a distinction between the parliamentary style and the platform style.

So far it is simply an organ of diffusion, developed not so much for the purpose of bringing statesmen and people in contact as to supplement the hitherto intermittent linkage between representatives and those whom they represent. But, further, the Press introduces an altogether new element, an oratory of its own, in its 'leading article,' which is a special type of comment with an argumentative rather than a judicial or informative tendency. And, more fortunate than either Parliament or Government, it can address itself directly to the people as a whole. It is an inherent character of the Press, therefore, and not a mere modern development, that its system of linkages is parallel to, rather than a part of, the system of Government-delegates-people. It is this parallelism, this power to talk continuously to the people in any strain that it thinks fit, that the Press has always insisted upon in its slogan of 'freedom' (which is equally logical—or illogical—whether the operators of the Press be editors or proprietors), and in this insistence it has had the tacit support of the community, which is *out of actual and continuous contact with the management* and discussion of its affairs at the centre, and appears to welcome, or at any rate to accept, not only information, but elucidation, interpretation and implication. But it is just at this point of elucidation that the Press necessarily begins to fail as a sufficient organ of constitutional intercourse. For freedom, if it is accompanied by obligation to present points of view opposed to one's own, is not by any means unconditional, and elucidation, etc., by each individual organ of the free Press is simply exegesis of its own postulates. The result, altogether apart from any question of fairness or of the dangers of a great influence working parallel to the influence of the responsible statesman, is that no particular Press organ reaches the whole community. If the parliamentary system of nation-working divides the elements of the community geographically, the Press system divides them on the basis of opinions and prejudices. And the problem is not to find bases of subdivision, but to integrate.

As to public meetings, it will suffice here to draw attention to the obvious. To-day the ancient business gathering of the men and women of the commune has given way to the representative system, the individual ballot, and the high remote court of Parliament, and the local political meeting has become definitely a propagandist and partisan display, relying for effect on a particular quasi-theatrical oratory and fugitive atmosphere, and usually illusory as an index even to voting strength, let alone opinion in the proper sense. It does indeed bring the statesman face to face with the people he governs (or rather a few of them), but it is not as governor and manager, but as crowd artist and spell-binder, that they see him on such occasions. Nor is he con-

fronted with a debating opponent, as Douglass was confronted by Lincoln in the historic campaign of 1858, which showed an astonished world what democracy could be on an occasion when it was sincerely and strongly meant. Debate of this high order, conducted in the presence of the whole community, may, and one hopes will, become possible again through the advent of broadcasting. But even debate, let alone one-sided declamation, in the assembly atmosphere, puts a premium on spell-binding and excludes the 'close-up' view of the actual conducting of national affairs which alone will satisfy a curious and intelligent modern community.

Of discussion in the club, the bar, the train, etc., little need be said. So long as the community is healthily political—or politically healthy—the alternative to public unconstrained discussion is indifference tempered by conspiracy. But discussion within the community, whether open or furtive, is either a popular initiative stimulating its managerial department or a popular reaction to the operations, expressions, and intentions of that department. What is initiated, and from which end of the chain it starts, are questions which do not very much affect either broadcasting or any other of the organs of linkage here discussed as such. What is being considered here is not the doings of the body politic, but the unity or otherwise of its nervous system.

That the nervous system of the modern democracy is imperfect few could deny. The above brief survey of its elements as they existed before the coming of broadcasting shows, more or less convincingly, that they could not in their very nature produce a perfectly harmonious system. The necessary tendency of the representative form of government is horizontal and that of the Press vertical partitioning; that of the public meeting is to produce powerful oscillations of feeling that are by no means permanent. And owing to the imperfections of these liaisons, the 'friendly argument,' in a democracy which in the last resort forms the communal opinion of the street, is as often as not an argument in the dark, *ignotum per ignotius*.

It is not unfair to say that all these modes of liaison are, as separate modes, developed nearly or quite up to the highest pitch of which they are inherently capable. What is lacking is, as has been said before, some integrating element, and it is suggested that, rightly understood and employed, a national Broadcasting Service will eventually become just that integrator for democracy (or a democratically born autocracy). But the right understanding must precede the right use. It is a difficult subject, and one in which direct experience has so far been limited to one strange moment of national emergency that in no sense represents a normal state of things, and might not be paralleled even by a new

crisis. One writes, therefore, in a tentative and exploratory spirit, with the object of setting forth some considerations from which the discussion which sooner or later is bound to come can originate.

First of all, let it be accepted that the diffusion of an idea—no matter where it has arisen—and therewith all collateral information and criticism bearing upon it—no matter whether 'pro' or 'anti' in tendency—is as properly and necessarily a function of broadcasting, as a community service, as is the diffusion of music and entertainment, information, weather reports and news. And let it be added, as a corollary, that the suitability or otherwise of the idea for broadcasting is determined by the nature of the medium, the character of the audience, and the circumstances of listening, and not by any other criterion whatever—that is, that information, suggestion or comment that would be admissible (from the public if not the editorial or proprietorial angle) in a free Press is admissible also in broadcasting, provided that it be impartial and provided that it be not objectionable from the broadcasting standpoint. Some people might dissent from this latter proposition, and a few from both, and discussion of them would doubtless be both pertinent and interesting. Here, however, one can only posit them, as conclusions derived from a survey of experience in many countries and a personal view of the future.

These premisses granted, the practical problems that present themselves can be approached directly from the point of view of ordinary 'programme' experience, which incidentally is in itself an education in the art of combining regular service with tentatives.

From this point of view the assembly atmosphere, the one-sided presentation of a case, and the declamatory manner are excluded from the outset. This does not mean that the listener can or should be presumed to be above human prejudices, or that the handling of a controversial theme before the microphone need be colourless, or that a speaker should keep his personality under lock and key—far from it. But it means that the unit to be addressed by the orator is the person on the other side of a table, the occupant of the opposite armchair, or the fireside party of old and young, undemonstrative, capable of vibrating in sympathy with what it hears, but not of generating the great emotional swings of the meeting-hall, capable of following any reasonably interesting expression of clear thought, but ready on the one hand to be antagonised by the turgid and theatrical, and on the other to be bored by a dull speaker. And the broadcast listener, if he be either bored or antagonised, has not to detach himself psychologically and physically from a great crowd, as in a hall—he simply 'switches off.'

It is, I think, chiefly because these special conditions of broadcasting are not understood that the introduction of 'controversial matter' might be regarded with misgiving. We are accustomed, in fact, to associate controversy with heated crowds, exaggeration, misrepresentation, and unreasonableness generally, and we think of broadcast 'politics' as differing only in degree and not in kind from platform politics. Nothing could be further from the facts. Politics of the platform type would, from a programme department's standpoint, be completely unsuitable material. Certainly, the occasional relays of some great meetings might be welcomed by listeners, but if so, they would be taken much in the same spirit as a relay of the Wembley Tattoo or the Derby is welcomed—as an opportunity of enjoying a sense of personal participation in a big event, the content of the event being distinctly of much less importance than its topicality and vividness. But if broadcasting came to be regarded as a serious factor in constitutional life, it would not be for such reasons as that. It would be because of its peculiar character as a medium. It is a medium that, if it is to be used successfully, must be used soberly. It has a wider and a more continuous audience than either the parliamentary machinery or any particular part of the Press machinery, yet it holds its listeners purely as individuals and families and not as vibrating atoms in a crowd. Unlike every other medium, it enables the key personalities of the nation's collective life, not only to multiply themselves, but to show themselves to their fellow-citizens under natural working conditions. And, unlike other modes of reaching the citizen directly, it is bound to impartiality, not merely by the terms in which most States permit it, or will in the future permit it, to operate, but still more because it cannot abuse the confidential footing that it has obtained on every man's hearthrug.

On the other hand, if the existing technique of political propaganda and argument is excluded by the conditions, statesmen will find it necessary to develop another technique in its stead. This technique would develop itself in the course of practice like other branches of broadcasting technique, for here, even more than in other domains, '*c'est en forgeant qu'on devient forgeron.*' All that can safely be said about it in advance of experience is that it would derive little from classical or even parliamentary oratory, and nothing at all from the soap-box or its more dignified brother indoors. How far it would dare to go in the detailed exposition of facts and figures it would be idle to speculate, for the capacity of the broadcasting audience itself develops all the time, and standards of performance and types of matter acclaimed yesterday are barely conceivable to-day.

Thus practically due and adequate safeguards against misuse

are mostly inherent already in broadcasting—at any rate, as conducted in this country; crude and inexpert misuse of the instrument by outsiders brings its own return. And for the rest, the possibility of the doctor himself turning poisoner can only be prevented by securing a high and conscientious type of man or woman for the profession, by keeping it in living contact with the human beings that it serves, and by preserving its professional independence alike against the 'frown of the threatening tyrant' and the 'ardour of the citizens bidding evil.' Formal authorisations and prohibitions can effect a good deal. The essential lies deeper; it is implicit in the conception of the service, and the word 'fairness,' with all its unspoken connotations, may be taken as representing it in this particular sphere of its activities.

J. C. W. Reith.

THE TOLL OF SECRET DISEASE

In the House of Commons on July 25, 1927, Sir Robert Newman asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies if he would state what steps were being taken to give effect to the recommendation of the Colonial Office Advisory Committee on Social Hygiene, in their first report issued in 1925, that the Government of the Straits Settlements should at the earliest possible date suppress all brothels whenever their existence was discovered. To that question Mr. Amery replied :

> I have no recent report bearing on this particular part of the Committee's recommendations, but the whole problem is receiving the constant and careful attention of the local government in the light of the Committee's report. I would remind my honourable friend that the Committee recognised that it could not fix a limit to the time which would be required for the suppression of all known brothels.

Mr. Cecil Watson then asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies whether he would consider the calling together of the Colonial Office Advisory Committee on Social Hygiene with a request that a report should be prepared and issued upon methods of dealing with prostitution in Hongkong, the Federated Malay States, Malta, and Cyprus. Mr. Amery replied :

> The question of the reconstitution of a committee to advise me on this subject is now under consideration, but pending a decision as to this, I can give no undertaking as to whether it will be possible to deal with the problems arising in all the Dependencies referred to in the question.

It is admitted that there is here an Imperial problem, and that it is one which derives its urgency and importance from its close relationship to venereal disease. This has been clearly demonstrated during the deliberations of the Imperial Social Hygiene Congress which took place in London last month. Venereal infection being the handmaid of prostitution, the problem of the brothel is clearly one which demands most careful consideration by those who are interested in checking the ravages of syphilis and gonorrhœa. To arrive at a solution it is essential that the true bearing to each other of venereal disease, prostitution, and the brothel be made perfectly clear. Much harm has

already been done by the failure to envisage these three elements in their correct interrelationship.

The National Council for the Combating of Venereal Disease undertook a work of inestimable public health value in Great Britain. Since that body became the British Social Hygiene Council it has considerably widened its scope. It has brought more guns into action; its artillery is now trained upon a greater variety of targets, many of them at a range beyond the shores of these islands. The primary object of the whole movement is to reduce the incidence of venereal disease within the confines of the British Empire. There are similar organisations in other countries, so that the work has now assumed an international character. Preparatory to launching the attack a great deal of intelligence work is necessary, cognisance being taken not only of the disease itself and its early diagnosis and treatment, but also of all the many and sometimes obscure factors which conduce to its propagation and spread in various parts of the world. Prostitution is one of the most important of these.

The pernicious conspiracy of silence regarding these matters is gradually, but very surely, being broken up. In *Scourges of To-day*, I demonstrated that venereal disease—and particularly syphilis—constitutes a greater menace to the lives and health of the inhabitants of England and Wales than does either the spectre of cancer or the much-dreaded plague of tuberculosis. In 1924—the latest year for which the statistics of the Registrar-General were then available—it was shown that, out of a total mortality of 473,235, syphilis killed 60,335, cancer accounted for 50,389, and tuberculosis slew 41,103. These figures are of tremendous importance. Their significance has not yet thoroughly been grasped either by the electors of Great Britain or by the elected. In too many quarters there still exists a willingness to accept the venereal problem as something akin to that of the weather—a sort of natural phenomenon. It has not yet been generally appreciated that, great as the menace undoubtedly is, it is one which is much more amenable to prevention, treatment, and cure than is any other public health problem with which civilisation is faced.

Everything about venereal disease is known—how it is caused, its course, the mode by which it is spread, the means by which it certainly can be prevented and cured. Syphilis and gonorrhœa can with accuracy be diagnosed in their earliest stages. After exposure to the most virulent infection they can, by very simple measures, be prevented from occurring. They can be cured with rapidity; and treatment very quickly renders the sufferer non-infective. There is no necessity whatever for these diseases taking toll of a single human life. The reason why they constitute such

an ugly blot upon the escutcheon of modern medical science is because of lethargy, a refusal to face the facts, and an incomprehensibly suicidal reluctance either to don the defensive armour or to grasp the offensive weapons which are lying to hand.

If our knowledge of cancer and tuberculosis was anything like as complete, if our remedial armamentarium and proved protective measures against these scourges approximated in any degree to those for venereal disease, our sanitaria would soon be empty and cancerous growths would only exist in pathological museums. If we could prevent, diagnose, treat and cure consumption and malignant disease with a tithe of the facility with which we can syphilis and gonorrhœa, the whole of civilisation would vigorously demand that we do so forthwith. The public treasury of the nation and the private purse of the philanthropist would be opened wide, the Press would use its largest type, and the crusade would receive an unanimous benediction from every variety of pulpit. As it is, however, in spite of the fact that venereal disease is more serious, more dangerous, more costly and more common than either cancer or tuberculosis, the curative machinery is allowed to rust and become clogged with the cobwebs of inertia.

The figures which have just been quoted do not require a microscopical examination to demonstrate their importance and their urgency. They loom too large and too near to the world of reality to call for the use of a telescope. The naked eye, free from presbyopia and astigmatism, is all that is necessary to bring them sharply into focus. In the landscape of the public health they form the greatest eyesore with which the people and the rulers of the British Empire are confronted. Superlatives are proverbially dangerous, but this is one of the occasions and one of the subjects upon which the use of anything less were mere foolish camouflage and cowardice. These mortality statistics indicate that there are at present, *living* in England and Wales alone, 2,800,000 syphilitics. A conservative estimate is that there are in addition 3,000,000 people afflicted with gonorrhœa, giving a total of 5,800,000 venereally infected persons among the population. The annual number of fresh infections is most certainly in excess of 200,000. This survey undoubtedly indicates that there is something very rotten in the State of Britain.

Thanks to the efforts of the Ministry of Health, the situation in these islands is, by means of the Venereal Diseases Scheme, not only being tackled, but along sound lines. Wherever there are concentrations of the population, there have been established venereal diseases clinics where free modern treatment is available to all. The general practitioner of the present is encouraged to attend at these treatment centres for post-graduate instruction. Since the subject is now compulsory in the medical curri-

culum, the general practitioner of the future has no alternative but to learn modern anti-venereal methods. The Venereal Diseases Scheme of the Ministry of Health has been, in spite of several flaws and incompletenesses, one of the outstanding public health triumphs of modern times.

While there is a certain degree of satisfaction to be derived from the knowledge that something sound has been attempted in this country, the same cannot be extracted from a survey of the Empire generally, and of certain parts of it in particular. I am referring here, not to the great Dominions, but to those areas, especially in the East, which come under the administration of the Colonial and India Offices. There are certain well-defined Imperial venereal plague-spots, and it would appear that they are without adequate plans or personnel for dealing with the problem in their midst.

So far as I can ascertain, there are only three special venereal diseases officers in the employment of the Colonial Office—one each in Malta, Cyprus, and Uganda. In the Dependencies of the Empire the venereal problem is much more complex and difficult than it is in England, and yet the means for dealing with it are practically non-existent. Without doubt there are many officers of the colonial medical service who are treating and diagnosing venereal disease, and doing it as well as they know how, but the important thing to grasp is that that is by no means good enough. They have no special training in the work, and, as was the case of tuberculosis in Britain, no headway can be made until the disease is vigorously attacked by specially trained workers backed by legislative support. Isolated and spasmodic efforts are of no avail. It is idle to deny that competent venereologists are conspicuous by their absence from the poison zones of the East. Where that expert guidance and teaching is wanting, the well-intended efforts of the non-expert are mere paving-stones on the road to inefficiency.

That the Imperial situation is far from satisfactory has been amply demonstrated by the fact that it was recently considered necessary for a Venereal Diseases Commission under an expert British venereologist to visit various Eastern areas under the auspices of the Colonial Office and the British Social Hygiene Council. At the time of writing, the report of that Commission has not been published, but to prophesy the general trend of its recommendations calls for no extraordinary degree of clairvoyance. That there is already a certain liveliness in Whitehall is evidenced by the fact that since the return of the Commission a venereal diseases specialist has been appointed to Cyprus. Another indication of interest is shown by the questions which have recently been put to the Colonial Secretary with reference to

prostitution. It is clear that, so far as diagnosis and treatment are concerned, there requires to be established an Imperial Venereal Diseases Scheme modelled upon that which exists in Great Britain. It requires a headquarters staff of experts trained in administration and possessing vision, enthusiasm, and determination. In addition, fighting units, officered by men and women who have been trained in Great Britain under the Ministry of Health scheme, are necessary to operate wherever the enemy is to be found. It is they who must deliver the assault. To them falls the task of attacking the main position. The questions of Sir Robert Newman and of Mr. Cecil Watson show that some skirmishers are sniping away at prostitution and the brothel. It is important in these days of economy to ensure that they should not be wasting their ammunition.

The subject of prostitution is one which has exercised the minds of moralists, rulers, ecclesiastics, and sanitarians for many centuries. So far all attempts to stamp it out, even when backed by the might of an autocratic Church or the fiat of an absolute and determined monarch, have been utterly unsuccessful. There is a sentiment, favoured alike by young journalists and senile politicians, to the effect that it is impossible to make people sober by Act of Parliament. However that may be, it is certainly true that there is no legislative or coercive method of abolishing prostitution. All have been tried, and under the most favourable conditions, but all have failed. History has shown that prostitution will survive—nay more, it will actually flourish—even under the harshest repressive measures. The law may, in exceptionally favourable circumstances, close the brothel; but it is merely living in a fool's paradise to imagine that when that has been accomplished prostitution has ceased. The abolition of the brothel does no more than merely approach the fringe of the problem; it does not even touch it. Legislative measures may indeed close all the gin palaces and saloons; the feat may be hailed as 'total prohibition,' but the experience of the United States has shown that not only does the problem of drunkenness continue with undiminished menace, but that others are added to it. Success is much more likely to attend the prohibition of drink than the prohibition of prostitution, for while the former is an acquired taste, the latter is closely related with the most deeply rooted and the oldest natural instinct of the animal kingdom. It is more than an instinct; it is a reflex action. It is important to realise that the desire for sexual intercourse is perfectly normal, but that there are certain factors operating which, in a civilised community, prevent this desire materialising in a natural manner. Extra-marital sexual connexion appears to be inevitable until there is a complete revolution in the psycholo-

gical make-up of man and a considerable alteration in some of his environmental conditions.

Prostitution antedates the brothel. The latter is merely an expression of the former and is in no way an essential constituent of it. The brothel is but a phase—and indeed a very minor one—of the main problem. For its existence and continuance prostitution is entirely independent of the brothel.

It has been clearly demonstrated by the investigations of Schurtz and of Westermarck, among others, that prostitution arose from religious custom. The orgy is one of the earliest of religious expressions. It appears variously as a definitely religious rite, as a relaxation from religious discipline, or as a vacation from the worries of ordinary workaday life. Arising in the earliest times, the orgy has, under divers guises and modifications, survived to the present day. Among all races and in all stages of human development the principle of the orgy has been accepted although it has not always been generally recognised as such. The essential identity of the Greek bacchanalian dances with August Bank Holidays and week-end excursions from Wigan to Blackpool is not glaringly apparent, but it is nevertheless real.

Religion and the *vita sexualis* are closely bound together either by the bonds of licence at one extreme or by those of repression at the other. It is indeed at these two ends that the most intense religious fervour is found. At the former there is the Babylonian woman, as is mentioned by Herodotus, prostituting herself once in her life in the temple of Mylitta to any stranger who throws a piece of money into her lap with the words 'May the goddess be auspicious to thee!' Religious customs of a similar nature prevailed in many parts of the Mediterranean basin, one of them being the island of Cyprus. With the development of a different type of religion—and undoubtedly a less fervid one—and the evolution of the ideal of individual marriage, women sought to perform their homage to the deity by proxy. There arose an inclination to avoid the actual practice while still acknowledging the theory. It eventually came to pass that certain women attached themselves to the temples to act as deputies for their sisters who did not care to carry out the strict letter of the law. These were the first religious prostitutes. They were accorded certain privileges, and their profession was invested with a very real sacred significance. So far from being looked on with contempt, they were regarded with reverence and were treated with the respect given to those who at the present day—but at the other end of the swing of the pendulum—have immured themselves in the convent vowed to a life of celibacy and the suppression of all their natural sexual instincts. The

ancient priestess who served a very carnal deity offered up an unchaste—and therefore presumably an acceptable—oblation. The modern nun of the cloister keeps herself unspotted from the world in homage to a more spiritual conception of God.

As was inevitable with the passage of time, the purely religious aspect of prostitution soon assumed a distinct hue of commercialism and utility. Havelock Ellis remarks that while 'the Babylonian woman had gone to the temple of Mylitta to fulfil a personal religious duty, the Corinthian priestess had begun to act as an avowed minister to the sexual needs of men in strange cities.' Apart from, and indeed completely overwhelming, any religious urge, there arose a male demand for the services of the prostitute. She was being changed from a priestess of the god to the hired servant of the man. With the advance of civilisation and increased facilities for intercommunication between different parts of the world, the numbers of strange men in strange cities increased, and so likewise did their sexual needs and demands.

While a certain kind of abortive prostitution—it is more correctly a non-immoral free congress of the sexes—is to be found among many primitive peoples, it is only when the state of barbarism has emerged into civilisation that definite prostitution appears. In every state of culture which has ever existed prostitution in a systematic form has flourished. It is apparent that in the present state of human development the prostitute is the invariable accompaniment of civilisation.

A prostitute has been defined as a woman who hires her body for sexual purposes to various men. In relationship to the problem of venereal disease a wider view of prostitution must be taken. Less stress must be laid on the matter of hire, at least in the sense of the act being a cash transaction. She who has been designated as 'the accommodating young woman' or 'the enthusiastic amateur' must, for all practical purposes, be classed as a prostitute although she may not come within the police definition. So far as venereal disease is concerned, the essential characteristic of the class is promiscuity rather than the taking of money for services rendered. Prostitutes, then, must be considered as falling into two classes—(1) those who have adopted the profession as an industry and whose main object is money; and (2) those to whom money is no consideration or only secondary, and who are really amateurs. Some of these latter would be righteously indignant at the suggestion of reward; they are exceedingly strict about maintaining their amateur status. The amateur prostitute is purely a psycho-pathological phenomenon, and has existed at all times and in all ranks of society. Unlike her regular and professional sister, she is, as a rule, definitely and deliberately immoral. She experiences a thrill

of satisfaction from nibbling at forbidden fruit whether she be married or single. Deliberate wrong-doing gives her immense enjoyment. She is a sexual kleptomaniac. Her conduct is an expression of vicarious criminality. She is a degenerate, an abnormality, the female equivalent of the hooligan and the apache. She is equally to be found in the palace and in the hovel. She is amenable to little except incarceration in an asylum, and yet but rarely is she a lunatic. She is often extremely difficult to detect although she exists in such large numbers. Such women are, in one's experience, very heavily infected, especially with gonorrhœa, and exceedingly few of them ever appear to request treatment. This type of woman reaches her zenith in the nymphomaniac; but every variety is found, from the Madonna-faced maiden who indulges in *flirtage* between dances to the Messalina. Her ranks were strongly reinforced during the war, and immediately post-war, period.

Whenever civilisation has reached the stage when early marriage is difficult and when extra-marital sexual intercourse is socially discouraged, the regular professional prostitute appears. She is the response to a very clamant male demand. In earlier ages that demand was more than could be met by the religious prostitute of the temple, and hence tradition has it that Solon established the first frankly commercial brothel. Prostitution became a definite industry, and so it has remained. The problem, however, has become something more than the brothel, for the great bulk of illicit sexual connexion does not take place within the walls of that institution.

For many centuries prostitution has been recognised as a very great social evil. When in 1493 syphilis was introduced into Europe by the crews of Columbus on their return from the New World, there was added to the problem a complicating element. There was heard a new and very urgent note, and it is this which has far too long been ringing throughout the world, and is now re-echoing faintly in the corridors of Whitehall. For over 3000 years prostitution has defied civilisation; for five centuries it has had as an ally a peculiarly disabling and killing disease which is gnawing deeply into the vitals of the race.

Like whiskers on the male face, prostitution has seemed to be a characteristic of humanity. Its undesirability has been acknowledged, and, like shaving the chin, various measures have been adopted to make it as unobjectionable as possible. Efforts without number have been made to suppress prostitution, but all have met with the most utter and dismal failure. In every case has the remedy been worse than the disease: in most instances the latter has actually been aggravated. The experience of the futility of trying to stamp out prostitution by enactments led

naturally to attempts at its regulation and control. This was a matter alike concerning the moralist and the sanitarian. The venereal danger was realised, and it was hoped that by the co-operation of medical science with police measures its effects might at least be minimised. It was appreciated that until such time as the moral nature of the human animal had undergone a radical change it was merely a waste of time and energy to try to put a stop to extra-marital connexion. An attempt was therefore made to suppress the unlicensed prostitute outside the brothel and so to control the inmates of that establishment that the spread of venereal disease would be prevented. In other words, the object was to give the brothel the complete monopoly of prostitution and so make promiscuous fornication safe for democracy.

It was with this end in view that there was instituted by Napoleon the system of *maisons de tolérance*—a scheme which was adopted by the majority of civilised countries. The system has been found to be a complete failure. It has been proved impossible by any means whatsoever either to eradicate the clandestine—and therefore uncontrolled—prostitute or to guarantee that the lady of the brothel is free from venereal infection. From a sanitary view-point the system has been proved quite inefficient, and from the psychological and sociological aspects it is undoubtedly barbarous. Continental experience shows that the amount of clandestine prostitution is always very greatly in excess of the licensed variety. The majority of men also are inclined to fight shy of the State *table d'hôte* and to prefer to select their dishes *à la carte*.

There has been much discussion as to the causes of prostitution, and there has been a great deal of loose and unscientific thinking done in this connexion. No very useful purpose would be served by going into the matter here in any detail. In accordance with the modern marriage system, there exists a large number of men who are not sufficiently wealthy to marry and a larger number of young—and not-young—unmarried women most of whom can, for arithmetical reasons alone, never hope to acquire a husband. In such conditions prostitution is bound to arise. Yet they do not serve as a complete explanation, for investigation shows that it is married men who form the greater part of the *clientèle* of the prostitute. A great deal has been made of the factor of economic necessity; but the truth is that its influence in causing and maintaining prostitution has been greatly exaggerated. The closer the matter is studied, and the more one inquires into the histories of prostitutes, the more does one realise that, while the economic factor undoubtedly exists, it has had an unduly large meed of importance assigned to it. While it is true that it is from the less prosperous members of the community that

the ranks of prostitutes are mainly recruited, yet it is a striking fact that in every civilised country—and especially among white races—the vast majority of prostitutes have been domestic servants. These form a grade of the working class upon which the financial problem does not press unduly. Servants are well fed, well housed, well clothed, and there is no spectre of starvation hounding them on to the streets or into the brothel in order to earn a living. Lombroso and his school held that prostitution is an expression of a peculiar organic constitution—that it is to the female what definite criminality is to the male. This, however, is by no means invariably the case, although it would seem that the majority of such women do possess certain physical and mental peculiarities which are congenital and are not secondarily acquired as a result of their mode of life. As a rule they are vain, childish and imitative. Upon anthropometrical examination they are found to have certain distinct anatomical characteristics which have, with more than a little reason, come to be regarded as evidence of an increased tendency to sexuality.

My own view is that the chief explanation of prostitution is that such women are quite unmoral in the sexual sphere. In all other respects their ethical outlook is often excellent. They are generous, honest, truthful, loyal, and may even be deeply religious, but they are entirely lacking in any sense of sexual morality. Prostitutes as a rule exhibit a very great reluctance to leave their profession. They have no desire whatever to be 'rescued.' They are quite incapable of realising that their mode of life is in any way sinful. They may listen very courteously to the earnest Christian worker among 'fallen women' talking about virtue, and purity, and morality, but the fact is that they simply do not understand what it is all about. For all practical purposes they might as well be listening to a disquisition on the Differential Calculus. I have come to the conclusion that hitherto the problem has, almost invariably, been attacked at the wrong end. The main efforts have been directed against the female position, and in no instances have they been rewarded with success. I am inclined to believe that all such are foredoomed to failure. Practically speaking, the male has been left severely alone. Little attention has been paid to inhibiting the demand for prostitution and too much to trying to limit the supply. The police treat the prostitute as a criminal, and while the woman is fined or lodged in gaol, the man remains free. Until such time as the prostitute and her client are equal in the eyes of the law police measures cannot be effective.

The desire to abolish the brothel is very praiseworthy, but when the power to do so is given, too often it is not applied. Although a Prostitution Act was passed in 1923 which authorised

the police to remove all brothels in Bombay, apparently no action has been taken. In Colombo, on the other hand, where the police were invested with similar powers, these were exercised to the full, with the result that the brothels have disappeared. Where, in spite of the means to do so, brothels have not been abolished, it would be interesting to inquire into the real reasons for the inertia. These houses are very sound commercial propositions, especially in the East; and it is not unlikely that when those who have a financial interest in them have any political influence, that influence will be used to ensure that the industry is not unduly handicapped. It is mere nonsense to argue that, so far as Bombay is concerned, the Prostitution Act was passed in advance of public opinion, and that therefore the police do not choose to carry out its provisions. The Act was passed in response to a public agitation in 1921, when it was discovered that in the city of 1,250,000 inhabitants there were 885 brothels, with 5164 inmates known to the police. Apart from these it was estimated that there were also at least 25,000 non-brothel prostitutes. The resulting Act of 1923 was most certainly not in advance of public opinion, however hard it may have threatened to strike at certain vested private interests. It is the same in every other part of the Empire. Where the necessary power is given the brothel should be rigorously suppressed. It is a public nuisance, a snare and a delusion.

But even after its abolition the problem still remains. The public prostitute merely plies for hire in a more private manner, and, if anything, becomes more than ever a disseminator of venereal infection. My personal experience in Baku was that after the abolition of the licensed brothel by the Bolsheviks the incidence of venereal disease increased. There were in that case other factors causing this, but the point which I wish to emphasise is that, however great may be the social improvement from abolition of brothels, it makes no corresponding decrease in the amount of venereal disease. The danger that I foresee is that many social reformers are apt to think that when they have put the shutters up on the house of prostitution they have to a great extent solved the problem. They have, of course, done nothing of the kind. All that has been accomplished is the removal of a very undesirable industry from public notice, the liberation of many women from the toils of the brothel-keeper, thereby placing them upon the streets to solicit clients, and the dealing of a severe blow to the pockets of those who have money invested in *maisons de tolérance*. But nothing of sanitary advantage has been gained, and that is really what is of immediate practical importance, and what ought to be the urgent concern of the Colonial and India Offices. So much discussion of the woman's part in this dreadful business may give rise to the thought that I have forgotten the blame

which the man deserves. That is not so. The woman is discussed as a type, and it is no function of mine in a relation of fact to apportion the blame.

There is only one way to Imperial sanitary salvation so far as venereal disease is concerned. The main assault must be delivered against the male position at its most vulnerable point. This is undoubtedly within twenty-four hours of the man exposing himself to infection, and that means *every time, without exception, he indulges in extra-marital connexion.* Within that period infection can absolutely be prevented. Secondly, the public must be so educated that they will apply for treatment immediately the first symptom of venereal disease appears, and then persevere with treatment till cure is completed. My personal opinion is that this can only be fully effective in the presence of compulsory confidential notification and treatment. Finally, the scheme must be in the hands of proved experts who have exhibited the true public health spirit, and shown high ability of an administrative and organising character.

These are the mainsprings of success. To bring them into operation all that is required is the selection of the correct personnel. From the sanitary standpoint the brothel and the prostitute can be completely neglected. The latter is entirely insusceptible to any political treatment. All human experience has shown that when sanitary improvement is expected from repressive police measures directed against her, such hopes do not materialise. All efforts of that nature are largely a waste of time and energy, which things can only be profitably expended when they are directed into really practical channels.

E. T. Burke

TENNIS: INDOORS AND OUTDOORS

A GOOD deal of attention has been drawn lately to the naming of Tennis and Lawn Tennis, and the discussion has ranged over various phases in the history of ball games. More than one advocate has upheld the claim that lawn tennis should be called *Tennis* on the pretext that a game of a kind was played in the open air long before it was played in a closed court, and some rather astonishing guesses have been made about the conditions of such a game.

The derivation of the word 'tennis,' as we spell it now—it is written in some fifteen different ways in English literature between 1400 and 1800—remains a matter of conjecture. Several plausible suggestions have been given, but no one seems much more likely than another. Of the antiquity of the word and of the game there is no question. Chaucer mentions tennis, and also the racket. Exactly how the game was played in its various forms in earlier days is a difficult problem, but certain things stand out clearly. First, an outdoor game was played before a court game; and secondly, outdoor games and court games existed together from the middle of the fourteenth century. Thirdly, tennis, as its devotees in England call it to-day (jeu de paume in France, court tennis in America, and royal tennis in Australia), has been played in practically the same way as it is now for over 400 years. Of the conditions of the outdoor games our knowledge is imperfect, but it is a very strong probability that in most cases they were played on the chase system, and not on the 'one bound' system, and I do not believe that anything even remotely resembling lawn tennis was known until the middle of last century at earliest.

The method of scoring of tennis by fifteens is very old: the reason of it inscrutable. Antonio Scaino, to whose *Trattato della Palla* (1555) every historian of ball games is everlastingly indebted, speaks of this scoring as a commonplace in his time, and the author of the *Jeu Royal de la Paume* (1632) says: 'The first difficulty is to know why we should count, as we have counted from time immemorial, 15, 30, 45 and then game.' His successors are still as much in the dark as he was, though many ingenious

suggestions as to the origin have been made. The use of 40 instead of 45 is comparatively modern, and deuce is *à deux* anglicised.

Handball was played in the middle ages in the parks or *fossés* of the chateaux in Italy and France, in spaces specially prepared for it. In the fourteenth century it became popular in towns, and for want of more space it was confined within walls. From this time onward two distinct families of ball games existed—the court game and the outdoor game—and there were no doubt variations of each.

Courts at first were probably mostly uncovered ; but I cannot find any reason why it should be asserted, as it has been by Ernest Law, the well-known historian of Hampton Court Palace, that the court there was the first to be roofed. There were royal courts in France long before Henry VIII. of England came to the throne, and some of these—particularly one, which we are told occupied two whole storeys of a palace—might have been covered.

The full name of the court game in France is ' jeu de courte paume ' and of the outdoor game ' jeu de longue paume.' Whether our word ' court ' was taken from the French is a disputed point.

The present existence of the jeu de longue paume is not known by many French people, and by less English. Even Baron Emil D'Erlanger, who has much lore in the history of ball games in France, wrote in a recent letter as if longue paume were practically extinct. Fortunately this is not the case. The game can be seen in the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris on any Sunday afternoon in the summer, and in the north-east of France, particularly in the department of the Oise, it is very much alive. There is a federation for the game, championships, and even classification of players. A few years ago I bought some longue paume rackets from M. Gabart, a racket manufacturer, close by the Rue du Temple, for my collection at Queen's Club. Shortly afterwards I received a letter from an official of the federation saying that he was glad we were going to play longue paume, and asking about the possibilities of matches against us.

In England the game of field tennis, as we hear of it from various writers, is, so far as I have been able to discover, now extinct. I believe, for reasons that will be given later, that it was similar to, if not identical with, longue paume. Neither game can be said to have much resemblance to lawn tennis as we know it now, beyond that it is played with a racket and a ball. If my surmise with regard to longue paume and field tennis being practically the same thing is correct, then tennis out of doors in England in the old days was played without a net ; for no net is used at longue paume, but the sides are divided by a line

drawn on the ground. The net at tennis was evolved from a rope stretched across the court. In the seventeenth century we learn from the rules of the game then existing that it was fixed at a height where a player from one end wall could just see the foot of the other end wall. The sagging of the rope no doubt led to that delightfully interesting feature of modern tennis, the net being higher at the ends than in the centre.

From the rope the transition to the net was through a fringe, but the date of the introduction of this, or of the change from fringe to net, is hard to trace. In the frontispiece of *Le Jeu Royal de la Paume*, published by Hulpeau at Paris in 1632, the fringe is clearly shown, but there is an illustration of a German court before this with a long net.

In 1767, in De Garsault's *L'Art de Paumier Raquettier*, the illustration of the 'Jeu de Dedans' shows the court from the dedans end. Most of the features, the net included, are precisely similar to those of our own day. There is no hole shown at the net in which to place the ball basket, which apparently was placed on the floor itself near the net. One of the few existing courts where there is no hole for the ball basket is that at Woburn Abbey.

In both the outdoor and indoor games the time of the introduction of the racket, and the time when it superseded the hand as a striking implement, has been a matter of great discussion. Mr. Julian Marshall took much trouble to find evidence that implements akin to rackets had existed from very remote times.

Mr. Clarence Pell, the American rackets champion, who tried some of the basque ball games last summer, tells me that the Basques claim to have records of 'pala'—a game played with a long wooden bat—as far back as the tenth century. Mr. Marshall also discusses the various suggested derivations of the word '*raquette*' in French, '*racchetta*' in Italian, '*raqueta*' in Spanish, and 'racket' in English.

Some hold that it comes from a diminutive form of the Latin *retis*,' a net. Others derive it from the Dutch '*racken*,' to stretch. Littré in his Dictionary said that it is very old in the French language under the form of '*ruchette*' or '*rasquette*,' which means the palm of the hand, and he thought that it might be traced back to the Arabic through the low Latin, '*racha*.'

So far as tennis is concerned, tradition has it that the Italians used first a glove, then a double glove, and then had the idea of stringing the glove. The next step was a frame and a diminutive handle.

In addition to primitive rackets of the species we know now, the game was played with implements made of wood or of parch-

ment, in a wooden frame, for centuries. And the hand did not altogether disappear as a striking implement until long after the invention of the racket. We have recorded matches which took place between players, one using his hand and the other a racket, and in a book entitled *Minerva Britanna*, published in 1612, we find the lines:

> The Tennis Ball when strucken to the ground
> With racket on the gentle school boie's hand.

There is a very interesting picture, now the property of Canford School, which shows a game of tennis in a covered court being played with the hands.

Scaino gives us a description of a racket of his time. It was 11 inches at the widest part, and 1½ feet in length. The strings were to be like the thickest part on a viola—very fine and strong, so as scarcely to yield to the pressure of the hand. He goes on to say that many people could not afford this implement, but played with one of wood.

Many of the rackets shown in seventeenth century representations look more diminutive than these dimensions. In 1767 we get a very careful description of the manufacture of rackets by De Garsault in his *L'Art de Paumier Raquettier*.

By this time a considerable advance had been made, and there are some rackets in my collection which I believe to be at least 150 years old. They are not greatly different from a racket of to-day. One may give in a few lines the chief phases of court paume from the fifteenth century onwards. Then was the beginning of the great time for the game, and the crest of the wave of its popularity, both in England and France, was about 1600. The often-quoted passage by Lippomanno, the Venetian ambassador, to the effect that there were some 1400 courts in Paris in 1600, leaves one rather breathless. If there were, most of these must have surely been rough buildings. I hold the view for what it is worth, that the larger royal courts of that day were constructed on more or less the same pattern; that the smaller courts were of many varieties (as in the case of squash racket courts before a standard size was made), and that the shape and size of many of them were influenced by walls already existing which were brought into use.

A modern example of courts for various ball games existing to-day may be found in the Basque provinces of France and Spain, where every little village has a court of some kind, and some of the towns have several. Some of the more elaborate buildings are known as 'le trinquet,' and these courts—of which there are examples, among other places, at St. Jean de Luz, Bayonne, St. Palais, Cambo, Ascain and other places—are, with

the exception that there is no penthouse along the grille wall, almost the exact replica of a tennis court.

I hope some day to discover more exactly the relationship between them. The old trinquet at Bayonne is said to have a history of 300 years.

The game usually played in 'le trinquet' is with the hands, and it is to my mind a finer game even than our Eton fives.

An early example of a covered tennis court of which we have a representation is that which formerly existed at Fontainebleau. There was also an open court next to it. A fire destroyed most of these buildings, but a new court was built on the site in 1702, which still stands, and where, amongst others, it is said that Napoleon once played.

Another of the early covered courts was the third in the Louvre, of which a record is preserved, and the first of which we have a full description and plan. Here, again, we have to thank Scaino. The court was built either by Francis I. or Henry II., and was probably covered by the latter. In many ways the court is very like a present-day court, but of larger size. Scaino alludes to its very notable size as befitting the greatness of a king, wherefore the games become free and almost magnificently royal from the wide extent of the court, but not too long or large for good play.

The length seems to have been some 123 feet, which is larger than any modern court.

In addition to this court Scaino describes and gives plans of three other courts, one a closed court for a game with the hand.

If France was the predominant nation for tennis in the seventeenth century, England was not far behind, and the game was played in Italy, Spain, Germany, etc. By the end of the century, however, the decline had begun, and it continued rapidly in the eighteenth century. Many courts both in England and France were converted into theatres.

At the same time an undoubted advance was made in the method of constructing a court, and in the appurtenances of the game. De Garsault describes minutely the court or courts of that date. There were two kinds, the 'jeu de dedans' and the 'jeu quarre'; the former of these two is the court of more modern days. He also gives in full the intricacies of the manufacture of the ball and racket.

The number of courts that existed in Paris before the Revolution is a disputed point. Probably there were just under twenty. After the Revolution all but one had disappeared. This was kept by a professional named Blanchet, and was in the Rue Mazarin, where formerly a number of courts existed.

In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries the game abroad

has, alas, not only not made any progress, but has dwindled. Early in the nineteenth century there were a few courts in play in Italy, Germany, Austria and Bohemia, and one in St. Petersburg. In France now only three courts remain in play. In Paris Blanchet's court was succeeded by a court in the Passage Sandrié, 1839-1862, and then by at first one and afterwards by two courts on the Terrasse des Feuillants, Tuileries Gardens. These were taken over by the Government in 1907. Two new courts at 74 ter, Rue Lauriston, were opened in 1909, but one of these was last year converted into squash racket courts.

The court at Bordeaux in the Rue Rolland is the only pre-Revolution court in France now in play. It was built in 1780. The court at Pau was built in the early eighties, and, after being shut for a long time, was reopened after the war. Versailles court, as I have said, is a museum: that at Fontainebleau was filled with furniture when I last saw it, and the Tuileries Gardens courts are now a *musée d'art*.

Englishmen during the latter part of the nineteenth century took the leading place in play in the game which had for so long been held by Frenchmen, except at rare intervals.

In England since 1800 the number of courts has increased materially, sometimes much more rapidly than others; owing to the large cost of building, no court has been put up since the war, but the Hon. Cecil Baring's open court at Lambay Island, off the Irish coast, has been completed.

To-day in England there are twenty-nine courts in regular or occasional use, and another fourteen which have been courts, and where all the building or some part of it still stands.

Of the twenty-nine, that at Hampton Court Palace will celebrate its 400th anniversary shortly. Part of Lord Leconfield's court at Petworth is very old, and the Oxford court was built before 1800. Four of the courts were built between 1800 and 1850, thirteen between 1850 and 1900, and the rest in this century.

The game of field tennis is described in Donald Walker's *Games and Sports* (1837), a book which has hardly received the attention it deserves from the student of ball games.

There are in this work sections devoted to rackets, tennis, long tennis, and handball. That on tennis, for which the author says he is much indebted to Mr. Lukin's treatise, occupies as much as forty pages, and is very well done; but the plate, though otherwise correct, has the gallery wall wrongly shown, the galleries being like windows in the middle of the wall, all of the same size, and not reaching up as far as the penthouse.

In a note after the advertisement at the beginning of the book one gets the following:

Many may be glad to know, and it is proper to state here, that the most extensive and best conducted establishment in London or its vicinity for athletic games in general, is Lord's Cricket Ground. There besides Cricket and Trap Ball, are played Quoits, Archery, Bowles, Lawn Billiards, Foot Ball, and in the ground adjoining Four Corners and Skittles. At the Tennis Court in James's Street, Haymarket, an ancient and excellent establishment, the game of Tennis is played.

On long or open tennis nine pages are given, and there is no question that it describes a game similar to longue paume as it may be seen in the Luxembourg Gardens, Paris, to-day. Walker begins by a description of the ground, which is 160 paces in length and 20 paces in breadth.

Two parallel lines are drawn to form the lateral bounds. These lines are marked by a string fastened to the top of stakes about 2 feet high. Another line is drawn across the middle, and whether a stroke counts or not depends upon whether the ball goes over or under this line.

Sets are played with from 2 to 12 players, 2 against 2, 3 against 3, and so on, but never more than six against six.

Each game consists of four strokes counting 60 every stroke on score made counting 15 points.

Suppose one side makes 15 the first stroke: the other makes 15 the second stroke: it is called fifteen all (*à un*).

Making, playing for, and defending chases, prolongs the game. We will now explain this last circumstance as clearly as we can.

Some three pages are then devoted to the subject of the chase, the principle being almost precisely the same as in tennis.

The article concludes with various methods of giving odds, and the last paragraph reads:

Sometimes it [*i.e.*, the side] plays with a bat, square piece of wood, or anything of that sort against another with a racket. It is not very honourable to receive these odds; but these serve to show that skill and practice will overcome all difficulties.

Did Major Wingfield, the inventor (or the *soi-disant* inventor, as some have called him) of lawn tennis, know of long tennis before 1874? I rather doubt it. That he knew of tennis, but was not familiar with it, is proved by the introduction to his little book entitled *Sphairistike* (1874), where it is also shown that he at least did not connect his 'invention' with badminton, for he almost goes out of his way to express the opinion that badminton is only battledore and shuttlecock played out of doors.

It is undoubted, as anyone who carefully studies the columns of the *Field* in 1874, 1875 and 1876 must recognize that various games had been tried some time in the nineteenth century before 1874 which resembled lawn tennis in the seventies and early eighties more than they resembled field tennis as described by Walker or longue paume in France to-day.

The Rev. Lord Arthur Hervey, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, tried such a game at his Suffolk rectory; another was tried on the sands of a Norman bathing place; others again we hear of from a country house in Essex and from the town of Leamington.

I think all these, which presumably were 'one-bound' games, came after the time when indiarubber began to be used regularly for balls for playing games.

But, all said and done, Major Walter Clopton Wingfield is looked upon, and is likely to continue to be looked upon, as the inventor of lawn tennis

E. B. NOEL.

WARREN HASTINGS

The remarkable collection of Warren Hastings' letters to his friend, colleague, and eventual successor, John Macpherson, which Professor Dodwell has edited and Messrs. Faber and Gwyer have just published, forms a welcome and timely reminder of the place in our history which modern historians claim for Warren Hastings as of right. The strength of that claim is enhanced by Professor Dodwell's work, for his tribute to Hastings' pre-eminent qualities as a statesman is a fine one. The reader also, taken behind the screen right into Hastings' private and personal life, will readily echo the Professor's interjection—'How human and attractive a man does Hastings show himself in these familiar letters!' Here they help to fill a gap which is still wide, and enlarge effectively, and very pleasantly, the vivid portrait of Hastings in a still more intimate aspect that 'Sydney C. Grier' (Miss Greig) presented in her *Letters of Warren Hastings to his Wife* in 1905. Further, the men, and their methods and limitations, under or with whom it was Hastings' lot to work during the critical period which the letters cover, are sketched with a sure hand, the touches of which are none the less effective because they are brief. Professor Dodwell is to be warmly congratulated on his valuable and thorough work.

Macpherson in himself is an inconspicuous figure in our Indian history. His social gifts and accomplishments were remarkable, but no noteworthy achievement stands to his credit, nor does his character compel admiration. There is no reason for dissent from Lord Curzon's description of him as 'the least esteemed and most volatile of all the men who have occupied the Governor-General's seat.'[1] But he has fairly earned this distinction—for many years he was Hastings' intimate friend, he rendered him great services in England at a very critical time, and he long enjoyed Hastings' unlimited confidence. The letters, cooler and more distant as they draw to a close, end in August 1787. Hastings' impeachment was then certain, and he was a fallen man, to all appearance ruined. One would be glad to learn that Macpherson had sought a renewal of the former

[1] Lord Curzon of Kedleston, *British Government in India*, vol. 2, p. 166.

friendship, but it does not seem that he did so. He died in 1821, surviving Hastings by only three years, living long enough to see, or rather to hear of, his old friend's complete vindication in Parliament in 1813.

Hastings' place in our history was fixed for a full quarter-century by Macaulay's brilliant Essay. Macaulay, writing in January 1841, speaks of him as 'one of the greatest men that England has ever produced.' His considered eulogy of Hastings forms a very noble and familiar passage in the subsequent Essay. Yet it is linked with condemnation for public crimes so great and atrocious that Hastings' title to recognition in history as a really great Englishman would be very insecure if it rested only on a foundation 'necessarily hasty and imperfect,' and modestly classed by its writer as ephemeral. The Essay appeared in October 1841.

There was something of the prophet in Warren Hastings. In July 1788, when his State trial at Westminster had opened with Burke's terrible denunciation, he writes:

> And, though the most complete acquittal should close the present trial, my reputation will still be blasted by writers yet unborn, and will continue to be so as long as the events that are connected with it are deemed to deserve their place in the history of this country.[2]

Again, in 1797, when the trial was over and he was a free man, cleared of the unbridled invective to which he had to listen as year after year rolled on, he writes,[3] considering how he is to convey to posterity some memorial which will protect his future fame:

> But how was this to be done? Not by an appeal to the printed evidence, for who, even at this day, would impose upon himself the labour of reading twelve volumes in folio of a subject already obsolete? Not by an abridgment of them, for that would be liable to the imputation of partiality; and by whomsoever it were executed either partiality or prejudice would, of necessity, prevail in the execution of it.

The first historian who dealt with the career of Warren Hastings was James Mill, whose *History of British India* was begun in 1806 and published in 1818, the year of Hastings' death. Mill, who was born in 1773, can hardly have been unaffected by the furious controversy that divided public opinion on the question of Hastings' guilt or innocence during the period of the trial. Whether he was so or not, the portion of his work that deals with Hastings' administration is certainly biassed and unfair: indeed, on one point of prime importance in the story of the Rohilla War

[2] Letter, July 17, 1788. *Critical Studies and Fragments*, by the late S. Arthur Strong, M.A.: London, 1905.

[3] *Proceedings on the Trial of W. Hastings*, preface, p. vii.: De Brett, 1797.

he has since been convicted of grave misrepresentation. His work, the first comprehensive and authoritative history of our connexion with India, was very favourably received. On the strength of it he was admitted to the East India Company's service, and was one of the heads of departments at the India House when Macaulay sailed for India. Macaulay knew and esteemed Mill, and was much grieved by the news of his death in 1836. In 1840 his History reached its fourth edition, and was regarded as a standard work of generally accepted authority, long since stamped with the hall-mark of the high approval of the *Edinburgh Review*. Macaulay clearly trusted and used it freely; Mill was to him 'the historian of British India.'[4]

The weightiest blow that Macaulay's Essay has received was delivered by Sir James Stephen in 1885 in his *Story of Nuncomar*. Stephen had contemplated writing an account of Hastings' impeachment, but he found the materials so voluminous, and the matter so intricate, that he doubted if he would be able to finish it, and if anyone would care to read it if he did. He therefore concentrated on one subject, the story of Nuncomar, observing in his introductory chapter:

For Macaulay himself I have an affectionate admiration. He was my own friend and my father's and my grandfather's also, and there are few injunctions which I am more disposed to observe than the one which bids us not to forget such persons. I was moreover his successor in office and am better able than most persons to appreciate the splendour of the service which he rendered to India. These considerations make me anxious, if I can, to repair a wrong done by him, not intentionally, for there never was a kinder-hearted man, but because he adopted on insufficient grounds the traditional hatred which the Whigs bore to Impey and also because his marvellous power of style blinded him to the effect which his language produced.

And he proceeds to analyse and refute Macaulay's censure of Hastings and Chief Justice Impey with great severity.

Mr. Birrell takes us further on the point of prejudice in his *Obiter Dictum* on Carlyle, remarking:

So with Macaulay the good Whig, as he takes up the History, settles himself down in his chair and knows it is going to be a bad time for the Tories. Macaulay's style—his much-praised style—is ineffectual for the purpose of telling the truth about anything. It is splendid, but '*splendide mendax*,' and in Macaulay's case the style was the man. He had enormous knowledge and a noble spirit: his knowledge enriched his style and consecrated it to the service of liberty. We do well to be proud of Macaulay, but we must add that, great as was his knowledge, great also was his ignorance. . . . He looked out upon the world, but, behold, only the Whigs were good. . . . Mr. Gladstone has commented with force

[4] Preface to the *Essays*, edition 1852.

upon what he calls Macaulay's invincible ignorance, and further says that to certain aspects of a case (particularly those aspects most pleasing to Mr. Gladstone) Macaulay's mind was hermetically sealed.

It cannot have been otherwise in the case of Hastings, where the innocence of the illustrious accused connoted the discredit of the illustrious accusers.

The most recent writer of eminence who has touched on the career of Warren Hastings is the late Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who thus summarises his position in our history:

When Mill wrote his History and Macaulay wrote his Essay, no serious attempt had been made to explore the evidence on which the presumed case against Hastings rested, and the echoes of the intoxicated declamations of Burke and Sheridan had not completely died away. To anyone who reads the reports of the trial it is almost inconceivable that men of rectitude and honour can have believed the stories that the Prosecution narrated, or painted the diabolical picture which they drew. Macaulay knew better, and in his Essay we see an often painful effort at the same time to denounce and to defend. He writes as though he were conscious of the triumphant greatness of the man, whom, nevertheless, he felt it his duty, as a sound Whig Pamphleteer, to flagellate and expose. The result is a composite picture that is now seen to bear but a slender resemblance to the truth. . . . Hastings now stands forth, not indeed as a perfect or saintly figure—for he did some things that are open to censure and even to grave reproach—but as a man greatly suffering and sorely ill-used, but boldly daring, supremely competent and greatly achieving.[8]

This is the view generally accepted by those who have studied our Indian history, in that country or in the library. Mr. A. Edward Newton remarks that 'an immense amount has been written on Warren Hastings, but, as is usual, when Macaulay has written on a subject, what he has said is remembered, and all else is forgotten.' The remark is probably just, for current writers still appeal to Macaulay in their judgment of Hastings, and of Clive also.

The course that the world took in Hastings' lifetime in regard to his Indian career is curiously like that which history has followed in regard to his memory. The provocative and damaging advocacy of his agent in England, the 'intolerable' Major Scott, brought on the thunder of Burke and the impeachment. In the same way Gleig in his unfortunate and exasperating book, doing what Hastings most dreaded by assuming principles of public conduct which Hastings would have disavowed, evoked Macaulay's indignant censures. The impeachment ended in acquittal, followed by a period of oblivion and retirement, from which Hastings emerged in extreme old age, to meet with public

[8] Lord Curzon of Kedleston, *British Government in India*, vol. 2, pp. 146 and 163.

honours and acclamation and find, in his own words (1813), that 'the colours of my setting seem all too vivid,' [6] and be able to congratulate himself on 'having outlived all the prejudices which have during so many years prevailed against me.' [7] So in history the missionary historian Marshman (1867) makes, perhaps, the first weighty impression in Hastings' favour. The Rohilla War, he says, 'is one of the few stains on the bright and honourable career of Hastings,' and he dismisses as a foul imputation the assertion (not Macaulay's) that the Brahmin Nuncomar was judicially murdered by Hastings through the agency of Chief Justice Impey. From 1867 we pass on to Sir James Stephen's work, already noticed, and thence to the modern rehabilitation work to which Lord Curzon refers.

The great public crimes attributed to Hastings, stated in order of their date, are—the stoppage of the Delhi Emperor's Bengal tribute (1772); the sale to the Vizier of Oudh of the Kora-Allahabad districts (1773) held by the Emperor as 'a royal demesne for the support of his dignity' under Clive's settlement of 1765; and the Rohilla War (1774). They are followed by the Nuncomar episode (1775), in which Hastings' alleged action is not reckoned by Macaulay as a crime, although Chief Justice Impey, who supported him, is much less fortunate. Then come the Benares outbreak (1781) and the harsh and cruel treatment of the Begums of Oudh and their servants in 1781–2. Other charges have also been made against him: on those that reflected on his personal integrity the judgment of history has, long since, been in his favour. In his first administration he wrote: 'God forbid that the government of this fine country should continue to be a mere chair for a triennial succession of indigent adventurers to sit and hatch fortunes in,' and he did not fail to act up to that early profession.

Of Macaulay's conclusions on these five major charges the most damaging to Hastings is that on the Rohilla War, and the most striking that on the Nuncomar episode. Yet the first of these needs large revision, and the second is altogether erroneous.

The war is a complicated story, discoloured by misapplication to the Rohillas of the designation 'nation,' and of 'extermination' to the consequences of their conquest. They were not a nation, but a recent settlement of Afghan soldiery who formed but a fraction of the large population of the tract that they ruled. They were not exterminated, if by that word their utter destruction is conveyed. After the battle of April 23, 1774, not one of

[6] *Some Unpublished Letters of Warren Hastings*, quoted by kind permission of the Rev. G. T. Shettle from his *John Wiclif and other Essays*, 1922.

[7] *Letters of Warren Hastings to his Wife*: S. C. Grier, 1905, p. 5.

them was put to death, as far as is known. Those that were actually under arms when the war was over, and did not remain in the one Rohilla State that was left in Rohilkhand, were removed, 'bag and baggage,' across the Ganges to the territory of their countrymen on the other side. Some of the ladies of the family of two of their chiefs, who were taken prisoner and detained in the Vizier's camp, did suffer much distress and hardship, but they were not subjected to personal outrage or gross insult. Hastings did all in his power to ensure that the war was conducted with humanity. He was abominably served after the battle by Colonel Champion, the commander of the British contingent, who broke down altogether and attacked Hastings for his own failure, with inexcusable and almost demented malignity.

Was the Rohilla War just? It certainly was not undertaken solely with the object of obtaining money, although financial advantage was an 'accessory argument' in Hastings' case for it: the financial distress of the Company was very great. Rohilkhand in the hands of a perfidious and unstable power—and the Rohillas were both—was a weak part in the defensive line of the Company's frontier, for Oudh, allied with and easily supported from Bengal, was, as its ruler, the Vizier, said, 'in reality the door of Bengal, and I am what you may call the barrier to that country'; and the acquisition of Rohilkhand completed the defence of the Vizier's dominion. Rohilkhand, in connexion with frontier defence, was to the Company in 1774 very much what Sind was in 1843, an important, though not an indispensable, section of the frontier line. Hastings' case is that the Rohillas had afforded the Vizier a just cause for war, and all the consequences of it, by their repeated breach of engagement, and that the Vizier had a right to our concurrence and assistance in the prosecution of it. He is right on the first head; on the second he is on less sure ground. His concurrence was the outcome of an entanglement of his own making, from which he was glad to be freed, but drawn into again, in spite of a sanguine attempt at extrication, by a 'gradation of events' beyond his control. As to the conclusion of the whole matter, Lyall (1889) and Strachey (1892) differ: the former's view that the invasion by us of Rohilkhand was unprovoked and unjustifiable is the more convincing.[8] The war, then, is a stain on Hastings' record, but the stain is very different from the black mark imprinted in the Essay.

With regard to the case of Nuncomar, Macaulay advances with the greatest confidence the opinion that Chief Justice Impey hanged him unjustly in order to support Hastings, and

[8] *Warren Hastings*: Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B., 1889; and *Hastings and the Rohilla War*: Sir John Strachey, G.C.S.I., 1892.

that Hastings was the real mover in the business. It is not in dispute that the arrest of the Brahmin on May 6, 1775, on a capital charge and his trial and conviction were most serviceable to Hastings. The friendship between Hastings and Impey, Nuncomar's vindictive hatred of Hastings, and Hastings' detestation of the Brahmin, the dislike by the three majority councillors of the Supreme Court and its judges, their intention of ruining Hastings, and their open support and encouragement of Nuncomar—all these are common ground. And on his construction of them Macaulay arrives at his conclusion, which he clinches by an appeal to a letter written in 1780 by Hastings, in which he speaks of Impey as a man 'to whose support he was at one time indebted for the safety of his fortune, honour and reputation.' Yet it is practically certain that this passage does not refer to Nuncomar at all. Impey at about the same time writes of Hastings:

> The power which is exerted against me would not have existed in the hands in which it is, if I had not helped to keep it there.

Both men are obviously referring to the convulsion in Calcutta in June 1777, when General Clavering attempted to seize the government by force, and the question whether or not Hastings had resigned was referred for decision to the judges of the Supreme Court, Impey presiding. Their decision, after an all-night sitting, was that Hastings was still Governor-General under the Regulating Act of 1773: he retained office, and the attempt to dislodge him by violence failed. He writes in the strongest language of the disgrace and humiliation implied by his resignation, and speaks of the issue of the contest as the preservation of his honour and fame. This undoubtedly is the incident, comparatively recent, to which both he and Impey referred in 1780, when their long friendship was for a while interrupted, and both men were deeply moved. Stephen observes on this point with conclusive force:

> If there was such a bond of infamy between two men each would shun all reference to it, especially to a third person, as he would shun the avowal, even to himself, of any other abominable and horrible crime. Macaulay's supposition is not only revolting and improbable, but quite unnecessary.*

Apart from that there is Stephen's high authority for the scrupulous fairness of the trial before the whole bench of judges and a jury, and the impartiality of Impey's summing up. If, then, the prisoner was put to death unjustly, the injustice must lie in

* *The Story of Nuncomar*: Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, K.C.S.I., 1885, vol. 2, p. 45.

the failure of the judges to suspend the sentence and refer the case to the Crown in England. Impey gave weighty reasons before the House of Commons in 1788 when he defended himself on the motion for his and Hastings' impeachment. One of them was the conduct of the gentlemen who possessed the powers of the Government and used them, as they undoubtedly did, 'to insult and weaken the administration of justice, and to overawe and indeed to threaten the judges.' Another he thus expressed:

> Had this criminal escaped, no force of argument, no future experience, would have prevailed on a single native to believe that the judges had not weighed gold against justice, and that it would ever preponderate.

Had the Government moved the judges to respite the prisoner, Impey says rightly that they must have done it at once, for they would have indeed incurred a great responsibility if they had not. But the Government did nothing, and the judges allowed the law to take its course. They might well have done otherwise, for the rigour of the sentence was excessive; but they had before them reasons strong enough to justify their inaction, and they cannot collectively have acted in bad faith. There is, says Lyall, no need whatever to dissent from Pitt's view that the accusation of a conspiracy between Impey and Hastings for the purpose of destroying Nuncomar was destitute of any shadow of solid proof. Sir Alfred thinks, indeed, that Hastings may have given a hint to the prosecutor to come forward with the forgery charge at so opportune a moment. Against this there is Hastings' declaration on oath that he never did directly or indirectly countenance or forward the prosecution, corroborated by the circumstance that the forgery charge was the outcome of protracted litigation between the parties, and the prosecutor, described by Nuncomar as his inveterate enemy, came forward with the charge as soon as he obtained the incriminating paper, of which he had been long trying to obtain possession. Stephen's view that Hastings had nothing to do with the prosecution, and that there was no sort of understanding between Hastings and Impey, is the more convincing, and more in correspondence with the character of Hastings.

Of the other major charges it is enough to say that on those relating to the treatment of the Emperor in 1772–3 Hastings has a complete and convincing answer, and that is the case also, in the writer's opinion, on the Benares charge. The extent of his responsibility for the compulsion applied to the Oudh Begums and the cruel treatment of their servants is not easily measured. These two last transactions belong to the war period, when every coin in the Calcutta treasury and every man whom the Calcutta Government could raise was needed for the armies which Hastings

sent over the breadth and length of the Indian peninsula to preserve Bombay and save Madras from annihilation in a period of extreme national peril and humiliation. It should be remembered that Raja Cheyt Singh of Benares actually raised a body of 500 cavalry in January 1774 at Hastings' request, to aid in the expulsion of armed bands of raiders who were harrying Behar, and later in the same year, at the call of the Vizier of Oudh, mustered a large army to suppress a rebellion in that kingdom. Again, the younger of the two Begums of Oudh died, as far on as 1816, in possession of estates and treasures valued at over a million sterling, the administration of which she made over by deed to the British Government, the head of which in 1781 is denounced for robbing her of her domains and treasures.[10]

Hastings' return to England, his misplaced confidence in royal favour and the claim on his country of his own splendid services, his failure to realise the power and intensity of the storm that soon broke upon him, his purchase of Daylesford, the ordeal of his long State trial, his financial ruin and its relief by the East India Company—all these are incidents and phases in a familiar story. The great speeches against him at Westminster have passed into history: his own account of one of the most famous of them (Sheridan's) should be better known. He writes (July 17, 1788):

> People admire this as a perfect model of eloquence. Many think it turgid nonsense. . . . It is strange to hear a man after declaiming against me as a monster, and roaring with assumed fury at the enormities which I had committed, pass in the transition of a minute to sallies of pleasantry, put on the most comic arrangement of features, and (I am most sorry to say it) convulse the whole assembly with laughter. This buffoonery met with its portion, and a large one, of applause.

The frivolity of his countrymen, 'who made his sufferings the subject of their entertainment and the argument of convivial discourse,' called forth his most rooted contempt, as did 'the foul invective, such as would be worse than death to many minds, uttered unreproved,' [11] to which he had to listen.

In his long trial, now recognised as a blot in our judicial history, as his impeachment should be as one of its crimes, he bore himself with patience rarely broken, and his habitual dignity. The kneeling at the bar stung him to the quick. When the trial was over he was a forgotten man: his public life was

[10] *Calendar of Persian Correspondence*, vol. 4, Nos. 757 and 1134; and *The Last Will and Testament of Bahu Begum*: *Bengal, Past and Present*, April-June, 1924.

[11] *Critical Studies and Fragments*, by the late S. Arthur Strong, M.A., 1905. This previously unpublished letter was found by Mr. Strong among the papers of Lord St. Oswald preserved at Nostell Priory.

over, and there is little subsequent trace of those great qualities which enabled him to preserve our Empire in India and lay the first foundations of its administration. In 1798, indeed, he wrote a very able letter to the Secretary of State for the Navy, pressing for the occupation of Perim Island, in the Red Sea Straits, when India was threatened by the French operations in Egypt. In this, as in other matters, he was far in advance of his time. But, save for a disappointment about a peerage in 1806, the quiet life at Daylesford was little broken until his remarkable reception in the two Houses of Parliament and at Oxford in 1813 and his presentation to the allied sovereigns in London in the following year, in which his name was added to the list of Privy Councillors. In 1815 he writes:

> On the 8th October, 1750, I first set my foot in the land of Bengal, 65 years ago. What an age it is permitted me to look back upon, with my bodily or mental faculties, though impaired, not destroyed, and as my memory presents to me the record of times past to be able to say—'*quorum pars non parva fui,*'—and like a grain of sand in the way of the ball of a billiard table to have given its eccentric direction to the rolling events of the world, which they would not have obtained if I had never had existence.[12]

In the spring of 1818 he became seriously ill, and his death followed in August. A fortnight before it he dictated a letter to the East India Company soliciting the continuance of his annuity to his wife, the attractive woman with whom his marriage was so indefensible, and his long married life so happy and blameless.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston, himself the greatest of Hastings' successors who have belonged to our own time, has indicated in the work that he has left behind him that the writing of an account of the career of Hastings was within his contemplation. Our historical literature is much the poorer for its absence, for no man has ever been better qualified to write that account than he. He has, however, left other memorials of Hastings by those methods in which he pre-eminently excelled. Hastings' country seat at Alipore—'the milk-white building, with smooth shining surface,' of which the secret is now lost—was rescued by Lord Curzon from neglect and decay, and purchased and fitted as a State guest-house for the reception of the Indian princes and other personages of great distinction who visited Calcutta when that city was the seat of the Government of India. The transfer of the capital to Delhi has unhappily destroyed Lord Curzon's 'fair scheme' of Hastings House, and this memorial and significant building has since been appropriated to common-place purposes. However, in the Victoria Memorial Hall, the stately and beautiful building which Calcutta owes to Lord

[12] The Rev. G. T. Shettle's work, already quoted.

lucknow, the great marble figure of Warren Hastings stands in
he paved quadrangle, a special room is set apart for him and his
elics, while pictures of him and his wife, in some cases obtained
y Lord Curzon's personal and unwearied labours, hang upon the
valls.

It is not so with him in his own country. The Abbey holds
n inconspicuous memorial tablet, surmounted by his bust,
rected by his widow: the India Office has Flaxman's unsatisfying
tatue of him, executed for the East India Company in 1823, and
ransferred afterwards from the India House to its present site.
n the council chamber at the India Office his full-length portrait
y Romney (1795) hangs above the President's chair in the
ouncil chamber, and possibly depicts him as he stood during
is trial. This picture was bequeathed to the Company by
'astings' friend Larkins, the Accountant-General at Calcutta,
vho gave evidence for him at the trial, and for whom the picture
vas painted. Each of the two great clubs that have a special
onnexion with India, the Oriental and the East India United
ervice Clubs, has a portrait of him. The club-house of the
atter in St. James' Square was the residence of Philip Francis,
'astings' worst enemy, from 1791 until his death in 1818. A
ecent and pleasing little memorial to Hastings is to be found in
merica, where the name of 'Daylesford' has been given to
station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, 'as Hastings was the
ero of an old man who lived in these parts, and was given the
rivilege of naming the shed and platform that have formed the
tation there.'[13] In Westminster Hall the spot where he faced
is accusers has been marked by a brass tablet let into the stone
oor, by order of Parliament moved for and secured by Lord
'urzon. 'But the nation,' he comments, 'has never taken any
tep to testify its supreme debt to one of its greatest sons.'[14]
Macaulay's fine peroration at the close of the Essay regarding the
Abbey as Hastings' rightful resting-place will be remembered here.

Surely such a memorial is due to the 'man separated while
et a schoolboy from his native country, and from every advan-
age of that instruction which might have better qualified him
or the high offices and arduous situations which it became his
ot to fill,' whose first stretch of service in India included 'the
nly period of Anglo-Indian history that throws grave and
npardonable discredit on the English name,'[15] and whose
tainless record in that period stands almost alone.

[13] *A Magnificent Farce*: A. Edward Newton, The Atlantic Press, Boston,
921.

[14] Lord Curzon, *Government of India*, vol. 2, p. 139, note.

[15] Lyall, *Warren Hastings*, p. 202; and *British Dominion in India*, p. 60

Later he held his high office as Governor-General at a time when, under Lord North's Administration, political degradation seemed to have reached its climax, and the indispensable aid and support of the Ministry was withheld from him, while his position was for a time rendered almost intolerable by colleagues whose conduct has long since been judged as indefensible. Yet he saved our Empire in India, 'retrieving in the East the national loss suffered in the Western world' in that period of disaster and fearful danger. A passage that he read in his defence before the House of Lords in 1791 runs thus:

> The valour of others acquired, I enlarged and gave shape and consistency to, the dominion which you hold there; I preserved it; I sent forth its armies with an effectual but economical hand, through unknown and hostile regions, to the support of your other possessions; to the retrieval of one (Bombay) from degradation and dishonour; and of the other (Madras) from utter loss and ruin. . . . I gave you all, and you have rewarded me with confiscation, disgrace and a life of impeachment.

This may be criticised as self-praise, but every word of it is true. In every one of these great operations he was hampered by the breakdown of the minor administrations which he rescued, and by intrigue and timidity in his own. He was the first Englishman who controlled the policy of our scattered Indian possessions as a combined whole, and among the first of those who perceived the great advantage of the combination and pressed for it. He was the founder of our internal administration of the first great Indian province that we governed, on lines necessarily incomplete and imperfect, but truly drawn and still subsisting. Mr. Arthur Strong has been right in speaking of him as 'one of the greatest constructive powers in English history.'

These, in brief, are Hastings' services and sufferings. Many opinions have been recorded since 1841 on the question whether, in his public life, he was unscrupulous and unprincipled. They vary from Morley's untenable view that he openly set aside all pretence of righteous principle, to the eulogy, sometimes indiscriminating, of his modern defenders. Lord Curzon's words which I have quoted give the fairest summary of his career. Judged by Stephen's test—the proof of the great charges against him—he must be held to deserve grave reproach for his engagement in the Rohilla War. Lyall's view, that he was singularly blind to the political immorality of our participation in it, has not been disturbed. The case was well put by a young servant of the Company posted at Patna in March 1774, when the Company's brigade was marching to join the Vizier's army. He writes:

> Mr. Hastings' settlement . . . doth not meet with the approbation of people in general. It is called hiring the troops to the country Powers.[16]

[16] *Palk Manuscripts*, 1922, p. 238.

Nor can Hastings escape censure in respect of the cruel treatment of the Begums and their servants. That treatment was the outcome of measures to which he assented, not without good reason, and on the enforcement of which he most strenuously insisted. He cannot be absolved of responsibility for the consequences of his policy, although he was many hundred miles from the scene of their occurrence and had no knowledge of them. The statesman, who gets the credit of his enterprises when they succeed, must also take his share of discredit when their execution is disfigured by acts that cannot be defended.

Hastings' case was that, though all his actions could be justified by extreme necessity, they needed no such justification. 'I am what I am,' he writes in July 1788, 'though all the universe combine to applaud or to condemn me.' [17] He admitted and was conscious of nothing blameworthy. In private life he was blind to the obvious aspect of his second marriage: it was legal, and that sufficed him. Nevertheless he proved a most devoted and affectionate husband, and was, besides, kindly and generous, with nothing coarse or cruel in his disposition. I do not think that he was vindictive, holding him rather as one of those proud men who know how to remit, but not to forgive. Lyall is very unjust to him in his public character when he speaks of his 'political escapades' in connexion with the Benares outbreak, and the coercion of the turbulent and irresponsible Begums. Hastings was never other than serious in his undertakings, and levity in public affairs was always odious to him. The reproach and censure which is his due must be tempered by his discarded plea of extreme necessity.

Time must show the result of Lord Curzon's reminder of the absence of any memorial of Hastings by the nation. Clive owes the noble statue that overlooks St. James's Park from the steps of the India Office to the touch of that unwearied hand, now, alas, vanished. Yet in the great Hall of History, if such there may be, there should now be none to remain studiously covered when the pensive shade of Hastings enters and withdraws. And, if in that assembly Lord Curzon's motion should be brought forward, there should be no dissentient voice among those who have sought, without prejudice, to appraise the true value of the services to his country of 'one of the greatest men that England has ever produced.'

A. L. P. TUCKER.

[17] *Critical Fragments and Studies*: the late S. Arthur Strong, M.A.

'THE MIRROR OF BEAUTY'

SEIJO HIROSÉ lived amid a jumble of curios in his little house in a side-street off Tansu-machi, Tokyo. Like many people of his kind, he had seen better days before the great earthquake of 1923, as some of us had before the Great War of 1914. Perhaps this bond of misfortune, but recently past, drew us together, for it was unlikely that his devotion to me was feigned only to loosen my well-frayed purse-strings, or owed its origin entirely to the strange chance of our first meeting, sufficiently exciting though it was to have justified some feeling of gratitude towards myself. With curio dealers, however, I have never felt quite sure of my ground, and at first I assumed a guarded attitude in my dealings even with Hirosé, whom I happened to like.

Curio dealers are, in themselves, curious all the world over; contemptuous of the ignorant souvenir hunter, they have an equally divided passion for hoarding genuine antiques and for deceiving the foolish foreigner into buying worthless imitations at a high price. I believe they respect the person who can distinguish between the real and the false among objects of art and antiquity as much as they despise the unlearned, though they have no use for the former as means of livelihood.

I certainly felt a slight contempt in Hirosé's attitude towards myself as he displayed for my pleasure an endless amount of rubbish at my first visits, but, since he did not press me to buy, I assumed that he was only feeling his way. My small knowledge of his profession kept me silent in the early days of our acquaintance, and I drank his pale tea in large quantities without any outburst of enthusiasm for his wares. But one evening on my tenth or eleventh visit I confessed to him that I was far more interested in his conversation (for he was a veritable mine of information concerning Japanese folk-lore) than I was in his collection of curios, which appeared to me only third-rate. The flood-gates were now opened, and a torrent of apologies and excuses for the wretched poverty of his miserable shop burst upon this eminently learned and exalted person's ears. 'No,' I said, 'I know nothing whatever about Japanese curios and works of art, but I am most anxious to have some small acquaintance

with these things, if you will deign to teach me from your vast storehouse of knowledge.' And so, mutual confidence being restored by my confession and our exaggerated compliments, I started upon a course of instruction under Hirosé's guidance.

The upstairs room of the little curio shop was crammed with richly lacquered chests containing many beautiful things, each nestling in its own wadding-lined, wooden box, tied up with tape and inscribed all over with Japanese ideograms—things which Hirosé impressed upon me were shown only to wealthy and understanding Japanese. Foreigners, however rich they might be, were not considered worthy to possess or even to have exhibited before them, except by special favour, the best that the native artists had produced, since it was not possible for them, with few exceptions, to appreciate the feeling that underlies typical Oriental art of the conventional and symbolic form most favoured in Japan. Besides, it was the present purpose of the connoisseur to prevent the real treasures of Japan from leaving their country, which alone knows how to value them at their true worth.

I could not but feel honoured at Hirosé's realisation of my worthiness, however belated, in thus allowing me to gaze with impious eyes upon the products of a superior culture, fit for enlightened Japanese alone, but I was not a little surprised to learn how totally ignorant I was of good and bad taste according to the acknowledged standards of the expert. Even when my education was more advanced I still could not bring myself to see in most of the wonderful pieces that Hirosé displayed with pride objects of beauty; rather they appealed to me as technical achievements of laboured effort. But that, doubtless, was due to my immature understanding of the meaning of beauty in the Japanese sense, for it is not easy to change standards and values acquired in more impressionable days. When I told this to Hirosé he smiled a deep smile, and remarked that the West has ever had to come East for its culture. In spite of my set opinions, my tutor did, certainly, teach me much about lacquer and porcelain that I could not have hoped to learn by myself without laborious study.

After some twelve months of Hirosé's tuition I confess that I began to grow a little weary of the conventions and forms that could endow fine workmanship with qualities of transcendental beauty in the eyes of the initiated; for I felt that real beauty should be instantly and universally recognised. But I found myself becoming more and more fascinated with the histories, stories and legends that surrounded so many of the curios in Hirosé's possession.

survivor of the pair designed especially in the famous Nabeshima workshop and fired in the private kiln of the Daimyo of Hizen to be presented later by his lordship to the Temple of Isé in celebration of the recovery of his favourite concubine from a not entirely respectable if fashionable illness. The stories of the Daimyo and his lady-loves were alone sufficiently numerous and interesting to justify a fair-sized volume in their recital, but this is neither the time nor the place for such digression.

The workmanship and artistry of this piece of porcelain were admirable indeed, for, apart from the unusual brilliance of its lustre, every symbol of good luck, health and fortune had been included in the design—the aged, hairy-tailed tortoise, storks in flight, plum blossoms, a pomegranate tree in fruit, a fir tree and bamboos tinted on the white background in a striking and beautiful variety of colours seldom seen on Japanese ware. Like all the porcelain made in the Nabeshima factory, the pair of wine vessels was never intended for sale. Each piece designed was created for a special purpose, as an honourable gift or for use in the household of the Daimyo himself, and each piece was therefore a work of distinction, individual and characteristic, the pride of the master artist who created for the love of his craft without thought for the price that his work might fetch in the open market. The value of this particular vessel at the time of writing was immense, since its historical origin, as well as its artistic beauty, was undeniable, but through what strange adventures it had passed in coming to Hirosé's little shop was yet for some fertile imagination to invent and for an artist's brush to inscribe upon the inevitable wooden box without which I am inclined to think most of the connoisseurs of Japanese works of art would be lost.

Then there were three 'saké' cups, probably of a set of five, also in a neat box beautifully inscribed with Japanese ideograms telling something of their story, that had once belonged to Oishi Kuranosuké, the mighty chief of the immortal Forty-seven Ronin whose names have stood highest in the regard of the sons of Japan as examples of loyalty and chivalry for the 220 odd years since their great deed of revenge for the death of their Lord, the Daimyo of Ako, ended in the sacrifice of their own lives by 'hara-kiri.'

There were many more curios with fascinating histories as told to me by Hirosé, who may or may not have been telling the truth. But among all his treasures there was one that I ardently desired to possess, for it appealed to me not only as a thing of beauty the moment it was uncovered to my eyes, but as a perfect conception by an artist of a gift for a lady of exquisite beauty—for the one lady of his heart—as an offering to love

created by love. It was a mirror of silver set upon a stand of black lacquer most delicately traced in fine gold lines. There was something infinitely pathetic in this mirror which spoke to me so strongly of love and beauty, for its silver surface that had once been polished and bright was now tarnished with the neglect of years. What had been its story, I wondered, and what were those dark spots that had pitted the metal surface so deeply that they could be felt by a finger lightly passed over them ?

The story of those stains is of one short bloody incident in the tragic life of Kosomé, a remarkable person who, for being created beautiful for all eternity, was damned never to know the joy of peace on earth.

'THE MIRROR OF BEAUTY'

In the year 1805 Sobei Tsunokuniya was already a well-to-do timber merchant in the city of Yedo. His house and his business stood on the banks of the stream separating Kanda from Nihombashi, near to the present bridge called Imajabashi that spans the slight waterway. Here Tsunokuniya sold wood of all sorts, cherry and pine faggots to be converted into charcoal for the household 'hibachi,' Pawlonia and camphor woods for making 'tansu' or chests, birch for the whittling of toothpicks which should still show something of the bark upon them when finished, beautifully shaped and slight trunks of trees for supporting 'tokonoma,' cryptomeria wood and fir woods, hard wood for the carvers of 'netsukes' and larger figures, wood for screens and wood for building houses, wood for 'shoji,' and wood specially selected and seasoned for the lacquer artists. Tsunokuniya gloried in his wood, and, because he was childless and still his wife's lover, he gave as much attention to his home and business and as much consideration to his wife and to his apprentices as most men in his station of life lavished upon their 'geisha' and their 'saké.' For which reason he prospered and was respected.

The lack of children was a sore trial to a man of Tsunokuniya's character and position, for he not only liked to have youth and beauty around him, but he owned a thriving business which he hoped would be carried on after his death by one of his own flesh and blood. Adoption of a boy had, of course, occurred to him, and he had taken temporarily into his family and his business a son of an old friend, a young boy named Sugita Okura, with this end in view. But both Tsunokuniya and his wife were still young, and there was always the chance that the gods might grant to them the greatest of all blessings if they considered them worthy. And no act of piety was ever omitted by the childless pair from their daily worship before the shrine of the family ancestors.

In 1808, after many years of petitioning for divine favour, a girl was born to the overjoyed and virtuous couple. At the mother's wish the child was named Kosomé, and a sapling of 'kiri' was planted in the small garden so that when the girl had reached marriageable age the tree would be large enough to supply wood for a chest-of-drawers, as the Japanese saying predicts. Many another rite for the future welfare and happiness of the child was performed; and the good gods seemed to smile and to bestow every blessing upon her in return.

From her earliest days Kosomé showed signs of a wilful, masterful disposition, and, as she grew older, resented unmistakably the fact that she was a girl, subject to the sheltered treatment given to all womankind. But as she grew she increased in beauty, making it clear that the little wild child required more than the usual close watching, whatever her resentments might be. Both mother and father were given many anxious moments by their gay, irresponsible daughter, who would make acquaintances in the street, and charm with her pretty prattle any idle passer-by who happened to please her. She would sometimes bring home her friends casually made in this way, as fearless of any possible danger that might arise from her behaviour as she was of the scoldings of her annoyed parents. But she was the only child, a very beautiful and loving child, the apple of her father's eye.

One day, after the girl had become a woman, Kosomé came home with a gentleman of striking appearance, who could not keep his eyes away from the beautiful face of the young woman at his side. His admiration was evidently sincere and harmless, though Kosomé's father thought otherwise and regarded it with the gravest suspicion. Politely the elderly gentleman introduced himself as Utagawa Toyokuni, a painter of pictures, and he told the story of his meeting with Kosomé. But any further introduction was unnecessary, for the name of Toyokuni was well known throughout Japan as that of an artist of the highest standing. —For many years he had been devoting his life to painting beautiful women, and he was now publishing a series called *One Hundred Beauties of Yedo*, but never had he felt so great a desire to paint any woman as at the moment when he had set eyes upon the young lady whom he had chanced to meet that day: never had he thought beauty so worthy of being promoted to a joy for ever. He had stopped the young woman in the streets and begged that he might be allowed to use her as a model; and here he was seeking permission from her parents for the inestimable privilege of painting her portrait.

Kosomé's father was angry—there was no doubt about it—and he expressed his opinion of his daughter's forward conduct and of the artist's presumption in the politest language. But

Kosomé was delighted, as any young girl would have been at so great an honour, and she readily agreed, contrary to her father's wishes, to sit for the famous painter. In due course, the new beauty of Yedo was made known through the length and breadth of the city by the wood-block prints of Toyokuni's painting, admittedly one of his best as it was one of his last, for the artist died some twelve months later.

The country people, who visited the Shogun's capital in great numbers during the festivals, especially appreciated this new addition to the 'Yedoyé' or 'souvenirs of Yedo,' for Toyokuni was at the height of his popularity at that time. With the more varied works of Hokusai and Hiroshige, Toyokuni's paintings of beautiful women stand even to this day as the best examples of the 'ukiyoyé' or 'pictures of the gay circles,' none of which show the master to greater advantage than that of Kosomé, who, in the year 1824, had yet to justify her inclusion in the ranks of ladies claiming still easier virtues than that of having been born beautiful. But the path of fame was now open before her.

There was one young man who did not regard the publicity given to Kosomé, born among the timbers, with unqualified pleasure. It was doubtless an honour to have the face emblazoned on paper prints and on battledores in company with the portraits of celebrated courtesans and famous actors at the New Year. But it was a different matter to expect a young man to view with complacency the vulgarisation of the beauty of the one upon whom he had set his heart for his own. He had seen the child grow into a woman—with the child he had often played; to the changeling he had been the confidant in many a difference between her and her parents and in many an anxious doubt that beset the growing girl; from the woman of only a few months he had learned to hope that the softening eyes in his presence were the signs of a love returned. Poor Okura! those sleepless nights as he tossed on his 'futon,' torn by love and jealousy, were veritable torture!

Sugita Okura was not an ordinary worldly youth—he was artistic as well as emotional, and he had an unusually strong leaning towards religion for a young man of his age. In the mercy of Buddha he had already found consolation for his dislike of the timber trade: now once more he turned to his devotions, this time in order to forget a love that was eating out his heart. In the selling of wood he could find no pleasure, much to the distress of his master, but in carving and in lacquer work, in turning wood into an expression of himself, he took a great delight. Whilst he should have been attending to his duties in the yard he was more often to be seen sitting on the banks of the stream carving in wood a figure of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy,

and of the Great Buddha himself. And, though the forms and positions were those of Kwannon and of Buddha, the faces were always the face of Kosomé.

The popularity of the new beauty's portrait grew apace among the people, and Toyokuni's prints were to be found in every collection from that of the humble cottager who could afford to indulge in the luxury to those of the lords of the land who, whilst looking down upon this plebeian form of art, nevertheless vied with each other in adding the original as well as her portrait to their collections. Kosomé received many bids for her favour from high officials of the city, which she talked over with Sugita—poor Sugita, whose nights had now become a hell of darkness!

Kosomé's father was greatly impressed by the sudden fame that had come to his daughter, and, though he did not worry her to accept any of the other tempting offers that were made to her, he begged her to consider the proposal from the mighty lord Sataké of the Okita clan, who had it in his power to prosper or injure the fine business that he had built up. Sugita Okura was, of course, strongly averse from the idea of Kosomé entering the Daimyo's household in any capacity whatever, knowing full well to what it would unquestionably lead, and he begged Kosomé to marry him instead. But there was glamour in the position that she would occupy at the court of so powerful a Daimyo as Sataké, and Kosomé was by no means anxious to marry just then; so she yielded to the persuasion of her father and to her own craving for excitement, and she became, in the course of time, the treasured mistress of one of the most influential men in Yedo.

Sugita Okura was heart-broken and, through the kindly help of friends, entered the Royal Temple in Uéno in the capacity of a minor official. Here, in an atmosphere of sanctity, he devoted himself to his carving and his lacquer work, which, though never destined to become famous in Japan as superlative art, were noted in later years for their rarity and for their delicate and sensitive treatment. Most of his work was destroyed by his own hands, for he was seldom pleased with the results, seeing in them a futile endeavour to express in dead wood symbols of the living palpitating beauty by whom he was obsessed. With one piece of lacquer, however, Okura was entirely satisfied at the finish, for he had thrown into it all the love that he possessed, and had worked upon it only at those moments when his body so ached and his mind so longed for Kosomé that he felt himself to be one with her. He knew that in presenting his gift to his loved one he would often be in her thoughts, and he knew that, as it was of the best that he could give, some part of himself would always be present as the girl sat before it looking at her beautiful face reflected in the polished silver mirror. Three hundred cents of the

best black lacquer had been laboriously laid upon the slender wood stand made from the 'kiri' tree that had been planted at Kosomé's birth, and threads of purest gold, as fine as silk, had been placed in the delicate pattern carved out of the hard, dried lacquer until the gold was level with the top. The rubbing down and polishing of the lacquer stand, as well as the burnishing of the silver sheet, had taken long, for no other hands but his own had touched this work of love, no other eyes but those of the lover had been reflected in the brilliant mirror during its making.

In the Daimyo's palace Kosomé was not enjoying herself as much as she had expected. She had not quite understood that her duties as maid-in-waiting would be as exacting as they proved to be. She had no love, indeed no great liking, for Sataké, whose amorous attentions sent the wrong kind of shivers down her back, and it was only by closing her eyes on those occasions, when she forced herself to think of poor unsatisfied Sugita and of the love that might have been theirs, that she endured the loathing of her situation. For hours she sat before the mirror gently stroking the smooth, polished lacquer with her fingers, and tears flowed so often then that many a time her lord had to reprove her for coming to him with swollen eyes. Suddenly her mood would change, and she would determine to get as much fun out of life as possible. Then, once more, she was the same chattering, irresponsible child that everyone had loved in her more humble home at Kanda. At such times, too, Sataké pampered and spoiled her, loading her with gifts when she pleased him.

The presence of a famous beauty, sometimes gay, sometimes sad, but always as unconventional as she was temperamental, in the household of a man lavishing much attention and wealth upon her, was bound, sooner or later, to lead to trouble among the other women-folk. Sataké's wife was openly and rightly jealous of this upstart who had robbed her, though not for the first time, of her husband's affection; and the distress of the lady of the house was also the affair of her ladies-in-waiting. Whatever Kosomé's bed may have been, it was not a 'futon' lined only with the petals of roses. Sharp pricks that sometimes goaded her to anger, but more often to playing tricks upon her tormentors, were frequent enough to cause daily diversions at that time in the somewhat dull routine of the well-ordered palace. But one day the climax was reached when an elderly matron in attendance upon the Daimyo's wife insulted Kosomé in a most deliberate and offensive manner at a 'flower-viewing' party that was being held in the castle gardens. Quick as thought, Kosomé picked up a 'samisen' lying on the ground and hit the stately dame over the head with the heavy end, adding a few vividly descriptive epith[illegible] in th[illegible] Neither th[illegible]

action nor the words were entirely suited to the dignity of the palace, especially in the presence of honourable guests, whatever the provocation may have been. Lord Satakė could not overlook this serious breach of etiquette as he had done a hundred times already on lesser occasions, and poor Kosomé was ignominiously thrown into the palace dungeons. There are reasons for believing that the Daimyo was not averse just then from freeing himself from his former favourite: she had undoubtedly been an unmitigated nuisance most of the time, though, at first, her unconventional ways had been amusing. But to insult his friends at one of his own parties was beyond endurance; and another beauty had risen to fame in Yedo.

All the efforts of Kosomé's father to secure his daughter's release were unavailing: reparation had been offered as well as abject apologies for her indecorous behaviour, but the Daimyo sternly refused to free Kosomé from the palace gaol. For months she lay in prison apparently forgotten.

Sugita Okura, who had by this time risen to some prominence in the retinue of the lord abbot of the Temple of Kwaneiji, had been following Kosomé's career very closely, hoping that some day he might be able to render service to her and to her father, his late master. The opportunity was now to hand, and he spoke to the lord abbot about the unfortunate girl who was so near to his heart. On a special ceremonial occasion when Satakė had been commanded to pay his devotions at the royal temple the unusual privilege of an interview with the abbot was permitted. The words that passed were few, but the expressed wish of the abbot that Kosomé should be released from prison and returned to her parents' home was law, and the following day saw the beautiful prisoner once more at liberty. The Daimyo, in order to carry out the spirit as well as the letter of the abbot's wish, organised a spectacular demonstration for his late mistress, and Kosomé, from the darkness of her dungeon, was conducted to her home in a rich palanquin attended by a company of 'samurai' with no less a person than the Elder of Lord Satakė's household at their head. The large number of porters bearing Kosomé's baggage on their shoulders was not the least impressive part of the procession, for Lord Satakė had allowed his former favourite to retain many of his gifts to her. But the wealthy Daimyo would certainly have been displeased had he known that the small bundle carried on the back of the porter immediately following Kosomé's palanquin contained only the lacquered mirror made by Okura, cherished by this strange girl above all the costly treasures that had been heaped upon her for services rendered.

Notoriety had now been added to fame, but at a terrible cost. The ten months' imprisonment had seriously affected Kosomé's

health, but, above all, it had brought disillusionment of the apparently charming life of a bird in a golden cage. In future she decided that men were to be her natural prey—she would feed upon them, but never would she consent to be in the degrading position of a mistress or wife. Poor Sugita! would you, too, be torn to bits some day by the caress of those sharp talons?

In order to escape the public attention which recent events had forced upon her and to recover her health, Kosomé retired with her mother to a quiet little house in Yanagishima, well away from the city, where the pure air and the peaceful countryside did much to restore her health and spirits. Kosomé's room was simple in the extreme, and, after the 'futon' had been put away in the morning, no piece of ornament was to be seen except the mirror made for her by Sugita and the restrained floral decoration of fresh wild flowers in the 'tokonoma.' In quiet peace day succeeded day. How often the figure of her lover came to Kosomé as she sat reflecting and reflected before her mirror we do not know, but subsequent events showed that, heartless though she had determined to be towards men, her thoughts turned frequently to her first love—to his ultimate damnation.

Rumours of Kosomé's beauty and of her exploits in the palace of the Lord Sataké were soon to disturb the peace of mother and daughter, even in this remote spot. Rumour too was rife as to vast sums of money that Kosomé had made in the service of the Daimyo, and fabulous wealth and an immense collection of brocades were, with some truth, credited to her by the gossips of the village. Inflamed by these rumours, a robber broke into the villa one early morning and, without hesitation, stabbed the mother, who tried to bar his way. Bleeding profusely from a deep wound, the old lady tottered to her daughter's room only to fall dead on the threshold. Kosomé was both terrified and horrified by the suddenness of the crime, but she bravely confronted the murderer with large wide-open eyes in the absence of any other weapon. This mode of attack which had hitherto brought many another man to her feet was apparently successful in this case also, for it disarmed the murderer of his bloody intention of adding the daughter's body to that of her mother, lying in the doorway. With meekness not unmixed with flattering words, Kosomé offered all her wealth in return for her life, and she hastily proceeded to heap up her brocaded clothes, her jewels and her money in the middle of the room. Then, whilst the robber laid aside his weapon the better to gather together the treasure into a suitable bundle and was intent upon his booty, she took his sword and slew him, hacking him with the savagery of pent-up fury, fear and hysteria.

Blood was everywhere—it spurted from the first cut in the

neck in a red jet that splashed the 'shoji,' it fell in great hot dr
upon the shining mirror and spattered the pure white flowers
the 'tokonoma.' The straw 'tatami' was drenched,
'kimono' wet with blood that flowed from a hundred wounds
she had inflicted. Then only did she cease her savage attack,
she rushed from the house never to return.

Fame and notoriety, like greatness, are often thrust u
unwilling persons. For Kosomé there was no escape fr
publicity. On her return to her home in Kanda from that tra
house of death she found that the news of her mother's murder
of her own fierce revenge had preceded her. Everywhere the st
was being told of the beautiful, famous Kosomé, the hero
of the romance with the great Lord Satakė that had endec
dramatically, who had now courageously slain a robber to ave
her mother's death. The tale was being told in the tea-houses
the local gossips and in the state-rooms of the Shogun's palace
the courtiers and officials. Soon it reached the ears of
Shogun himself, who commanded that such exemplary cond
should be officially rewarded. The letter of praise, couched
high-sounding and flattering terms, now familiar to all Kosom
admirers, was despatched to the house of the timber merch
from the palace with a handsome sum of money in recognit
and appreciation of the noble action of revenge performed in
finest spirit of deep filial piety. So great was the public fee
concerning the popular favourite that crowds would gat
wherever Kosomé was seen in the streets. Offers of honour
marriage poured upon the young heroine; but Kosomé, true
her vows, would have none of them. It is not known whe
Sugita Okura pressed his suit once more during this time,
it is to be presumed from what followed that there was so
understanding between the two lovers. Possibly they met
more than one occasion; certain it is that young Okura obtai
the mirror from the house of death in Yanagishima and t
Kosomé never looked upon it again. Still splashed with blo
now dried upon it, the mirror stood in Okura's room in U
for many months until it was sold in tragic and path
circumstances.

Kosomé continued to receive, without acceptance, offer
marriage from men of every rank in life. Then, with a sudc
ness characteristic of most of her actions, she became a 'gei
The forces that influenced her to make this decision must h
been many. Honourable marriage did not appeal to her, anc
be a mistress again was abhorrent—so much we know alrea
But the life of a 'geisha' was free and unrestrained—the act
of a 'geisha' in matters of the body and heart were not questior
Then, too, in her yearning for her lover she saw an opportu

of meeting Sugita as often as she wished without interference from the moralists, and, above all, without any of the ties imposed by convention, religious or financial, that would inevitably have bound her as wife or mistress.

As soon as Kosomé had been publicly announced, Sugita Okura rushed to her side, and for the first time the lovers found consolation in each other's arms. Nights of rapture followed, nights when the horrors through which they both had passed were forgotten, the loveless bed of Sataké by Kosomé, the torturing lonely bed by Sugita. Jealousy, blood, fear, religion, art and hatred were all forgotten; hurried into the long dark past by fleeting moments in a present, passionate Paradise.

As a 'geisha' Kosomé had many admirers, several of whom were still willing and anxious to marry her. She continued to pursue her profession, officially that of an entertainer, however, without succumbing to any of the alluring offers. Her popularity was great, for she was very beautiful, amusing and talented, and she was in great demand at the big functions in the Shogun's capital, where 'geisha' were, if not the most important, the most pleasing part of an entertainment. In the course of time it was realised that Kosomé had no intention of marrying and that she was by no means easy to secure even for one night as a lover. Her devotion to Sugita Okura was generally respected, and soon petitions for her hand and for her favours ceased, so that the two were left almost entirely unmolested in their happiness.

There was one among her many admirers, however, who considered no one and nothing but his own person and his own desires, and who, since Kosomé had first become a 'geisha,' had pestered her with his attentions. True, he had asked for honourable marriage with her, which she had coldly refused in spite of the fact that the 'samurai' was an extremely attractive, wealthy and much-sought-after young man in the same gay circles in which Kosomé moved. Suzuki was lavish with his money and was surrounded by a number of fashionable friends of both sexes who formed the smartest clique in town. He was strong in physique, handsome, and very much accustomed to getting his own way. The cold arrogance of Kosomé had therefore annoyed him exceedingly, and he determined to bring the proud beauty to her knees. With all other competition put into the background by her attachment to Sugita Okura, it only remained to remove that one obstacle who, in the position he occupied at the temple, was, in the eyes of Suzuki, clearly unable to supply from his own means alone all the expenses involved in the single courtship of Kosomé. At any rate, that seemingly weak point in Okura's armour appeared worth probing with all the force and subtlety that money and cunning could bring to bear. From all accounts, it

is to be feared that Okura was not armed with the full complement of virtues against so insidious an attack, and that he had, allowing himself to indulge in the expensive luxury and absorbin happiness of Kosomé's love, overstepped the bounds of honou and appropriated considerable sums from the temple funds. T delinquent was brought to face the light of this startling discover through the persistence of Suzuki, who would have been glad see his rival suffer the extreme penalty of death for his crime, would undoubtedly have happened had it not been for the go offices of the lord abbot himself.

Okura had earned the affection of the abbot and the regard all the temple officers by his modest, pious behaviour and by h ability as an artist. Such a crime could not be ignored, howeve and the culprit was allowed to escape, a fugitive from justic with enough money to take him to the furthermost point of th empire.

The misery of Kosomé, the joy of Suzuki, and the fear Okura were equally intense. At once Kosomé threw off th bright 'kimono' of a 'geisha' and retired to Atami to meditat upon the tragedy that had come so soon upon her in her new found happiness: Suzuki bided his time, but went to live Atami also, where he could more closely watch the course events, whilst Okura fled with all speed in disguise under assumed name so that he might the better shake off the minion of the law.

Okura's property was confiscated, and much of it was sold t replace the missing funds. Kosomé's once cherished mirror, tha had been wrought solely for her by the hands of love, was put u to auction. Blood-stained, tarnished and dirty, it presented miserable an appearance at the exhibition of articles prior to th sale that Suzuki, when he saw it, could not refrain from laughin at the sorry spectacle of his former rival's handiwork. Ha Suzuki succeeded in purchasing the mirror and offering it onc more to Kosomé, as was his intention, it is probable that hi subsequent career would have been different, and that the lad upon whom he had set his heart would have dismissed him fc ever for such flagrant bad taste. Heaven, however, has a strang way of disposing the proposals of man, and ordained otherwise An equally ardent admirer of Kosomé, though less wealthy tha the young 'samurai,' had also determined to buy the mirror wit no ulterior motive than to possess the one thing that had reflecte so often the face of the woman he had loved. When the secr bids made in writing to the auctioneer were opened, it was foun that the well-known wealthy Suzuki had lost to an unknown ma and had been outbidden by ten to one. So passes Kosomé' mirror from our story into the hands of the elder Hirosé, whos

son had it in his possession at the time of writing. The rest of the story must be quickly told.

The months that followed Kosomé's retirement from public life were full of misery. Once more the suitors for her hand surged around her, leaving her no peace. But Suzuki was watchful, and unostentatiously cleared the way of many unpleasamt and trying situations.

Kosomé had given every 'sen' she possessed in order to pay back the money stolen by her lover. Now that she had given up the profession of 'geisha,' she was absolutely without means of livelihood and unable to meet the pressing calls for money that always take place in Japan at the close of the year. Suzuki quietly paid all her debts, and succeeded in finding various small sums to cover her expenses without her knowledge. It was a cruel game played with all the appearance of honest friendship.

Suzuki's care and persistence seemed to have won the day and to have brought the once proud beauty into complete submission, for a compact was made, in due course, by which Kosomé became again a rich man's mistress. Appearances were, however, deceptive. Kosomé loathed and detested the 'samurai' for the part he had played in ruining herself and her lover, and, whilst she saw in the agreement a breach of her vows, she hugged to herself the righteousness of an avenger. Look to it now, Suzuki, that your life has been faultless and that your ancestors have no stain upon their characters, for you have within your 'shoji' a woman far more dangerous than a trifling lover!

The beautiful house at Sanya that Tokichiro Suzuki built for Kosomé was the last word in luxury. Here the young 'samurai' strove hard to win the love that he knew was not his. Costly gifts were showered upon his cold mistress to melt her heart, whilst his home and his former favourites were entirely neglected. But, though Kosomé lived up to her part of the contract, no particle of love was granted to the nearly desperate young man. Suzuki's extravagance passed from one excess to another, and soon his reckless expenditure became the talk of the town. In time, the gossip reached the ears of Lord Ikeda, the governor of Yedo, whose business it was to watch over the morals of the citizens of the Shogun's capital For some time past queries as to how and where Suzuki found the vast sums of money for his fast living had been put to, and successfully evaded by, the governor; but now he was forced to act. Watchers were put on the trail of the young 'samurai,' and the movements of his new mistress were also closely followed. But Kosomé's actions threw no light on the subject of Suzuki's income except the spending of it, nor were Ikeda's spies more successful in finding anything against the young man.

All this time Kosomé was brooding upon her revenge, but just as the governor's men had failed to find any vulnerable spot in Suzuki's career, so she felt herself completely baffled by his thoughtfulness and by the ardour of his love, and she could see no way of honourably bringing about his downfall.

The strange god Chance, who plays fast and loose with the lives of the just and unjust alike, had overlooked the opportunity of marring Suzuki's happiness when he allowed Kosomé's mirror to pass into other hands. Now it seemed that he regretted the oversight and was bent upon the young man's destruction, and he sent into the arena one Kokichi, a servant in Lord Ikeda's household, a great gambler and drinker, boastful in his cups. It was Kokichi who was heard one night to brag that if pressed for money he could always get as much as he wished from Suzuki, but he did not say what hold he had upon the 'samurai.' When the news was carried to Lord Ikeda, however, the secret was easily squeezed from the man in the torture chamber, and a much-worn document was produced under the pain of the rack signed by Suzuki, who solemnly pledged generous provision to the father of Kokichi and to his descendants as long as he lived. It was further added that, if he failed in his promise, the secret of his true state might be made public. No amount of torture could extract from Kokichi what the true state of the 'samurai' mentioned in the document might mean, for he did not know, the secret having died with his father. But it was clear that there was something peculiar in the rich young man's past that stirred Lord Ikeda to further action. Eventually the key to the problem was found in a large bale of goods lying at a warehouse, addressed to Tokichiro Suzuki from some place in the country.

By the governor's orders all the 'samurai's' bundles and parcels were being opened and examined before delivery, and in this one, among many rolls of costly silk and cotton cloth, was found a letter, couched in most affectionate terms, begging that when the young man was near his home he would not fail to visit his aged father. The letter was signed 'Purple.'

When the bundle was delivered to its owner, and the young man had searched in vain for the customary letter, Suzuki knew that it had been pilfered and that his day of reckoning was at hand. He hurried to call upon his mistress at Sanya to bid her farewell, begging her to return to her parents as he feared that a great disaster was about to come upon him. The frightened man pressed upon Kosomé a large sum of money and insisted that she should take all the gifts that he had given to her and go with all speed. Kosomé returned to her home mystified that Providence had taken up her cause and wondering what could be the nature of the trouble that had come so suddenly upon the

gay, wealthy young 'samurai.' She was soon to learn, for a few days later all Yedo heard of Suzuki's arrest and of the unforgivable crime that had been enacted against society. Tokichiro Suzuki was none other than Genzaburo Watanabe—a scarlet Eta!

In order to understand the full significance of such a horrible discovery it would be necessary to give the whole story of the Watanabes, father and son, and to explain the existence at that time of the Eta caste, who, by their low birth or origin, polluted the atmosphere breathed by the higher ranks of society. It was only by an enactment of the Emperor Meiji at his restoration that the caste system was abolished, and, though officially no class distinction is now recognised in Japan, there remains still a strong prejudice against the types of persons relegated by misfortune to handle the dead bodies and excrement of animals and men. This is, however, a digression which, though interesting, would take too much time and space to elaborate here. That Suzuki was really Watanabe, an Eta, was sufficiently revolting, but that he should have passed as a 'samurai' and imposed upon persons of the highest rank and mixed with them on terms of equality were offences too great and disgusting to imagine without a shiver of revulsion.

Kosomé felt herself defiled by contact with such a man, and she hastened to Atami to cleanse her polluted person. Meanwhile the trial of Suzuki dragged on and brought to light another but comparatively trifling crime that a man with the smallest political influence could have prevented from being made public, for it concerned only the cornering of rice, the people's food.

Suzuki lay in prison for many months during his trial, but before a verdict had been reached he died in prison—it is said by poisoning. Thus passed away in the prime of his youth an interesting character whose story forms an enlightening chapter in the history of Japan for those wishing to follow the social and moral changes that have taken place in the last hundred years.

To Kosomé the shock of Suzuki's arrest and trial, and the crimes that they had brought to light, were only secondary to the horror of her own pollution, and many weeks passed before she dared to appear again in public. Much of her time in seclusion was spent in purification and meditation, and, it is said, in drinking 'saké,' to which she was already addicted.

By a strange chance again, through the gossip of a blind masseur attending her one evening of her retirement, Kosomé heard rumours of Okura's presence in the neighbourhood. Once more she donned the gay 'kimono' of a 'geisha' with a view to getting back her first love. But Okura had married a woman who kept a brothel in Fujisawa and dared not risk, for fear of arrest for his early crime, to appear among the crowd of influential persons

who [illegible] more flocked around [illegible] Kosomé. The 'geisha's' troubles had added a certain piquancy to her person, and at this time, at the age of twenty-eight, she was more radiant and attractive than ever.

The lovers, however, did meet on one last occasion, for Kosomé, returning one day from sight-seeing near Usawa, met a prisoner's palanquin in which was none other than Sugita Okura, caught at last to pay the penalty for his misdeeds, when, [illegible] by the desire to see once again his love of better days, he had indiscreetly left his hiding place and paid a visit to her house during her absence. Kosomé threw herself on her knees and begged the guards to release the prisoner and to take her instead, asserting that she was the true criminal, since she was the cause of his crime. But the guards were adamant, and Okura went to his doom and endured the terrible punishment of decapitation with exposure of his head as a warning to others.

This last tragedy changed Kosomé entirely. From a gay lady of the world she became a religious woman, bent upon redeeming her soul. She started upon a pilgrimage to the temples of Kyoto and Nara in the most pious spirit, abjuring her past life and living in the simplest manner. Yet more terrors were, however, in store for this hunted woman, for the boat in which she was travelling to Kwansai was wrecked on the way and drifted for many days at the mercy of wind and waves until it was thrown up with a cargo of dead and dying on an island off Hawaii. Kosomé was one of the few who were rescued alive and restored to health by the kind ministering hands of the Christian community.

In Hawaii she remained long enough to be converted to Christianity and to enter a wealthy household in the capacity of nurse. She was heard of for a few years in San Francisco, and then once more in Japan in 1877 during the uprising of the Satsuma clan, at which time she was sixty-nine years old. Then all news of the once famous Kosomé ceases—only her reflection can be seen when the tarnished Mirror of Beauty is polished by loving hands.

R. Whymper.

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II. Public Spending and Private Saving. By Sir JOHN MARRIOTT, M.P. . 736
III. The Distribution of Wealth. By A. WYATT TILBY . . . 749
IV. The Scottish Coalminer. By J. D. Macdougall . . . 762
V. The United States of Europe : A Dream or a Possibility ? By CHARLES PETRIE . . . 782
VI. The State Appointment of Bishops. By the Rev. H. CHALMER BELL . 794
VII. Prayer-Book Revision and Common Sense. By the Rev. PERCY DEARMER, D.D. . . . 805
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THE
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No. DCX—December 1927

WORK AND WAGES IN THE ENGINEERING INDUSTRY

The Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Bill received the Royal Assent on July 29, 1927, and has now been placed on the Statute-book as an effective Act of Parliament.

I regard this Act as the most useful piece of legislation which the present Parliament has so far produced, for it is the first definite step taken towards muzzling the irresponsible and fanatical leaders who hitherto have been the chief obstacle to friendly negotiations between employers and moderate trade unionists.

The agreement which was reached last summer between representatives of the employers and the trade unions in the engineering industry is a gratifying indication that the counsel of moderate men is already beginning to prevail over the disastrous leadership of labour agitators.

As far back as April 1924 the various unions connected with the engineering trade submitted to the employers a demand for

a substantial general increase in wages. Thereafter no less than fifteen national joint conferences were held to discuss the question, and on several occasions it seemed as if it would be quite impossible that the opposite sides would ever arrive at an agreement. The dispute, however, was conducted throughout with much moderation and understanding, the employers freely recognising the low rates of pay prevailing on the exposed, or competitive, side of the engineering industry and the unions equally recognising the grave condition of trade which the employers had to face. The employers ultimately offered an increase of 2s. on the existing weekly post-war bonus of 10s. to all plain-time workers over the age of twenty-one years, but not to workers employed on piece work, or to those whose wages fluctuate in accordance with the wages of workpeople in other industries. This restriction means that about 50 per cent. of those engaged in the engineering industry will be excluded from the award. The trade union representatives, realising at length that no better terms under the existing conditions were possible, wisely agreed to put this offer to the vote of their members, with the result that a majority of nearly 2 to 1 was in favour of its acceptance, and the advance duly came into operation on August 1 last. Nevertheless, it is still conceded that the wages of skilled engineers in the industries exposed to foreign competition are low in comparison with those paid in sheltered trades where the influence of political and social agitators has been allowed to prevail over constitutional authority.

It was stated on good authority not long ago that the workers in the sheltered industries of this country are receiving in wages about 200,000,000*l*. more per annum than they would obtain were they engaged at the rates in force amongst workmen employed in the competitive, or exposed, trades. There is no doubt that the high rate of wages now prevailing in the sheltered industries largely contributes to the economic difficulties which stand in the way of increasing the wages of competitive workers, for the extra 200,000,000*l*. per annum which the sheltered workers receive means an additional charge on transport, power, rates and taxes, all of which become a deadweight load on our export trade and constitute, in themselves, potent reasons why we are unable to sell our goods at competitive prices in the world's markets.

It is one of the worst features of the privileged position of sheltered labour that it breeds justifiable discontent amongst skilled craftsmen working in exposed industries, more especially when the latter see, as they often do, less proficient members of their own trade, and even totally unskilled workers, drawing higher wages under easier conditions simply because they are fortunate enough to be in sheltered employment. It is not likely

that these disproportionately high wages in the sheltered trades will be indefinitely maintained, for if they are, then many of our hitherto successful competitive industries will gradually cease to exist. The best men will either emigrate or become absorbed in a sheltered branch of their trade, to be replaced on the competitive side by less proficient workers. The result will be that the present world-wide respect for British craftsmanship will gradually disappear, more especially as parents are not going to apprentice their sons to trades which are becoming decadent, or less remunerative than unskilled employment for which no special training is required.

These deplorable changes in the engineering industry are already taking place, and no one—except, perhaps, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—is sanguine enough to believe that with 12 skilled workmen out of every 100 still unemployed and subsisting on the dole, and with the industry languishing in the face of a relentless foreign competition, an increase of 2*s.* per week in the wages of time workers is going to restore the peace and contentment in engineering workshops which everyone so ardently desires. My own opinion is that the attainment of these conditions might be more successfully achieved by agreement between the employers and the trade unions on the adoption of some method of merit grading for workmen, and I shall indicate later in this article my views in that connexion. But the fundamental remedy for industrial unrest is to improve the workers' standard of living by enhancing the prosperity of our industries, and that, I maintain, can only be achieved by extending the policy of preferential trading within the Empire and by a wider application of the Safeguarding of Industries Act than the Government have hitherto had the courage to adopt. It is therefore desirable briefly to consider the present attitude of the Government with regard to industrial problems before submitting my suggestion for improving labour conditions.

About this time last year, when the Imperial Economic Conference was taking place, it looked as if opinion was at length definitely hardening, even amongst political supporters of free trade, in favour of stronger protective measures for safeguarding industry within the Empire, and, although industrialists have learned in recent years to attach little importance to the political barometer, they awaited the result of the Conference with the keenest interest. Unfortunately, as everybody now knows, they were sadly disappointed, for once again the vital interests of the nation appear to have been sacrificed on the altar of political expediency.

On the opening day of the Conference that great Imperialist Mr. Bruce, the Prime Minister of Australia, struck the right note

by urging his colleagues to concentrate on attaining practical decisions on 'the true and co-ordinated development of the resources of the Empire.' His advice was not followed. The long-suffering taxpayer was assured with somewhat suspicious frequency that unanimity prevailed throughout the deliberations of the Conference, much was vaguely stated with regard to concerted measures of Imperial defence, and at all public functions stirring allusions were made to the indissoluble 'union of hearts' that bound the Empire together; but, paradoxically, the one outstanding achievement of the Conference was to proclaim the Mother Country and the Dominions as separate and coequal States. In other words, the daughters were raised to the status of the mother, an arrangement which in domestic life would hardly conduce to the 'union of hearts,' more especially as this declaration of independence was carried out at the instigation of its youngest members. The development will be watched with some anxiety, particularly in relation to the younger Dominions of South Africa and Ireland, but we have no misgivings as to the genuine sentiments of kinship which at present prevail in the older Dominions.

Nevertheless, human nature is too materialistic in these days for any empire to exist on sentiment alone, and the longer we philander with the question of a preferential interchange of staple commodities the weaker our hold on the Dominions must become. Our reluctance in the past to adopt that wise and far-seeing policy has already forced them to raise protective tariffs behind which they are striving for autonomy by building up basic industries of their own. This can only result in the gradual loss of Empire markets for British products, just as the protective tariffs of other countries are at present causing our steady loss of foreign markets. Both these deplorable tendencies may be checked by the extension of Empire preference and the safeguarding of home industries, and I find it difficult to believe that a Government known to be in sympathy with those remedies can continue to fail the country on such vital issues.

A striking illustration of the deplorable results which follow our strange adherence to the economic fallacies of free trade is being afforded at present by the condition of the British steel industry, which since the war has been struggling against the constantly increasing pressure of foreign competition. The success achieved in this direction by Continental manufacturers is attributed to (1) longer working hours and lower wages; (2) subsidies paid by their Governments, specially designed to aid exports; (3) lower railway rates; (4) lower general rates and taxes; (5) depreciated exchanges. The hardship suffered by British makers in these respects, coupled with the entire freedom

of their Continental competitors to dump their surplus material upon us, is reflected in the rate at which imports of iron and steel into this country have risen. In 1923 these were valued at 24,000,000*l.*, last year they were 39,000,000*l.*, and, if the present rate is maintained, it is estimated that this year the value will reach 50,000,000*l.* This means that something like 100,000 British workmen are standing idle, subsisting on the dole, and losing their skill and efficiency. Yet, in spite of the national necessity to maintain this basic industry in a healthy condition, the Government have hitherto declined to set up any safeguarding tariff, and at the very moment when recently our free trade Chancellor had the hardihood to announce to a Scottish audience that 'the trade of the country is again in full swing' our steel makers, in despair and at further sacrifices to themselves, were offering substantial rebates to British steel users who undertook to confine their purchases to British materials.

We cannot blame the steel user for such a bribe being required, as he may be equally pressed by foreign competition in his own product, but it appears to me that this case demonstrates the futility of the Merchandise Marks Act introduced by the Government last year.

That Act was described in the House of Commons as a very anæmic substitute for full-blooded protection, and I consider even that description flatters the Government. As a cure for trade depression it is probably about as useful as the slogan 'Buy British Empire Goods' on which various members of the Cabinet have bestowed their blessing. I confess that it does not impress me as a dignified proceeding for the rulers of a great nation to evade their responsibilities by appeals to sentiment of this kind. Surely, if our Ministers are justified in advising the people to buy British Empire goods, it is their duty to enact legislation which will ensure that everybody does it.

The present Government has lamentably failed to make the most of its unique opportunity for consolidating the Empire and restoring the fortunes of British industry by means of preferential tariffs and safeguarding duties. That they have not rendered any appreciable assistance to industry, even in the latter respect, may be gathered from a statement made in the House of Commons by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade just before the autumn adjournment. Asked by a member to give, up to the latest date, the number of applications for safeguarding, the number granted, the number rejected, and the number pending respectively, the Secretary replied as follows:

Up to the present forty-four applications under the safeguarding of industries procedure have been received by the Board of Trade. Fifteen of these have been referred to the Committees for inquiry, and seven

duties have been imposed. Of the remaining twenty-nine applications three have been withdrawn or are in abeyance, twenty-two have been rejected without reference to a Committee and four are pending.

This answer not only elicited expressions of dissatisfaction in the House, but so much adverse criticism throughout the country that it is proposed to bring pressure to bear upon the Government with a view to speeding up and simplifying the existing procedure. Mr. Baldwin is credited with the desire to facilitate safeguarding applications, but so many difficulties have been occasioned by bureaucratic interference that it is unlikely, unless radical alterations are effected, that further industrialists will expose themselves to the irritation and expense of applying for a form of protection which is almost invariably refused.

We could understand the official attitude if the safeguarding duties already imposed, and the McKenna duties which the Government have restored, had proved harmful, or even ineffective, but the very reverse has been the case. The industries concerned are amongst the few that are really prosperous at the present time. Official figures show that in every instance employment has increased—in some cases to a remarkable extent; and what must be even more bewildering to the free trade bigot is that selling prices have been reduced. This latter result confirms one of the strongest arguments in favour of protection, which is that, by imposing reasonable safeguarding duties, not only are labour and output increased, but the distribution of standing charges over the increased production lowers costs, and thereby improves conditions for dealing with competition in the world markets.

British manufacturers and engineers are to-day every bit as skilful and competent as their forebears were, and they have to an even greater degree the faculty for organising their methods to get the best results out of existing conditions. They desire nothing more than to be allowed to manage their own affairs, but in helping to return Mr. Baldwin to political power with a sweeping majority they counted on a determined effort by him to lessen the heavy burden of taxation and the unfair conditions of foreign competition with which they had to contend. To say that he has disappointed the vast majority of his supporters by his attitude on these profoundly important issues is to express their feeling mildly. By not adopting a bolder policy in both fiscal preference within the Empire and safeguarding duties, from which I contend he was never debarred by election pledges, and by his transparent efforts to steal the Opposition thunder by introducing socialistic measures, it appears to me that Mr. Baldwin runs a serious risk of falling between two stools, with disastrous consequences to the country.

Meanwhile armchair theorists who cling to free trade as a

religious dogma are for ever comparing the abounding prosperity of the United States of America with the deplorable conditions of industry prevailing here. As remedies for our troubles they recommend reduced taxation, better equipped workshops, more competent management, better co-operation between master and man, and all the usual specifics with which the long-suffering British industrialist has become familiar; but on the fundamental point of difference these expert commentators are almost invariably strangely silent. My advice to them, if I may venture to give it, is to employ their leisure in endeavouring to persuade the present Government, or, failing them, any other, to create within the British Empire the same fiscal protection, or even a modicum of it, as to-day exists within the United States of America. I firmly believe that the difficulties now besetting British industry would then gradually disappear and give place to the era of contentment and prosperity for both employers and their workmen which responsible men of all parties so earnestly desire. It may be too late to hope for this now from the present Government, but they have still time to concentrate on a wise and wide extension of safeguarding duties. Should they persist in ignoring that paramount issue in favour of such unpopular measures as their new Factories Bill and equal franchise for women, they may anticipate a heavy reckoning at the next election.

They may even find that this important mandate of their own party, on which they appear to have placed such a narrow construction, has been adopted as a principal plank in the platform of the Opposition. I am confident that many in the rank and file of the Labour Party would hail with satisfaction a policy of protection which would safeguard labour if it were put forward by their own political leaders. There was a portent of this in a resolution passed at the Trades Union Congress recently held in Edinburgh which seems to have escaped general notice. The resolution was to the effect that the General Council, in conjunction with the Labour Party, should conduct an inquiry into 'the importation of commodities manufactured in other countries under conditions below those obtaining here.' Labour leaders are at present searching for a popular policy, and they are well aware of the success which has attended even the attenuated safeguarding introduced by the Government. If they suddenly decided to go 'all out' for Empire preference and full-blooded safeguarding of industry in opposition to Mr. Baldwin's homœopathic doses of the latter, they would be adopting an astute policy which would place many sound Conservatives on the horns of a dilemma at the next general election. Honestly convinced that no other abiding cure for our economic and social troubles can be

bound, and with no political axe to grind, they would have to decide whether to vote for a Conservative Party turned Socialist or a Socialist Party turned Conservative. In other words, they would have to decide whether to give their votes to their own party in the belief that it is only temporarily misdirected, or to a party which they greatly mistrust but which in a chastened mood is pledged to the policy they uphold. With universal franchise the country will have become fully democratised, and no one can foretell the result of the next appeal to the constituencies. I earnestly hope that, in order to secure a united Conservative Party when that time comes, and to forestall even a remote chance of the tactical move on the part of Labour leaders which I have indicated, the Government will concentrate during the remainder of their term of office on safeguarding industry. I am convinced that this is what the vast majority of the party desire, and I can conceive no action on the part of the Government better calculated to stimulate the desire for co-operation between employers and trade union leaders. It would open up for them hopeful prospects for friendly discussions, amongst which I think might well be considered my proposal of merit grading for workmen, which I will now briefly describe.

Employers in the engineering trades recognise that many skilled workmen are underpaid, and more especially those engaged on plain-time rates in workshops exposed to foreign competition. They have even manifested their readiness to increase wages in certain trades, such as motor, electrical and textile engineering, which are not seriously affected by the prevailing depression ; but the trade unions will not, apparently, consent to modify their rule that if one section of workmen receives an increase of pay all other sections must receive a similar increase. Thus a regulation designed to benefit affiliated trade unions does in fact operate to the detriment of individual unions, inasmuch as some of their members could earn more than the present flat rate of wages were they permitted to accept the increase. The policy of welding various unions into a single powerful federation is to serve political rather than industrial ends, and I venture to think that men employed in skilled industries would do well to consider whether their own interests would not be better served if they began to regard their particular trade rather than the allied trades of the district, or the country, as the economic unit.

The present effect of trade unionism is to suppress individuality—an acknowledged attribute of the British race—and to bring men down to a dead level of mediocrity, or worse, imbued with all the bedrock fallacies of Socialism which are fostered by the system. Until this fact is recognised by the unions and in some way remedied, the slacker and incompetent workman is

really exploiting for his own benefit the industry and skill of better men within his union.

An instance of this kind occurred not long ago in my own experience. A mechanic employed in a comparatively small engineering works was engaged on bench and erection work which involved considerable skill and responsibility. He was being paid the usual flat rate of his union, and the manager, being anxious to mark his appreciation of the excellent way in which the work was being regularly carried out, raised the workman's wages. The fact soon became known, and before the next pay-day arrived all the other employees demanded a corresponding increase or the withdrawal of the additional pay to the mechanic. To avoid complications the latter offered to forego the increase, and in the end did not suffer for it, as he has since been promoted to the position of a foreman in another works.

It may be said that payment by results, or piece-work employment, which is officially sanctioned by the unions, would have been the solution of such a case as this, but skilful mechanics, erectors, and bench fitters are just the class of workmen who are usually debarred by the nature of their work from piece-work privileges; and, as a matter of fact, even piece-workers are not without their troubles.

Nominally there is no such thing as 'restriction of output' recognised by trade unions, but actually, on occasion, there is a good deal of it. An instance of the kind occurred only a few months ago in Birmingham, where about 450 men declined to work alongside one of their mates who had objected to be bound by a local rule limiting daily earnings to a certain figure. The employers very rightly refused to comply with the demand of the men that the services of the 'offending' workman should be dispensed with, stating that to do so would not only be unfair, but also contrary to public policy. The men then went out on strike, apparently with the authority of their union. The local branch of the Engineering and Allied Employers' National Federation thereupon took the matter up and insisted that the union had no right to impose a limit on earnings. Local opinion strongly supported the Federation, and after ten days' stoppage, which became known ironically as the 'Birmingham strike against high wages,' the union gave way and the men were compelled to return to work. Commenting on the case, a leading technical journal said:

> One can understand a trade union fixing a minimum and saying that no man must work for less than a stated sum, but one fails entirely to grasp the rights of a policy which fixes a maximum and says no man must receive more. To stop work in protest against the earning of high wages is surely the reduction of trade union principles to the extreme of absurdity.

I cite these two cases only with the object of showing the difficulties which are liable to arise, at present, under trade uni methods when employers, with the desire to recognise individu merit, try to arrange special ability rates, or even payment results.

The federation of employers has been the natural result the union of workmen. Collective bargaining is consequent conducted through duly authorised representatives of ea organisation, and a defect of the system, as it stands at preser is that it tends to estrange employers and their own men, mo disputes being settled for them by their respective representativ As this form of collective bargaining has apparently come to sta any proposal which would result in bringing individual employ into more personal and friendly contact with their men ought receive favourable consideration.

I have always held that the prime function which the tv organisations have to perform in the way of collective bargainir between workmen and their employers in any particular trade to fix a fair minimum or basic wage for each class of worker, bu that employers should then be allowed some measure of freedo to increase individual wages without transgressing the regulatio of either organisation. So long as trade unions do not officiall and in definite terms, recognise and support this right on th part of employers, ability awards by the latter to individu workmen are always liable to arouse workshop agitation an difficulties such as I have described. It is conditions such a these which induce malingering and the other evils that are cuttin to the root of British industry—they destroy the incentive t individual effort, for the competent workman cannot be expecte to exert himself indefinitely to produce better results than a le competent mate, only to draw the same pay at the end of th week.

My proposal is that when the trade unions and the employer federation have settled the fundamental question of the basi wage they should then mutually agree to recognise, say, thre merit grades, the first of which would represent a small advanc on the basic wage, the second a corresponding advance on th first grade, and the third a corresponding advance on the secon Beyond fixing and sanctioning the amount of these merit grade neither the union nor the federation should have anything furthe to do with the matter, but each employer should be at liberty t make use of this authorised merit-grading system amongst hi workmen at his own discretion, subject, however, to the conditio that all new hands should be started on the basic wage. Th application of the system is especially desirable in the case o plain-time workers, who are often the most skilful and deservin

employees. In every engineering works men are engaged on a great variety of jobs involving various degrees of skill, and to the most skilful workman would naturally be allocated the most important job. This fact in itself provides a fair basis on which employers could adjust the merit-grading system. Men employed on the simplest jobs would naturally be paid the basic wage, and others would be graded from time to time according to the degree of skill involved in their work. Thus every man, with the exception of those who had reached the highest grade, would always have a direct incentive to put in his best work in order to qualify for a higher grade and better pay. A merit grade might in fact become the hall-mark of a workman's value in his trade and to his employer.

As the proposal does not interfere with the basic wage except to increase the pay of deserving workmen, I cannot think that trade union officials can raise any valid objection to it. On the contrary, I should anticipate their approval of a scheme which would enable the more competent men to better their positions whilst still remaining members of their union. Another effect of merit grading should be to stabilise the basic wage, as the obvious answer to men who express dissatisfaction with the minimum wage is that under the system they can still earn more pay through their union if they qualify themselves for a merit grade. It may be contended that grading workmen by merit would make it more difficult for employers to retain their best men, but that contingency is effectively guarded against by the condition that all new hands must be started on the basic wage. In fact, I claim it to be an advantage of the scheme that it will give employers a friendly lien on their best workmen, as merit-graded men will hesitate to relinquish well-paid jobs in order to start work elsewhere at a lower wage even with the prospect of rapid grade promotion.

The scheme is put forward as a suggested remedy for one of the most harmful present effects of trade unionism. It is designed to encourage the competent and industrious workman to give satisfaction to his employer and thereby improve his own position. He is, after all, only a part of the industrial machine, and his employer is the other part. It stands to reason that the machine will never run successfully unless these two work together harmoniously, and I hold that any scheme which has this for its object, and which tends to restore the old healthy atmosphere of peaceful emulation and contentment amongst workmen, ought in these days to be welcomed, and fairly considered, upon its merits by trade unions and employers alike.

K. S. Murray.

PUBLIC SPENDING AND PRIVATE SAVING

The deadliest foe to Democracy is corruption. This truth, no admitted by all serious students of politics, was perceived an emphasised many centuries ago by the greatest of all politic philosophers. It is much easier, as Aristotle shrewdly observe to *establish* a Democracy than to *maintain* it, and he indicate three tendencies as specially dangerous to the maintenance that difficult form of government in Greece. The first was th predatory inclination common to all Democracies. The type confiscation which he particularly feared was not, howeve revolutionary, but that which is effected under the forms of law 'The demagogues of our own day,' he wrote, 'often get propert confiscated in the law courts, in order to please the people; b those who have the true welfare of the people at heart shoul counteract them.' A second tendency noted by him was insistenc upon payment for the performance of public duties, the means payment being obtained by a property tax and confiscation c the wealth of the 'notables.' A third was the growth of a larg class dependent on doles, 'for such help is like water poured int a leaky cask.' I do not pause to point an obvious parallel I only remark that we are all familiar with the fate which ove took Athenian democracy.

If there were giants before Agamemnon there have bee prophets since Aristotle. Some forty years ago Sir Henry Main published a powerful treatise on *Popular Government*. He ther pointed out that while democracy possesses some obviou advantages over other forms of government, 'it has the signa disadvantage of being the most difficult of all governments, an that the principal influences by which this difficulty has hithert been mitigated are injurious either to the morality or to th intellect of the governing multitude.' The same philosophe foresaw and predicted, twenty-five years before the passing of th Parliament Act, that we were 'drifting towards a type of govern ment associated with terrible events—a single Assembly arme with full powers over the Constitution which it may exercise a pleasure. It will be a theoretically all-powerful Convention governed by a practically all-powerful secret Committee of Publi

Safety.' This is the confessed ideal of a section of the Socialist Party to-day. Writing some ten or twelve years later than Maine, Lecky also detected and exposed the dual, and not unconnected, tendencies towards a single-Chamber Legislature and confiscatory taxation. But closely as I believe the two questions to be connected, that of an efficient Second Chamber and that of inequitable taxation, it is exclusively with the second that this article must concern itself.

The electoral programme formulated by the Socialist Party at their Conference at Blackpool is nothing more nor less than an appeal to cupidity on a gigantic scale. The chairman of the Conference himself referred to the 'blight of economy.' That phrase is extraordinarily characteristic of the mental outlook of the Socialist Party. They seem unable to grasp the elementary truth that the purse of the Government is no longer than the purse of the taxpayer ; that the State can spend only what it can extract from the pockets of its citizens, and that the capacity of the citizen to contribute to the State is limited by the efficiency and productivity of industry. The Socialist programme is consequently a farrago of inconsistencies, and none has been quicker to detect and expose them than the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Snowden. Take, for instance, the proposal that Parliament should by statute require a minimum wage of 4*l*. a week. Mr. Snowden has pertinently pointed out that this would mean a wages bill of 4,000,000,000*l*. a year, a sum exceeding by at least 500,000,000*l*. the 'total income—wages, salaries, the value of the national product, interest, rents of the whole country.' 'I might add,' he proceeded, 'if the Labour Government established a legal minimum wage of 4*l*. a week, that the week after there would be no wages at all for anybody.' But this is elementary arithmetic. How the Socialists would propose out of the deficit foreshadowed by their own financial expert to provide for 'family allowances,' to raise the school-leaving age to fifteen and later on to sixteen, to give gratuitous secondary education with free meals and maintenance allowances, to provide pensions for miners at the age of sixty, and adequate maintenance for unemployed miners, and much else, is not quite clear. But these are the fringes of the Socialist programme. The main plank—to vary the metaphor—is a resolution to impose a surtax at the average rate of 2*s*. in the pound on all incomes of over 500*l*. a year derived from property and investment—'unearned' income, as the misleading phrase runs. From this source the advocates of the proposal anticipate a revenue of 85,000,000*l*. a year, a sum which they hope to bring up to a round 100,000,000*l*. a year by increased death duties and the taxation of land values. That

they should complacently anticipate an increased yield from property passing at death and simultaneously obtain an additional 85,000,000*l.* a year from increased taxes on the property of the living is one of the many contradictions which the acute intellect of Mr. Snowden is doubtless striving at this moment to reconcile. But for the moment we may let it pass.

The vast majority of the Socialist Party, so far as it is represented by the annual Conference, would seem to have decided that the surtax is the trump card which may be relied upon to win the odd trick at the next election. On that account it merits closer examination.

The genesis of the idea of a surtax may be traced to the Minority Report of the Committee on National Debt and Taxation (Cmd. 2800). That Committee was appointed in March 1924 by Mr. Snowden, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. Presided over by Lord Colwyn, the Committee included, in addition to several socialists, such men as Sir Alan Anderson, Sir Arthur Balfour, Mr. W. L. Hichens—admirable representatives of big industry—and financiers and statisticians like Sir Charles Addis, Sir William McLintock, and Sir Josiah Stamp. The Committee was directed to consider and report on the National Debt and on the incidence of existing taxation, but these were to be considered 'with special reference to their effect on trade, industry, employment, and national credit.' The Committee interpreted their reference as an instruction to 'examine the whole range of reactions set up by existing taxes. Emphasis is laid upon the corporate industrial aspect of the community, but the effect upon individuals as individuals is not excluded.' But wide as the reference was, it was largely extended, with the result that a considerable proportion even of the Majority Report is occupied by a discussion of the Capital Levy, and a much larger proportion of the Report presented by the Socialist minority. It is with the latter that we must primarily concern ourselves, but it may be noted in passing that the majority, including all those whose names are cited above, reached a conclusion, after the most patient and detailed investigation, distinctly unfavourable to the project of a Capital Levy.

> The disturbance created by the levy would far outweigh the good effects of reducing the debt. The general effects might be so detrimental to trade that the ordinary revenue would sharply decline and make any immediate reliefs from taxation out of the question. Finally, the long-range effects would be injurious. Saving and enterprise would alike suffer and the return to trade prosperity would be endangered, and in any event seriously postponed. The credit of the country abroad would suffer a severe shock, and indeed it is difficult to define any limit to the widespread harm that might be done to our trade and commerce. (Section 874.)

The Socialist minority reaffirmed their belief that a Capital Levy, despite the fact that conditions are admittedly much less favourable to-day than they were in 1919, would still be the best means of dealing with the debt. But they were evidently so far impressed by the arguments which convinced their colleagues that they added the proviso that success would depend on the project being 'generally approved and assured fair treatment by the taxpayers.' Given these conditions they believe that 'the nation may yet turn to the Capital Levy as a wise and practicable measure offering the best road out of its difficulties.' (Sections 233–4.)

It is abundantly clear, however, that for all practical purposes the project of a Capital Levy is not only damned, but dead. The Socialist minority wisely concerned themselves, therefore, with 'an alternative method of raising funds for debt repayment from owners of accumulated wealth,' and they suggested, as a method 'less liable to obstruction than a Capital Levy, the imposition of additional taxation on unearned income.'

Here, then, we have the genesis of those 'surtax' proposals of which so much has already been heard, and of which we shall certainly hear more between now and the General Election.

The concrete proposal is to raise an additional annual revenue of 80,000,000*l*. to 100,000,000*l*. by an extra tax on all 'unearned' incomes in excess of 500*l*. a year, the tax averaging 2s. in the pound, but being so steeply graded as to fall with much greater severity than that figure suggests upon the larger incomes.

Whatever be the merits or demerits of this proposal, it is important to observe that it was originally put forward by Professor Lees Smith and his minority colleagues as an '*alternative method of raising funds for debt repayment*.' The realists of the Socialist Party have already manifested their determination to put the money, if they can get hold of it, to quite different uses. There are cruder and readier means of dealing with the debt problem; and there are more popular ways of spending 100,000,000*l*. than that of compensating the 'usurers' who lent money to the State in the dark days of the war.

For this as well as for other reasons I entirely agree with Sir John Simon in regarding the surtax proposal as more insidious, if not more dangerous, than that of a Capital Levy. A Capital Levy would almost certainly break down under the weight of administrative inconvenience. You might impose it; it is far from certain that you could collect it. A surtax you could collect with comparative ease. Moreover, there is at least a possibility that the proceeds of a Capital Levy would be devoted to the extinction of debt; the proceeds of a surtax would quite certainly be used as an electoral bribe. Finally, it is the loudly proclaimed

intention of its sponsors that a Capital Levy should be imposed once for all and not repeated; the surtax would continue as lon as there were any accumulated savings to tax.

Professor Lees Smith has contended, and quite justly, that his proposal is no more than a development of the device for differentiating between 'earned' and 'unearned' income, a differentiation which was first introduced into our fiscal system by Mr. Asquith in the Budget of 1907. But it must be remembered that the differentiation, as then accepted, relieved 'earned' incomes without penalising the 'unearned,' since the financial conditions were such as to permit Mr. Asquith to relieve earned incomes of 3*d*. in the pound (reducing the rate from 1*s*. to 9*d*.), while retaining the rate at 1*s*. for the less precarious incomes. This fact does not, of course, affect in any way the equity or inequity of the principle; but in practice it could not fail to assuage the hostility with which the proposal might otherwise have been assailed. Given similar conditions to-day, it is safe to assume that comparatively little would have been heard of the hardship and inequity involved in the proposals of the Socialist Party.

As a fact loud protests have been raised, not, it would seem, so much by those who are commonly classed as the 'rich,' but by persons of very moderate means who have saved out of business or professional earnings a modest sum as provision against their old age or for the maintenance of dependants. I have the details of several cases before me as I write, and there is no doubt that they are typical of many. One of them, a doctor starting from nothing, has by hard work managed to save 14,000*l*.; he is threatened with a breakdown in health and may have to retire and live on his savings. 'Under the Labour Party proposals,' he writes, 'the income from my savings is called unearned. If they had gone out with me on many a night in storm and rain perhaps they would not have called it unearned.'

Professor Lees Smith meets protests of this sort by two arguments. On the one hand, he points out that the man who has saved comparatively little will, under the graduated surtax, have to pay very little, and therefore his 'fulminations have no real basis.' This is a characteristic line of argument to a consideration of which I will return. Meanwhile I submit that, be the amount large or small, the basis of objection is in principle equally valid. On the other hand, it is urged that, though some income from investments represents the product of hard-earned savings, much of it is the delectable fruit of inherited wealth. That may be so; but is it seriously maintained that it is a comparatively innocent thing to save for oneself, but a social crime to save for a widow or children? Besides, as Socialists well know,

as accumulated wealth passes, even to widows and children, untaxed by the State. If it be equitable or expedient to differentiate between wealth accumulated by thrift and wealth derived from inheritance, death duties, not surtaxes on income, provide the appropriate method, and of this method the State already avails itself to some purpose.

But the matter must be pushed further. Is it economically sound to differentiate at all between 'earned' and 'unearned' income? It may, of course, be urged, and commonly is, that earned incomes should escape more lightly, on the ground that they are more 'precarious.' That is so, but on the other hand they are less permanent and consequently yield to the State a less permanent revenue, while invested wealth not only yields a continuing revenue, but in addition is subject to recurrent levies on the aggregate capital. It becomes plain, however, that there are two points of view from which all taxation may be considered, and that they are not always or easily reconciled: there is the question of equity as between individual citizens; and there is that of advantage to the State or the community at large. Whatever may be urged in favour of greater tenderness towards earned incomes from the standpoint of individuals, the interests of the State would be better served by transferring that tenderness to income from investments. The State is in truth far more concerned with saving than spending, and if administrative difficulties could be overcome, the interests of the State would dictate the imposition of taxes, not upon a man's income, but upon his expenditure. But this ideal device is outside the sphere of practical politics.

Nevertheless, it is important to emphasise the truth which lies hidden in this paradox; not least because it seems to be hidden from the eyes of the great body of Socialists, or obstinately ignored by them. This is far from true in Mr. Snowden's case; and it is an ironical coincidence that in *The Times* of October 19 there should have appeared the letter from Mr. Lees Smith, referred to above, and side by side with it the report of a speech delivered by Mr. Snowden at Keighley on the previous day.

> Trade revival [said Mr. Snowden] was vitally dependent upon capital saving, and the capital development not only of this country, but also of others which should be our customers to a greater extent. . . . Lack of savings was greatly hindering the trade recovery of Britain. It meant dearer money and, therefore, the putting up of national and local taxation. . . . Wasteful expenditure and the wasteful employment of capital were maintaining a vicious circle of depression and unemployment.

These are words of wisdom which should be deeply pondered by all who would see clearly into the heart of the problem of spending

and saving, and certainly not least by Mr. Snowden's colleagues in the House of Commons.

Mr. Snowden goes, indeed, to the root of the matter—a matter far too grave for mere party recrimination. 'Behind this controversy lies the main cleavage of modern politics.' So wrote the political sponsor of the surtax proposal in *The Times* (October 19). I cordially agree, and it is for that reason that I desire to urge it, not for the first time, upon the attention of readers of the *Nineteenth Century and After*. If I labour the obvious and obtrude upon them observations which are trite, I would, while beseeching their pardon, beg them to believe that it is done of set purpose, for the commonplace is constantly ignored and elementary truths are just those which are too commonly neglected.

Your Socialist would appear to be incapable of thinking of wealth except in relation to the individual who may or may not possess it. If a man possesses abundant wealth, it is no hardship to him if the State takes from him his superfluity, and with the money thus extracted from the pockets of the rich alleviates the hard lot of the poor.

> There are [says Mr. Lees Smith] 97,000 super-tax payers in the country who have, on the average, after all present taxes have been paid, an income of about 80*l*. a week each. It is absurd to suggest that these persons are going to suffer great hardship from further taxation.

The statement is admirably illustrative of the Socialist's mind, and characteristic of his controversial methods. Let us assume, for the moment, that the statement is accurate. Does it end the matter? Does it indeed, on the broad issue, carry us much further? It betrays, on the contrary, a complete misunderstanding of the meaning of capital and the taxation thereof in relation, not to the individual but to the community. The real point which the careful guardian of the interests of the Commonwealth has to consider is much more subtle and difficult than that which occupies the attention of the partisan debater. It is how the burden of taxation can be so distributed as to inflict the minimum of injury upon the permanent well-being of the community. It is of course intelligible that the individual aspect of taxation should absorb attention to the exclusion of other aspects more intrinsically important. The older economists ministered to this eminently human error. Even Adam Smith, in his classical analysis of the rules of taxation, did not wholly avoid it. By harping on 'ability to pay,' on the convenience of the taxpayer, and so forth, he encouraged the idea that taxation was primarily a matter for the individual; and so, indeed, in his day it was. Adam Smith, it is too frequently forgotten, wrote in the pre-

capitalistic era—on the eve of the great changes which in the aggregate we describe as the Industrial Revolution, but before they had begun to change the face of the country or to revolutionise the organisation of industry. Within their own sphere his 'canons' are not merely true, but truistic. They throw little light, however, upon the problem that confronts our own generation. The total indebtedness of Great Britain, when Adam Smith wrote *The Wealth of Nations*, did not exceed 130,000,000*l*. Very lately Henry Pelham had carried through a scheme for the conversion of the debt so skilfully that in the year 1751 the price of the new 3 per cent. stock was 106½. How greatly the aspect of affairs has changed needs no emphasis.

A century later Gladstone was the presiding genius at the Treasury. In his first Budget (1853) he had to provide for an expenditure of only 56,000,000*l*. But even that he thought too much. To him public economy was a matter not merely of business, but of morality, and when he was convinced that an ethical principle was at stake he was not to be withstood.

All excess in public expenditure beyond the legitimate wants of the country is [he insisted] not only a pecuniary waste, but a great political and above all a great moral evil. It is characteristic of the mischiefs that arise from financial prodigality that they creep onward with a noiseless and stealthy step; that they commonly remain unseen and unfelt, until they have reached a magnitude absolutely overwhelming.

That was the authentic voice of the Manchester school; and it is well that it should be recalled to-day. But how was the 'spirit of public extravagance to be exorcised'? 'It is more difficult,' as Gladstone wrote pathetically to Cobden, 'to save a shilling than to spend a million.' Yet expenditure had to be curtailed. But how? Gladstone's answer to this truly Victorian question was eminently characteristic of the man and of his times.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer [he said] should boldly uphold economy in detail; it is the mark of a chicken-hearted Chancellor when he shrinks from upholding economy in detail. . . . He is ridiculed, no doubt, for what is called candle-ends and cheese-parings, but he is not worth his salt if he is not ready to save what are meant by candle-ends and cheese-parings in the cause of the country.

It was, moreover, his belief that we should never revert 'to the old spirit of economy as long as we had the income tax'; and he did his utmost to put his precepts into practice. Despite the Crimean War he had, by 1865, got the rate down to 4*d*., and there is little doubt that if he had been restored to office in 1874 he would have carried out the intention he had announced in his first Budget of 1853 and extinguished the tax altogether.

Quantum mutatus ab illo. It is not the ghost of Gladstone which haunts Downing Street to-day. The capacity to save candle-ends and cheese-parings seemed to have passed with the Victorian era: the philosophy of Mr. Samuel Smiles is as *demodé* as that of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Yet the need for the homely Victorian virtues is at least as great to-day as it was after the Crimean War when Gladstone invoked it, or after the Napoleonic Wars when an unreformed Parliament curtailed expenditure with remarkable rapidity. But in those days the taxpayers were adequately represented in the Legislature; to-day one class supplies in large measure the revenue of the State and another class spends it.

But the severance of the functions is more apparent than real. Large sections of society are under the delusion that lavish expenditure is a matter which does not concern them: 'the rich will have to pay.' In one sense they will: yet nothing is more certain than that in the long run the ultimate burden will fall upon the mass of the industrial population. A warning uttered many years ago by Lord Morley of Blackburn may well, in this connexion, be pressed home. 'Be sure,' he said, 'that the burden of taxation, however disguised, falls ultimately on the shoulders of the industrial community.' That is true, but it needs a Bastiat to demonstrate the recondite truths of the 'dismal science.' On the face of it nothing would seem clearer than that a Capital Levy would concern only the owners of capital and that a surtax would be paid only by persons who were the recipients of a substantial income from accumulated wealth. Yet the truth is that the depression of our industries to-day, and the terrible problem of unemployment arising from that depression, are primarily attributable to the wholesale destruction of capital in this and other countries during the Great War.

Our former customers are too poor to purchase our wares at the price which will cover the cost of production in this country. But cost of production is immensely enhanced on the one hand by the scarcity and consequent dearness of capital, and on the other by the heavy taxation, Imperial and local, necessitated partly by the weight of indebtedness and partly by the maintenance of unemployed and destitute persons and other 'social' services. Thus the vicious circle is ever extending. Yet the demand for greater and greater expenditure grows ever more insistent. Reference has already been made to the proposal of a surtax estimated to produce 80,000,000*l*. to 100,000,000*l*. In some quarters, however, such a contribution to improved social services is derided as ridiculously inadequate. In the *Liberal Magazine* for July 1927 Mr. G. W. Gough, an exceptionally competent critic of Socialism, published the details of a careful calculation which

made it clear that the Socialist Party's programme would involve an addition to national expenditure of no less than 229,000,000*l.* a year; and in a speech at Sheffield on July 4 Sir Herbert Samuel, who presided over the Select Committee on National Expenditure (1917–18), endorsed the substantial accuracy of this calculation.

Could this country, even were we to have a genuine recovery in trade, afford a Budget of 1,000,000,000*l.*? Is it certain that it can sustain the existing burden of 840,000,000*l.* in addition to a local expenditure of 170,000,000*l.*? One thing may be affirmed without fear of contradiction: were the principle of nationalisation to be applied to industry, or that of municipalisation to be widely extended, even the existing burden, much more the projected burden, would be literally intolerable, and the country would sink into the abyss of bankruptcy.

That abyss can be avoided only by the combined exercise of two virtues: industry and thrift. We must produce more, and out of the increased product must save an increased proportion. But what will it advantage us to produce more if we lack customers, or to save more when almost every public issue is even now largely oversubscribed? To answer adequately these not unnatural questions would carry us too far into the mysteries of Economic Theory, but it may be said summarily that the provision of customers (in technical language 'demand') is largely dependent upon the capacity to produce ('supply') at a price which the customers can afford to pay. Again, the apparent superabundance of capital revealed by the transactions of the Stock Exchange is in large measure due to the uncertain prospects of the great basic industries and the reluctance of business men to invest capital in concerns which hold out little hope of an adequate return upon 'new' capital. Gilt-edged securities commonly appreciate when industry is depressed, and fall in value when there is an increasing demand for industrial capital. But the interest obtainable on gilt-edged securities to-day indicates that capital is very scarce and dear as compared with thirty years ago, or even with the days immediately preceding the Great War. In 1896 the Corporation of Manchester could borrow at something less than 2⅝ per cent.; in July 1914 they would have had to pay about 4 per cent.; to-day nearly 5 per cent. In 1896 the 3 per cent. debenture stock of the London and North Western Railway Company reached 124⅞, showing a yield to the investor of only 2⅜ per cent. The highest point reached by the same stock in 1914 was 82½. A first-rate debenture is to-day expected to yield nearly 5 per cent. This gives us the true measure of the market price of capital. An even more precise index is found, of course, in the Bank rate of discount; and that tells the same tale.

Nor is the reason far to seek. Before the war we were, as a

nation, saving about 400,000,000*l.* a year. To-day we are certainly saving no more than that, if as much, whereas, with the change in the value of money, we ought to be saving, as Mr. Snowden has himself pointed out, at least 750,000,000*l.* If we were seriously intent on repairing the ravages of the war we might perhaps save even more, though our own relative poverty is brought into greater relief by the amazing prosperity of our greatest rival, the United States of America. The national income of America is said to-day to amount to the gigantic total of 18,000,000,000*l.*, or over 153*l.* per head of the population, while our own is not much more than 68*l.* On the other hand, taxation in Great Britain is about 15*l.* per head per annum ; in the United States of America federal taxation is only about 6*l.*

And the Socialist Party are proposing largely to increase the burden on our people. Even the Conservative Government seems powerless to reduce it. The Budget of 1927 avoided, indeed, an increase of taxation, but only by a series of devices, more ingenious than ingenuous, such as the collection of eighteen months of property tax due under Schedule A in the fiscal year 1927–8, and a further shortening of the credit allowed to brewers. Such devices, however, serve only (in Bismarck's phrase) to 'paper over the cracks,' and cannot be repeated.

With all this I am far from regarding the situation as beyond redemption ; but it can be redeemed only if the Government and Parliament will face the facts honestly, if they will put the essential facts bluntly before the people, and if the people, in their turn, will make a patient and persistent effort to apprehend them, and, having grasped them, will be prepared to make the necessary sacrifices to redeem a situation which, though undeniably grave, is far from hopeless.

The picture is, indeed, patchy rather than black. It is evident that industrial changes are taking place under our eyes the significance of which it is difficult for contemporary observers to measure. Already there is taking place a shifting of population which, though not yet comparable to that which at the end of the eighteenth century transferred our population from the south of the Trent to the north of it, is almost sure to increase in volume, and materially to redress the balance. As the steam engine led to the concentration of industry on the coalfields, so the increase and cheapening of the supply of electrical energy will permit and facilitate its diffusion. The growth of 'satellite' towns in the South of England is already attracting attention. I sometimes wonder whether '*housing*' *reformers* in the great towns of the North are taking account of the phenomenon ? But I must not be beguiled into indulgence in economic prophecies. I am concerned with the insistent problem by which we are immediately confronted.

The problem, as I have attempted to show, is partly economic and partly political. The economic situation imperatively calls for the restriction of public expenditure and for such generous provision for the capital requirements of industry as can be rendered possible only by persistent personal economy and the patient accumulation of savings. But here comes in the psychological factor. No human being can be expected to forego the luxuries which are at his command unless the resulting savings are reasonably secure. And here we come up against the politician. Let it once be understood that the Socialist Party is committed to a policy which involves (albeit under legal forms) larger and larger demands upon accumulated wealth, and wealth will cease to be accumulated. The schoolboy essayist may prove to have written better than he knew when he interpreted Prudhon's motto (*La propriété c'est le vol*) to mean 'property has wings.' The wiser Socialists know that the evolutionary process which they profess to discern and desire cannot be hurried. 'Progress is made,' wrote Mr. Snowden recently, 'not by destruction, but by transformation'; and, speaking at Derby (March 28, 1927), he said: 'It is perfectly useless to talk about overthrowing the capitalist system, because if you do you are destroying the foundations on which the Socialist State will have to be built.' Not all of us desire the erection of the superstructure, but those who do will ponder these words of wisdom.

Meanwhile, I would appeal (not for the first time) to those who, like myself, regard the Socialist theory of society as fundamentally erroneous, to expose its fallacies by reasoning which can be apprehended, and may be appreciated, even by those who sympathise with the not ungenerous ideals of Socialism. It is futile to denounce projects like that of the surtax or a Capital Levy as confiscation or even robbery. Grossly inequitable I think they are; but the Socialist regards the present distribution of wealth as grossly inequitable. Mr. Wheatley, for example, would welcome a super-tax of 100 per cent. on all incomes over 2000*l*. a year. It is useless to argue against this on grounds of equity: we may get a hearing, if not from Mr. Wheatley, at least from those whom he would fain persuade, if we can demonstrate that such proposals would diminish the current rate of wages and increase the present volume of unemployment.

I ruefully acknowledge that it is not easy to demonstrate scientific truths in language intelligible in the market-place; but I am convinced that, unless the task can be achieved, there is serious risk that proposals superficially attractive will win a large measure of popular support. That withdrawal of support will follow speedily upon inevitable disillusionment I make no doubt; but the day of reckoning may be postponed for a con-

siderable time. We all know that war, though wasteful, diffuses a sense of prosperity. Social war might have similar effects. Disillusionment might not come until irreparable injury had been inflicted, not merely upon individuals, but upon the community. To the sufferings of individuals, *ex hypothesi* a small minority, a Socialist Administration might be indifferent; our one chance of persuasion is to prove that the injury to individuals would mean the destruction of the commonwealth. But if our English Socialists hear not the prophets of Russian Communism, will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead?

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH

I

EVERY morning, year in and year out, like a recording angel, *The Times* publishes a column of wills and bequests. It is one of the most interesting items in the whole newspaper; for there our friends and enemies declare their final earthly dividend, Charon regardant passant on one side and the Chancellor of the Exchequer rampant on the other: there all sorts and conditions of men meet for probate who never met elsewhere—artisans, architects, authors, peers and pork butchers, doctors who failed to cure their own last patient, lawyers apprehensive lest justice may after all win the day in an unknown Supreme Court, and clergy who have yet to learn how much of their theology was true.

There, too, since England allows almost complete liberty in the disposition of property, we find human nature naked and unashamed, in all its oddities, whims, and caprices—this husband forbidding his wife to marry again, that father penalising his children if they should 'become Papists'; one man giving a last donation to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, yet insisting that hunting should not be interrupted at his death; a second endowing an annual sermon, a third an annual dinner, in memory of the departed. The last will and testament is often a pathetic attempt to secure some sort of mundane immortality.

This column, in short, is a brief epitome of the triumph and tragi-comedy of life; and it occurred to me that a short analysis of its contents might throw some light not only on the distribution of the national wealth, but also on the actual interests and convictions of the community. Philosophers often dispute the meaning of the human will, but, with their proverbial repugnance to precision of statement and the evidence of statistics, they have not, so far as I am aware, ever sought any of the evidence they require from these easily accessible particulars of human wills.

In the four months from June 30 to October 28, 1927 (both days inclusive), the amounts of 2869 individual estates were published in *The Times*, the net personalty of which totalled altogether 67,765,459*l*. The amounts recorded vary, of course,

very considerably day by day—the largest single day being July 14, on which Lord Cowdray's 4,000,000*l*. estate was included, and the smallest October 26, on which the total was only 306,783*l*. But taken week by week the totals naturally varied less, and month by month they began to yield something like a calculable average.

The daily average of the 104 days was 651,590*l*.; and, since 104 days is almost exactly a third of the weekdays in a year, the total amount of property thus recorded annually would be nearly 204,000,000*l*.

So much for the gross figures; the amount and distribution of these fortunes is more interesting. A crude average would suggest that the ordinary estate was about 23,619*l*.; but the actual inequalities are so great that this figure must be regarded as entirely fictitious. I have therefore tabulated the numbers in series of 1000*l*. at a time.

Let us take first the smallest recorded estates, from *nil* to 10,000*l*.—that very large category of people who have 'a little money in the family,' and who, possessing less than 500*l*. a year unearned income, would be exempt from the surtax in Labour's latest—at least, I suppose it is still the latest—programme.

Amount.	Wills Proved.	Annual Average.
1*l*. to 1,000*l*.	129	387
1,001*l*. to 2,000*l*.	208	624
2,001*l*. to 3,000*l*.	137	411
3,001*l*. to 4,000*l*.	169	507
4,001*l*. to 5,000*l*.	206	618
5,001*l*. to 6,000*l*.	196	588
6,001*l*. to 7,000*l*.	184	552
7,001*l*. to 8,000*l*.	171	513
8,001*l*. to 9,000*l*.	94	282
9,001*l*. to 10,000*l*.	104	312

Several names were recorded with the expressive word '*nil*' against them—'there but for the grace of God' (or Mammon), one feels, 'go I'; and these were of course omitted from the list. But the first item, of fortunes ranging between 1*l*. and 1000*l*., is obviously misleading. Those who die actually penniless are a minority in this country; but the great majority of the King's subjects leave estates of very considerably less than 1000*l*., and the paucity of the entries on that line is due to their names being unpublished unless they were persons of some public distinction. Only one person out of every sixty-five who die in this country appears in *The Times* lists of wills.

After the first column, however, the list becomes more and

more inclusive; and as the totals are for four months, we may take it that about 4400 people die in Great Britain every year worth between 1000*l.* and 10,000*l.* It is of course impossible to say how much of this money was individually earned and how much was inherited; an inquiry of that kind would take us very far afield, and involve prolonged research into the very difficult problem of the rise and fall of families. But at any rate, the bulk of these estates have now in fact been inherited by individuals; and since inherited wealth is not on an average retained by any one possessor more than thirty years, we may put the number of small rentiers in this country who add dividend cheques to their other sources of income at rather more than 120,000.

With fortunes of over 10,000*l.* we begin to enter a new category. Hitherto the dividends have provided some extra comforts, have helped to educate a son for the professions or eke out a daughter's dress allowance, and been an insurance against old age or sudden illness or misfortune. Many people no doubt do live entirely on the incomes from these small capitals, but they have to live very narrowly and carefully—the famous class of maiden aunts in the country fit in here; and with the majority of this first division of small capitalists remunerative work of some kind or other is a necessity rather than a preference or a luxury.

With a capital of over 10,000*l.*, however, it is possible to live modestly in comfort without work. Let us look at the numerical strength of this next sub-species.

Amount.	Wills Proved.	Annual Average.
10,001*l.* to 11,000*l.*	95	285
11,001*l.* to 12,000*l.*	83	249
12,001*l.* to 13,000*l.*	80	240
13,001*l.* to 14,000*l.*	61	183
14,001*l.* to 15,000*l.*	48	144
15,001*l.* to 16,000*l.*	58	174
16,001*l.* to 17,000*l.*	35	105
17,001*l.* to 18,000*l.*	35	105
18,001*l.* to 19,000*l.*	32	96
19,001*l.* to 20,000*l.*	34	102
20,001*l.* to 21,000*l.*	46	138
21,001*l.* to 22,000*l.*	22	66
22,001*l.* to 23,000*l.*	27	81
23,001*l.* to 24,000*l.*	26	78
24,001*l.* to 25,000*l.*	27	81

This is the class which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald estimates will on the whole be benefited by a surtax of 10 per cent. It is none of my business here to attempt to follow his argument, but the figures show how steadily the numbers now diminish. Like the

roseate hues of early dawn, they seem to tire and faint at the very prospect of the advantages in store for them.

Altogether there are 709 persons in this second category of fortunes between 10,000*l.* and 25,000*l.* As there has been no unusual mortality in 1927, we may conclude that there will be rather more than 2000 estates of this kind in an average year; and, on the basis of the previous calculation, it may be estimated that there are some 60,000 persons of this financial standing in the country.

We may now inspect the next standard, of people with anything from 25,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* We are now moving among the upper section of the smaller capitalist class; everybody here has an unearned income of over 1000*l.* a year, and actual poverty is one of those things which—like earthquakes and typhoons—one reads about in the newspapers, but which are too remote to have any personal significance. The Limited Liability Acts must have greatly increased the stability of this section, whose members as a rule are only ruined by some personal imprudence or extravagance. This is, I think, the Forsyte type which Mr. Galsworthy has made his own: the successful Forsyte is seldom far below this level, and probably on the whole not often very much above it.

It will be sufficient now to group this more select class in lots of 5000*l.* apiece.

Amount.	Wills Proved.	Annual Average.
25,001*l.* to 30,000*l.*	83	249
30,001*l.* to 35,000*l.*	71	213
35,001*l.* to 40,000*l.*	57	171
40,001*l.* to 45,000*l.*	46	138
45,001*l.* to 50,000*l.*	26	78
50,001*l.* to 55,000*l.*	23	69
55,001*l.* to 60,000*l.*	15	45
60,001*l.* to 65,000*l.*	19	57
65,001*l.* to 70,000*l.*	17	51
70,001*l.* to 75,000*l.*	15	45
75,001*l.* to 80,000*l.*	11	33
80,001*l.* to 85,000*l.*	7	21
85,001*l.* to 90,000*l.*	6	18
90,001*l.* to 95,000*l.*	6	18
95,001*l.* to 100,000*l.*	4	12

That is to say, some 1200 persons die in this country every year with a fortune of between 25,000*l.* and 100,000*l.* And on the basis of our previous calculations, there should be about 36,000 persons of this comfortable status, 'as far removed from real wealth as from real want,' in Great Britain to-day.

We will now aspire higher, and look at the really large estates of 100,000*l.* upwards. It will be sufficient for our purpose to divide these into 25,000*l.* lots.

Amounts.	Wills Proved.	Annual Average.
100,001*l.* to 125,000*l.*	20	60
125,001*l.* to 150,000*l.*	17	51
150,001*l.* to 175,000*l.*	11	33
175,001*l.* to 200,000*l.*	9	27
200,001*l.* to 225,000*l.*	8	24
225,001*l.* to 250,000*l.*	9	27
250,001*l.* to 275,000*l.*	4	12
275,001*l.* to 300,000*l.*	3	9
300,001*l.* to 325,000*l.*	4	12
325,001*l.* to 350,000*l.*	1	3
350,001*l.* to 375,000*l.*	0	0
375,001*l.* to 400,000*l.*	2	6
400,001*l.* to 425,000*l.*	2	6
425,001*l.* to 450,000*l.*	1	3
450,001*l.* to 475,000*l.*	1	3
475,001*l.* to 500,000*l.*	0	0

From now onwards we can jump 100,000*l.* at a time.

Amounts.	Wills Proved.	Annual Average.
500,001*l.* to 600,000*l.*	4	12
600,001*l.* to 700,000*l.*	2	6
700,001*l.* to 800,000*l.*	0	0
800,001*l.* to 900,000*l.*	1	3
900,001*l.* to 1,000,000*l.*	0	0
Over 1,000,000*l.*	5	15

It will be noticed that the class over 100,000*l.* totals 104. As my lists were compiled from 104 consecutive days, the calculation is easy—one estate of 100,000*l.* or over is announced every day, or 313 a year; while millionaires die at the rate of rather more than one a month, or 15 a year.

In actual fact, however, this class must be more numerous than appears from the recorded figures. It is said that in America some people pay more income tax than can be legally demanded of them, because it enhances their social prestige; but in this more practical country the heir who pays probate on more than the minimum value of an estate has probably yet to be born. In the smaller fortunes, where the incidence of death duties is low, the amounts declared are probably close to the true values. But for wills over 100,000*l.* the death duties rise steadily from 20 to a maximum of 40 per cent.; and this leads

inevitably to a process of legal evasion. In some cases property is conveyed to the heirs in the owner's lifetime, in order to reduce the total amount of the estate; in others the individual ownership is converted into a limited liability company. The former is the older method, which was sometimes practised before the war; the latter is a result of post-war taxation.

I have unfortunately no means at my disposal to calculate the apparent reduction of the national wealth caused by these methods of avoidance; but this, coupled with the fact that in every case I have taken the figures of net personalty instead of gross estate, manifestly results in an under-estimate of the total capital resources of the country by a rather considerable sum.

I had hoped to have made an exact comparison between these contemporary estates and those of a generation ago. After making allowance for the depreciation of money, a parallel table of the amount and distribution of the national wealth in 1897 (when taxation all round was lower and death duties had only just been introduced) and 1927 would have been very instructive. But unfortunately *The Times* only recorded a few exceptional wills in the Diamond Jubilee year, and even ten years later, in 1907, a similar regrettable reticence prevailed in Printing House Square; and although the spirit was willing, I must confess that the flesh was weak when personally confronted with the immense task of abstracting the huge registers of Somerset House.

But a few legitimate conclusions can be drawn from the actual figures I was able to obtain. *The Times* of 1897 contained brief abstracts of 131 wills, of which

22 were from 1*l.* to 20,000*l.*
24 were from 20,001*l.* to 40,000*l.*
14 were from 40,001*l.* to 60,000*l.*
13 were from 60,001*l.* to 80,000*l.*
6 were from 80,001*l.* to 100,000*l.*
49 were from 100,001*l.* to 1,000,000*l.*
3 were over 1,000,000*l.*

The first two lines may be disregarded; there must have been many more than 46 estates under 40,000*l.* in 1897. But the last two lines are more relevant. The large estates were selected for publication, and it does not appear that many of them were missed. At any rate, it is significant that whereas in 1897 there were about 50 estates proved at between 100,000*l.* and 1,000,000*l.*, in 1927 there are about 300; and whereas in 1897 there were only 3 estates proved at over a million, in 1927 there are about 15.

Even allowing for an increase of population by 15 per cent., and the depreciation of money by 50 per cent., it does not look

as if we were ruined after all. This matter is evidently worth inquiring into more closely.

It may be taken that, with the exception of wealth inherited from earlier generations, wills represent the accumulated individual savings of the previous thirty years. The wills recorded in 1897 therefore represent the type of fortune that was accumulated in the second half of the Victorian age—proverbially years of peace and prosperity, low taxation, Budget surpluses, and expanding trade. And the wills recorded in this present year represent the type of fortune accumulated in the twentieth century—proverbially years of trouble and unrest, of war and high taxation, and Budget deficits. It comes as somewhat of a shock to discover that more money has been saved in the second period than in the first; and it looks almost as though we were poor when we thought ourselves rich, and now we are rich we think ourselves poor.

But that conclusion seems to be reinforced by the fact that within the last thirty years the growth of the new industry at home and the development of tropical markets abroad has served to make vast fortunes. Moreover, the standard of comfort has obviously risen among all classes. There was less destitution in 1897 than in 1847; and there is less poverty in 1927 than in 1897—as any middle-aged man who can remember the pitiful pinched faces and bare toes of the poorer children in his youth will gladly admit. Things have improved all round. Labour and capital have both gone up the ladder of prosperity, and nearly everybody is better off.

It is for that reason, no doubt, that we sometimes hear denunciations of the decay of thrift. In actual fact, people still save money, and probably more people save more money than ever before; but they also spend more, on pleasure or luxury or fancy, than they did. They spend more, however, because they earn more and have more to spend. Thrift exists, but the standard of thrift has altered with the standard of living.

These considerations, however, would take us too far afield; and I purpose next to consider the changed distribution of bequests.

II

In the year 1897, out of a total of 23,552,352*l.* admitted to probate, 2,085,467*l.* was left to charity or other public or religious purposes—that is to say, 8·8 per cent. The remaining 91·2 per cent. was left to private individuals, and undoubtedly the great bulk of this remainder devolved on relatives or descendants.

In the year 1927, out of a total of 67,765,459*l.* admitted to probate, 1,358,848*l.* was left to charity or other public or religious

purposes—that is to say, 2 per cent. The remaining 98 per cent. was left to private individuals.

Further, in the year 1897, legacies were left in the following proportion :

33 per cent. to religious purposes.
29 per cent. to philanthropy.
28 per cent. to hospitals.
6 per cent. to education.

The remainder were in small miscellaneous items difficult to classify under any one head.

In the year 1927 legacies were left in the following proportion :

36 per cent. to philanthropy.
34 per cent. to education.
14 per cent. to religious purposes.
11 per cent. to hospitals.
2 per cent. to science.

The remainder were in small miscellaneous items difficult to classify.[1]

It is obvious that this brief, bald summary reveals (or conceals) a very great change, or rather a series of changes, in the direction of the public mind.

To take general causes first. The shrinkage in the proportion of public to private bequests is manifestly not due to any decline of wealth or prosperity, since both have largely increased in the past thirty years. It is quite clearly consequent on a combination of two different but, in the end, allied causes. In the first place, the State now does more for the community, and therefore the individual feels it necessary to do less. And in the second, any increase in taxation—whether direct or indirect, through death duties or taxes on commodities—always hits the family harder than the individual ; and the family, like any other institution which is attacked, therefore takes steps to defend itself. It limits its numbers ; it also limits the size of its bequests outside the family circle.

We sometimes hear of a preacher or a moralist denouncing the decay of family life. The humble statistician cannot reply directly, nor is it indeed his business to do so. But he can point out that in England a man can do what he likes with his own when he is dead, if not when he is living. A husband and father

[1] Occasionally more legacies appear to have been left than the estate was worth. In these cases I have taken the will for the deed, and credited the whole amount ; and this with the more reason since it has been impossible in several other instances to work out the total of residual legacies, and therefore the figures given below are always too small rather than too large. But as this happens in each category it should not affect the general proportion.

must support his family in the flesh, but he can disinherit them in his will. He can bequeath the whole of his property to any object he chooses—so long as it is not against public policy—and leave his relatives penniless. Such cases are not unknown; but they are very rare. In the four months under review one man stated that he believed inherited wealth to be a curse, but left a considerable sum apparently to his heirs; and one woman left the whole of her property to her solicitor, with the declared intention of depriving her relatives of any share whatever of her money. But 2 out of 2869 is not an impressive total, and does not suggest any decay in family feeling, or any immediate urgency for a limitation in testamentary liberty.

The strength of the home tie is illustrated by another fact. The division of an estate among the heirs is not, as a rule, publicly announced, but bequests to servants and domestic dependants who stand in close personal relation to the family are usually particularised. And it is interesting to notice that these are the most frequent of all legacies. Out of 2869 cases no fewer than 359 testators left allowances or annuities to some housekeeper or cook or old nurse, often with an expression of thanks and an *ave atque vale* of affectionate friendship.

Add to these 57 similar bequests to clerks, secretaries, and workpeople—to say nothing of half a dozen to club servants—and it will be seen that masters and mistresses are not forgetful or ungrateful for long and faithful service.

It is impossible to compare these figures with 1897, since those details were not then published; perhaps some successor in 1957 will note them, and deplore the passing of the golden days of 1927, when patriarchal ideas still survived.

One testator definitely revoked legacies previously made on the ground of increased taxation; one regretted that 'the present trend of legislation' made it impossible to bequeath money to charity. One person felt he had 'sufficiently assisted his relatives and responded to public and charitable appeals' in his lifetime; and one declared that she had 'done more than her duty'—a thrice-fortunate female this, since even Nelson on his death-bed could not make so proud a boast.

These, however, were the exceptions. The majority of testators either made no public bequests at all or cut down the amount. There were, it is true, many generous and some magnificent donations. But, speaking generally, the vast increase in private wealth between 1897 and 1927 has been accompanied by a diminution in public benefactions.

The moral is clear. The more the State taxes the family for the community, the more the family looks after itself.

A very simple test of this matter may be added. Men

leave money to any and every praiseworthy object that occurs to them, from the building of a new church to the gift of a loving-cup to an old college. Now, most men will agree in theory that the reduction of the National Debt is a praiseworthy object for a patriotic citizen to assist; it strengthens the finances of the country, and reduces the burden on posterity. And if every testator in my lists had left a tenth of his property to the State for that purpose the National Debt would be reduced by a quarter in a century; while if (to suppose an absurd impossibility) every testator had divided his property equally between the State and his own family the National Debt of 7,600,000,000*l.* would be totally extinguished by the year 2003. Yet in actual fact not one person left one penny to the Treasury for that purpose, feeling, no doubt, that Mr. Winston Churchill already takes sufficient toll from the departing soul to free it from any works of supererogation. The superior strength of the family unit in comparison with the State could hardly be more convincingly demonstrated.

It remains now to notice a very pronounced change in the objects selected for benefaction. There was, I admit, far less variety and originality in the bequests than I had anticipated; people leave their money, or that portion of it which they devote to public purposes, in certain standardised directions, and seldom step outside the few well-trodden paths. Wills with imagination of the type left by Cecil Rhodes are extraordinarily rare; the more's the pity.[2]

But among the great general classes of benefactions philanthropy now definitely takes the lead, whereas in 1897 it came second to religious bequests; and this category includes a vast multitude of charitable and social activities, from working-men's clubs, Y.M.C.A.'s, and other such organisations, to orphanages, homes of mercy, local almshouses, and donations for the improvement of county grounds or town parks.

To these must be added a very interesting category of contributions to professional benevolent funds. Actors, architects, and lawyers leave bequests for the benefit of the less fortunate in their avocations; a shipowner bequeaths money to train boys for the sea, another for the benefit of poor fishermen, and several for those admirable societies the National Lifeboat Institution and the Seamen's Missions. Men are evidently still proud

[2] The oddest bequest was that of a lady who left 25*l.* to each of the three best cats' homes in the country. As she could not make up her own mind which were the three best ones, she directed her solicitors to make full inquiry. The spectacle of a respectable firm of City solicitors directing their energies into a problem of this nature must have been interesting.

of their trade; and whatever may be said of the softness of John Bull's head, he clearly has a tender spot in his heart for his less successful brethren. In philanthropy, at least, we have nothing to be ashamed of.

But if philanthropy has gone up relatively when compared with religious bequests, it has declined very heavily in comparison with the general increase of wealth. In 1897 it accounted for 613,743*l*. out of a total of wills proved amounting to 23,552,352*l*., or 2·6 per cent. In 1927 it accounted for 293,035*l*. out of a total of wills proved amounting to 67,765,459*l*., or ·4 per cent. As State and taxpayer do more for the under-dog the private citizen does less.

Education, however, has gone up both relatively and positively; and this in spite of the largely increased grants by the State towards public education—an eloquent testimony to a silent mental revolution. In 1897 it accounted for 125,220*l*. out of a total of wills proved of 23,552,352*l*., or ·5 per cent. In 1927 it accounted for 501,010*l*. out of a total of wills proved of 67,765,459*l*., or ·7 per cent.

It is true that the amount credited to this account in my lists was probably rather abnormally high, as two very large bequests happened to appear in the four months under review, but of the general tendency there can be no doubt whatever. The schoolmaster is esteemed more highly now than thirty years ago. There were four bequests to public schools (among them Rugby, 'to which I owe more than I can ever hope to repay'), five to universities or university colleges, and several for scholarships or prizes.

Science does not make a very brilliant showing—not more than 30,100*l*. in all. But several of the bequests accredited to education might have been as properly added to the list of scientific benefactions; and in 1897 there were no English benefactions in this category at all.

Anti-science, on the other hand, scores heavily, the Anti-Vivisection Society receiving 13,250*l*. I record this fact as a duty, not a pleasure.

If science as yet does rather badly, the arts fare worse. Somebody left 100*l*. to the 'Royal Society of Musicians,' and somebody else the odd sum of 510*l*. for musical training. Painting gets nothing at all—for one can hardly include Sir George Lewis's bequest of his Alma Tademas to his family in my lists. In 1897, on the other hand, music received 3400*l*., and 25,000*l*. was bequeathed for the purchase of pictures. The star of art seems to decline as that of science begins to rise.

Literature is a little more fortunate. Premises and 160*l*.

were left towards a library; another 10l. was to be devoted to the purchase of religious books; 250l. and books were bequeathed to a theological library, and two clergymen willed their private collections to university or diocesan authorities.

Archæology stands about as high, or as low, as literature. Two local museums received 250l. apiece, and 300l. was left separately to an archæological fund.

It struck me as a little odd that there was not a single contribution to any political object in either the 1897 or 1927 lists. Perhaps good Englishmen lose interest in politics when they die; possibly they feel they have paid enough for doubtful blessings in their lifetime. Here the Americans on the whole resemble us, for in a list of Transatlantic benefactions in 1925 I found but one bequest to politics—a gentleman who left 45,000l. for promoting the teaching of Henry George and 'the single tax idea.'[3]

But the chief feature of my comparative lists is the very heavy decline in contributions to hospitals and religion. The causes in these cases, however, are obviously different.

The administration costs of hospitals have enormously increased, and a very considerable part of their revenues is now provided by the patients themselves, or at least by the business firms who contribute to the upkeep of the hospital which tends casualities among their workpeople. Despite flag days, appeals, and advertisements, the hospital is changing its status, and the benefactor in consequence is reducing his benefactions.

The process is disguised by the fact that many people still endow a named bed in memory of themselves or some loved relative, and also because local or municipal patriotism is stronger in the provinces than in London. But there is no getting away from the fact that in 1897 hospitals received 586,677l. out of a total of 23,552,352l., or 2·4 per cent.; whereas in 1927 they received 162,494l. out of 67,765,459l., or ·2 per cent. And it is

[3] It is always interesting to compare ourselves with our neighbours. French statistics so notoriously refuse to add up correctly that I ignored them; the German figures, even if they had been available, would have been vitiated by the inflation crisis and the prevailing tendency for State and municipal action. But in America I found a detailed list of benefactions after my own heart. It is true that, on the one hand, it included no small amounts, and that, on the other, it included certain donations from the living; but these things probably made very little difference in bulk. An analysis of the chief American benefactions showed that in the year 1925 the citizens of the United States bequeathed rather more than 17,427,000l. to specific public purposes. Of this practically 50 per cent. was devoted to education, rather more than 10 per cent. to religion, rather less to philanthropy, and less again to hospitals. 761,000l. was donated to art and 237,000l. to science; in both of which categories America was ahead of us. The great bulk of the bequests to American education are for the endowment of universities; several are earmarked for the appointment of 'star professors' —not astronomers, but men with a big name.

impossible to study these figures carefully without coming to the conclusion that the voluntary system as a basis of hospital finance is becoming increasingly inadequate year by year. The change may yet be postponed some little time, but we seem within measurable distance of the day when all the London hospitals will be run by the Metropolital Asylums Board, and the provincial hospitals will be a charge on the county or borough council. I am not concerned, of course, with the question whether the change is desirable; the fact remains that while freewill offerings have done a great work, they can no longer cope with the situation.

The pronounced decline in the proportion of religious bequests rather surprised me, for legacies for religious purposes seemed very numerous when I was constructing my tables, and they do in fact represent a very considerable sum—171,784*l.* for the churches (of all denominations) at home, and 29,705*l.* for foreign missions. They total more than the hospitals (162,494*l.*), and are only exceeded by philanthropy (293,035*l.*) and education and science (501,010*l.*).

But the facts are undeniable. 201,489*l.* was given to religion out of 67,765,459*l.* in 1927. Thirty years before 716,347*l.* was given to religion out of 23,552,352*l.* This is direct and incontrovertible evidence of another mental revolution; and here it is not possible, as it was in the case of philanthropy and the hospitals, to suggest that the decline is at least partly due to an increase of State action.

It is possible, indeed, that people now subscribe to the churches more liberally when they are living, rather than leaving them legacies when they are dead. (My figures, of course, have nothing to do with annual subscriptions or donations or casual collections.) But I do not think this is so.

Again, it is possible, of course, that now we think more of our bodies we think less of our souls, and that Harley Street and the sports outfitters flourish at the expense of the clergy. There may be something in that, but I doubt if it is a full explanation.

The truth is, I imagine, that all the churches have lost much of their old authority. Men still love them for the beauty of their services, and for their symbolic pointing to another world in which these mundane values are subsumed.

A. WYATT TILBY.

THE SCOTTISH COALMINER

The author of this essay, who is thirty-six years of age, has been an actor in the events which he relates. Until 1917 he was engaged in active socialist propaganda and he served a term of imprisonment for sedition in 1916–17. In 1917 he obtained a job on a pit head in Lanarkshire. As a result of the General Strike, a visit to Russia and other experiences, he is no longer a revolutionary. —EDITOR, NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

THE remarkable gains registered by the Communists of the Miners' Minority Movement in the trade union elections recently held in Lanarkshire and Fife point to a change of a permanent character in the outlook of the miners. That the popularity of such an idol as Bob Smillie should be declining in face of young, curly-haired William Allan, a Communist, while solid 'Wullie' Adamson finds that his 'canny' Fifers are preferring youthful hot-headed extremists to himself, is surely the surface manifestation of an underlying tendency important enough to be worthy the attention of others besides the *habitués* of the Labour movement. But this inclination on the part of the rank and file of the miners in Scotland to substitute, as opportunity presents itself, new Marxian hot-gospellers for the aged apostles of the I.L.P. church in the unions' leadership is simply the culminating phase of a metamorphosis which began ten years ago. There was a leftward current among the miners long before Moscow began to take British trade unionism under its patronage: its *tempo* might vary, but the flow always continued; and now it is in full career threatening to wash away the last vestiges of conservatism attached to the Miners' Federation.

The Scottish coalfield stretches right across the centre of the country from sea to sea, extending from Ayrshire on the west through Lanarkshire and Stirlingshire till it forks into two wings—Fifeshire and the Lothians—on the east, which form the northern and southern coastlands respectively of the Firth of Forth. Lanarkshire is the biggest of these fields, employing about 50,000 people, and, although not the oldest in a chronological sense, is the oldest practically, seeing that its best and shallowest seams

are wrought out, and hardly anything is left but the machine mining of thin seams. Fifeshire and the Lothians coalfields, notwithstanding their great antiquity from a historical standpoint, are as regards modern exploitation young areas with great potentialities. These two regions taken together occupy about the same number of workers as Lanarkshire. Lanarkshire is a field of small collieries, many of them at an advanced stage of their working life; the Lothians and Fife, on the other hand, are districts containing many comparatively young collieries, which are moreover on a large scale with effective modern equipment. Altogether there were employed in the whole Scottish coalfield in 1924—according to the report of the mines inspector —147,606 persons, of whom 116,143 were employed below ground. The total output of coal was 36,190,281 tons, of which 17,027,029 tons was cut by the aid of 1628 machines, more than half of the 510 mines being provided with such coal-cutting instruments. Scotland's, particularly Lanarkshire's, place as a pioneer of machine mining is shown by the fact that in 1920 almost one-third of the Scottish output, as compared with only 6·8 per cent. of the northern England output, was got by the aid of machines.

The men's organisation in Scotland, as in the British Miners' Federation as a whole, is of a federal character. The different county unions, such as Lanarkshire, Fife, and Ayrshire, while enjoying in practice almost complete autonomy, are nominally linked up in the National Union of Scottish Mineworkers, whose executive is supposed to be the supreme organ of action in Scottish miners' affairs. The county agents, while balloted in the districts, are endowed with the status of national officials. But, whatever the rules may say, actual authority is still vested in the county unions, and the aim of all reformers in the miners' movement in Scotland has been for years to get the National Union of Scottish Mineworkers transformed into a strongly centralised, genuinely unified organisation. The governing body of each county union is its monthly delegate meeting. This congress of representatives is the most vital and sensitive part of the union's structure. It is these men, generally the cleverest and best-informed persons of the mining community, who, in their frequently rough and always long-winded debates, hammer out a policy for their mates. At critical junctures these discussions are followed with breathless eagerness by the masses, and their decisions, once given, are unquestioningly obeyed. To effect the removal from the position of delegate of the white-haired checkweigher, who has enjoyed the respect of a whole village for a generation, is anything but an easy task. And when on the benches, at the county delegate meetings, the baldheads—respected church elders, J.P.'s, and county councillors—begin to

disappear, making room for young fanatics of the Soviet idea, it is surely time to take stock.

There has always been a smouldering fire of antagonism towards their leaders among the miners. On the slightest provocation this would flare up into a lurid flame. The miner's job is hard, dirty and disagreeable. This gives him a permanent grouse at the world. So when he and his wife go into their own co-operative store they look with contempt at the spick-and-span shop assistant moving smartly about his—to them—light and easy duties, and comment caustically, *sotto voce*: 'En its us that keeps um the d—d counter-jumper.' Or when the ex-miner, turned Labour leader and fat and heavy for want of exercise, drives up in a motor to the 'mornin'' meeting at some pit, the assembled colliers, shivering at the pit gate in the chill of the morning, never fail to remark unflatteringly on his thick, well-cut coat and his *embonpoint*. The contrast is too great to be endured. And so the agent, who may be a good enough old wooden-head, whose worst crime is an inclination to let things drift, is accredited with a Machiavellian astuteness and ubiquity in betraying the men to the bosses for his own profit.

Then, again, miners are all anarchists! Not at all in a theoretical sense, but in practice. The extremely varied and changeable conditions under which they work in the pits is responsible for this. There is nothing standard, uniform or assured in the working of a mine. The unexpected is the ordinary, accident is the usual routine. The piece-work price a hewer got for his 'place' at its outset may prove simply ruinous to him before it is finished. A whole section of men can be affected like this, as well as by other chances, such as a scarcity of hutches or failure to 'brush' their places (*i.e.*, take down the 3 feet of 'dirt' or rock above a 2-feet seam to make the necessary headroom). The pit as a whole may be suffering from lack of sufficient railway waggons or from the tyranny or rigidity of a manager who refuses to even things out by 'making up' to the standard the wages of men who are working under abnormal conditions. The interests of all the men in a single colliery, or of all the collieries in a county, or of all the districts in Britain, are similar, therefore, only in a very general sense; immediately you come down to particulars, all sorts of divergences, deviations and disharmonies in relation to the abstract programme or scheme are apt to be discovered. So when a hewer comes into his place and finds something amiss his first impulse, which is generally acted upon, is to shout to his drawer: 'We'll awa' back up the pit.' Should it be a section involved, say, not brushed, they troop out to the 'road-end' cursing the manager, vigorously and picturesquely, make for the pit bottom, and clamour to the bottomer to be instantly

let up the 'shink' out of this God-forsaken, etc., etc., hole. This is done, of course, without consulting anybody, neither union headquarters nor county agent, sometimes not even the checkweigher on the pithead. Then there are the lightning strikes of whole collieries, which, in Scotland at least, were till very recently everyday occurrences. The men invariably preferred to try what their own direct pressure could do before they invoked the aid of a union centre of which they were suspicious, and whose first mandate to them, as they very well knew, would be to return to work pending negotiations. Sometimes there was the pitiful spectacle of one district of the county selfishly eating up the entire funds of the union in a long-drawn-out forty or fifty weeks' strike because apparently nobody had the authority or the will to remind them that the interests of the association as a whole ought to be supreme over those of any of its parts. Probably as long as the mining industry continues to exist these disintegrating forces, which seem to be engendered by its very nature, will still remain at work, mocking at all attempts to realise the schemes of amalgamation, centralised control, and scientific organisation, which are being advocated so enthusiastically to-day by the Minority Movement.

In these compact mining communities, with their intensely parochial outlook, living an isolated life of their own in remote villages, it was all too easy to organise a revolt against the agents at the centre. The Syndicalist miners at Wallyford quarrelled with Provost Brown of Dalkeith, broke away from the Mid and East Lothian Miners' Association, and successfully maintained their own pit union for years. At Coalburn, in Lanarkshire, through a dispute with the Hamilton headquarters over union miners taking the place of their own employees in a co-operative strike, there almost occurred a disastrous secession of the best district in the union from the Lanarkshire Association. It was only prevented by the good sense of John MacLean, a famous Scottish agitator, with a great influence in this highly socialistic district. More recently long-continued strikes at Douglas West inspired by local Syndicalists led to a very warm contest with the Lanarkshire agents which nearly ended in a split. On innumerable occasions branches have withheld their dues because they thought their grievances were not being expeditiously enough dealt with by the official machinery. This rebellious, independent and stubborn spirit amongst the masses has always been intolerant of the well-meaning efforts of the leaders to attain whatever justice could be got by methods of diplomacy and conciliation.

The prevailing discontent with the orthodox leaders first began to find some public expression after the defeat of the

national strike of 1912. The majority of Scottish miners were against the calling off of the strike and received the leaders in a very hostile fashion when they appeared at mass meetings of the men to explain the beauties of the Minimum Wage Act. What was especially obnoxious to them was that no definite figure had been given in the Act and that there were to be different minima in the different districts. Several popular Socialist propagandists began to criticise the action of the men's leaders, and, although not themselves miners, they were acclaimed at huge gatherings of miners in Fife and Lanarkshire as the true voice of rank-and-file opinion. In particular their hearers were delighted with attacks, in the spirit of the *Miners' Next Step* (then newly issued by the South Wales Miners' Reform Committee), on the autocracy practised by the agents, who, because of the anti-democratic character of the union constitution, were practically irremovable. The propaganda of John MacLean, J. D. Macdougall, and the speakers of the Socialist Labour Party and Industrial Workers of the World—exponents of Daniel De Leon's theory of industrial unionism—cultivated an intransigent psychology, suspicious of Labour parliamentarism and favourable to 'direct action,' which already in 1912–13 was predominant in certain important strategic centres in the minefields—such as Bowhill in Fife, Burnbank in Lanarkshire, and Musselburgh in the Lothians.

The distressing experiences of war-time could not fail to leave their imprint on the Scottish Miners' Movement. Housing accommodation in Lanarkshire, which was miserably poor before 1914, was taxed to the utmost to provide any kind of cover for the multitude of workers who flocked into the iron, steel, engineering and coal-mining enterprises of the county, which was one of the 'star' munition-producing areas of the country. There was abominable overcrowding, a Lanarkshire County Council deputation to the Secretary of State for Scotland in 1917 reporting that a quarter of the population were living in one-roomed houses. The profiteering in flour and shipping was graphically portrayed to the masses by the Glasgow Pacifist organ, the *Forward*, which drove home its lesson week after week. Miners' wages, like those of other workers, were very slow to rise so as to correspond with the prices of foodstuffs, which were soaring upwards untrammelled by any efforts on the Government's part to restrain the rise. The majority of the agents and officials of the miners' organisation had declared for a patriotic truce during the war, neglecting to use, or deliberately refraining from using, the economic power placed in the miners' hands by events; and accordingly, when the electricity of discontent had accumulated to the discharging point, it was upon their devoted heads that the storm broke.

The first flashes began to occur at Blantyre, in Lanarkshire. Situated within a couple of miles from Hamilton, this village of a few thousand inhabitants, practically all of whom are engaged in a dozen moderately sized collieries in the neighbourhood, has been for generations the spearhead of the Lanarkshire Miners' Movement. It did not belie its reputation now. The Macdougall referred to above, on his release from prison after serving a twelve months' sentence for sedition, came to work on a pit-head in the Blantyre district. He had been chosen as one of the British delegates to the Stockholm Conference which never met, and this, with other circumstances, made him well known to the militant trade unionists of Blantyre. By this time the Miners' Reform Movement in its original home, South Wales, was moribund ; but Macdougall, who had been indoctrinated by one of its founders, Jack Hay, when he was up in Fife soliciting aid for the Cambrian men in 1910, conceived the idea of its revival on Scottish soil. A conference of unofficial delegates from all the Socialist and progressive districts in Lanarkshire was summoned at Hamilton in July 1917, and as a result of its deliberations the Lanarkshire Miners' Reform Committee was founded and the heads of a Manifesto, of which 50,000 copies were to be printed and distributed at the pits, were agreed upon. It is worthy of remark that a prominent part was played in this conference by Lanarkshire men who had had experience as officials or members in the United Mineworkers' Union of America, either in Illinois or in British Columbia. Other Scots-Americans were very active in spreading the movement into the eastern counties. Many features of the new programme were consequently drawn from the practice of the American mine-workers.

The Manifesto elicited an instant response from the miners. It presented a reasoned argument on the usual Marxian lines pointing to the inevitable concentration of capital which is the outcome of competition, and showing the miners the impossibility of grappling with the unified forces of capitalism unless by the amalgamation of all the county associations into a genuine British Miners' Industrial Union, with pooled resources, centralised direction, and a wide enough scope to embrace every worker, of whatever craft, engaged in the industry. The ultimate aim of the organisation must be : 'The common ownership of the mines and the direct control of production by the workers in the mining industry.' Nationalisation was repudiated (to the great disgust of the orthodox I.L.P. leaders) as conducting merely to an aggravation of the bureaucratism in industry. In the name of the class struggle the Manifesto declared against having any truck with conciliation and arbitration, abjuring long agreements as a work of the devil. The producers only got what they

had the power to take. Let them therefore miss no opportuni
to hit hard when they could, and not try to palliate a real defeat
when that befell them, as some sort of victory (a favourite
device of Mr. Smillie). It also contended for the extremest
form of democracy in the affairs of the union: all the permanent
and subordinate officials should be elected by ballot vote every
year. The union should subsidise the setting up of a Marxian
college in Glasgow. A number of the points mentioned in the
programme were eventually realised. The committee was to
act as a 'ginger group'; it was to stimulate the official machine
through legitimate agitation in the branches and in the delegate
meeting at Hamilton, as well as through 'illegitimate' action
(in the eyes of the agents) in the way of street-corner and pithead
propaganda which would set the masses in motion, to take
early and energetic action on the wages question.

The earliest sign of life, after a long strikeless interregnum
was a one-day stoppage, an 'idle day,' called by the Blantyre
District Committee, which included about twelve pits and 2000
men, to protest against inadequate food rations and call for peace
by negotiations. This was followed by a county 'idle day,'
carried on the motion of Blantyre, when 50,000 men downed
tools on the same question and a series of mass demonstrations
were held at different points, which received with applause
strongly Socialist and Pacifist speeches made by some of the old
agents and by young men associated with the reform agitation
Thereafter the propaganda of the Reform Committee, mainly
carried on by Macdougall, went forward with leaps and bounds
The miners flocked in their thousands to hear him, despite
insinuations by Smillie about 'politicians interfering in the
Miners' Movement,' or hints by David Gilmour as to 'German
gold,' or even the epithet 'adventurer' hurled by blunt John
Robertson. The more venomously the leaders assailed the new
body as a cunning attempt to disrupt the union, the more were
the working miners attracted by its plea for the institution of
genuine democracy in the government of the organisation. A
new interest in trade unionism was aroused. It was a veritable
revival. The members commenced to attend the branch meet-
ings as they had never done before. Kepplehill branch at Shotts
by an overwhelming majority on a ballot vote decided to affiliate
to the committee. Giffnock Colliery, which later on in 1920
struck work as a protest against the Government's treatment of
Ireland, issued cards to the reform sympathisers, and over 50
men out of 500 in the branch paid 6*d*. a week to the Reform
Committee over and above the regular contribution to the official
organisation of 1*s*. per week. About twenty branches in the
county affiliated to the committee, its connexions extended to

active minorities in the remaining hundred branches, and it acquired enormous influence with the mass of ordinary union members.

In July 1918 Macdougall, on the invitation of sympathetic elements in Fife, undertook a campaign in that field in the course of which every town and village from Low Valleyfield to Leven was successfully tapped. At a conference of unofficial delegates held in Cowdenbeath it was decided to establish a Fife Miners' Reform Committee to work in conjunction with Lanarkshire. The proceedings were guided by William Kirker and John Bird, of Bowhill, and an experienced Scots-American, Bob Lamb, of Kirkcaldy. The active spirits in Fifeshire had long been chafing under the ultra-cautious policy and autocratic methods of 'Wullie' Adamson, the leading official of the Fife Union. The central nerve of the Fife Reform Movement was formed by the village of Bowhill. This place, although resembling Blantyre in the socialistic and combative humour of its inhabitants, was in other respects very different. It was a comparatively modern, almost a model, village built by the first owners—forerunners of the Fife Coal Company—to house the workers employed in their recently opened Bowhill pit. This was a huge up-to-date concern which employed 1500 men drawn from the neighbourhood. Consequently the Bowhill branch was one of the most important in the union, and its resolution to support the reform programme was bound to have considerable repercussions. The first was an unofficial strike at Bowhill over the 'Green case.' The dispute arose from the treatment meted out by the manager to a disabled man. It was the first intimation to the union officials at Dunfermline that a new temper was rising in the coalfield which would not brook protracted negotiations where manifest injustice had been committed.

In the meantime events were developing in Lanarkshire. One of the changes advocated in the Manifesto was that the union should celebrate the 1st of May every year by a one-day strike of the entire membership. The sufferings of the war period had brought home to many the imperative need of cultivating the spirit of international solidarity among the workers of the world if such horrors were ever to cease. The victory of the revolution in Russia had breathed new life into international Socialism, almost killed by the antagonisms the war had bred. The proposal to adopt the May Day holiday was carried. Despite the protests of the Admiralty and a campaign of calumny in the Press, the strike took place. At the huge gatherings held at Hamilton and elsewhere solemn declarations of opposition to the continuance of the war were carried with absolute unanimity. The slaughter seemed as if it was likely to go on indefinitely.

And now there was a demand for a 'comb out' in the coalfields. Thousands of miners had fought and died on the battlefield. But the early illusions about the righteousness of the struggle had become slightly blown upon. There was a conviction that the thing had gone far enough. Peace by negotiations from being a fad advocated by a handful of cranks had become a serious current of opinion in the country.

So that when the executive of the National Union of Scottish Mineworkers affirmed their agreement with the action of Havelock Wilson in preventing the sailing of the pacifist delegates to the Stockholm Conference a storm of protest was raised by the rank and file. The majority of the agents who had won an ephemeral popularity at the beginning of the war by their loudly voiced patriotism and active recruiting work for the Army began to be looked upon somewhat coldly. One of the most energetic of the recruiters, David Gilmour, was now made to feel the brunt of this change of mood. He asked the union for permission to undertake national service. Consent was refused unless he gave up his union position. Conceiving this to be a veiled attack on himself by the pacifist Smillie and his satellites, Gilmour pressed the matter to the point of demanding a ballot vote of the men. The Reform Committee threw itself into this controversy, and, notwithstanding a great deal of open and hidden support from the Government, in his campaign among the men on his own behalf Gilmour was decisively beaten by about 1000 votes. Simultaneously the authorities requested the Miners' Federation to assist them to get the necessary additional quota of men for the Army. In Lanarkshire it was settled to take a poll of the members as to whether this assistance should be given, coupled with the question whether they were in favour of peace by negotiations. On both points the decision was adverse to the Government. The actual vote on peace by negotiations was—for, 18,767; against, 8249. Coalburn district (1500 men) commenced to strike one day a week against the threatened 'comb out.' Blantyre was getting ready for action. The Reform Committee organised a column of young men to march to Hamilton for the purpose of sending a deputation to the delegate meeting to ask for protection against the designs of the Government. The deputation was duly received. After its departure a reform delegate moved for strike action, but this was overwhelmingly defeated, although it received more than twelve branch votes. The authorities could therefore take the men they wanted unhindered. Some of these young Socialist miners, of course, went to gaol rather than serve. Still, their number was only trifling out of the total called up. But the Government had won at the cost of creating a feeling of soreness

in the coalfield which was to cause them considerable apprehension a few months later. Butter, cheese, and sugar were getting scarcer. The long delays before additions were made to the standard wage to offset higher prices were perpetual irritants. Then came the melancholy reflection that perhaps the sacrifice of the life of dearly-beloved sons and fathers was going to be of no avail. All these were circumstances influential in creating a feeling of suppressed indignation likely to burst out at a moment's notice.

Coalburn, still disconsolate over the tearing away of its conscientious objectors, got in its blow in September through an unofficial strike regarding firemen's wages. In the Lothians, at Blackridge and other places, where the reform virus was spreading, they began to take 'idle days' as a protest against the inadequate ration of cheese. At the same time, in an atmosphere redolent of promises of 'social reconstruction,' a 'new social order,' 'homes fit for heroes' after the war, in the humour of a working class expectant of great social changes which were to be the reward for its war-time sacrifices, the revolutionary current of the Reform Committee flowed briskly. The great struggle to decide what Britain was to be for the next hundred years must come when the millions of men in the Army were demobilised. It was necessary to begin the fight now. The trade union machinery should be overhauled to cope with great new responsibilities. Not the regulation of wages but the regulation of production was the new motto.

Then came the Armistice like a 'thief in the night.' Thereafter was staged Lloyd George's cunningly organised coup to take advantage of the general dazed condition of mind. As elsewhere, so in Lanarkshire, the 'coupon' candidates swept the board. But there was a notable exception. The Hamilton division was won by Duncan Graham, a miners' official, who had the twofold distinction of being an outspoken opponent of the war and a close associate of Smillie. Virtually that election was a victory for Smillie. One of the defeated candidates in the division happened to be no other than David Gilmour. All the same, the militant Socialists everywhere were stirred to fury by the success of Lloyd George's 'hang the Kaiser' trick. They were in a mood for revenge. In a few weeks, when people had had time to get over the shock of the sudden transition from war to peace, time to gather their thoughts, the chance of the malcontents came. Ironically enough, in a month or so thousands of men who had voted in Lanarkshire constituencies for Lloyd George were either actively engaged in, or looking with more than benevolent neutrality upon, a tumultuous, unofficial strike having ill-concealed revolutionary objectives.

The ball was kicked off in the middle of January at Holytow There Willie Hughes, a mine manager, who had been victimis for his connexion with the Reform Committee, was to be evict from a company's house. He was highly popular. A stri broke out spontaneously, spread like wildfire all over the Bell hill district, and soon embraced more than 10,000 men. P parations were made rapidly to extend the dispute to Coalbu and Blantyre. In a day or two, spreading thence in ever-wide ing circles, it would have drawn in the entire 50,000 men in t Lanarkshire field. But the officials damped down the strug at the end of three days by getting the proceedings again Hughes unconditionally stopped. Nevertheless, an acute observ might have foreseen that it would only be a question weeks until the battle was renewed. The Reform Committ was straining at the leash. Its adherents everywhere were the *qui vive* for the signal to begin the great fight for the milita programme—1*l.* per day, a six-hour day, and a five-day wee The thought that the strike might be unofficial, and therefc without strike pay, disheartened no one: employment had be steady for a long time—the mining community was in funds.

In the British theatre the strike fever broke out at Belfa to the amazing accompaniment—in the spiritual home of Lo Carson—of a kind of Soviet; thence it spread to the Clyc where it took shape in an elemental crowd upheaval for the fort hour week. In the minefields the first shots came from Fi At the end of January a petty surface-workers' grievance w the occasion of sympathetic action, and once the men were o the Reform Committee deepened the struggle into one for t winning of the general programme. In Lanarkshire the ne from Fife was enough. The more fiery districts, Shettleston a Blantyre, were aflame at once. Then action of a fairly rou character—it could scarcely have been called peaceful picketir the thing was really an incipient revolution—was taken to st the laggards at Hamilton Palace and Earnock, well-manag collieries on a large scale enjoying particularly good conditio as to wages. Notwithstanding some intimidation, the moveme was a genuine ebullition of the masses. Men might be reluctant come out against the official mandate of the union, but once they were swept entirely off their feet by the emotional curre around them. It was not really an ordinary strike. It was religious ecstasy—the joyful rush of the pent-up disconter of the war years to find a vent. Staid men did unheard- things, took extraordinary risks, because they were in the g of the idea. Fanatical orators tore themselves to shreds addre ing tense audiences, assembled in packed halls or massed public parks, from early morning till late at night. Unpa

pickets marched by night many a rough stage in order to stop distant collieries early in the morning. The committee was in permanent session at Blantyre. The first day of the strike an immense mob, like a brown swirling flood, poured into the quiet streets of Hamilton to get the officials to proclaim the strike in the name of the union. The demonstrators took possession of the union offices. There was some disorder and a little damage done. The crowd choked the street, interrupting the car traffic, and were addressed from the balcony by the reform leaders. At a joint meeting of the union executive and representatives of the Reform Committee it was decided that the strike be declared official, and that meetings of the men be held a day later to get a proper mandate from them.

Negotiations at this time were proceeding between the Government and the British Miners' Federation regarding claims which included a 30 per cent. increase in wages, a six-hour day, and nationalisation of the mines. The agents at the Lanarkshire aggregate meetings, convened as promised, pleaded for patience, painting the prospective results of the negotiations in glowing colours, and got the men to resume work meantime. This was a crucial decision in the post-war history of Britain. For had the Lanarkshire men remained out there can be little doubt, judging by the inquiries that came in from other parts of the British coalfield, that the movement, despite the opposition of the trade union mandarins, would have grown irresistibly until it became a national strike.

A general cessation of work in the mines at that particular juncture would almost have placed the fate of the existing social order in Britain in the balance. But the gods willed it otherwise! The Government gladly compromised on the Federation programme, granting the wages demand and a seven-hour day, with the possibility of reduction to six hours later, and a Royal Commission on the nationalisation of the mines. The Sankey Commission's recommendation, together with Smillie's pyrrhic victories over the Duke of Northumberland, satisfied ideally the desire of the masses for victory. The immediate material concessions were considerable, and in the enjoyment of these the majority of the men failed to see that the moment of the maximum economic power of the miners was already passing. This was the high-water mark reached by the achievements of the Reform Committee. Its action played an essential part in winning the concessions of 1919. But after the considerable real and the still greater apparent gains that had been won, there was a slackening of energies. In Scotland the Reform Committee was much less prominent in the 'datum line' strike of 1920. Nevertheless, the renewal of activity there had

reverberations elsewhere. Early in 1918 relations were entered into with the South Wales Committee, and Macdougall was invited to the Rhondda to help in a campaign for its resuscitation. A. J. Cook and W. Mainwaring toured Lanarkshire and Fife in the capacity of fraternal delegates from the Welsh left wing. A series of meetings—in the Labour clubs and at pitheads—by Macdougall at places around Wigan led to the formation of the Lancashire Miners' Reform Committee. The last named was also instrumental in getting the first steps taken in the South Yorkshire field. Tentative efforts were made, moreover, towards the formation of a National Miners' Reform Committee, but, save a few meetings of representatives, nothing came of it.

In 1920 the post-war boom was already showing signs of exhaustion. But the disturbed state of Europe still caused an extremely keen demand for British coal. The Miners' Federation began to press for another increase in wages which had to be accompanied by a reduction in the home price of coal. The Government proposed that the rise in wages should be conditional on increased output above the so-called 'datum line.' This was rejected on a ballot vote by the men. There were vague threats of action by the Triple Alliance, which the Government met by passing the Emergency Powers Act. The promised support to the miners was therefore not forthcoming, but, notwithstanding, the strike ended after eighteen days with a compromise under which the men were to get the 2s. at once, although it was to vary afterwards according to output. The propaganda of the Reform Committees had been a leading factor in stiffening the resistance of the men and in causing them to reject the original offer.

But the tide had already turned. In a few months the economic crisis in Britain was in full swing. Wages were being reduced right and left in other industries, and the wave of unemployment was rising. The ground was crumbling under the miners' feet. France was now getting large deliveries of reparations coal from Germany. The home demand was shrinking. Then came the wholly unexpected announcement of the Government's decision to decontrol the industry as from March 31, 1921. Negotiations were going on between the owners and the men as to future wages arrangements. The men contended for a national profits pool and a national minimum, but the owners were all for district settlements. When the date came for decontrol the owners issued notices regarding the wages rates at which work would be resumed. These rates—in terms of the prices prevailing—were below the wages paid in 1914. The great strike of 1921 began. As a result of the demands of the militant districts, such as South Wales and Lanarkshire, the

pump-men were withdrawn from the mines. The Government thereupon embodied a new temporary military force to preserve order. In the Hodges-Thomas tragi-comedy of 'Black Friday' the great Triple Alliance was shown to be a complete white elephant. With the failure of common action by the big unions the miners' fate was sealed. The strike dragged on for three months and ended with the absolute defeat of the union. A new profit-sharing method of fixing wages on an economic basis willy-nilly had to be accepted by the men. The miners' unions were bankrupt. The considerable private savings of the miners in the co-operative societies and elsewhere, which had been accumulated during the previous years of constant employment, were completely dissipated. The miners' families everywhere were plunged deeply into debt. Despair and apathy were the only feelings that could prevail in such a miserable posture of affairs. The outlook for the future was unutterably sombre. Trade unionism, whose credit had been rising steadily since 1914, was dealt a staggering blow. The special result in Lanarkshire of the general *débâcle* was the loss of the five-day working week, an old traditional policy in that county, which it had been the proud hope of the Reform Committee to have got extended to the entire British coalfield. There was a tremendous slump in the union membership.

The programme of the 'left wing' however, had been realised in certain respects during the previous eighteen months. Their insistent demand for a general election of officials had been met immediately after the January outbreak; and even though few of the reform nominees had been elected, still the interest taken had democratically revitalised the organisation. Furthermore, the proposal that the union subsidise a Scottish Labour College in Glasgow had been carried. Selecting by means of an examination, Fife and Lanarkshire each sent three bursars to have a year's tuition. The principal appointed was the well-known Scottish Marxian scholar, John MacLean, M.A., and the main subjects taught were economics and history. This institution was short-lived, for the bankruptcy of the trade unions compelled it to close down after about a year's work. Nevertheless it had accomplished something. For it is surely no accident that the men who are now coming to the fore as leaders, occupying the principal official posts in the Lanarkshire and Fifeshire Unions, are just those who were fortunate enough to have a spell at the college.

To narrate the course of events in Fife it is necessary to retrace our footsteps back to 1920. In that year the Fife Reform Committee, in pursuance of its campaign for greater democracy in union affairs, managed to get it carried in the Fife Miners'

Union that the five delegates sent by Fife to the Executive Committee of the Scottish Mineworkers' National Union should be elected by the branches instead of by the delegate meeting. Hitherto the five delegates had always been five full-time agents, and it was desired to send rank-and-file miners instead to break down the leaders' oligarchy. The Fife Union had fifty-four branches, each represented, whether large or small—and they varied in membership from sixty to 2000—by a single delegate. Voting was generally on the basis of one delegate one vote, but at any time the demand could be made for a 'financial vote,' when each delegate voted in proportion to the contributions he represented, this, of course, enabling the big branches to make their weight properly felt. The big branches—Bowhill, Lochgelly, and so on—were affiliated to the Reform Committee, while the smaller branches were mostly reactionary, and accustomed to follow docilely the counsels of William Adamson. The following year nominations were asked for the Scottish Executive Council. There were thirty-seven candidates, and when the branch votes were in Adamson surprised everybody by proposing that the election be settled by an individual ballot vote of the members. The ballot showed Hodge and Adamson high above the others. These two were declared elected and a second ballot conducted to select the remaining three. The result of this was held up for a long time by the officials, but when it was published revealed three reformers—Kirker, Bird, and Lamb—at the top. On the grounds that a small vote had been recorded, the president got the delegate meeting to annul the election and send the five sitting members back to the Scottish Executive Council. The three members who had been duly elected attended the next meeting of that body notwithstanding this decision, but were told that it was a matter for Fife to settle alone. At the next delegate meeting in Fife the attitude of the branches in regard to the resolution come to by the delegates on their own responsibility at the previous board meeting was found to be hostile—against, 27; for, 24. A 'financial vote' was claimed. This was agreed to. The financial return of July 16 was taken. But the great strike of 1921 had only ended on July 4, and, as a week's grace from payment after the resumption had been given to every member, it was found that only seven small branches had forwarded contributions for the month ending July 16. Seven branches only were allowed to vote, forty-seven were disfranchised, and the officials got a decision to their liking.

The following year—1922—the struggle was renewed. Forty candidates were nominated. On the vote by branches being announced, it was found that the leading five candidates con-

sisted of four officials and Kirker, the reform nominee. The proposal was made that the top five should be held to be elected, but Kirker, although himself one of that number, opposed demanding a 'financial vote.' For the first time in the history of the Fife Miners' Union this was refused by the president. When the figures of the original vote were finally published and confronted with their financial equivalent, it was discovered that only the official at the top had a clear majority, and that, had the financial rule operated, all the others, including Adamson, would have required to go to a second ballot. In 1921 the officials had caused regularly taken ballot votes to be scrapped, and in 1922 the 'financial vote' to be set aside, simply because the results did not please them. They were prepared, it seemed, to play ducks and drakes with the constitution of the union

In August 1922 representatives of the revolting branches met at Cowdenbeath and decided to withhold their contributions, all save 8*l.* per month, the sum needed to keep them in good standing. They formulated a programme of demands, including the right to the 'financial vote' and the periodical re-election of all full-time officials. At the next meeting of the delegate board the 'rebel' delegates were excluded from the hall by the police. One of the agents who had favoured the Reform Movement was dismissed from his position. In December 1922 the insurgent branches took the decisive step of constituting themselves into a new union—the Fife Mineworkers' Reform Union. The new union issued a weekly paper, the *Miner*, which performed much good, sound educational work, apart from the bitter polemics it carried on with the representatives of the old union. It also provided a mouthpiece for the critics in the other counties, and had a considerable circulation outside of Fife.

The stubbornness of the old officials possibly made the split inevitable, but its consequences were nevertheless disastrous. In every pit in Fife there were two competing unions providing employers with a golden opportunity of profiting from their dissensions. Many excellent trade unionists fell away altogether, being alienated by this continual squabbling. The dispute was even carried into the political field, and at the General Election of 1923 the election result in West Fife was—Adamson, 12,204; Hodge, 6,459. It was becoming a decidedly unsavoury business. The officials of the Scottish Miners' Union tried to mediate between the two sides, but all to no avail. It was only as a result of the intervention of a new rank-and-file influence—the Miners' Minority Movement—that the two unions came to be fused together this year (1927) after five years of impotence as a result of their divisions.

In Lanarkshire, after the great defeat in 1921, the Reform

Movement completely subsided. Its organisation fell to pieces, victimisation taking its toll, as usual, of the active spirits and forcing them to travel far for employment. The union itself was in sorry plight. By the end of 1922 it had only managed to win back 15,000 of its pre-strike membership of 50,000. Had it not been for the loyalty of a few districts where conditions were fairly good even in the slump, such as Shotts and Hamilton, the miners' organisation would have collapsed entirely.

As things began to revive the Labour College raised its head again, this time not as a day college, but as an organisation of evening classes, employing several full-time tutors, as well as many voluntary teachers, to instruct some 1000 students scattered in little groups all over Lanarkshire. The subsidy granted by the miners' union made this effort possible, and the union got results in increased membership and activity in the local branches as a consequence of the teaching given

The formation of the British Communist Party in 1920, and the rise of its trade union adjunct, the Minority Movement, a year or so later, changed the situation. Formerly the left wing movements in the trade unions had been loose organisations springing up to meet a special need and disappearing whenever this purpose was fulfilled. And, above all, there had been little organised connexion between the union reform movements in different industries. Now the agitation was organised systematically under the direction of a national committee representative of all industries. Regular papers were issued for the propaganda, such as the *Worker*, of Glasgow. The Communist organs the *Worker* and the *Workers' Weekly* enjoy now a considerable circulation in the Scottish coalfield. Famous speakers like Tom Mann were kept regularly engaged in the work of combining the isolated bodies of rebels in each industry and linking the left wing men in all industries by means of district and national conferences at which the common problems were discussed and a common programme laid down. In all this, of course, the guiding hand of the Red International of Trade Unions at Moscow is plainly to be seen. Whether the rebel groups as they are now brigaded by Moscow are any more effective, however, for the gingering up of British trade unionism is open to question.

By 1923 the 'new model' of left wing organisation had made a start in Lanarkshire and Fife. The General Election of 1922 had elevated quite a number of miners' officials to Parliament, and this made necessary a reshuffle of the official posts. The Minority Movement managed to elect a young miner named William Allan as one of the Lanarkshire representatives to the Scottish Executive Council. Allan is a strongly-built young

fellow, talented and vigorous, an excellent speaker, who was one of Maclean's pupils at the college. He found himself alone in a body which, until his arrival, had been composed solely of miners' agents. He was the first rank-and-filer to penetrate into this official sanctuary. His honest and courageous stand in the Scottish Executive did much to make the Minority Movement the force it has become in Lanarkshire. Other reformers were elected to the Lanarkshire Executive, and it was evident, even to the dullest eye, that the masses were rousing themselves again in view of the future.

The dry bones began to stir once more. Conferences of the Miners' Minority Movement met with a surprising amount of success. There were to be seen the men, still comparatively young, who had been thrown up by the agitation of the Miners' Reform Committee. Several of them were now checkweighmen and officials, and no doubt their original enthusiasm had been chastened by experience, but they could not resist the call. Side by side with them sat the new generation that has arisen since 1917—very young, very confident, Communist to the core. The impression got from these conferences of 'Red' trade unionists is that they are very much machine-made—everything done on the Moscow model—and yet the energy and vitality of the miners' union is undoubtedly there too. And the machine certainly has its uses for getting results. The representatives of the 'left' in the council of delegates began to work according to plan. Willie Allan broke the conspiracy of silence that had always surrounded the business of the Scottish Executive and came out to the rank and file with the frankest details about all those disagreeable topics which a 'good' executive man keeps locked up within his own breast. The majority of the members highly appreciated the candour of this *enfant terrible*, and thought to themselves if this is Minority Movement representation, then we could do with some more. Then, again, attendance at a mass meeting called by the Communists was felt by the ordinary miner to be a kind of tonic after the depressing account of his prospects given by the 'Dismal Jemmies' of the official type, for the Minority speakers were nothing if not optimistic.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when John Robertson, M.P. for Bothwell, died in 1926 the runner-up for selection as the miners' candidate for the division was William Allan. On the next occasion, early in 1927, when a similar opportunity occurred—this time the selection of the miners' nominee for North Lanark—he was entirely successful. As a Communist he was made to fight every inch of the way, but he won at every stage—branch vote, financial vote, and individual ballot of the members. The North Lanark Divisional Labour Party, acting

according to rule, of course turned down his nomination, but the incident is a plain indication of the changed attitude of the average miner. Still more significant is the recently declared result of the ballot for the election of the officials of the Lanarkshire Miners' County Union. Allan the Communist has defeated the previous occupant of the post of secretary, William Small; the president, Andrew McAnulty, a pioneer of the Tom Mann school, has retained his position; while nominees of the Minority Movement have won several seats on the executive. In Fifeshire the elections following on the amalgamation of the two unions have also gone favourably for the Communist candidates.

To what must these results be attributed? In the first place, to the great activity displayed by the Minority Movement in the tremendous struggle waged in the coalfields last year. The Communists took the lead everywhere. It was they who organised and ran the soup kitchens in the areas where parish relief had been stopped; they who arranged the concerts and meetings that kept the masses in tune. In every conflict with the law regarding picketing there were sure to be some Minority Movement members among the arrested. Then, again, the Minority Movement is associated with Russia, and the Russian contributions to the strike fund of the British miners came to over 1,000,000*l*. Moreover, there is Cook—A. J. Cook, the most popular leader the miners' trade union movement has ever known at any time in its history; he himself is a member of the Minority Movement. Certainly the extremists may bulk more largely in the union's affairs at the moment, because the membership is down to bedrock. Conservative and Liberal working men might incline to leave the union after a defeat; the creed of the Socialist or Communist forbids him this. But it is not really open to any doubt that the progressive decline in the standard of living of the miners since 1921, the series of titanic struggles waged over the coal problem, the apparent hopelessness of any improvement along ordinary lines, has disturbed if not totally changed the political convictions of the average collier. It is not more than a single generation since the great mass of the miners in Lanarkshire and Fifeshire were Liberals; to-day there is not a single Liberal sits for a Scottish mining seat, and there are already several constituencies where the sitting Labour member could be ousted by a concentrated Communist attack.

It is true that more than the political ideas prevailing in the coalfields have been changed. A silent revolution in manners and customs has been effected which seems to pass almost unnoticed. The younger generation of miners is much soberer than the old. The bonnets and mufflers that used to be a respectable week-day attire have been discarded for hats and

colliers. Where their fathers used to slumber contentedly in the traditional mist of Calvinist or Catholic dogma, the new race of colliers, having been bitten with the worm of scepticism, are wide awake intellectually. They have a genuine thirst for knowledge. The extreme parochialism of the 'backwoodsmen' in the isolated mining villages and hamlets has vanished, retreating hastily before the conquering hoot of the motor omnibus, the herald of picture-houses, fried-fish shops, and sporting papers. The semi-rural character of the remote miners' rows is gone. Their truly primitive backwardness in regard to sanitary arrangements has received a severe shock. We have not sent so many Labour heavy-weights to the county councils wholly in vain. No longer is the sight to be seen of tumble-down dry closets and open middens scattering dirt and disease over the ghastly square of which they are the principal ornament. If the horrible old rows have still to be lived in, at least their inhabitants have now the benefit of w.c.'s and an inside water supply. The aspect of the Scottish coalfield has been completely altered during the past few years by the erection on the outskirts of each town and village of the neat, rough-cast two-storeyed houses which form the county council schemes. There is still a vast deal of demolition and additional building remaining to be done, but at least a beginning has been made on the right lines. An end has been put to the smug indifference regarding these matters that prevailed before the war. Part of the social transformation we are referring to has to be ascribed to the influence of the Miners' Welfare Institutes. In many a dull mining village existence during the dark winter months has been made actually endurable by the establishment of a bright, well-lit place of recreation and instruction. Baths, libraries, bowls, billiards, lectures, concerts—these are only some of the multifarious activities of the welfare committees.

If the miner's position as to wages, chances, of hours, and employment is anything but rosy, and is inclining him, it may be temporarily, to lend an ear to the voice of the Communist charmer, he will, at any rate in his candid moments, be quite willing to admit that his outward environment is, in some respects, a very paradise compared to what it was twenty years ago.

J. D. MACDOUGALL.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE: A DREAM OR A POSSIBILITY?

Optimism is perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of the human race, and, if anything, it is more prominent in the public than in the private life of mankind. The spectacle of Plato and Aristotle devising an ideal constitution for a city State when that form of polity was already in its death agony, or of Sir Thomas More writing his *Utopia* during the reign of a monarch who ultimately sent him to the scaffold, reminds us that even in the darkest moments the incurable optimism of humanity looks past the evils of the present to a golden age which is yet to come. It was this same spirit which underlay the classic phrases 'making the world safe for democracy' and 'a land fit for heroes to live in,' and now, at a time when national rivalries seem to be leading mankind to fresh disasters, voices are heard declaring that the only hope of peace lies in the formation of a United States of Europe. Is such advice but the counsel of despair, or is the scheme really within the bounds of possibility?

The answer to this question naturally concerns first of all those nations which are situated upon the mainland of Europe, and before any conclusion can be reached a balance must be struck between the centripetal and the centrifugal forces at present operating upon the Continent; but such an inquiry also raises the very important problem to what extent Great Britain is a European Power. Until, therefore, these various aspects of the question have been taken into consideration it is impossible to decide whether those who talk of a United States of Europe are mere visionaries or farsighted statesmen.

There are three centripetal forces which from the dawn of history have exerted a profound influence over mankind—sentiment, economics, and fear; and it may confidently be stated that unless one of these is present in some degree no union of States or peoples is likely to be of more than a very temporary nature. In these circumstances it is of the utmost importance to estimate the strength of these factors in Europe to-day.

The tie of sentiment may be based either upon religion or upon a common nationality or allegiance to a common monarch.

Whatever unity, for example, Europe possessed in the Middle Ages was provided by the religious uniformity which then existed, and of which the outward symbols were the emperor and the pope, while a common nationality is at the present time the chief link that holds the British Empire together, just as it was the House of Hapsburg which for many generations kept in check the powerful centrifugal influences at work in the Austrian dominions. He would, however, be a bold critic who maintained that he could discern any such centripetal forces in modern Europe. The frontier between Catholicism and Protestantism, in spite of incessant propaganda by either side, has not shifted for 300 years, while both are seriously threatened by the growth of free thought, so that unity upon the basis of a common religion is out of the question. The fate of every aspirant to universal dominion from Philip II. to the ex-Kaiser definitely rules out the prospect of a Continent united beneath the sceptre of any one dynasty, for where the Holy Roman Empire failed no other institution is likely to succeed, and democracy has sustained too many reverses of late years to encourage the hope that the democratic ideal will ever bring the nations together: indeed, the war which was to have made the world safe for democracy seems to have performed that service for its rivals. In these circumstances it would appear that at the present time there is no common sentiment which can be reckoned among the forces making for European unity.

What religion was in the past economics are to-day, and industrial developments are bringing nations together to an extent which would have been deemed impossible only a few years ago. The utilisation of water power for electrical purposes is very largely responsible for this result, and it has already put an end to several age-long rivalries. Sweden and Denmark, whose wars disturbed Northern Europe for generations, are hardly likely again to settle their differences by arms when the Swedish rivers provide the power by which Copenhagen carries on its daily life; Spain and Portugal, too, are forgetting old enmities in the advantages to be derived from the Douro for electrical purposes, and in Central Europe the same tendency is at work. On the other hand, this factor is likely to be of merely local importance, since the water power is concentrated not in one spot but in several, and it is thus not in a position to exercise a unifying influence over the Continent as a whole. Then, again, in spite of a few international cartels, the other economic factors are definitely centrifugal in their action, and tariff walls show a tendency to grow higher rather than to diminish. Regrettable as this is from the point of view of those who believe in the possibility of European unity, it is difficult to see how it can be

avoided, especially as more than one great nation finds its bes customers outside the boundaries of Europe altogether. Econo mics, then, may be said to have the effect of tending to brin the nations together in small groups, but further than that it not likely at present to go. Europe may or may not be capabl of being made an economic unit; the question is purely academic but no leading statesman has yet treated the issue as a practica proposition.

Common fear has in the past proved a more potent facto than either sentiment or economics in bringing both Government and peoples together, and many an apparently indissolubl union has come to an end as soon as the danger from without has disappeared. On more than one occasion, too, this feeling has even given Europe a momentary appearance of unity in the fac of some external threat, as the Crusades and the wars agains the Ottoman Turks bear witness. If, then, it can be provec that there is any common peril threatening the nations of Europ at the present time, a centripetal force of incalculable importance may be said to be already in existence.

Nearly thirty years ago the German Emperor called upon the European nations to unite against the 'yellow peril,' and yet a short time after this appeal was made Great Britain concluded an alliance with Japan. Rightly or wrongly, the 'yellow peril' is now generally regarded as a bogey and nothing more, and the chaos in China combined with the weakness of Japan of late years certainly go far to support those who refuse to treat it as a serious menace. For a large number of people Bolshevism has taken the place of the 'yellow peril,' and there can be no doubt that it was a real menace to civilisation in the disorder which existed everywhere immediately after the war. As a serious danger it seems, outside France, to be at an end, for in every country where Communism has been firmly met it has succumbed, as it would have done in Russia itself had any of the pre-Bolshevist Governments given evidence of the least capacity. The one danger zone, therefore, at the present moment is France, where the Communists are undoubtedly making very considerable headway. Should she go 'Red,' the other nations of Europe would at once draw together in self-defence, as they did at the time of the French Revolution; but if France can find a man or a *régime* strong enough to grapple successfully with Communism, the latter will probably gradually sink to the position occupied for so many years by Anarchism, and become a nuisance rather than a menace. In this case the only result of Bolshevism will have been to drive Russia out of Europe—whether temporarily or permanently remains to be seen.

There is also the possibility that the attitude adopted of recent

years by the United States may at length compel the nations of Europe to come together for self-protection. This aspect of international politics rarely receives in Great Britain the attention which it deserves, but there can be no denying the fact that Washington is rapidly acquiring in every quarter of the globe the same unpopularity which used to be the particular privilege of Germany. It is true that no creditor is ever very popular, but it is the combination of an aggressive imperialism with an unctuous self-righteousness that is earning for the United States a heritage of hate of which the majority of her citizens are probably quite unaware. At the present time she is too prosperous for her debtors to do more than murmur against her beneath their breath, but at the first sign of weakness she will find herself as much alone in the world as was Great Britain at the time of the South African War. The Sacco-Vanzetti riots all over the globe are evidence of the feeling which is everywhere gaining ground, and if ever the Governments of Europe decided that the time had come to present a united front to Washington they would assuredly not lack support from the nations which they represent.

In a lesser degree Great Britain herself is regarded with suspicion by some of her Continental neighbours. It is true that Sir Austen Chamberlain does not employ the tones of a Palmerston in his negotiations with other Powers, but in more than one European country there is a widespread belief that at the close of the war Great Britain received far more than her share of the spoils. Those who hold this opinion profess themselves sceptical with regard to the industrial troubles and financial stringency which England has experienced during the past nine years, and they point to the hordes of British tourists as evidence of a prosperity which they declare owes its existence largely to the misfortunes of others. The idea of a '*perfide* Albion' has always seemed ridiculous to the majority of Englishmen, who are ever willing to attribute stupidity, but never guile, to the Foreign Office; but no one who was abroad during the General Strike could fail to note the satisfaction which was evident in many quarters when there seemed a chance of serious disturbances in the British Isles. More than once the ex-Kaiser toyed with the idea of a Europe united under his command against Great Britain, and an abler man may yet put the scheme into practice. After all, the carcase of the British Empire would provide enough pickings to satisfy the most voracious Continental appetite.

Upon the whole, then, it would appear that the centripetal forces in Europe at the present time are latent rather than patent. No great religious, political, or economic factor is bringing the nations together, as, for example, Mohammed welded the warring tribes of Arabia, but in certain circumstances they might agree

to sink their differences for a time in order to present a united front on some question either of politics or of economics against one or other of the Anglo-Saxon Powers with whom most of them have old scores to settle.

When one turns to a consideration of the factors which make for disunion, there can be little doubt but that the first place must be given to nationalism. The development of that sentiment since the outbreak of the French Revolution has been one of the curiosities of history; but whatever its cause—and that is very largely still to seek—it is certainly a most disturbing force. The statesmen who assembled at Vienna after the fall of Napoleon ignored it altogether, and as a result the story of the ensuing century was but the record of the growth of national consciousness, often culminating in war: their successors at Versailles ignored every other consideration, economic as well as geographical, in their endeavours to satisfy national aspirations, but the result of their efforts does not so far warrant excessive optimism. Nationalism is, in effect, the chief centrifugal factor in Europe to-day, and it is responsible for the existence of the great rivalries which prevent any real unity on the Continent—namely, the conflicting ambitions of France and Germany, of France and Italy, and of the succession States of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

The Franco-German quarrel appears to have no beginning and no end. Whichever side finds itself in a position of superiority for a generation or two throws all care to the winds and proceeds to humiliate its adversary. Insult is matched by insult: the Zabern '*affaire*,' by the introduction of coloured troops into the French occupied area, the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine by the occupation of the Ruhr and the attempts to detach the Rhineland from the Reich. In this connexion a very heavy responsibility rests upon those who have controlled French policy during the last nine years in that they have taken no single step in the direction of burying the hatchet with Germany. It is true that after its victory over M. Poincaré the Cartel des Gauches withdrew from the Ruhr; but not least among the reasons which dictated the adoption of this step was that the troops were urgently required in Morocco, and since then every attempt to secure a better understanding with Germany, as at Locarno and Thoiry, has been accompanied by an incessant harping upon the question of war guilt. It is true that the attitude of Paris differs little from that of Berlin in the years which followed the Treaty of Frankfurt, but the parallel is by no means reassuring. For the moment Germany is powerless; but no one who is acquainted with the state of public and private opinion in all parties across the Rhine can doubt that the iron has entered

into her soul, and that she is merely biding her time, prepared, if necessary, to wait, like her rival, forty years for her revenge.

The rivalry between France and Italy is recent in its origin, and to a considerable extent is economic as well as national. Italians, particularly since the Fascist regeneration, resent the patronising air which Paris sometimes adopts in her negotiations with her Latin neighbour, while many of them consider that successive French Governments have shown themselves too lenient towards those who use France as a refuge in which to conspire against the existing *régime* in Italy. Then, again, there is the colonial problem. Italy, with an increasing population for which there is no possibility of employment at home, casts longing eyes at Tunis, where so many of her citizens already dwell under the French flag, and it is not long since Signor Mussolini uttered the ominous words that his country 'must expand or burst.' At the same time, this Franco-Italian rivalry is by no means so deep-rooted as the enmity between France and Germany, and on the surface there is no apparent reason why the two countries should not come to an understanding: unfortunately, matters have been allowed to drift so long that it is doubtful now whether even Signor Mussolini could obtain the approval of his fellow-countrymen for the initiation of negotiations, while the conduct of foreign affairs under the Third Republic is so entangled with considerations of domestic politics that it would require a very bold statesman indeed to brave the hostility of the Left by making friendly advances to Fascist Italy. Should matters ever reach the arbitrament of war, the way would be open for Germany to play her old part of the '*tertius gaudens*.'

The third disturbing element which nationalism has introduced into the European polity is the result of what has been termed the Balkanisation of Central Europe in consequence of the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It is too late now to argue concerning the merits of that particular piece of statesmanship, and it is to be hoped that those who were responsible for it are proud of their handiwork, though Lord Rothermere and Mr. Lloyd George have lately developed qualms of conscience on the subject. In any case, it is clear that the present state of the lands watered by the Danube is highly unsatisfactory. Austria, too large to die and too small to live; Czecho-Slovakia, temporarily prosperous, but with the fires of discontent smouldering underneath; Hungary, deprived by the Powers of the dynasty of her choice and burning for revenge; and Rumania, torn by internal dissensions, both racial and dynastic: this is hardly a state of affairs which augurs well for the peace of Europe. Unfortunately, sombre as the outlook is, it has been rendered even more serious by the intrigues of France, Germany, and Italy

among the succession States, with the result that the first spark will ignite a veritable powder-magazine. The *disjecta membra* of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy are in truth being boiled in a witches' cauldron.

In addition to these three centres of disturbance, all of which owe their existence very largely to a nationalism run mad, there is another powerful centrifugal force at work in the fact that at least three European States—France, Spain, and Holland—have other than purely Continental interests. France has a large colonial empire accessible only by sea, of which she has not the command, while Holland is in much the same position. In these circumstances neither country would be likely to enter into any league directed against Great Britain without first of all weighing very carefully the advantages and disadvantages of such a course, for, unless victory were assured, the loss of a colonial empire of the greatest value would be the inevitable result. The position of Spain is the same, though for a different reason, since her statesmen are coming to realise that her future lies not in Europe or even in North Africa so much as in the development of her relations, cultural and economic, with the nations of Latin America: it was this sentiment that made her turn her back on Geneva, and in the future it seems probable that she will take little interest in any European affairs save such as immediately concern her. Thus, in the path of the much-discussed United States of Europe is the obstacle that in the case of three of the Western Powers there are important interests which lie in other parts of the world, and to a lesser extent the same is true of Belgium and Portugal.

It is, however, not infrequently urged by those who take an optimistic view of the trend of events in international politics that increased opportunities for travel are bringing the peoples of Europe closer together. In a physical sense this is, of course, true, but in any other it is at least open to question. The vast majority of modern tourists are unfitted both by temperament and by education to understand the countries which they visit: they are invariably in a hurry to see as much as possible in the shortest time, they travel in herds, and for the most part they are entirely unacquainted with the language of the people with whom they are brought for a brief space into contact. In these circumstances it is difficult to see how modern travel can make any contribution to international amity. On the contrary, it as often as not results in a dislike of the country visited—that is to say, if any impression at all is made other than the memory of a few architectural or historical facts gleaned from the pages of *Baedeker*. Modern travel only brings those who indulge in it into contact with that aspect of a foreign nation which is in-

variably superficial and is generally irritating to the stranger, so that the result of it is to widen, rather than to bridge, the gulf which separates the nations of Europe. Tourist and native see one another at their worst, and it is hardly surprising that the only consequence is mutual antipathy.

It might also be supposed that the various international Labour and Socialist organisations would prove to be centripetal factors, and, to judge by their professions, such is the case. On the other hand, in the hour of crisis national feeling invariably comes first. The action of the Social Democratic Party in Germany at the commencement of the late war is too well known to require more than a passing mention, and the attitude of the foreign miners during the last British coal strike shows that time has changed nothing: they demonstrated the solidarity of Labour by dropping a few centimes or pfennige into the hat when it was passed round on behalf of Mr. Cook's unfortunate followers, but they co-operated heartily with their employers in the endeavour to capture the markets where British coal had hitherto been supreme. The belief that future wars can be averted by means of general strikes has no foundation in fact, and were every State in Europe a Soviet republic it is certain that hostilities would be more, not less, frequent than at present.

There remains the League of Nations, though whether its influence is centripetal or centrifugal is a problem that might well daunt the keenest of critics. European it has certainly become, in defiance of the intentions of its founder, and such it is likely to remain in view of the reluctance of Russia and the United States to apply for membership. From a purely objective point of view it would appear that the achievements of the League have not as a whole so far been political in their nature: it is true that owing to its intervention one or two minor conflicts have been prevented, but it has rarely been allowed by the Great Powers to deal with the major issues which have arisen since its inception. On the other hand, its social work has not only been invaluable, but could have been performed by no other body. It has collected a mass of extremely important statistics upon a great variety of subjects, and in more than one field of research it has enabled the workers in the different countries to compare their methods and results with those elsewhere. At the same time the unification of Europe is never likely to be effected on the basis of a crusade against tuberculosis or the 'white slave' traffic, and the political contribution of the League of Nations towards the formation of a United States of Europe has so far been negligible. Such may not always be the case, for it has undoubtedly great moral force behind it, but until Geneva

has imposed its will upon a recalcitrant Great Power its political future will be still to seek.

This rough analysis of some of the main factors working for and against unity in Europe to-day leads to the conclusion that nationalism is still the rock upon which all centripetal attempts are likely to be wrecked. Neither international Socialism nor the League of Nations—the latter a European institution in fact if not in theory—has made any appreciable difference, and although the nations of the mainland of Europe might throw in their lot together if some sudden crisis threatened them all, the bases of permanent unity are wholly lacking. In these circumstances the position of Great Britain, as a Power which is in Europe yet not of it, calls for careful examination before the final judgment can be reached.

British policy in respect of the continent of Europe has, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, never lacked consistency. Whenever possible Great Britain has preferred to remain in isolation, even if it were sometimes the reverse of splendid, and she has only intervened in the quarrels of her neighbours on the mainland when there appeared to be a danger of one of them attaining a position of predominance over the rest. It is no exaggeration to say that ever since the Norman Conquest—an event which drove home the lesson that England can never afford to neglect the Continent altogether—this has been the guiding principle in British foreign policy, and since the acquisition of an overseas empire it has become more prominent than ever. In reality Great Britain is in a dual position—a fact which foreign critics are inclined to forget: as a European State she may be dismissed as a group of over-populated islands dependent upon others for the necessities of life, while from a world standpoint she constitutes the mightiest empire that has yet been known, and this dual position has never been emphasised so strongly as during the years which have elapsed since the Armistice.

Almost from the moment when the last shot was fired there has been a division of opinion as to the extent to which Great Britain should allow herself to become implicated in purely Continental affairs, and those who believe that she should hold herself aloof as far as possible seem now to be winning the day, largely owing to the resolute refusal of the Dominions to be pledged in advance to interfere upon the mainland of Europe. The interventionists seemed on the eve of victory when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald blessed the Geneva Protocol, but since then their sun has been sinking ever lower on the horizon. The Locarno Pact does, indeed, bind Great Britain to action on the mainland in certain circumstances; but as not only is the existing British military establishment quite inadequate to hold the

balance between France and Germany, but the pledge in question would involve the distinction of an offensive from a defensive war, always a difficult task, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the Locarno Pact is already a dead-letter. Moreover, since it was concluded two years ago the pendulum of British public opinion has swung definitely away from all idea of armed intervention on the Continent, if only because it is realised that such action would imperil the unity of the Empire, and unless some Power appears to be aiming at such a hegemony as was the goal successively of Spain, France and Germany, it is in the last degree unlikely that the present generation will again witness the spectacle of a British army in action upon a European battlefield.

In these circumstances it would seem to be clearly opposed to British interests to encourage any movement such as might result even in a temporary understanding among the Continental States. In fact, the only possible policy for a great empire was that adopted by Rome—'*Divide et Impera.*' Any union of the European nations under present conditions could only be effected on a basis of hostility either to the United States or to Great Britain; the first event would place the British Government upon the horns of a dilemma, and the second might well be fatal. On two occasions—during the revolt of the North American colonies and during the South African War—Great Britain has experienced the unpleasant effect of the hostility of a united Europe, and it is not a danger that she can afford to encounter again. Such being the case, it is not surprising that as the war recedes into the distance the old doctrine of the Balance of Power, the legacy of Cardinal Wolsey, should have been unearthed from the archives of the Foreign Office, and once more put in its old place as a guiding maxim of British policy. To base the peace of the world upon a balance between the United States and Japan in the Far East, between France and Germany in Western Europe, and between France, Spain and Italy in the Mediterranean, may provoke a sneer from the idealist; but it is at any rate within the bounds of practical politics, which many of the more Utopian schemes certainly are not: above all, it is consonant with the interests of every portion of the British Empire, which, both collectively and individually, demands peace and security.

This survey of the principal factors at work in international politics to-day can only lead to the conclusion that the necessary conditions for the formation of a United States of Europe do not exist. It is, indeed, possible that the Continental Powers might form a temporary coalition under the threat of some grave danger from without, just as they might sink their differences for a while if an opportunity presented itself of picking the carcase of

Great Britain or of the United States according to the precedents set by the Fourth Crusade and the League of Cambrai. None of these contingencies are at all probable in the near future so that one is compelled to dismiss the idea of a United States of Europe as a dream rather than a possibility. At the same time, this is not to say that the history of international relations in the present century is likely to be summed up by the old tag '*Homo homini lupus*,' for there are certain factors at work which do very definitely make for peace, and a brief consideration of them gives far more ground for hope than any Utopian project for the creation of a federated Europe.

In the first place, the machinery of the League of Nations, in spite of that body's somewhat unsatisfactory record, to which allusion has already been made, is capable of preventing war to no inconsiderable extent. There have been, and there will be again, outbreaks which no human institution can ever hope to avert, but it is equally true that in many instances a little reflection would have avoided an appeal to arms. The mere fact that a means does exist of settling a quarrel by arbitration is in itself a step in the right direction, and in these circumstances it will be a reflection upon both the head and the heart of mankind if the present century is not marked by a great deal less bloodshed than some of its predecessors. There are crises, such as those which resulted in the overthrow of Napoleon and in the unification of Italy, which can only be settled by the sword but every historian knows that such issues are not as frequent as is commonly supposed; and if those who disagree with this view will take the trouble to examine the causes of the wars which have been fought in Europe during the past two or three centuries, they will find that for every conflict that was inevitable there were three or four which could have been settled by arbitration. It will therefore be a grave reflection upon human progress if some means be not found of reducing the number of wars in the future.

Then, again, the world is a great deal smaller than it was even fifty years ago, and a disturbance in one country is very soon felt by its neighbours. This, also, is a very powerful factor on the side of peace; for financial and industrial interests are by no means the devotees of Mars that the Socialists would have us believe, and in nearly every case it is water rather than oil which they wish to see poured upon an international conflagration. It would at the present time be difficult to name two nations a war between whom would not have the most far-reaching consequences, and, such being the case, the much maligned 'big business' is likely to scrutinise all probable disputes very carefully before favouring a resort to arms.

Thus, if a United States of Europe is not only impossible, but from a British point of view undesirable, there are alternative factors working for peace which give much greater ground for hope. In effect, if those who wish to revive the kingdom of Saturn would turn their attention away from the creation of Utopias which will never exist save in their own imaginations, and make use of the instruments most ready to their hands, there would be more hope than exists at present of avoiding another great war during the lifetime of the present generation.

CHARLES PETRIE.

THE STATE APPOINTMENT OF BISHOPS

The prospect of the revised Prayer-Book being accepted by Parliament, and coming into use possibly before the end of this year, raises in an acute form the question of the method by which persons are selected to fill vacancies on the episcopal bench.

Interest in the new Prayer-Book has been concentrated upon two points—the canon in the Communion Service and the rules for reservation. With its actual use in churches its many administrative provisions must necessarily come in for a degree of attention which they have not yet received. In the business of administering a Prayer-Book the outstanding figure is the diocesan bishop, and under the Deposited Book rules he is more outstanding than ever before. His personality, his antecedents, his sympathies, his particular gifts, and by no means least the limits of his authority, will henceforward be matters of the most poignant concern to clergy and laity alike.

This has to some extent been foreseen; and as long ago as July 1923, at the instance of Viscount Wolmer, a Committee of the Church Assembly was set up to investigate the present method of making appointments to bishoprics, and to report. The Committee has not yet reported, and has shown no signs of doing so. In all probability it has made a discovery, which sooner or later is made by all enthusiasts for reform in the Church, that when the activities of the Church Assembly show signs of touching the Royal Prerogative in such matters as State patronage it is necessary to proceed very warily. All sorts of snags present themselves; the ardent reformer is politely reminded by Government departments and officials that this, that or the other project near to his heart could not be entertained—at any rate, without such amendment as would deprive it of a great deal of its value.

The method of appointment of bishops is likely to present greater difficulties of this kind than almost any other subject. It was evident to anyone with foresight that from the passing of the Enabling Act some attempt to tackle the problem could not be indefinitely delayed. The setting up of a Church Assembly was a move in a democratic direction. The whole of the House of Laity and two-thirds of the House of Clergy are popularly elected.

A majority of either house can defeat any proposal which is brought forward. But in the House of Bishops the Assembly contains an entirely undemocratic element. An examination of the legislative proposals of the Assembly up to date makes clear the fact that every alteration in the management of the Church's affairs which is proposed or carried through is effected by placing increased power in the hands of this undemocratic element. Even when measures appear or profess to give increased powers in Church matters to lay people, a very slight examination of them reveals the fact that the only person who really gets any increase of power is the bishop. As the Assembly gains experience it will probably be less ready than heretofore to consent to legislation along these lines. The provisions of the Deposited Book might have provided the occasion for calling a halt, had not attention been riveted upon two doctrinal points. The present moment is opportune for a review of the method by which bishops are selected, and for the indication of possible lines of amendment.

The existing system comes to us from a respectable antiquity. It is neither insular nor Protestant. Although some of its worst developments are a legacy of the Reformation, in its main features it goes back far beyond that period. At no date in our history was the King without some share in the selection of the persons who were to be made bishops. Even when the papal power was at its height care was taken to find out what sort of person was acceptable to the English King before an appointment was made from Rome; or at the least, care was taken not to nominate someone who was certain to be unacceptable. Clement VI. declared that if the King of England required a donkey to be made bishop, a bishop he must be made. There was solid fact behind the Pope's humour. But others besides the King who were interested had a share also. What has happened is that in course of time the real power in the selection has been diverted from the King in person to the Crown, which nowadays means the Prime Minister. The checks on the misuse of this power have gradually hardened into legal fiction.

At present the nomination of the person to be made bishop is made by the Prime Minister. When a vacancy occurs in one of the older sees a *congé d'élire* is issued to the cathedral chapter, and together with this is sent a 'letter missive' which contains the name of the person whom the chapter is required to elect, and whom, under the penalties of præmunire, it is bound to elect within twelve days. The election is afterwards 'confirmed' by the metropolitan; but this ceremony, which ideally might be an opportunity for revising an appointment, is concerned with nothing but the personal identity and certain canonical qualifications of the bishop-elect.

In the new sees, where there is no dean and chapter, the bishop is appointed by letters patent. Largely owing to the activities of Lord Phillimore, in some of the newest sees provision is made for election by a temporary chapter until a proper cathedral chapter is established.

We may now proceed to point out some results of this method.

In the first place, it has led to the conception of a bishop as a territorial magnate and a great officer of State. When the population of England was small and homogeneous, when Church and State were different aspects of the same thing, there was a good deal to be said for the bishop occupying such a position. But with the changes in the distribution of population, especially its concentration in city areas, together with the sad but undeniable fact that the religion of the Church of England is no longer the religion of the whole people, a different type of episcopal ruler is desirable. Until recently it was only a few who were shocked at the aloofness of the bishop from his clergy and people. Even now the opinion that a bishop's first duty is not to his diocese may occasionally be met with. The Bishop of Norwich said in a recent speech: 'If ever there is a central question which happens to need my poor help in London, I am always ready to throw over any diocesan arrangement in order to try and pull my weight as a bishop of the Church.' [1] His lordship then went on to speak of the danger of 'imparting a diocesan character' to the bishop. This describes what a good many bishops do in practice, but there are few, if any, who would be prepared to defend their action with the uncompromising outspokenness of the Bishop of Norwich.

A criticism of the present system sufficiently serious to warrant a movement for its amendment is that it has obscured the pastoral office of a bishop. A bishop's first duty is to his diocese, and particularly to his clergy, of whom ideally he should not be responsible for more than 100. Within the last few years a number of new bishoprics have been set up; in the course of the last seventy years the number in the Provinces of Canterbury and York has nearly doubled. This is a move in the right direction, but the necessary change in the social and political status of a bishop has not kept pace. It is only necessary to peruse the speech of the Bishop of Durham, on the proposal to sub-divide the see of Winchester, to see that in the minds of some people there is a fear that the Church would suffer in prestige if its bishops ceased to hold a national position. Instructed Church-people—and in this matter there is no reason why all people, old and young, should not be instructed—respect bishops as the chief pastors of the Church, and not as members of the

[1] Report of Proceedings of Church Assembly vol. iv., No. 1, p. 258.

House of Lords. When reform of the House of Lords comes about it will be a gain to the Church of England if the number of bishops be reduced from twenty-six to five.

Secondly, it is claimed for the system that it has worked well, and has provided the Church with a very exceptional class of men as bishops. The claim that it has worked well will not bear investigation very far back. It worked atrociously badly in the eighteenth century. It is true that the system has given us a very fine class of men, as men; but when they have been ideal chief pastors of the Church they have been so in spite of, and not because of, the system. Of the forty-three bishops at present on the bench seven have had no experience whatever of pastoral work in parishes; and four others have not had a sufficient length of experience to justify, in the case of an ordinary curate, his being put in charge of a parish. A proportion of 25 per cent. with practically no parochial experience is a sufficiently serious matter, but there are in addition a good many others who have spent the greater part of their ministry in non-parochial work. These for the most part have been drawn from the ranks of schoolmasters and dons. There are others, again, who have been vicars of parishes which are recognised as episcopal nurseries, in which a man is open to the temptation to qualify for eventual promotion by acquiring, and demonstrating in his speeches, in his manner, and in his attitude towards the questions which present themselves for his judgment, the standpoint which is evident in those who are bishops already. The result in general is a dividing line between ordinary clergymen and clergymen who are likely to become bishops. Unfortunately, the qualifications which go to make a good parish priest are quite obviously not those which are considered of importance for the episcopate.

In justice to the bishops it must be said that, on the whole, they appear to make an honest attempt to understand what is required of them in their new position. But for a middle-aged man to change the angle of view of a lifetime is no easy task. So it happens that sometimes through misunderstanding, less often through sheer inability to appreciate the clerical or the inarticulate lay point of view, far less often still through callous disregard for people's feelings, bishops succeed in putting a barrier between themselves and their clergy and saying or doing something which is an occasion of stumbling to very simple people.

The shepherding of souls in parishes is the principal work of the Church of England. It is reasonable to expect that those who are given the oversight of the clergy engaged in it should themselves to a certain extent be experts.

It is worth while to notice in this connexion that roughly one-third of the bishops do not owe their advancement to the epis-

copate to State appointment. They were chosen by other bishops to act as suffragans. But for that their suitability for their office might never have occurred to a Prime Minister or his advisers. And these are by no means the worst of our bishops.

It will hardly be questioned that, under a reformed method of appointment, parish priests of first-rate ability would be more often chosen. That is what has happened in those parts of the Church where bishops are elected The stock argument here is to point to some outstanding member of the bench, and to declare, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that no other system could have given us such a man. The late Dr. Temple is the favourite example. It is, of course, perfectly true that under no conceivable system of election would Frederick Temple have had a chance of being made bishop at the time that he was nominated to Exeter. The argument, however, cuts both ways. It is possible to point to other ornaments of the episcopal bench, and to say that under no system but the present could such disastrous mistakes have been made.

Yet another result of selection by the Prime Minister is that it makes the clergy suspicious of any reform which might put more power into the bishops' hands. From the Reformation until the passing of the Enabling Act very little was done in the way of legislation in the Church of England. That outstanding feature of the Church, the parson's freehold, which in its extreme form is very difficult to defend, was left untouched. Now all sorts of reforms are adumbrated which would have the effect of modifying it. The parish clergyman has been in an impregnable position. Reference has been made to the claim that the present method of selecting bishops has worked well. When it has worked well, it has been because it has worked side by side with other anomalies of the same kind, of which this is one. The fact is it has mattered very little to the parish priest who or what the bishop was. The bishop had no power, to speak of, over anybody, and the parish priest went on in his own way. In fairness to the clergy it should be said that this anomaly has also worked well. Every movement for deepening the spiritual life of the people has arisen amongst the clergy, and has in its earlier stages been carried out by them in the face of opposition from bishops and lay people. To take one instance only—if the bishops had been able to interfere with the freedom of action of the parish clergy, the Oxford Movement would have been throttled at birth. Ideally, there should be far more power in the bishops' hands, and the parish clergy should be far more amenable to discipline than they actually are. There are now before the Assembly proposals to give the bishop more extensive power to refuse to institute a clergyman presented to a benefice

whom he does not consider suitable. There is a proposal to put a limit to the tenure of benefices. A measure has been passed which facilitates the exercise of discipline. These reforms in themselves are desirable enough, but the clergy are suspicious of them.

The fact is that, in spite of all that has been done to improve matters, the inducements which, from a worldly point of view, the Church holds out to young men to enter her ministry are not great. Yet there has always been a succession of fit men for the work. The explanation is that men with a real vocation for holy orders could be sure of an unfettered opportunity to deliver their message. If this freedom is now to be curtailed, it is natural that they should want to know to what sort of men they will be made responsible.

It is worth while to mention here that a reform in the method of appointing bishops will not of itself meet the whole of the difficulty. There are two other matters which call for attention, which do not come within the scope of this article, but which must not be lost sight of in this connexion. They are, first, the revival of synodical government. There is a growing dissatisfaction at the monarchical character of the diocesan episcopate. The attempts which have been made to meet this can only be described as childish. Most of the bishops have summoned gatherings of clergy—which they have designated 'synods'—which bear about the same relation to the real diocesan synod as the Union Societies at Oxford and Cambridge bear to the House of Commons. They have a certain superficial resemblance, but are entirely lacking in the essential character of the other institution. The Bishop of Southwark has said (*Authority and Obedience*, p. 7) that he cannot pledge himself to accept the advice of his synod if it is hostile to his own rulings, for by so doing he would surrender the principle of episcopal government. It has never been suggested that the bishop should be bound by the decisions of his synod, but that he should not act in important matters without its consent. That is a very different thing. It means that the bishop is a constitutional and not an autocratic ruler. Until that comes to pass, the reforms which the Church Assembly has taken in hand cannot be expected to work.

Secondly, there should be some ecclesiastical court to which, in the last resort, a recalcitrant bishop should be answerable. The Ecclesiastical Courts Commission of the Assembly glanced at this subject and declared it to be of great importance. But the Commission made no recommendation beyond saying, 'We trust that it will receive careful study; and we commend it to the serious consideration of the Church.' The difficulties which surround it will be appreciated by all who remember the Lincoln trial. It has not yet been decided what court it was which tried the Bishop

of Lincoln. Archbishop Benson seemed to incline to the view that he was reviving the Court of Audience, though he never described it by name. Bishop Stubbs held that it was no court at all, but an archbishop sitting in his library. Moreover, although such a court should undoubtedly exist, the opportunities for it to function would be very few. Ecclesiastical courts are mainly concerned with the alleged ceremonial excesses of extreme clergymen, but nobody takes the ceremonial vagaries of bishops seriously enough to want to prosecute them. When there is talk of proceedings against bishops it is on the ground of false teaching. A charge of heresy is a very technical matter, and is extremely difficult to sustain. A man may be known to hold views which are disloyal to the creeds or the Articles of Religion, but in order to be charged with heresy he must make a categorical statement contrary to the declared teaching of the Church, and that is a thing which heretics, with one eye on their emoluments, are careful not to do. An unsuccessful charge of heresy against a known heretic would be a disastrous proceeding. It is a question whether a successful charge might not be an even greater disaster. In the ecclestiastical sphere there is no better way of making a man or a cause popular, or of redeeming a man from even deserved unpopularity, than by prosecuting him.

To return, then. The greatest objection of all to the present system of selecting bishops is that nobody knows what really takes place. In theory it is the King who selects. It is well known that the King acts through the Prime Minister. It is not known exactly what share in the work of selection the King retains. It is not known what advice the Prime Minister takes. It is not certain that all Prime Ministers proceed in the same way. Lord Phillimore, speaking on the subject recently, said:

> Day by day the Prime Minister seems to me to get more power in this matter, and the King or the Queen to get less.
>
> I have been sitting—I am sitting—on a Commission of the Church Assembly which is considering the question of the appointment of bishops. We have had the honour and the advantage of some Prime Ministers attending and with great frankness—of course, in confidence—giving us their views either about what does happen, or what should happen, or what may happen. I have noticed that the effect is more and more to show that the influence that the sovereign had, say, at the time of George III. or in the time of Queen Victoria, is less and less as each sovereign fills the throne. More and more are you left to the Prime Minister, the chief of the political party in power at the time. Therefore there is more and more need that the Church should have some voice in the appointment of the bishops.

Side by side with this we may place a statement made by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

> He had known [he said] with varying degrees of intimacy, and some very closely, all the Prime Ministers for forty years—eight or nine of them. He had had a pretty certain touch with every one of them upon that particular question, and he knew the way in which it had presented itself by experience to their minds. He was quite certain that there was not one of those men (at all events during a great part of the forty years) who would not say that to use phrases about the Prime Minister as though he were a free agent, an autocratic authority, and the final arbiter in the whole of these matters, was a complete mistake right through from beginning to end. . . . There were plenty of men alive in England, and some who had been recently alive, whom Prime Ministers had desired should become bishops, and who did not become bishops. There was abundant evidence that Prime Ministers had always regarded a higher authority than themselves as having a say in the matter. . . . He wished to deprecate the theory . . . that the Prime Minister did as he liked in these matters. The Prime Minister could not and had not done so.[1]

One recent Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, gave the impression in a speech that his method was to send his private secretary to hear likely clergymen preach. He was probably not speaking entirely in earnest, although one at least of his appointments would be difficult to justify on any other ground but the preaching ability of his nominee. The proceedings of Assembly committees are confidential, but occasionally information leaks out. A rumour got about that another recent Prime Minister who gave evidence flatly contradicted the Archbishop's statement thatPrime Ministers could not do as they liked in these matters. The outcome of it all is that nobody can say exactly how a bishop is appointed. It is bad enough that bishops should be nominated by the Prime Minister, or, for the matter of that, even by the Archbishop, or whoever advises the Prime Minister—it is bad enough that the diocese should have no share in the appointment—but it will be generally admitted that it is a thousand times worse that the business should be conducted in a hole-and-corner fashion, and that nobody should be able to say exactly what takes place.

There is a good case for reform. When it comes to suggesting how reform should be carried out we are hampered by the difficulty to which reference was made at the beginning of this article. It is not easy to devise a completely satisfactory method to take the place of the present arrangement which would have a chance of acceptance. A good many suggestions have been made which we may notice, and it will be seen that, in essentials, these bear a remarkable resemblance to one another.

There is general agreement that in any system of appointing bishops there is a function belonging to the King. In my opinion this would be so even were the Church to be disestablished,

[1] Report of Proceedings of Church Assembly, vol. iv., No. 1, p. 263.

assuming the King to be a member of the disestablished Church. To ask the Crown to withdraw from taking any part would involve a breach with the history of the country which would be wholly regrettable.

Further, it is agreed that the clergy should have a considerable voice in the selection of their chief pastor. They are the people who have to work in closest connexion with him, and his personality concerns them more than anyone else.

A share in the business must also be reserved for the laity. No scheme which lacked a provision of this kind would, in the present state of public opinion, have any chance of success. Moreover, it would be a return to primitive usage. In the earlier days of Christianity the laity took a prominent part in this matter. They lost this privilege in this country after the Conquest.

We may take note, in passing, of a suggestion which is interesting mainly because it is the reverse process of the 'brief confidential.' The brief confidential was, as its name implies, a communication of an unofficial character made by the sovereign to the chapter to convey a warning against the election of a person whom the Crown was unwilling to accept. This was the practice in the Netherlands in the last century. The State was Protestant, but the Roman Catholic chapters elected their own bishops, and care had to be taken, without interference with the right of election, that their choice did not fall upon some person who was not acceptable to the King. The suggestion is that there should be a committee of the Church Assembly whose duty it should be to approach the Crown with advice whenever a vacancy occurred. In all probability such a plan would satisfy nobody, except, perhaps, the committee itself. The Church Assembly has yet to gain the confidence of the Church at large. To the average Churchman this would smack far too much of co-optation to commend itself to him.

Then there is a plan put forward by a well-known canonist. In this, while the *congé d'élire* remains, either the letter missive would contain three names of which the chapter should be required to elect one, or the chapter would be directed to submit three names to the King for His Majesty to select one. The confirmation is made the opportunity for the lay voice to be heard. It is presided over by the metropolitan in person, and objections to the election on the grounds of defective faith or morals or any other unfitness may be advanced by any member of the Church. If the objection is upheld, the result is communicated to the Crown and a new election takes place.

Not unlike this plan is a proposal made by the English Church Union. This is the work of a committee which contained amongst its members such eminent scholars as Dr. Darwell Stone and the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford.

The English Church Union scheme provides—(1) for the limination of appointment by letters patent (this would involve etting up temporary chapters in those of the new dioceses which do not already possess them); (2) for the constitution of lectoral colleges. The electoral college in each diocese would onsist of the dean and the greater chapter, the archdeacons, lerical assessors (chosen by the clergy of the diocese who are not nembers of the chapter, and equal in number to the chapter and he archdeacons together), and lay assessors (chosen by the liocesan conference, and equal in number to the clerical members f the college—that is, to the chapter, archdeacons, and clerical ssessors). The size of the electoral college would vary from bout 50 members at Wakefield to about 230 at Lincoln. The uggested procedure at the election and confirmation follows losely that of the scheme noted above, and contains a provision hat if His Majesty decides to leave the selection of three names o the college, the name of the candidate who finally receives the oyal approval shall be communicated to the college in a letter nissive, and that the college shall be bound formally to elect that erson.

These schemes do not give to the Church anything like the reedom possessed by those provinces of the Anglican Communion which are not established. But they represent a measure of liberty which might reasonably be asked for under existing onditions of establishment, and an immense advance upon the ystem which obtains at present. Even this degree of freedom vill take a good deal of getting.

I conclude this article with a suggestion of a simpler kind, which might be carried out at once without legislation, and vithout affecting any existing rights, if the powers that be aw fit to adopt it.

Next time a vacancy occurs in a diocesan see, let the King be etitioned or advised to direct the chapter to consult with the ynod of the diocese—that is, the whole body of the clergy—and ogether with them to select three persons, one of whom they vould like to see appointed to the vacant see, and to lay their ames before His Majesty. The King would then send to the hapter the *congé d'élire* together with a letter missive containing he name of the person to be elected. But the right of the King o pass over the names submitted to him and to nominate some other person would be unaffected. If he thought well to do so, e would choose one of the names submitted; if not, he would roceed as if no recommendation had been made.

The advantages of this plan are: (1) It would serve as a est of the principle of selection of a bishop by the diocese. It would be seen whether the diocese was able to take a wide view

of the needs of the Church, or whether their outlook was purely domestic. If on the first occasion that the plan was tried the names sent up were those of the dean, the most popular archdeacon, and one of the rural-deans, that would go a long way towards condemning the innovation. (2) It could be carried out without any change of law or sacrifice of the Royal Prerogative. If it did not work, it could be discontinued. If in any special circumstances there appeared to be reasons for not employing this procedure, the nomination could be made as at present. (3) If it justified itself in practice, it would prepare the way for a definite reform of the existing system. It might serve to indicate the lines upon which reform had best proceed. (4) Being a step in the right direction, it would do much to allay the present discontent.

Against the advantages must be set one disadvantage. The suggested method does not give any place to the laity. For that reason it could only be regarded as temporary. The disadvantage cannot very well be got over. This could only be done by setting up an electoral college—which would be too formal, and might commit the Crown too far—or by bringing in the diocesan conference. The greatest believer in diocesan conferences would hardly claim for them that they yet possess, as a whole, the capacity for taking a sufficiently wide view of the situation.

The exclusion of the laity need not be taken very seriously. They would certainly have their place in any permanent scheme, and, as the informal interim scheme suggested would probably bring about a permanent reform more quickly, the laity who have reform at heart would bear with the imperfections of the transition stage for the sake of the ultimate good of the Church.

H. Chalmer Bell.

PRAYER-BOOK REVISION AND COMMON SENSE

When any new measure is brought forward there is inevitably a certain amount of natural opposition. Indeed, it may be doubted whether even such an obvious and beneficent reform as daylight saving would ever have become law if the Great War had not made it irresistible on grounds of economy. The history of civilisation is indeed a record of the efforts to get men to face up to new ideas, and of the great results when they do.

This dislike of change is especially and rightly strong in a case like that of the Prayer-Book, which is one of the greatest monuments of the English language, and which stands apart from the service-books of all other Churches because it is a chief product of the greatest age of the literature to which it belongs. It ranks with the Authorised Version of the Bible and with Shakespeare. To make any change in it is a serious matter that concerns the whole English-speaking people. If its beauty were tampered with in the proposed revision, I, for one, would oppose the revision altogether. There is still a notion among a few people that this is so: indeed, a well-known peer said resignedly to a friend of mine that it seemed a pity we should never hear the grand old Prayer-Book again! Now, a body of very able scholars and administrators has not spent twenty years on revision for nothing; and I can testify that the skill with which they have avoided altering the strength and cadence of the Prayer-Book is amazing. To begin with, they have left the old Book unchanged and intact: no parson can be forced to use anything in the revised Book; and any changes that are made are to be agreed and sanctioned by the parochial church council, so that there can be no forcing of new matter upon unwilling congregations.

Then, as to the changes themselves. To a great extent they give the force of law to things that are now done illegally: for instance, it is at present illegal to omit the Athanasian Creed on the appointed days, or the Litany on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; it is illegal to have a sermon at Mattins (for the sermon is ordered for the Communion Service); there is no authority for

any sermon at all in the evening; and, oddly enough, considering the ridiculous charge that the new Book omits prayers for the King, it is at present illegal to say the Prayer for the King at Morning Prayer on any Sunday.[1]

Another class of change allows for the shortening of things which are at present often omitted altogether because of their length: this applies especially to the magnificent Litany, which has been dropping out of use, but will now be easily incorporated without lengthening morning services; it applies also to passages like the *Benedicite*, which will be used much more often (if the Bill is passed) because it will not be necessary to sing 'Praise him, and magnify him for ever' at each verse.

Another class of changes supplies new prayers, very well written, for subjects that were below the horizon in 1662, such as international peace, the British Empire, oversea missions, and schools. A similar class of change provides collect, epistle, and gospel for occasions like Ember Days, Rogation Days, and minor Saints' Days. There are, by the way, some interesting new commemorations like St. Francis on October 4, and 'Saints, Martyrs, and Doctors of the Church of England' on November 8.

Another very important and welcome class of change is in the occasional services. Excellent and really helpful little services are, for instance, provided for the sick; the grim and impracticable old service of course remains also, but I have never yet met anyone who used it. There are also beautiful and cheering alternatives—terribly needed—for the Burial of the Dead. And there is an alternative Communion Service, which is like those of the Scottish Episcopal Church and of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, and can claim with them to be one of the three finest in Christendom.

Such is the nature of the proposed changes. They destroy nothing, and they do not supplant one beautiful or true passage in the present Book; but they provide certain sorely needed alternatives and additions. When the law allows us to use them, the general result will be a feeling that the services are running better and fit in with more significance. The psalms on Sunday will be more appropriate, for the finest will be sung on that day, and 'cursing' psalms will no longer be required; there will be a better selection of lessons; but the old prayers and canticles will not be changed, and the old Prayer-Book version of the Psalms (which is older than the Authorised Version) will be still used. The phraseology of the Prayer-Book will be unaltered, its dignity and grandeur untouched.

[1] The present rubrics order Mattins to end at the Third Collect when the Litany is said, and make the Litany compulsory on Sunday. The revised Book allows the Prayer for the King to be said at Mattins, and adds two more to the three already in use.

The change that will probably have most practical effect is one that the ordinary reader may not have noticed. A very ingenious system of grouping by ¶ marks will enable us to use the present Prayer-Book as it stands but to change certain sections. One example will illustrate this. Few people at the present day like the opening exhortation in the Marriage Service: at most weddings it is (illegally) altered or omitted. Now it will be legal to use the old service otherwise unaltered, but with the new exhortation substituted for the old because it is a section under the ¶ sign. In the same way with the other occasional services: we are not given merely the choice between the old and the new service, but we can use the old with the substitution of one section from the new in cases like that of the Wedding Service where a change is really needed.

But if there is no real change from the splendid literary standard of the present Book, is there no doctrinal change? This charge has been brought forward by the opponents of the revision, and has been categorically denied by the Primate. It all depends on what you mean by doctrinal change. At present the clergy are by law compelled to consign to eternal damnation all who do not accept every nicety of the Athanasian Creed. The new Book frees clergy and laity alike from this. Is that a change of doctrine? In a very real way it is, and men like Dr. Pusey would have been horrified at such a change. Many old-fashioned people would also have opposed such changes as those in the Baptism Service, where we shall no longer have to say that a baby is christened in order that, '*being delivered from thy wrath,*' he may be received into Christ's Church. There is doctrinal change in no longer crediting God with anger against the little creatures he has made—a profound change, profoundly for the better. And the new Book abounds in little touches of this kind, where the omission of a word or a phrase brings a whole passage into closer accord with the religion of the Gospels. The main use of the revision is to prevent the Church falling below the standard of the best scholarship and thought in the modern world. Profound changes in our knowledge of the universe make this necessary to-day; and so temperate and balanced is the Prayer-Book, that but slight alterations are needed to remove the trace of ideas which the world has outgrown.

But by 'doctrinal' I suppose the opponents of the new Book really mean 'sacramental.' Now I agree entirely with Bishop Knox in thinking that there was never a time when the spirit of the Reformation settlement was more needed than now; and I think that Bishop Barnes has much justification for his fears of a recrudescence of coarse ideas and materialistic superstitions about the Eucharist. But I think that their criticism of the new Book

in this matter is mistaken, and that their opposition, if successful, would defeat the very objects they have at heart.

The essence of the Reformation spirit is freedom tempered by order: the excellence of the English Reformation was that it welcomed the new learning, and ultimately brought comprehension and tolerance into the Church; the living power of the Reformation depends on its working to-day as a vital principle, and not being regarded as a movement which ended in 1662 with the Restoration. Five times was the Prayer-Book revised between 1549 and 1662: its revision again is long overdue to-day. The principle which made Englishmen then so anxious to keep the Prayer-Book abreast of the times would be lost if we failed now. The Prayer-Book would become a mere monument of the past, because the very spirit which caused our forefathers to reform and revise would have left us.

But there are some who think that the Alternative Communion Service and the new rubrics about reservation bring a change of doctrine. I do not agree with them; but the charge is a difficult one to meet, because one has at once to plunge into highly technical matters of theology and liturgics. I should require a long article, and I could not hope that many readers of *The Nineteenth Century* would care to follow me. Those who are interested can find the whole matter worked out by a well-known liturgical scholar in a pamphlet *Does the New Prayer-Book change Doctrine?* [2] Here I can only say that liturgical scholars regard the Alternative Communion Service as more primitive and less mediæval in character than the present service, and as being further from Rome than the present service. It is indeed difficult for liturgical scholars to understand how any educated man can think otherwise. The Alternative Service has just the central feature (Prayer for the Spirit of God) which the early liturgies had, which the Eastern Churches still retain, and which the Roman Church has lost—if she ever had it. It was strongly opposed by the pro-Roman party in Convocation quite frankly for this reason. And I confess I should have thought that anyone reading the Prayer of Consecration in the Alternative Liturgy would have realised that it is more free from the danger of being mixed up with magical ideas than our present form. It will be difficult for any person of intelligence to practise elevations or genuflections in the new form, which is entirely free from the 'clock-time' idea of consecration.

To the common-sense reader the assurance of so many liturgical scholars will perhaps be enough, coupled with the two facts that: (1) It has been indorsed or accepted by all the

[2] Published by the League of Loyalty and Order, 14, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C. 2.

bishops except four, and the studies of these four have never lain in a liturgical direction. (2) The Alternative Liturgy was opposed in its passage through the Convocations and the National Assembly of the Church by the extremer men on *both* sides, Protestant and Catholic extremists alike. Liberal Evangelicals and Liberal Catholics like Bishop Gore, men free from party fetters, and typical Churchmen generally, with few exceptions, voted for the Alternative Liturgy and the revised Book.

For twenty years these difficult questions had been examined and publicly discussed with a view to revision. This year the various proposals have been settled by vote; and the final figures are as follows:

MAJORITIES FOR THE MEASURE

CONVOCATIONS (March 30, 1927).—Voting by the House of Bishops—34 in favour, 4 against; voting by the House of Clergy—235 in favour, 32 against.

CHURCH ASSEMBLY (July 6, 1927).—Voting by the House of Bishops—34 in favour, 4 against; voting by the House of Clergy—253 in favour, 37 against; voting by the House of Laity—230 in favour, 92 against.

DIOCESAN CONFERENCES.—Thirty-two conferences have taken a vote, and in every case there has been a large majority in favour (the average majority being 81 per cent.).

It really seems that, after an enormous amount of study and discussion, our representatives are convinced, and convinced in proportion to their liturgical knowledge, for we may assume that the House of Bishops has more such knowledge than the House of Clergy, and the House of Clergy more than the House of Laity.

When we remember that each of us is rightly a conservative in such a matter as that of our magnificent Prayer-Book, these votes are indeed significant. Disliking all change (and sometimes blinded by custom to the need for change), our elected representatives would not have voted in such large majorities for the proposed alternatives to the Communion and other services unless they had felt that change was reduced to its practicable minimum and that the doctrinal position was essentially unchanged although it was interpreted in a reasonable and liberal manner.

But, in spite of the new services being admirable, it may still be urged that there is danger to spiritual and intelligent religion in the rubrics which allow reservation of the Holy Communion for the sick, albeit under strict episcopal regulation. There is such danger—a very slight danger indeed, if the bishops do their duty as they have recently again unitedly undertaken. All that Parliament has henceforth to do is to see that the

appointment of bishops still rests with the King advised by the Prime Minister. So long as the laity have thus the ultimate control in the appointment of bishops, Parliament will only have itself to blame if bishops are appointed who are disloyal to the English Church.

But this slight danger of the bishops (and Parliament) failing to keep their promise is small indeed compared with the danger —and the actual abuses—that exist under the present Book. The abuses became acute during the war. A number of clergy, who (for no fault of their own) remained in England and were out of touch with the manhood of the country then abroad, got together, and in the nervous unsettlement of the time formed the policy of reserving the sacrament in tabernacles and encouraging such 'devotions' as Benediction—devotions which were hardly heard of before the war.

The position since the war has thus been much more lawless than when the Royal Commission reported in 1906 and Letters of Business were issued with instructions to revise the Prayer-Book. The bishops have as their solemn duty to deal with such flagrant violation of the Prayer-Book. They cannot, indeed, easily condemn reservation for the sick, for this practice is as old as Justin Martyr in the second century, besides being a convenient and innocent practice. But they are bound 'to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's Word'; and not least those localised 'devotions' which are against the law of the Church of England, and for which there is not a shadow of support in the New Testament. To most of us, indeed, such irregularities seem to be subversive of the Christian religion.

But how are the bishops to fulfil this promise which each made at his consecration? When the Royal Commission on Discipline was appointed in 1904, it found that no restoration of order was possible till the Prayer-Book was revised, *because everyone was disobeying the Prayer-Book.* This was true: even the bishops did not carry out all the provisions of the Prayer-Book; and it would have been impossible as well as unjust to apply the law in some directions and not in others. Therefore the Report asked in 1906 for Letters of Business with instructions to revise the Prayer-Book.

After twenty years' work this was finally accomplished in the summer of the present year. If the revised Prayer-Book becomes law, the bishops will at last be in a position to demand loyalty all round (and with equal justice to all sides) to rubrics that have been brought up to date and made practicable by all.

Order is now possible. And since 1919 the Enabling Act has given power to each church council, and representation to

each in the National Church Assembly. The bishops can act. They have (with the single exception of one respected opponent of the new Book, the Bishop of Norwich) undertaken as a united body to act. They have at the other end the church councils to co-operate with. It will no longer be possible for an unwise incumbent to thrust innovations upon an unwilling congregation. Of course the bishops and the Church Assembly have given in the new Book concessions which might be justly asked for, such as reservation strictly for the sick; but no parson will be allowed to reserve at all if he fails to comply with the very strict safeguards against misuse of the privilege. Will some men disobey? Perhaps. There are cranks in every profession; and there will probably be some who are so accustomed to make a virtue of disloyalty that they will confuse catholicism with the disobedience and party sectarianism which are its opposites. What will the bishops do then? We do not know. They will doubtless act patiently and kindly; but they will be firm, and they are united. They know that failure now to secure loyalty to a Prayer-Book which can no longer be called obsolete would spell disaster. They have learnt by experience that ceremonial matters can no longer be treated as of no importance, since the fact has been clearly demonstrated that doctrine follows ceremonial. We may be sure that, now that revision has made the course clear, they will take the lead in loyalty to the Prayer-Book. The clergy as a whole have only been waiting for a lead. They will follow. If the bishops do not now secure the Prayer-Book use universally throughout the Church, they will be guilty of one of the worst *laches* in history. But it is not conceivable that they will fail. As for the small recalcitrant minority, we may trust the bishops to redeem their pledge and act firmly and consistently as well as gently and charitably.

There remains one important point. Some highly respected opponents of the proposed new Prayer-Book have asked that the 'contentious matter' shall be withdrawn and the rest passed into law. By 'contentious' they mean the sections concerned with the Holy Communion—though, indeed, everything connected with so momentous a change is contentious—to drop the compulsory recitation of the Athanasian Creed, for example.

But thus to divide the measure would be to fail completely in doing what the Church was asked twenty years ago to do. After all the facts had been examined by the Royal Commission, the Report of 1906 and the following Letters of Business required the Convocations to revise the Prayer-Book precisely because there were disorders, and those disorders were concerned mainly with the Holy Communion. To drop just that section from the revised Prayer-Book, and to pass the 'non-contentious' matter,

would be so ludicrous a failure to do the very thing for which revision was begun, that the bishops would never again be able to face either their own clergy or the country. No power on earth will in fact force them to make such a mistake. There would be no limit to disorder if they did; the whole clergy, after the failure of all these efforts, would be in despair, and everyone would take the law into his own hands. Nor would there be any hope that, the attempt having ignominiously failed when the circumstances had been for twenty years in its favour, it could ever be renewed to effectiveness with any hope of success.

It is perfectly natural that those who have lost by so huge a majority should still strive to enforce their wishes by other means. Their action has been honourable, and very English. It is natural that they should make a last effort to divide the Bill and thus to get the parts they want without the parts they dislike. Their criticism is valuable, and has probably helped in the long run to strengthen the bishops as a whole in their determination to defend the rights of the laity against irregular practices. But there are party societies which are not so scrupulous or so fair as the responsible opponents of the Bill; and the layman who has not followed the preparations, investigations, and discussions which began with the Royal Commission of 1904 may easily be misled. Let him be assured that the vast majority of those who have long studied the matter, whose admiration for the Prayer-Book is intense, and their devotion to the Church of England passionate and deep, are convinced supporters of the proposed revision. The danger of the Church being fixed in a mould, and losing that faculty of progress which she exercised until the Restoration, will be over as soon as the revision has become law; and the Church, no longer harassed by internal disorder and the blind disloyalty of party spirit, will be able to devote herself to the immense and serious problems with which the twentieth century is already confronting Europe and the world.

PERCY DEARMER.

THE SACRAMENTS IN RECENT CONTROVERSY

THE traditional definition of the nature of sacraments which is, I believe, held in common by all Christians who believe in sacraments at all is expressed in the affirmation that sacraments are *efficacious signs* (*efficacia signa*) of God's gracious activity towards man. One prefers to say 'signs of God's gracious activity' rather than 'signs of the bestowal of God's grace,' because it is desirable to avoid all appearance of suggesting that grace is a sort of *thing* which can be detached and exist apart from the living presence and operation of God Himself.

Now, it is evident to any theist on reflection that the number of such sacraments must in principle be infinite. God can and does use an infinite variety of outward things in order to declare His loving presence, and to come into effective contact with human souls. Anything outward that He has made—a rock, a flower, a star, a human body—is capable of such use as an efficacious sign. And a Christian will further acknowledge that there is one sacrament which must be given a place of excellence all to itself—namely, the outward life in space and time of Jesus Christ.

So far all Christians will go together in their sacramental teaching. The Quakers, who in a general sense are often eager to call themselves sacramentalists, will go so far and no further. But the vast majority of Christians will proceed to other agreements. They acknowledge that there are divinely appointed in the Christian Church certain ritual acts (consisting of what Catholics call a certain 'form' and 'matter') which are efficacious signs of God's grace through Christ in a special way. Such are the pouring of water and the invocation in Baptism, and the appointed use of bread and wine in the Holy Communion.

It is from this point onwards that the main differences of opinion and controversies arise. The question at issue is not whether the outward acts in Baptism and the Eucharist are or are not efficacious signs. The question concerns the manner of the signification and the efficacy. What is the relation of the outward sign to the thing signified, or of the outward instrument to the thing effected? Discussion is specially keen in regard to the

Holy Communion. For not only is this the chief common sacrament of Christian life; but also our Lord's words, 'This is My Body,' etc., seem to many to assert a special and mysterious relation between the material bread and wine and His own Person. It is therefore with the doctrine of Eucharistic Presence that we are mainly concerned.

There are three traditional types of doctrine. The first type is called the doctrine of Real Presence. The name has become misleading owing to the change in meaning of the word *real*; but it is still in current use. The doctrine in question is that which connects Christ's sacramental presence and operation especially with the consecrated bread and wine themselves, which it asserts to be changed through consecration so as in some sense to become the Body and Blood of Christ. This doctrine takes many forms, one of which is the theory of Transubstantiation, exalted to the rank of a dogma by the Latin Church and formally condemned by the Church of England. This theory rests upon a scholastic philosophy of matter which is now held by few, if any, philosophers outside the Roman Communion. The philosophy in question distinguishes the *substance* of physical objects from their *accidents*, the accidents consisting of everything about an object which the senses perceive, the substance being the imperceptible ground in which the accidents cohere. The theory of Transubstantiation supposes that in the case of the Eucharistic Sacrament alone the substance is found to be not only distinguishable but also separable from the accidents, and that by consecration the whole substance of the bread and of the wine is changed into the whole substance of the Body and of the Blood of our Lord, while all the accidents really, not only apparently, remain exactly as they were before. There are many other forms of the doctrine of Real Presence. One of the most definite is the theory of Consubstantiation, which was adopted by Luther, and is still, I believe, the formal orthodoxy of the Lutheran Church. But ever since the Reformation many in the Church of England have followed primitive examples in believing firmly the Real Presence while refusing to commit themselves to any particular theory of its manner.

At the other extreme to the doctrine of Real Presence stands the doctrine known as Receptionism. The name—again not very fortunately chosen—is intended to indicate the teaching that the special Presence of Christ is only in the heart or soul of the faithful receiver of the sacrament, and is not connected by any real or objective relation with the consecrated bread and wine, which remain in reality after consecration exactly what they were before. It must be noted that according to Receptionism the outward signs of the sacrament may still remain *efficacious*, in

the sense that, by suggesting to the faithful receiver's mind the presence and operation of Christ, they may indirectly serve to open his heart and soul more widely to receive them.

Between the doctrine of Real Presence on the one hand and that of Receptionism on the other stands the mediating doctrine known as Virtualism. The Virtualist cannot affirm that the consecrated elements are actually changed into the Body and Blood of Christ, but neither can he affirm that after consecration they remain simply bread and wine as they were before. He believes that they become the Body and Blood in spiritual virtue and power—that is to say, that in the communion they produce the effects of the Body and Blood communicated to the soul, and that this virtue in them is the result of their consecration.

These three types of doctrine in one form or another have been debated for centuries, and the opposition between the two extremes, Real Presence and Receptionism, has been revived in an acute form by recent controversies. Let us examine this opposition further.

The Receptionist, as a rule, accuses the believer in Real Presence of doctrine indistinguishable from magic. The believer in Real Presence, on the other hand, replies with a counter-charge of 'subjectivism,' as though the Receptionist believed that the sacramental Presence of Christ were in some way created by his own faith. Both accusations really confuse the issue, as neither can be substantiated without an amount of qualification so great as practically to destroy its meaning.

Nothing does more to embitter feeling in religious discussion than a vague and irresponsible use of the term 'magic.' Magic, properly speaking, consists in the use of some fixed formula or ritual so as to bind divine or spiritual powers with the object either of making them do something desired or of preventing them from doing something feared. Magic imposes man's will upon God, whereas religion imposes God's will upon man. In primitive societies magic is often hard to distinguish from a form of science. For just as science seeks to discover the laws which govern natural phenomena so as to control those phenomena in man's interest, so magic seeks to discover the laws which govern the operation of supernatural or spiritual forces so as to control those forces in man's interest. Now it is evident that the moment we suppose that the use of sacramental signs in any way binds or controls or limits the operation of God in bestowing His gifts upon men, then indeed our belief in the sacraments has been tainted with magic. And no thoughtful person will deny the reality of this danger even in modern religion. But the sin or delusion of magic is in no way specially characteristic of belief in the Real Presence. Catholic orthodoxy has constantly insisted

upon the truths that God is not bound by his sacraments, *Deus non alligatur sacramentis*, and that an honest desire to do God's will is a necessary condition of receiving any spiritual benefit from them. Moreover, the self-sacrifice and devotion shown by many who believe most ardently in the actual Presence of Christ in the Sacrament of the Altar should be a sufficient rebuke to those who would maintain that such doctrine is magical in its practical effect, if not in theoretical definition.

On the other hand, it seems that the general charge of 'subjectivism' brought against the Receptionist is based mainly on misunderstanding. No Receptionist would hesitate to affirm a Presence of Christ in the service of Holy Communion as objective and as real as that promised in the words 'Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them.' And he will ask, what more real or more objective Presence could *there be ? There is no logical reason whatever why a Receptionist* should not repudiate pragmatism as heartily as a devout Roman Catholic. In this rite of Christ's own appointment Christ, he would say, comes to him again; and the Catholic would agree with him that it is faith which unbars the door of the soul to let Christ in. The difference is simply as to the mode of the connexion of that coming with the consecrated elements of bread and wine.

Let us then dismiss these notions of magic and of subjectivism from our minds. They only confuse the issue. The criticisms which have real weight against both the opposite doctrines of the Eucharistic Presence are of a different kind. The real difficulty of the doctrine of Real Presence lies in its tendency to literalism. The real difficulty of Receptionism lies in its tendency to limit the receiving of Christ to the consciousness of receiving Him. And both, in so far as these criticisms are justified, explain away or impair the mystery which to the Christian soul is the very essence of sacramental reality.

In his recent book, *The Impatience of a Parson*, Mr. H. R. L. Sheppard pleads with the Church to reaffirm the duty and possibility of taking Christianity as literally true. Probably Mr. Sheppard would not have us take *him* literally. Anyhow, the word 'literally' must be taken in a strictly non-literal sense, if his plea is to be justified. No important truth, at least in spiritual matters, can be *literally* true. No book has ever so cogently and consistently depreciated the letter of religion as the Bible. And any Christian mind will feel that there must be something radically wrong with a doctrine which starts by assuming that when our Lord said 'This is My Body' he must have meant the words in a literal sense, and that therefore we cannot be loyal to His intention unless we affirm that what we receive in the Eucharist is

actually the same Body as that material flesh which was His tabernacle upon earth. It is because the doctrine of Real Presence seems to start from the kind of literalistic assumption which inevitably points to such entirely distressing inferences and questionings, that many genuinely devout minds will have none of it. They are quite clear that our Lord's words must not be taken literally. And in their eagerness to emphasise this truth they sometimes forget that the word 'literally' may be opposed either to 'figuratively' or to 'spiritually,' and therefore they agree too hastily with those who contend that our Lord was using only 'a figure of speech.'

To the Receptionist our Lord's words are frankly figurative or metaphorical. So far as exegesis of the text is concerned, there is no reason why they should not be so taken. The question is whether this interpretation really does justice to Christian experience of the sacrament. According to Receptionism, the whole outward part of the sacrament becomes a *figure*—that is, an acted parable. Now the primary purpose of a parable is to appeal to the mind. In so far as a parable is not consciously understood, it fails of its effect; and its effectiveness is limited in each individual by the felt impression it produces in his consciousness.[1] It is only a sermon in the form of a story. But many people find much more in a sacrament than just an unusually suggestive and appealing kind of acted sermon. They believe that in the sacrament not only is something *suggested* to their minds and feelings, but something is actually *done* to them, if they draw near with an honest intention of faith and penitence. They claim, therefore, that the effect of the sacrament is not to be measured by the impression produced upon their minds and feelings. Christ, they affirm, has come to them and acted upon their souls just as truly, even when they did not *feel* or mentally apprehend His presence and advent as they would have wished. They tried to open their souls to Him, and they *believe* that He entered. The outward actions were no mere parable to them. It is difficult to see how the doctrine of Receptionism, when strictly interpreted, can allow this claim, which nevertheless belongs to the very essence of Catholic faith in sacraments.

So far we have been dealing with traditional doctrines, though our exposition and criticism have been expressed in modern terms. But we have now to ask whether modern developments in science and philosophy have anything substantially fresh to contribute to the discussion. There are three characteristic movements in modern thought from which help may possibly be derived:

[1] It makes no real difference to the argument if a modern psychologist likes to add 'and sub-consciousness.'

(1) First there is the increasing importance which modern idealism attaches to the notion of value, and in particular to the philosophy of beauty in art and of æsthetic expression. Canon Streeter in his recent book entitled *Reality* has pointed out in a striking way that religion is like art and unlike science in being a representation of the *quality* of reality, and quality can be truly represented only when we are made to experience it through the representation. Shakespeare's *King Lear*, for instance, is a dramatic presentation of a certain universal tragedy in human life, and its artistic greatness consists in the fact that we are made to experience that real and living tragedy in and through the action of the play. Great drama always passes into being something more than *mere* drama. And if the outward acts of the Eucharist make us experience once more what Christ did for man in His last hours upon earth, and still does for them by the operation of His love in the unseen, they necessarily pass into something more than a mere 'figure' which represents or suggests a reality outside itself. The quality, the value, the spirit of the reality is *in* these outward acts. Thus the Bishop of Manchester writes:

> Through the consecrated elements we find Christ specially apprehensible, so that though He is not personally localised, He is accessible by means of what is local. The elements come by the act of consecration to be the vehicle to us of His human nature and life. That is now their value, and therefore their true 'substance.' *

It is clear that this line of argument, if it is to be taken seriously, must tend to break down a good deal of the distinction between the three traditional doctrines we have outlined. The 'acted parable' of Receptionism becomes more than a parable. On the other hand, the Real Presence becomes a *value* of the elements in relation to our Lord's use of them, and ceases to be a statically or literally conceived identity of a material thing with the organ of His life. Perhaps, among the traditional three, the new doctrine suggested comes nearest to Virtualism. But in that case we have a new Virtualism which does not recognise the distinction between the *value* of things and their own inner being or reality.

Other tendencies in modern thought lead towards the same result of confusing old distinctions.

(2) We have to reckon with what may be called the philosophical principle of relativity. Pre-Copernican theologians of all schools believed in a local heaven, in which the risen Body of the Lord occupied actual space after the manner of bodies upon

* *Christus Veritas*, p. 240. The metaphysical argument by which the author with certain qualifications, identifies 'value' and 'substance' cannot here be discussed.

earth. One main difficulty of the doctrine of the Real Presence was that it seemed to imply that Christ's Body could be in two places at once. Naturally these crude notions could not long survive the disappearance of the geocentric universe. But now that the whole idea of a spatial heaven has been given up, the question may be more pertinently raised (I say no more than that) whether the term 'body' itself has more than a relative significance as denoting the outward expression and organ of a spirit's activity. Wherein does the identity of our own bodies consist? The whole material of which a man's body is composed is in a constant process of change during his whole lifetime. When we say that the body of the infant is the same body as that of the adult or old man, do we mean more than that its matter bears the same constant relation to the personality of which it is the outward expression and instrument? And may not our Lord have many bodies, which are nevertheless all truly one and the same body, in so far as each is a relatively outward medium in which His personal being is operative and self-expressed? Thus we might say that the natural flesh and blood of the man Jesus, the Church which is the blessed company of all faithful people, and again the consecrated elements in the Eucharist, are all truly Christ's Body, since in each and all Christ's living activity finds its outward expression and instrument. I do not for a moment suggest that this line of argument does not raise serious difficulties, or that its apparent conclusion is altogether satisfying. But it is an argument of real importance. And, in so far as it is valid at all, it destroys the distinction between the doctrines of Real Presence and Virtualism, and gives to both of them an interpretation which may make them appear to the Receptionist in a different light.

(3) Finally, we must not omit a reference to that special or scientific theory of relativity which makes time into 'a fourth dimension,' and substitutes a unified 'space-time' for the space and time which we have previously supposed ourselves to be living in. The possible importance of this theory for the theology of sacraments has hardly yet received as much attention as it deserves. Until quite recent years we have most of us been taking for granted a philosophy of the difference between spirit and matter, which was really invented by the great French thinker Descartes. He divided reality into two mutually exclusive kinds or classes—matter, which is extended in space, and spirit or mind, which is not in space, but *thinks*. Now, when we are reflecting in a general way upon the difference between 'outward' and 'inward' realities, our thought naturally works along Cartesian lines. The outward things are material, extended in space, tangible; tables and chairs, water and bread are outward.

On the other hand, our thoughts, aspirations and prayers belong entirely to the realm of the inward. It is natural for one who thinks in terms of this dualism to be constantly afraid lest the inward should suffer some kind of contamination in contact with the outward, to emphasise the value of private or mental prayer at the expense of sacramental acts, to be on the whole suspicious of sacraments in general as being liable to superstitious abuse and the danger of materialism, and so finally to restrict his positive doctrine of sacramental grace within the limits of a carefully fenced Receptionism. But does not this whole line of thought and argument depend for its validity upon the separability of space from time which Descartes assumed and Einstein so weightily denies? For though our thoughts and longings are not apparently in space, they are certainly in time; and, if time is only a dimension of space-time, then evidently it follows that our inmost thoughts are as much in space-time as our chairs and tables. And this same philosophy, which makes our thoughts thus seem almost 'outward,' dissolves the solid grossness of matter itself into a bewildering phantasmagoria of electrified motion, in which it seems impossible to detect where one thing leaves off and another begins, or whether there is such a thing as a thing at all.

It is all very confusing. There are philosophers who think that the ultimate distinction between spirit and matter is being rendered doubtful, that mind is appearing to be more material, and matter more mental, than we supposed, and that both have their origin in some 'neutral stuff.' This notion seems to me fantastic. I cannot suppose that the ultimate distinction between spirit and matter is in any serious danger. Electric energy, after all, is no more spiritual than lead. But it is quite possible that Descartes put the dividing line between spirit and matter, so to speak, in the wrong place. It is conceivable, for instance, that the real difference between them is not that one is extended in space and the other not, but rather that matter is being which can be described apart from terms of absolute value (truth, goodness, beauty, etc.), whereas spirit is being which is properly described only in such terms. In that case it may well be true that all things in space-time require both sets of terms, 'material' and 'spiritual,' for an ultimate interpretation of their nature, and the very structure of this world may be more inherently sacramental than we have been wont to imagine. In the end it may seem a commonplace (yet none the less mysterious for that) that under certain conditions what we call material things may be truly spiritualised within the pure, spiritual activity of God.

We are concluding our discussion in realms of pure speculation and guess-work. But enough perhaps has been said to indicate the danger, in present circumstances, of rigid and exclu-

tive definitions about the relation of outward to inward in the sacraments. Let us stick to the old terms, *efficacia signa*, as the best general description of their nature which has yet been devised. Let us frankly and fearlessly examine all theories, new and old, as to the manner of this efficacy and signification. But if frankness compels us to use hard names, such as 'magic,' let us be sure at least that we use them with a scientific precision of meaning. And, above all, do not let us pretend that in the long controversy between Catholic and Protestant traditions modern philosophy and science are all on one side. That, at any rate, is simply untrue.

OLIVER C. QUICK.

WOMEN BOLSHEVIKS, AND HOW THEY ARE MANUFACTURED

A LADY was sitting one day in a fashionable tearoom feeding her much-bedecked poodle with little sponge cakes, lavishing on him the while tokens of devoted affection. She dropped the cakes one by one, and he caught each one as it fell—caught it, however, with a languid, half-contemptuous air, as if merely to give his mistress pleasure. The two were evidently playing some game and in full view of all passers-by; but the dog was much too well fed to play it with zest and much too warmly clad. For in the tearoom it was hot, although outside in the street it was bitterly cold; and there some half-dozen little urchins were standing with their faces pressed against the window, near which the lady and her dog were having their game.

They were but poor little fellows, born C3 unmistakably, and with not much chance of ever being anything but C3, unless a C4 should be formed They looked half-frozen; their clothes were thin, although not quite so thin as their wearers; for about all their wearers there was, more or less, that something which always betokens short commons. And as they stood there, watching the poodle in his furs toying with his biscuits, there was an oddly envious gleam in their bright, eager eyes. Not one among them, it was easy to see, but would have given his right hand gladly to exchange places with the dog, and be a poodle instead of a boy.

The lady was much too busy fondling her pet dog even to glance at the children as she passed them on her way to her car; and she would no doubt have been unfeignedly surprised, as well as indignant, had she been told that she had, as the faces of some of the passers-by proved, just done a good stroke of work for the Soviet cause—had given a helping hand, in fact, to the manufacturing of Bolsheviks, had given it through sheer heedlessness. Probably it never even occurred to her that the sight of a poodle being pampered and petted, while little children are standing by uncared for and starving, is the very sort of thing that makes converts for the Bolsheviks, makes more converts for them among women, indeed, than the preaching of all Lenin's disciples com-

bined. And it is precisely among women, we must not forget, that the Muscovite dictators are most anxious to make converts. For they are now alive to the fact that, until women are converted, there is but little hope of converting the children; and it is on the children that the fate of their cause, as of all other causes, depends.

Curiously enough, the little-dog cult that is now rendering such good service to the Bolsheviks is essentially a latter-day phenomenon. Even twenty-five years ago no one dreamed of installing poodles in the place of children as chief objects of devotion—so at least an Englishwoman who returned home a few months ago, after a long sojourn abroad, maintains. She was as surprised as she was shocked, she says, at a little scene she witnessed the very day of her arrival in England.

She was in a railway carriage with four elderly ladies, when a mother and her two little girls got in. The children were most attractive, quite charmingly pretty; none the less, as she remarked, not one of the four gave them even a glance, not one took any more notice of them than if they had been little paving-stones. A moment later another lady appeared at the carriage door, and then all the four were at once in a flutter of excitement; for she had in her arms a little dog, a real Pekingese, and from the moment they caught sight of him they practically prostrated themselves before him; they had neither eyes nor ears for anything else. They patted him, stroked him, made much of him, showered down on him loving epithets. Evidently he was to them something infinitely precious: had he been their nearest and dearest relative, indeed, they could hardly have been more lavish with their demonstrations of affection. And when his owner, having reached her destination, left the carriage, taking him with her, of course, one of them cried after him fervently, 'God bless you, you little darling!'

The returned traveller, who, thanks perhaps to her long sojourn abroad, had old-fashioned notions as to what is seemly, rubbed her eyes in amazement. Could those four ladies be English? she wondered. If they were, an odd change must have come over the English nation during the years she had been abroad. For when she left England no sane Englishwoman, she was sure, would ever have dreamed of putting a dog on a pedestal and adoring him, much less of calling down a blessing upon him. She was sorely puzzled, and more puzzled still when she learned, from advertisements in *The Times*, that there were not only such things as nursing homes for dogs, and homes to which dogs may be sent for trimming, shampooing, pedicure, etc., but training homes too, where dogs are made 'comfortable and happy' while being taught how to demean themselves as 'affectionate com-

panions.' Things must be quite oddly out of joint, she began to think, for those homes had no lack of paying guests, she found, although the terms seemed to her very high; and at that time there was, as she knew, none too much money in England—all classes alike were complaining.

Before long she went to stay in a health resort, one to which the wealthy betake themselves gladly, one in which dog worship is rampant and little dogs abound. They were never from under her feet. The late Sir John Kirk used to say of that town that its Poor Law problem would be solved, so far as children are concerned, if only every lady who lives there could be persuaded to banish her dogs and install in their place a little child. Unfortunately for the ratepayers, however, although not, perhaps, for the children, nothing short of the sight of a guillotine, or at any rate the sound of the wheels of a guillotine cart, would ever induce most of those ladies to part with their dogs.

In that town there are districts where there is a dearth of children—a child is quite a rarity there; districts, too, where children are as plentiful as rabbits on moors. And as the returned traveller wandered about from district to district she saw what she had never seen before, little dogs being trailed in luxurious perambulators and little children trudging along bare-foot or being carried by weary elder sisters hardly bigger than themselves. She saw poodles in costly array with trinkets around their necks and boys and girls in threadbare clothes, all tattered and torn sometimes. And, as she soon discovered, every day the dogs had regular meals, dainty food—she saw it being bought; daintily served too, whereas it was only on red-letter days that some of the children had a good meal. On most days they must depend on scraps for their dinners, or perhaps even on bread and jam.

As time passed she became not so much puzzled as sorely distressed by what she saw and heard; for, let her try as she would, she could not shut her eyes to the fact that it betokened decadence, and with it danger ahead for England. All that petting and pampering of dogs, treating them as things better than children, of more value in the world, more worthy of care and affection, must inevitably—or so it seemed to her—excite the envious indignation of the poverty-stricken, set their nerves a-jangling, turn them into Ishmaelites, in fact, and thus make for Bolshevism, Communism, and all the other 'isms' that go to fan the flames of disorder. And in that she was right, so far, at any rate, as poverty-stricken mothers are concerned.

Many a poor mother sees without animosity, nay, with a certain pleasure, other folk's children in beautiful clothes; just as she sees gorgeous royal processions with real enjoyment, and seems even to take a personal pride in them. Why there are

women—not very many perhaps nowadays—who can tramp about the countryside with their children at their heels, seeking vainly for a room, without an Ishmaelitish thought ever entering their minds; or who can see coal by the truck-load being carried into other folk's houses while they themselves cannot obtain even a bag. But, odd as it may appear, when it comes to seeing dogs going about in luxurious carriages, disporting themselves in finery, it is quite otherwise. That is to some of them as a red flag to a bull; they look upon it as something humiliating to themselves, degrading to their children. I very much doubt whether even the most patient of good mothers ever sees, without resentment, dogs revelling in luxuries, fed on the best, while her own children are lacking shoes, perhaps even bread. To many a poor mother, indeed, the mere thought of dogs faring better than her children fare, being more cared for, held in higher esteem, is enough to 'fair upset' her, as she would say; and when once she is 'fair upset' the chances are she is prepared to welcome any change, because sure that for her and hers no change could be for the worse. And that is undoubtedly a dangerous feeling, one fraught with peril, not only for her and her children, but for England. It is the very stuff, indeed, out of which Bolsheviks are most easily manufactured—the very stuff, therefore, that those whose aim is to manufacture Bolsheviks strive most zealously to cultivate. And of the many and diverse tools they have wherewith to do their work, little dogs are, for the time being, the most useful.

In England very few women are born Bolsheviks. What women Bolsheviks we have among us have, for the most part, been manufactured. By nature, indeed, the great majority of working-class Englishwomen are staunchly anti-Bolshevik—at any rate, when once their young days are past. Of that proof may be had, even in Hyde Park, any Sunday evening by watching the faces of the women who stand around the platform on which some Red orator holds forth, and listening to the comments they make. It is, as a rule, only the young among them who show any very keen interest in what is being said; while as for the older women, some seem indignant, others amused, others again—and they are the majority—bored or worried, especially if their husbands are with them and take to applauding. Bolshevist orators preach Communism, we must not forget, and the average working-class Englishwoman has no sympathy at all with anything that even smacks of Communism. So long as she has a roof over her head, a bed to sleep in, a few kettles and pans, even a hint that she might be called upon to share her possessions with her thriftless, possessionless neighbours would at once set her ablaze with wrathful indignation. If she is one

of the lucky few and has a cottage of her own, or a few pounds in the War Loan or some savings bank, she would fight to the death rather than let what she has be thrown into any common stock, in which she would have to go share and share alike with all comers.

Moreover, if she has a husband and children, she is fairly sure to be dead not only against Communism, but also against the whole Bolshevist system; of its moral, or immoral, code she has a perfect horror. If she is of a religious frame of mind, indeed, she dubs it 'devilish.' For, let the Soviet's agents argue as they will, she is firmly convinced that, under Bolshevist rule, were it in force here, the State would be able to take possession of her children and do with them what it would; while as for her husband, he would be free to turn her adrift any day, and install in her place some slip of a girl. Why even to think of such a state of things is enough, she declares, to drive any decent woman 'stark mad.' And she, the average working-class woman, whether she has a husband and children or not, is an eminently decent woman, it must be remembered, kindly and law-abiding by instinct, sound to the core. There is not much danger, therefore, that she will ever become either a Communist or a Bolshevik, unless, indeed, something should happen that 'fair upsets' her, makes her feel that she, or those near to her, are being unjustly treated, degraded, deprived of what is due to them; unless, in fact, she should chance to see her children looking at dogs with envious eyes, or something of the sort.

While born Bolshevist women—*i.e.*, Ishmaelites with their hand instinctively against everything that is—are comparatively rare in England, of the manufactured there are already enough and to spare; and there will be more and more, year by year, so long as the manufacturing of them goes on. Quite a fair number who are real Bolsheviks would be scandalised were they told that they were, and would deny the fact wrathfully; quite a fair number, too, who proclaim from the very housetops that they are Bolsheviks are law-abiding at heart, so far at least as an outsider can judge. Real and unreal alike, they have almost all been manufactured, many, of course, by the hard kicks the fates have given them; many more by the heedlessness of those more happily placed than themselves, and some by their own perversity combined with their lack of any sense of humour. Among the women Bolsheviks whom I have known, two embraced the Ishmaelite creed because, in spite of all their efforts to escape, they were compelled to pay super-tax; a third, a small farmer, because during the war some Government official prevented her from doing what she wished to do with her own bit of land; and a fourth, a sturdy young female,

because a conscientious panel doctor refused to certify her as a consumptive!

Those are, of course, exceptional cases. Still the great majority of Englishwomen who are Bolsheviks are Bolsheviks for no reason that has anything to do either with principles or theories, but simply because they have been 'fair upset'; they have suffered what they regard as wrong, or have seen their children suffer wrong. So it is, at any rate, with the older women. Some of them have been robbed of their savings and forced to betake themselves to the 'House,' or have had to wander about without shelter because children are looked on askance by landlords; or, worst of all, perhaps, because, while facing the grim wolf at close quarters, they have come across a dog being overfed. Even the young who join the 'Reds' join, as a rule, because they have been 'upset.' They have had to scrub floors, perhaps, when they would fain have been dancing, to wear cotton gowns when they long to wear silk. For the latter-day young have a great love of pleasure, of finery too, and it cuts them to the quick to see others going off to balls in smart clothes. Little wonder, therefore, that the Bolshevist creed attracts them; or that they listen eagerly to those who tell them that, when Bolshevism is the order of the day here, it is they who will wear smart clothes and go to balls, while those who wear them now will be in cottons and scrub floors. And the majority of English Bolsheviks are young, a fact that it behoves us to bear well in mind, now that girls of twenty-one will soon have a voice in deciding England's foreign and domestic policy.

Even the Bolshevist women who are not young are, as a rule, fairly young, young enough to have been changed, some for the better, others for the worse, by the Great War. And most of them are either spinsters or widows, widows with children more often than not. Some are wealthy, others are poor; some have never done a stroke of work in their lives, others have never done anything but work. They belong, of course, to the most diverse classes, although, so far as an outsider can judge, for every one that belongs to any other class two at least belong to the lower middle class—the shabby genteel class, as it used to be called, the extremists' class it might be called now; for in it are diehards of every hue, from the most dazzling white to the reddest of reds. Marthas and Marys live there side by side with Louise Michels, and perhaps even embryo Charlotte Cordays. Some of the very best women I have ever known, the most unselfish, tender-hearted, peace-loving, and loyal, belong to that class. None the less it is the very class in which most women Bolsheviks are to be found, with good reason too. And whereas in other classes some of those who are Bolsheviks were born Bolsheviks, in that

class it is otherwise: there the women who are Bolshevists have all been manufactured. There may be exceptions, of course, but so far I have never yet met with one.

Life in the lower middle class is to-day much harder than in any other class; there is more misery there than in all the other classes put together, especially among women. For many of them, indeed, life is one long struggle to make both ends meet, an almost hopeless struggle for such of them as have children. They have many of them seen better days, have known what it is to live in comfort, and their lot is the hardest of all. For even the middle-aged among them have, as a rule, never been taught how to earn a living, never been taught anything much beyond making life pleasant for their menfolk. Thus they are heavily handicapped when the time comes—and it may come quite suddenly—that they must enter the labour market. The result is, of course, that the average woman of that class is much poorer than the average working-class woman. Many a woman clerk, music teacher, lady's companion, or dressmaker on her own, earns much less than a cook or even a charwoman. And, while cooks and charwomen can always find work, givers of lessons, companions, and all of their kind, may be left without employment for months at a time—without doles, too; and, more often than not, as they are rarely insured, without any hope of allowances for their children, or pensions for themselves, at least until they are seventy, when the chances are they will be in their graves. And from year to year it is becoming harder and harder for them to find work, for, what used to be regarded as their own special preserves, are now being invaded both from above and below. Many who before the war belonged to the leisured class are now in the lower middle class; and so are many who were then in the working class, and every newcomer, whether from above or below, makes the finding of work more difficult.

Then not only must the average lower middle-class woman struggle to make every penny she has do the work of many pennies, but she must keep up appearances the while; and that is at best a heart-breaking business. She must live in a fairly good district, no matter how poor she may be; she must have decent shoes, decent clothes, and wear gloves, even though the buying of a pair of gloves may mean going without a dinner. In no other class is the average woman so habitually under-fed, badly fed, as in the lower middle class; a fact that in itself goes far towards explaining why the manufacturing of women Bolsheviks is carried on so much more productively in that class than in any other.

The under-fed, as all the world now knows, are much more sensitive than the well-fed; it is but natural that they should

be. They feel wrongs, and even slights, more keenly than folk who have square meals every day; and they are more prone to brood on them, to borrow sorrow, as it were, lose heart, and with it hope. And when once a woman has lost heart and hope, she is apt to lose self-control, to wax resentful, and harbour the thought that something is wrong somewhere, something that ought to be righted, that must be righted, if life for her and hers is ever to be worth living. Then, something or other 'fair upsets' her, something that may seem to others the merest trifle, and the result is almost a foregone conclusion. The firm conviction starts rankling in her mind that the only way wrong can be righted is the old 'wild wrong way,' the Bolsheviks' way, in fact. Whether she joins the 'Reds' or not, she is a 'Red' at heart; her children, too, if children she has, will before long be 'Reds'; and England will be the poorer.

EDITH SELLERS.

THE EQUESTRIAN DRAMA

I

THAT the screen version of *Ben Hur* should have established a record long run for films in London has a particular significance. As the chief pleasure of this 'picture' arises from the chariot race and the sea fight, we may naturally attribute its success to the delight in galloping horses and 'aquatic spectacles' taken by every public since the history of shows began. Twenty-five years ago the dramatic version of *Ben Hur* made a similar appeal as one of the 'Drury Lane dramas' which made a particular boast of employing 'real water' and 'real horses.' Such exhibitions, however, were doomed directly the cinematograph industry succeeded in depicting tempest, fire and flood, besides cavalry charges and pursuits on horseback, on its unnumbered screens. Thus, after a century of existence, has died the Equestrian Drama. Now, therefore, the time to write its obituary has arrived.

In *A Book on the Play* Dutton Cook has a chapter on 'Real Horses.' This, however, is merely a collection of interesting anecdotes concerning performing horses and the appearance of horses on the stage. He mentions Pepys' record of the horse-race in Shirley's *Hide Park*, and the four-legged actor of Pegasus in Corneille's *Andromède*. These incidents, however, are not our concern. Drama does not become equestrian merely by reason of the presence of horses; only when chiefly designed for the exploitation of horsemanship, trick-riding, or equine sagacity does a play come within this category. Nor will all the pieces presented in circuses tally with this description. Stage historians often fall into the error of taking it for granted that the actors in the companies of London's first amphitheatres appeared on horseback. In reality, the idea of histrionic Houyhnhnms came into the world slowly and gradually, as if forcing itself upon managers' attention rather than being invented.

Before the modern circus had come into being there were many wandering 'professors of horsemanship' who gave performances in fields. Their more thrilling feats were set off by a hackneyed joke of the riding-school, called 'The Tailor Riding

to Brentford.' At first this was merely a display of awkwardness, but little by little a story was told: the tailor, who knew so little of riding that he sat in the saddle backwards, finally reached his destination running for dear life with the horse hot in pursuit. This little plot was so popular that no 'professor' could afford to omit it from his programme. When Astley, at the foot of Westminster Bridge, and Hughes, on the south side of Blackfriars Bridge, ran 'riding schools' in opposition, each announced this item. Yet neither was sufficiently enterprising to develop the germ of acting on horseback. When the 'schools' were roofed, one becoming Astley's Amphitheatre of Arts and the other the Royal Circus, each had not only a ring, but a stage, so that when the 'scenes in the circle' had ended the performance could continue with spectacles and musical pieces behind the footlights. Astley staged *The Siege of Valenciennes* and the Royal Circus reproduced the storming of the Bastille while the news was still hot, without introducing as much as a horseshoe for luck. Yet these prepared the way for the equestrian drama when Delpini—who, as a designer of spectacles and as a clown, deserves to be more widely remembered—became manager of the Royal Circus in 1793. His resourceful brain first conceived the idea of joining stage to ring by bridging the orchestra, which had hitherto been a dividing gulf. By this means he caused a procession to march round in a circle: cars bearing groups representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America were drawn by horses, leopards, tigers, and other beasts. Delpini also represented a stag hunt with horsemen and horsewomen and a 'real' stag. These ingenuities came to nothing, however. The next attractions of the Royal Circus were the work of J. C. Cross, appointed manager and author of the house on his marriage to the proprietor's daughter. His dumb-show spectacles, whose outlines were published under the title of *Circusiana*, prove that he invented the model for horse spectacles, even though he rarely introduced a horse. The difficulty in those days was to construct a drama that needed no dialogue, it being against the law for words to be spoken on the stages of any theatres other than the Theatres Royal. Cross was equal to the task. When gestures were inadequate to express a turn of the plot, one character would hand to another a scroll bearing a statement such as '*Louisa is secretly united to Palador*,' or (this in bloodstained characters) '*I swear to be thine*.' In the descriptions of the scenery we may see how unnecessary further dialogue was and how Cross adapted the stage for the use of the horse actor. Here is an example:

Practicable mountains, from which a stupendous waterfall precipitates itself, which, increasing, becomes a river, over which is a picturesque

arched, practicable Bridge. On one side of the stage is Rinaldo's tent, his dog on guard, under his banner 'Hands and Hearts United'; on the other, straggling Tents and Baggage Waggons.

From 1797 to 1806 Cross brought out a series of these spectacles founded on popular romances or on the adventures of such heroes as Sir Francis Drake. In *The Magic Flute*, one of his first pieces, the 'Horse Turk' reared and seized a streaming banner, which it tore down from the rampart walls, during the course of a grand tournament. In *The Cloud King; or, Magic Rose* (1806) a merchant, seen at intervals in a storm, rode a horse which breathed fire from its nostrils when attacked by a lion. Otherwise, apart from a dog which rescued the hero from drowning after a battle on a bridge in *Rinaldo Rinaldine; or, The Secret Avenger* (1801), the other actors in these shows were human. But while Cross cannot, for this reason, be called the begetter of the equestrian drama, he undoubtedly collected the apparatus of storms, battles, sieges, and conflagrations, which were always associated with this species of entertainment. Unless he had demonstrated how to arrange plots which would string these portents together with dramatic suspense, the authors of horse spectacles would not have so quickly won the public's money and applause. In the first flush of success the interior of the Royal Circus was rebuilt. Soon afterwards, in 1803, the house was burned down, its sign of Pegasus disappearing amid the flames before the eyes of a vaster audience than the melodramas of Cross had brought together. In the new building his efforts won no more triumphs. He died at Manchester in 1809—just before his 'practicable' mountains and bridges made the fortunes of others.

Meanwhile, Astley's efforts were making headway. In the pantomime of *Quixote and Sancho; or, Harlequin Warrior*, in 1800, 'two squadrons of horse, mounted by warriors clad in gold and silver armour,' performed various evolutions of ancient warfare. Two years later old Astley's son, John, brought to the amphitheatre a French company in *Knights of the Sun; or, Love and Danger*, as performed at 'the Grand Fête given in consequence of the happy return of peace in Paris, before the First Consul Buonaparte,' and 'at the theatre of the City of Paris, 200 successive nights.' Commencing with a 'Splended and Nouvelle Tournament,' it presented 'Uncommon Combats, Military Evolutions, Siege by Land and Sea, Widespreading Conflagration.' The French wintered at Dublin's Amphitheatre Royal, where they thus celebrated the happy return of peace until the middle of February—three months later war was again declared. Apparently their visit raised the standard of such spectacles. *The Death of Captain Cook*, ten years earlier, had been called

grand and superb by virtue of one or two changes of scenes. But in *The Fair Slave; or, The Moors and the Africans*, a show on the subject of Mungo Park's travels staged at Astley's in 1806, there were views of towns, rivers, forests, plantations, and a hut (inside and outside). There was also a floating bridge over the Black River and a Moorish encampment which was destroyed, so leading to 'the Happy Return and Joyful Meetings, introduced by a procession of Africans and their captive Moors on camels and real horses.'

At length the equestrian drama was born. In preparation for the season's opening in 1807, John Astley invented, wrote and produced, a story that called for the use of horses as the chief attraction and equipped his stage with a new invention for dividing the stage into platforms, which could be raised or sunk to varying levels, and crossed by a 'devil's bridge' far surpassing poor Cross's practicable scenery. The spectacle was entitled *The Brave Cossack; or, Perfidy Punished*. Collett, formerly a member of Cross's company, played the name part—a certain Count Satoffo, whom Prince Polotinska (Mr. Hengler) had entrusted with his son. Enter Satoffo, returning from the chase; in Balsora (Mrs. Parker, wife of one of the managers) he meets his doom. To test her love he tells her that the prince's son is dead. But when she meets perfidious Cartoff she hears that the boy is well. Annoyed by the brave Cossack's lie, she persuades Cartoff, under the promise of her hand, to kill the boy in earnest and blame Satoffo. This he attempts, but a hermit (Laurent, the clown) comes to the rescue. At this point two more characters complicate matters, in order to introduce a battle and a siege. After Mr. Hengler has triumphed Satoffo is tried, the hermit produces the son, and Mrs. Parker departs swearing vengeance on all parties. This leads to 'tremendous warfare,' which is welcomed by the brave Cossack as a chance to vindicate his honour.

That, no matter how dull its skeleton may be now, was the delight of the day. Among the spectators was Lady Bessborough, who wrote to Lord Granville,

> Think of my going to Astley's last night. There is a battle on the stage with real horses galloping full speed, and fighting to a beautiful white light like day dawn, that is quite beautiful, and like one of Bourgignon's pictures animated.

Nor were the newspapers less enthusiastic.

> Since the well-known representation of the Siege of Valenciennes at this place [wrote one critic] nothing has appeared that bears any affinity to the excellent and evolutionary tactics displayed in this grand and unparalleled production. Indeed, there is something so surprising, and, at the same time, novel, in bringing a squadron of cavalry, opposed to each

other, in actual combat on the stage, as none but an experienced [illegible] could possibly carry into complete stage effect.

The well-contested attack on the devil's bridge was particularly admired.

Cossacks, however, were completely forgotten when *The Blood Red Knight*, in the season of 1810, had a run of 175 nights and brought the proprietors a profit of 18,000*l*. The plot was simpler, turning on nothing more than the attempts of the Blood Red Knight to seduce Isabella, wife of his brother, Alphonzo the Crusader. Alphonzo returns, is defeated once or twice, and calls in the soldiery, when, to quote the bills' promise:

> The Castle is taken by storm, the surrounding River is covered with Boats filled with Warriors, while the Battlements are strongly contested by the Horse and Foot Guards. Men and Horses are portrayed slain and dying in various directions, while other soldiers and horses are emerged [*sic*] in the River, forming an effect totally new and unprecedented in this or any Country whatever, and terminating in the Total
>
> DEFEAT OF THE BLOOD RED KNIGHT.

That figure of 18,000*l*. inspired the managers of Covent Garden, who, aided by John Astley, revived Colman's *Blue Beard* with unequalled splendour as an equestrian drama. Sixteen beautiful horses mounted by spahis suddenly appeared before the spectators.

> Various and incessant action produced a delightful effect upon the eye; and when they were afterwards seen ascending the heights with inconceivable velocity, the audience were in raptures as at the achievement of a wonder.

In the charge some of the horses appeared to be wounded, and fainted gradually away. One, who in the anguish of his wounds had thrown off his rider and was dying on the field, on hearing the report of a pistol 'sprang suddenly upon his feet, as if again to join, or enjoy, the battle; but his ardour not being seconded by strength, he fell again as if totally exhausted.' This splendid novelty, as Boaden considered it, was declared by the 'dramatic censor' to be a black epoch for ever:

> As the Mussulmen date their computation of years from the flight of Mahomet, so should the hordes of folly commence their register from the open flight of common sense on this memorable night when a whole troop of horses made their first appearance in character at C.G.T.

Another critic damned the manager for his lack of scruple in obtaining money at the expense of his official dignity. A third, stating that the dressing-rooms of the new company of comedians were under the orchestra, complained that in the first row of the

pit the stench was so abominable, 'one might as well have sitten in a stable.'

But the equestrian drama had come to stay. The place of *Blue Beard* was taken before the year was out by Monk Lewis's *Timour the Tartar*, which also prospered despite hisses and the exhibition in the pit of placards denouncing the horses, though these were not to blame for the involved plot about the long-lost shepherd's son, who returns as Chief of the Tartars to kill the king of his native land, imprison the heir to the throne and upset thoroughly his own father by such conduct, until the usual siege and capture of a castle right all wrongs. Between *Blue Beard* and *Timour* there was an 'equestrian and pedestrian spectacle' at Astley's in the summer. It was called *The Tyrant Saracen and the Noble Moor*, though the crew of a British privateer, ashore in the Bay of Algiers, is chiefly responsible for bringing Zulma (Mrs. Astley) back to the arms of her lover (Mr. Astley). Horses and men were seen 'expiring and dead in every direction' at the climax. After Christmas the Astleys went to old Philip's New Pavilion Theatre to perform *Baghvan-Ho; or, The Tartar Tartar'd*, but were outshone—according to George Frederick Cooke, who was amazed at the dullness of the piece—by the 'sagacious elephant,' whose tricks were introduced into the show. At Easter they reopened the amphitheatre with *Voorn the Tiger; or, The Horse Banditti*, whose ending was billed as 'The Castle in flames and horses enveloped therein.' Meanwhile, Colman had written a skit for the Haymarket, called *The Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh; or, The Rovers of Weimar*, in this strain:

> Dear Johnny Bull, you boast much resolution,
> With, thanks to Heaven, a glorious constitution;
> Your taste, recovered half from foreign quacks,
> Takes airings now on English horses' backs,
> While every modern bard may raise his name,
> If not on lasting praise, on stable fame.

But even if Colman's ridicule had taken effect, the military glories of the spring of 1812 enabled Astley's to bask in their reflection. First the amphitheatre staged *The Siege and Capture of Badajoz* and then *The Battle of Salamanca: The Town Major and Spanish Heroine*.

Thus the vogue grew, until in 1817 the stage of Astley's had again to be enlarged in mechanical scope. By a contrivance which drew back the flanking doors and the boxes (the proprietors') over them, as well as the frame of the proscenium, the opening was increased to 60 feet. Across the back of the stage massive platforms or floors, rising above each other, extended from wings to wings, in the guise of battlements, heights, bridges,

or mountains. Over them horsemen could gallop and skirmish, or a carriage, equal in size and weight to a mail-coach, could be driven. Yet they could be 'placed, and removed, in a short space of time.'

Among the first pieces written to suit the new conditions was *Peregrine Pickle; or, Hawser Trunnion on Horseback*, in 1818, which showed how, when Commodore Trunnion and Mrs. Grizzle are going to the church to be married, 'their horses join in the pursuit of the fox, the hounds following in full cry!'; and how the fox escapes by running along the railing of a bridge and getting upon a sack of flour which is drawn up to a mill. In 1819 Astley's contrived to open in the winter and was let for the season to W. Barrymore, the stage manager, famous for his flow of language. He staged *Richard Turpin*, with Bradbury, the clown, as Turpin and Mrs. Barrymore as the heroine. Some economy was evident later in *The Secret Mine* with the famous Gomersal, whom Colonel Newcome admired, as a rajah. Russian duck trousers and short black gaiters were scattered in rich profusion throughout all the processions, more especially on the legs of Persian spahis.

> Another odd peculiarity [a critic declared] was the inverse ratio observed in the length of the beards and the swords of the same soldiers. The swords were all on the peace establishment; the beards of dimensions which were extravagant.

In 1822, however, money was spent freely to cope with the rage for dramatic versions of *Life in London*, which inspired Sadler's Wells, the Surrey, and Astley's to stage pieces each called *Tom and Jerry* in imitation of other pieces at the Olympia and the Adelphi. In the scene of Epsom Races the version at Astley's boasted:

> post-chaises, gigs, tilburys, caravans, hackney coaches, carts, and four-in-hand barouches, all drawn by real horses—with gambling tables, pick-pockets, sweeps, piemen, beggars, and ballad-singers, and all the numerous and varied paraphernalia attended on these well-known scenes, concluding with a grand race between seven 'Bits of Blood' on extensive platforms taking in the whole width of the riding school.

Both the Theatres Royal were now set on supplying the public with real water and real horses. At Covent Garden in the autumn of 1823 *Cortez; or, The Conquest of Mexico*, exhibited the charge of cavalry which astonished the poor Mexicans, and in *The Cataract of the Ganges*, at Drury Lane the next spring, horses galloped through a burning forest and up a cataract.

At Covent Garden the troop employed was that of Andrew Ducrow, a Londoner by birth, who had just returned from a tour of France. At Easter he practically took command at Astley's, where he opened a new chapter of the equestrian drama's history by presenting J. H. Amherst's *The Battle of Waterloo*—not a dumb

spectacle, but a play. Napoleon was impersonated by Gomersal, concerning whom a'Beckett tells this story. At one of the play's numerous revivals the same horse was ridden first by Napoleon and then by Wellington. Suddenly, at its second appearance, a voice from the gallery asked, 'Where did you get that horse?' Entering on foot to address his army in the third scene, Gomersal put matters right with the words, 'But what I am most proud of in ye is, that by the prowess of your glorious arms ye have rescued from the hated thraldom of the bloodthirsty British soldiery my favourite charger, who has on so many occasions carried me—and ye—to victory.' He then produced the horse amid thunders of applause. This puts one in mind of what the author of *The Ingoldsby Legends* had to say of Astley's 'wars':

> What a fine thing a battle is!—not one of those
> Which one saw at the late Mr. Andrew Ducrow's,
> Where a dozen of scene-shifters, drawn up in rows,
> Would a dozen more scene-shifters boldly oppose,
> Taking great care their blows
> Did not injure their foes,
> And alike, same in colour and cut of their clothes,
> Which were varied, to give more effect to 'Tableaux,'
> While Stickney the Great
> Flung the gauntlet to Fate,
> And made us all tremble, so gallantly did he come
> On to encounter bold General Widdicombe—
> But a real good fight. . . .

In *Don Fernando Gomersalez*—from the Spanish of Astley's—Bon Gaultier describes in detail how Gomersal, as the Spanish knight, has been captured by the Moorish monarch, Al-Widdicomb, early in the play after leading the Christian army in a charge across the footlights. Since then he has been wasting in a dungeon, but now, to grace a Moslem feast, he is brought forth to fight the monarch's champions. Scarcely from tumultuous cheering can the galleried crowd refrain.

> But they feared the grizzly despot and his myrmidons in steel,
> So their sympathy descended in the fruitage of Seville.

In the first combat the Moor falls like a sack of turnips before the jeering clown. The second champion, after his saddle-girths have been adjusted by the ring-master, bounds through three blazing hoops, but is overcome just the same. Here the clown announces the appearance, in the *rôle* of the third Moorish champion, of the famous acrobat. Entering on five coursers, the chieftain ties himself in a knot so that his head appears between his thighs; he somersaults over the head of Don Fernando, and

catches him by the girdle, only to be stabbed by the Christian's dagger. After killing Al-Widdicomb, Don Fernando escapes:

> Speed thee, speed thee, Bavieca! speed thee faster than the wind!
> Life and freedom are before thee, deadly foes give chase behind!
> Speed thee up the sloping spring-board; o'er the bridge that spans the seas;
> Yonder gauzy moon will light thee through the grove of canvas trees.

But even Gomersal was outshone when, on April 4, 1831, Ducrow brought out a piece, with Cartlitch as the hero, on the subject of *Mazeppa and the Wild Horse; or, The Child of the Desert.* From its first performance it was destined to satisfy all that audiences could demand of the equestrian drama. Nothing, it was said, could surpass the magnificence of the getting up and costume, or the gorgeousness of the scenery. In *The Grand Arena of the Castle*, a tournament was introduced and combats maintained with 'an earnestness amounting to reality.' Mazeppa, bound to the wild steed 'with many a thong,' inspired terror. Amid masterly groupings the horse, bearing the helpless victim, gave a sudden plunge of fright and was seen, in the red glare of torchlights, tearing through a long defile of rocks. 'All the horrible accompaniments of the horse's flight,' including wolves, were depicted on a moving panorama. After Mazeppa's rescue by the Tartars of his father's tribe there was a 'grand review of the Tartar forces' before their departure for Poland. Then, agreeably to established custom, came 'all the horrors of battle, carnage, and confusion.'

There was an outcry when, at the Christmas of 1833, Ducrow returned to Drury Lane. Bunn, being manager of Covent Garden as well, was unwilling to pit pantomime against pantomime. Accordingly he contracted with Ducrow for the equestrian spectacle of *St. George and the Dragon; or, The Seven Champions of Christendom*, with Ducrow as St. George. His conduct of the rehearsals opened the manager's eyes. Bunn walked in one day when the 'supers' were being coached for the scene where the nuptials of the Princess are interrupted by a dismayed neatherd, bringing news that the sea serpent had been seen once again. Though Ducrow carefully explained how they should all rush to the feet of the Emperor, then to the Chancellor, then to the flaming altar of their gods, the Egyptians moved from one party to the other at a smart trot of happy unconcern. In a fever Ducrow arose, rushed hither and thither, and shouted:

> Look here, you damned fools! You should rush up to the King—that chap there—and say, 'Old fellow, the Dragon is come, and we're in a mess, and you must get us out of it.' The King says, 'Go to Brougham.' Then you shall all go up to Brougham, and he says, 'What the devil do

I know about a dragon? Go to your gods.' And your gods is that lump of tow burning on that bit of timber there.

Whatever the public thought of this 'most effective piece of pageantry,' a critic, 'who had the honour to yawn through it,' could only say in its praise that it was 'quite good enough for horses to paw, champ, and neigh to.' 'Insufferably tedious' and 'very inferior' were his other comments before winding up with:

> If we are to be imprisoned in these large houses until nearly one o'clock in the morning to see cast-off exhibitions from the minor theatres, we ought to be provided, at the expense of the management, with easy chairs and warm night-caps.

Bunn's reply to this was:

> Recollecting that the representation of Shakespeare's noblest plays by Mr. Kemble, Mr. Charles Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, had been supported by *Blue Beard* and *Timour the Tartar*, with Astley's whole stud of horses at Covent Garden Theatre, I could not see that I was so very much to blame.

Five years later he sinned again by presenting Ducrow at Drury Lane in *Charlemagne; or, The Moors in Spain*.

M. WILLSON DISHER.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE OBSEQUIES OF MR. WILLIAMS

To every reader of de Quincey's postscript to his essay *On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts*, which is a masterpiece of narrative and, to my mind, the finest 'horror' short story in English, the name of Mr. John Williams, producer of the Ratcliffe Highway murders, will assume immediate shape and substance. Nobody who has read that narrative can ever have forgotten it. Once you have read it, the word 'Ratcliffe' is never again the name of a place merely. For you it is charged with everything of the dark, the sinister, and the fearful; and at sight or hearing of the word, the power by which de Quincey quickened a ghastly East End murder into a piece of living literature will again heat your mind and re-create the figures and the story.

Reading and re-reading that postscript, I have been many times moved to go over the ground and locate the various points of the maraudings of Mr. Williams—the Pear Tree publichouse, where he lodged and where he left the proofs that condemned him, Marr's shop, Williamson's publichouse, and, particularly, the cross-road where he lies.

But I have had no key. I have known Ratcliffe Highway (now St. George Street) and the neighbouring streets these many years, and often, in wandering along them, have picked on this or that cross-road as his likely resting-place, and this or that old tavern as once the Pear Tree. The difficulty is not in finding a spot with what Ambrose Bierce called 'the suitable surroundings,' for the whole of this district, respectable as it is to-day, is thick with 'suitable surroundings.' Any one of a dozen places has the air of belonging to Mr. Williams and his affairs. It still, at night, has much in features and style that makes it classic setting for dreadful murder. The monstrous black stone wall of the London Dock that marks its beginning at East Smithfield, higher far than the walls of Pentonville or Dartmoor, sends deep shadows well along it; and the mannikin alleys that drop down to Pennington Street or pass northward into little closes, the craven shops (most of them as they were in 1811), the general litter and decay, the converted taverns (once crimping-dens, now mission-halls), the sparse lamplight, and the silence and loneliness imposed by the

vast territory of the dock and its waters—all these effuse an atmosphere that Mr. Williams would find little changed from his time. Except that now it is listless, and in his day it was anything but that. Looking at it now you feel that if it was—as we know it was—a street in form and feature much as it is to-day, then it was a street that must have *asked* for a grim story: it has that bearing. Mr. Williams gave it that story, and now it lies between breath and death. It is not dreadful in the sense of dread hovering; it is cadaverous with dread experienced.

So, moving about it at night, one might hazard, and by aspect and demeanour be justified in the hazard, that this was the Pear Tree, and that was the watch-house, and these cross-roads mark the end of that three weeks of horror that began on a Saturday midnight of December and ended on New Year's Eve, and, between those dates, spread far from Ratcliffe—spread, indeed, across England. But without the key it is useless. Once I had secured the key, I was able to locate the various spots; and the cross-roads, when I discovered them, were none of the cross-roads that I had picked upon.

De Quincey, marvellous artist in the handling of words and the clothing of them with his essence, was unconcerned, as an artist should be, with points that were not to his immediate purpose; and it is proof of the power of his narrative that he leaves the reader with a desire to know all points. He does tell us that the Marrs' shop was at No. 29 in the highway. This, though the numbering has been changed, I identified some time ago, and very markedly the ramshackle place fits the frightful scenes of which it was the setting. Of the scene of the second coup, when the Williamson family was exterminated, he says nothing, save that it was a publichouse, 'if not *in* Ratcliffe Highway, at any rate immediately round the corner.' With my key I was able to discover the full address of this house, and to see that it was useless. It was the King's Arms, 81, New Gravel Lane. To-day there is no King's Arms, and no 81, for that portion of New Gravel Lane is now bordered by the blank wall of the East Dock of the London Dock. On the location of that 'quadrivium or conflux of four roads' where Mr. Williams was laid to rest, with a stake driven through him, and where 'over him drives for ever the uproar of unresting London,' de Quincey is silent, as he is silent on the ceremony of interment; and, wanting a key, I could find no detail of evidence to stiffen any one of my conjectures.

And then the other day there came into my possession, in an 'odd lot,' two soiled newspapers, faded and foxed—London papers—and I was started once more on the fascinating business of checking and annotating that postscript. In my paper I

found two columns—a 'follow-up' on the late horrid and unparalleled murders in Ratcliffe—and I now know the precise spot where lie the remains of the supreme artist in his calling; the man who inspired a greater piece of literature than did any of his more famous and romanticised fellows—Dick Turpin, Eugene Aram, Sweeney Todd, Jack Sheppard, Deacon Brodie.

De Quincey, as I say, omitted facts that were not essential to his atmosphere, but he was sometimes casual with the facts that he did handle. The tone of his narrative suggests that he was writing from memory, and here and there his memory deceived him. Certainly it deceived him in one point—namely, the year of the murders. He gives the date as December *1812*; my paper is dated *1811*. The first murder was committed at midnight, December 7-8, 1811, the second on December 20; and before the year 1812 was born Mr. Williams was under the crossroads. Other small points I have noted where he is using either baseless gossip or ill-remembered statements read at the time.

He tells us that Marr had a little business in which he had invested his savings of 180*l.*, and that he was in difficulties—that business was bad and that bills were falling due. My report, stressing the fact that the murderer-robbers (*sic*) must have been disturbed by the return of the servant before they could get at the money, states that a cash-box containing 152*l.* in cash was left untouched, besides a good deal of loose money in Marr's pockets; 152*l.* in cash on a 180*l.* business does not sound like pending bankruptcy.

De Quincey describes Williams as a man of the middle height, with *lemon*-coloured hair, and a face at all times of a 'bloodless ghastly pallor.' The reporter who was present at the examination describes him as a man of nearly six feet, of *fresh* complexion and with *sandy* hair.

De Quincey says that his manners were distinguished by exquisite suavity. Landladies and other witnesses speak repeatedly of his fighting habits; and a shipmate states that the captain of the *Roxburgh Castle*, Indiaman, on which Williams was employed, had observed, by way of comment on his general fractious character, that next time Williams went ashore he would surely be hanged. (His stay ashore in December 1811 *was* the next time.)

My paper tells me that the Williamsons' granddaughter was fourteen, not nine, as de Quincey states; and where he got the *foundation* for his description of the young journeyman's desperate endeavours to save his little playmate, the granddaughter, I do not know. From the examination it is clear that the young lodger, John Turner, was not on that occasion a hero. There *was* a hero, but de Quincey does not name him. The truth is, John

Turner ran away; and, remembering the circumstance of sudden midnight awakening, brain and resolution inactive, and the cry from below of 'Murder,' and the long-drawn horror that had held the district for twelve days, who can blame him? He ran away, and ran into the arms of the real hero. The bravest act performed in those uneasy nights put into shadow the act of the pawnbroker who first entered the Marrs' shop. At that time murder was not thought of, whereas now the murder of the Marrs was a fact. The unknown murderer of the Marrs, who had by now clothed himself in a superstitious legend of demonism and invulnerability, was believed to be the monster *now in the house and slaughtering the Williamsons* when as brave an act as ever was performed by man was performed, not by the fleeing young lodger, but by an aged night-watchman, George Fox. He it was who caught the lodger in his arms as he slid down his rope of sheets; he it was who sent for a crowbar, broke open the door, and first entered that house of blood to search for the unearthly and all-powerful butcher.

Turner's story is that he was awakened by a cry. He stole downstairs and saw a man in a shabby bearskin coat stooping over the battered body of Mrs. Williamson, which lay by the fireside. He waited to see no more, but ran upstairs, intending to escape by the roof. In his fright, he says, he could not find the trap-door in the roof. He therefore flew to his room, and, tying the sheets and blankets of his bed together, he slipped them round the bedpost and descended through the window. (No word, you see, of his landlord's granddaughter.) It was George Fox (the only tribute my reporter pays him is to say that 'with great resolution' he entered the house) who discovered *her* and carried her to safety, and she was not, as de Quincey says, preserved from all knowledge of the dreadful events: with the lodger and the night-watchman she was examined by the Shadwell magistrates at an early hour in the morning.

Only by a study of the contemporary reports of these butcheries does one realise what masterpieces they were, and how surely they must have caught the imagination and drawn upon themselves the glow of the bizarre and imperially purple genius of the opium-eater. Masterpieces they were in their wholesale character (seven people in two homes); in the choice of setting (accidental, but then the perfecting stroke of the artist is often accidental), in their timing (winter midnight), and in (another accident) the striking names of the people concerned either in the fact or after its accomplishment. These last have the air of having been deliberately devised by a romancer using the weight of names to 'point' his story. De Quincey cannot have known—or, if he once knew, had forgotten—these names. Otherwise the

postscript would be longer by a page—a fine dark page on the nomenclature of calamities. He speaks only of 'Mr. and Mrs. Marr,' 'Mr. and Mrs. Williamson,' and 'Mr. Williams.' Here is a list of the names of those concerned: *Timothy Marr, Margaret Jewell, Jack Cahill, Susan Hoare, Michael Cathperson, John Frederick Richter, Reuben Stroud, Sylvester Driscoll, Thomas Dienon, Mrs. Vermillon.*

In the name of the Elephant and Castle and all right melodrama, were ever such names brought together in such a story? And, on top of them, with a stroke of that blind irony that belongs to the calamities of daily life, comes the villain, wearing the homespun name of *John Williams.*

But happily—for it is against all the law of poetics and all the occultism of names that anyone named John Williams *could* have committed these outrages—happily we are saved from the bite of this irony, and fitness is vindicated. De Quincey maintains him and his crimes in the name of John Williams, but I have discovered that he had no right to that name. His true name was never discovered, but he was known to be passing under an alias, and, despite all illustrated handbills and advertised descriptions calling for his relatives, no relatives came forward. He was an Irishman, and a glance through the names suggests that the name for him, suitable both to his private and dramatic character, would be that of an innocent suspect, Sylvester Driscoll. Surely a man with that name, or with the name of Vermillon, was born to be hanged. Doubtless the name of Williams was assumed without much deliberation for its common and unobtrusive air. Your inept criminal always thinks that he can escape by hiding, and always, when changing his name, makes the mistake of choosing a pattern a little *too* plain, a little *too* insistent on the workaday. He will register at hotels as William Smith or Charles Brown—names that by their very simplicity arouse suspicion. The expert knows better: he registers as Philip Ponsonby or Hilary Blenheim or Victor St. Albans, and, by openly claiming attention, disarms it.

Yet it may be possible, so charged is this tale with poetic fitness, that he took it deliberately, from some playful memory of that other midnight prowler of twenty years before him—Williams the Monster, forerunner, 1786-90, of Jack the Ripper. And perhaps this Williams, too, in his turn, took the honest cloak of 'Williams' to muffle the sinister syllables of a name that whispered his true character. I hope so, for in general the plain English names have been undarkened by the shadow of the scaffold. True, we have had William Palmer and George Frederick Smith, but never anything so downright and breezy as John Williams or Harry Brown or Charlie Robinson. There is a norm in these

matters, and the names generally run true. Repeat them to yourself—Crippen, Deeming, Neil Cream, Milsom, Peace, Lefroy, Muller, Dougall, d'Onston, Thurtell, Brownrigg. If you were shown that list, would you for a moment believe that it was a list of the British Cabinet or a cricket eleven? (Note, by the way, the repetition of letters—Deeming—two e's; Milsom—two m's; Crippen—two p's; Muller, Dougall, Thurtell—two l's; d'Onston—two n's; Brownrigg—two g's; and Aram—two a's; Sheppard—two p's; Todd—two d's; Manning—two n's.)

Not only in the æsthetic harmony of style, setting, and *dramatis personæ* were the exploits of this illiterate assassin marked from ordinary murders, as though he were, indeed, as de Quincey apostrophises him, directed from hell: there is also a curious fatality of dates. He began work on December 8, when his neighbours were thinking joyfully of coming Christmas parties. He was arrested on Christmas Eve. He died on Boxing Day. He was dragged to his grave on New Year's Eve. He set his festival of blood in that season when London was observing the festival of goodwill, and the stages of his end are marked by the very days that are the high days of that season.

His arrest was made on December 24; and a very casual arrest it was, for he was but one among many. At the moment of arresting him they did not know whom they had secured, for at that time, in Ratcliffe and Shadwell, they were arresting everybody who had any air of the vagrant. On the morning following the murder of the Marrs five Portuguese sailors were detained. On December 20, a few hours after the discovery of the Williamson murders, Sylvester Driscoll was arrested, simply because the Williamsons had kept a publichouse, and Mr. Driscoll was carrying under his coat four bottles of spirit which he appeared anxious to conceal from the constables. His story, that he was 'just laying in a little drop' as usual before the holidays, was found to be true, but only after the police had proved upon him that he had 'laid it in' from the warehouses of the London Docks. On December 23 a man named Cahill was arrested at Marlborough, Wiltshire, and brought to London. He was a tall man, with sandy hair and whiskers, and spoke with a strong Irish accent. In many details he answered the description of the man seen by John Turner bending over the body of Mrs. Williamson, and by two witnesses, during the evening of the night of the murders, lurking in the passages of the Williamsons' tavern. To help matters forward he volunteered that he had lately worked for a Mr. Williamson in a street near Ratcliffe Highway; and, having led the magistrates well up the garden, he sat back to await developments. But when developments came he changed his mood. W[illegible] after witness came forward to identify him

as the man seen lurking about the passages of the King's Arms, and as a man who slept the night before at a house near New Crane Wharf, then, as he saw the rope swinging towards him, came an outburst of injured innocence. The witnesses were liars, and he was a liar. He had but once been in London, and then only for a few hours. He had never worked in Ratcliffe—never been to Ratcliffe. He could bring landlord and landlady from the country to prove that at ten o'clock on the night of both murders he was asleep in their house. He had made the statement about working for the Williamsons in the hope of concealing his true case—that of a deserter who was wanted at Reading Barracks by the Army.

Arrests were made every day, but on December 24, among five suspected persons presented to the magistrates for examination, was one John Williams, a seafaring man. He, too, answered the description of the tall man with sandy hair seen by John Turner; and as various points about him were brought out the magistrates saw that they were, with this man, 'warmer' than they had yet been. He had no friends to back his story, and he was an unsatisfactory witness, giving laboured explanations and ignoring some of the questions put to him. On his own admission he had spent the fatal Thursday evening in the bar of the Williamsons' house, as he often did. On the evidence of others, he had been seen going from his lodgings to the King's Arms at about eleven o'clock; he did not return to his lodgings until one o'clock, and on the day following he sent to his laundress a shirt much torn and stained with blood.

He was remanded until December 27 for further examination. On the morning of December 27, when the magistrates assembled at Shadwell police office, the officer sent to Coldbath Fields to bring Williams before them in safe custody brought them the news that a few hours earlier he had hanged himself in his cell (by his neck-cloth, not by his braces). By this they knew that they had secured *one* of the murderers. Not until ten days later did they surely know that there was no more than one.

That Williams had intended self-destruction after perceiving the magistrates' attitude towards him, through their questions, may be inferred from the evidence of the gaoler of the watch-house. In Williams' pocket, after his death, was found a piece of iron hoop, sufficiently sharp, if properly used, to inflict a mortal wound. This piece of hoop was not found upon him when he was arrested, nor when he was lodged in a temporary lock-up at the Liebeck's Head publichouse opposite the Shadwell police office. After the examination he was ordered, for greater security, to the new House of Correction at Coldbath Fields, and apparently, on arriving there, was not searched. An inspection of the room at

the Liebeck's Head showed that part of the iron pillar that supported the roof of the room had been broken away, and the part found upon the body of Williams precisely fitted the fracture. Apparently it was his intention to put an end to his life in that room with that instrument, but on being taken to Coldbath Fields he changed his plans. The room at the Liebeck's Head had no fittings; the cell at Coldbath Fields was conveniently fitted with an iron girder over which prisoners could throw their clothes. It may be that he found the piece of iron hoop not sharp enough for his purpose; it may be that he felt that hanging would be cleaner. Whatever his motive for changing his plan, he did change it and did hang himself.

He saw that it was the end, and he thought to cheat the law. So far as his conscious self was concerned, he did cheat it. Had he abided the natural course, he would have been plainly hanged and simply buried. Hanging, by other hands than his own, he escaped; but by his act he brought upon his body and upon his name such abomination and obloquy as has seldom, if ever, been visited upon a criminal. But did he, perhaps, in his ignorant vanity—for vain and fastidious in many things he was—did he desire and, by this act, ensure a public interment? That we do not know, but we do know that a public interment he had, dressed in every circumstance of contumely.

I have studied many records of crime and punishment of the past, but, ghastly as these are, they do not, to my mind, approach in ghastliness the interment of John Williams. Monster he was, but he paid for his crimes on this earth by self-destruction, and to us to-day that appears to be as full punishment as this earth can exact. But not to 1811. John Williams was dead, but he had left a carcase behind him. One would think that a carcase, even of a monster, might be held to be beyond the visitation of man's wrath; but it was not. The howl of vengeance that had gone up while he was yet living and free made itself manifest in solemn horrors upon his body captive and dead.

Tyburn hangings, cart-tail floggings of men, Bridewell floggings of women, Smithfield burnings—these do not invest the imagination with more of horror than a certain procession on New Year's Eve, 1811, through four little back streets of East London. The details of these obsequies of John Williams beat upon the mind with the hammer-beats of the burden of Meredith's Nuptials of Attila.

At ten o'clock on the night of December 30 four men went from Ratcliffe Highway to Coldbath Fields, and there demanded delivery of the body of John Williams. They were the high constable of the parish and his deputy, the tax-collector, and a [illegible]. On production of the body the high constable,

the tax-collector, and the regular constable, considering their duty done, entered a hackney coach and went home. To the deputy was left the task of following them in a separate coach, alone with the corpse, across the midnight streets of London from Clerkenwell to Shadwell. Deputy and body arrived at the watch-house, at the bottom of Ship Alley, shortly after midnight, when the deputy's duty, too, was done, and constables came from the watch-house and carried the body from the coach to a cellar of the watch-house called the Black Hole. There it remained all night.

At nine o'clock in the morning the interment began with that form and pageantry that is reserved for the interment of the great—it differed only in its attendant details. Around the outside of the watch-house gathered the high constable and his staff, and soon after nine o'clock arrived a cart that had been expressly made as the bier of John Williams. It had been made with the purpose of giving the greatest possible exposure to the body and the face. The floor of the cart was low on the wheels and without sides. Over the floor a slanting platform had been built. When the body was brought from the Black Hole it was placed upon this inclined platform, with the head towards the horse, so elevated as to be fully exposed. Ropes were passed under the arms and fastened to the driver's seat. The body was dressed in a pair of blue cloth pantaloons and white shirt. It was without coat or waistcoat, and the sleeves of the shirt were rolled well back. Around the neck was loosely strung the scarf by which he had ended his life. My report tells me that the face was fresh and unmarked, but that there were livid spots upon the arms. From the general appearance he would have been about thirty years of age. When the body was secured, the programme of burying a great artist was followed by placing upon the bier his palette and brushes. To the right of the head was tied the mall by which the Marrs were murdered. To the left was fixed the ripping-chisel and iron crow employed upon the Williamsons. Above the head was laid the stake that was to be driven through the body.

At half-past ten the procession had formed and began to move. It was led by a body of the principal parish officers, mounted on grey horses—the deputy constable, the tax-collector, and four other officers. Behind these came a troop of constables, head-boroughs and patrols of St. George's with drawn cutlasses. Behind these came the beadle of St. George's, in his dress of office, and the high constable. Here followed the cart with the body, behind that a full troop of constables and watchmen, and behind *them*, as you may imagine, 'an immense cavalcade of the [illegible] of [illegible] two [illegible].' Nev[illegible] before, or since, I

suppose, have those narrow streets held such a close-set mass of people. My paper estimates that fully ten thousand people were present.

The procession moved slowly eastward down the highway, and on arriving opposite the shop of the Marrs it halted for ten minutes. If you have ever seen Ratcliffe Highway (or St. George Street) the scene will present itself clearly to the eye, for, save for the extension of the dock, and a rebuilt shop here and there, the street to-day is, as I have said, what it was on that December morning of 1811. Every shop in the little street was shuttered. Every ground-floor window was curtained, and every upstair window filled with heads. Pavements and alley-mouths were thronged with the mixed crowd that still belongs to the district—the local workpeople, Chinese, Lascars, negroes, Scandinavians. A December morning in that river district, we may surmise, would be grey and damp. Daylight, indeed, in those down-river stretches can be, and often is, positively ashen. In that ashen light, then, through the mean streets of the dockside comes, slowly and almost in silence, save for an occasional muttered oath, that cart with its dreadful burden—a wan, half-naked corpse dragged through a corridor of wan life, point by point through the very streets where it had trod in life and where it had robbed the innocent of life.

From the Marrs' shop the cart was led down Old Gravel Lane, through New Market Street, along Wapping High Street, and up New Gravel Lane. There, outside the King's Arms, the home of the Williamsons, it again halted for ten minutes. During these ten minutes the spectacle, terrible as it was, was heightened by a touch of the macabre and grisly that even Williams himself, had he lived to perfect his art, could not have surpassed. In the silence—that tremendous silence of a multitude centred on one thing, a silence far keener than the silence of an empty countryside—a hackney-coachman, who had halted his coach near the top of the lane, looked down, bent from his seat, uncurled his whip, and with a sharp curse sent across the dead face three short-arm lashes.

The procession now re-entered Ratcliffe Highway, and turned up Cannon Street to the Turnpike Gate, where four roads met—namely, the new road to Whitechapel, the road into Sun Tavern Fields, the road to Wellclose Square, and Cannon Street. (This is the direction given by my paper.) Outside the Turnpike House a hole about four feet deep, three feet long, and two feet wide had been dug. It was purposely so dug to these measurements that the body should not be laid at full length. At half-past twelve precisely the body was pushed from the inclined platform and crammed neck and heels into the hole. Immediately

that was done the stake was driven through the body, and on the last blow of the mallet the crowd, so long bound in silence by the grotesque pomp of the affair, broke into a frenzy of groans and shouts that lasted many minutes. The officers waited to see the hole filled in and rammed down; then all who had formed the procession dispersed their several ways.

For some days I could not locate this 'new road to Whitechapel' and Sun Tavern Fields and the Turnpike Gate, but with the help of old maps I have found it. The Cannon Street mentioned is now Cannon Street Road, which runs to Commercial Road East. The road to Sun Tavern Fields (now built over) and Wellclose Square is Cable Street. Cable Street runs alongside the London, Tilbury and Southend Railway. It is lined with warehouses and goods yards. It is paved with stone setts, and is one of the busiest streets of East London. Day and night iron-wheeled lorries, horse and motor, grind across these setts in and out of the goods yards and down to the docks; and it is here, precisely in the centre of the roadway, where Cannon Street Road crosses Cable Street, that Mr. Williams lies; and here, as de Quincey said, with more truth than in 1854 he knew—here 'over him drives for ever the uproar of unresting London!'

THOMAS BURKE.

LIFE IN THE STARS

USUALLY we think only of our own planet when we discuss evolution and the origin of man. But suppose we thought more of the universe as a whole, would not some of our difficulties disappear? Would not science and religion cease to look askance at one another? Might they not even become close friends and allies, greatly helping one another?

Mr. Bonner in his article 'The Case against "Evolution"' in the last number of this Review said that the teaching of Christianity and the present-day teaching of evolution are fundamentally incompatible. Perhaps he meant the emphasis to be put on the words 'Christianity' and 'present-day.' For surely the teaching of the great *Founder* of Christianity and the *proper* teaching of evolution are not incompatible, but marvellously corroborate one another? Jesus taught that the fundamental principle on which the world is governed is the principle of Love. His whole teaching was nothing else than an enforcement of this principle of an all-embracing yet discriminating love. And the proper teaching of evolution will assuredly follow the same lines. It will be found that the ultimate cause of evolution—the ultimate compelling motive of the whole process—is the power of an all-embracing yet discriminating love—a love such as France or England or any other country shows when she loves *all* her sons and protects them, cares for their upbringing, looks after their health, and provides for them in old age, yet also discriminates among them—*selects*—selects the most worthy, selects for her special love those who have loved her most and have most devotedly served her. And this love may be the essentially creative power in the universe. It may create higher and higher beings as the love which France or England shows her sons creates love for her in them—creates men with deeper and deeper love for her, creates nobler and nobler Englishmen or Frenchmen.

As Mr. Bonner so rightly insists, the lower cannot by itself alone produce the higher. It is to the higher that we must look for the ultimate cause of evolution—to the higher and the highest. The origin of man may indeed be traced back to the animals, back to the amœbæ; back further still, back to the sun. But we must

not stop even there. We must go back to the whole universe and ultimately to that Supreme Self of which the visible universe is only the outward embodiment. It is in the universe as a whole that we must seek the ultimate origin of man. We must consider the question of evolution from the point of view of the entire stellar universe as well as of this tiny planet.

This Dr. Jeans in articles in this Review has helped us to do. But only so far as the physical universe is concerned—only as regards the body of the universe, not as regards the soul. As an astronomer he does not concern himself with more than that. And he has plenty of work to do in his own sphere, and has done it so supremely well that we have no right to expect more of him. But it is our due to him that we who are not engaged in the arduous work of astronomy should make full use and profit of the labours of astronomers. This, in my own small measure, I have been trying to do for many years. For stars have always had a peculiar fascination for me. And how we are connected with them has been a problem which has long attracted me.

Not everyone has the good fortune that I had to live among the stars night after night in the young and impressionable years of his life, and so get to feel a part of them, and come to look upon the universe from a universal point of view. It is not surprising, therefore, that when I wrote a book on *Life in the Stars*, in which I not only stated my quite definite conclusion that on some planets of some stars beings higher than ourselves must exist, and on one a World-Leader who would be the supreme embodiment of the Eternal Spirit which animates the universe, this should be thought by many to be an 'idle speculation,' a 'phantasy,' a 'mere suggestion.' These critics would admit that nowadays nearly everyone would vaguely conjecture that there may be intelligent beings elsewhere in the universe than on this earth. But they would not allow one to go further than a mere conjecture. Anything beyond would be idle speculation.

But what I have the temerity to maintain is that the idea of higher beings in the stars is not mere *idle* speculation, and is not even mere *speculation*. That there are higher beings and a highest being on the planets of stars is to me no conjecture. It appears to me to be the logical implication from the facts revealed by science.

Our philosophy and our religion arose when the stars were believed to be only points of light. And the discoveries of science have been descending on us in such a torrent that we have scarcely yet had breathing space in which to assimilate and digest them. So neither philosophy nor religion have yet taken sufficiently into account the new conception of the physical universe —the *organic* conception—revealed by astronomy and physics,

and especially emphasised by Dr. A. N. Whitehead. But one philosopher, at least, Dr. Turner, in two recent books [1] has deliberately adopted the method of taking the outstanding characteristics of the universe which have now been discovered by modern science, and from these data logically establishing certain definite conclusions. And these conclusions, as we shall see later, are of great significance in our present inquiry.

What is the first great fact about the universe which is germane to this inquiry? It is the incredible *number* of the stars. When I first wrote about this problem thirty years ago the number then computed was in the order of *hundreds* of millions. When I began to write my present book the number had risen to roughly five thousand million. And before I had finished it the number had still further risen to the order of twenty thousand million stars.

Now when the plain man is told that there are stars in such stupendous numbers, and when he is also told, as the astronomers now tell us, that our particular star, the sun, occupies no specially favoured position in the universe, but is just an ordinary star among three millions of others derived from the same nebula—larger than some, smaller than others, hotter than some, colder than others, older than some, younger than others—and when he is told further that this nebula is only one of many thousands, he draws the very natural inference that it is extremely unlikely that we on our little speck of a planet should be the highest beings that exist in the whole of this incredibly vast universe.

But astronomy is disposed to cavil at this inference. At one time it was thought that stars as they rapidly rotated whisked off portions which cooled and developed into planets. Planets, on this hypothesis, would therefore be quite usual accompaniments of stars. There would be millions of planets all over the universe, and some of these might well be suitable abodes of life. Nowadays, however, a different theory holds the field. This is the 'collision' theory. According to it a planet like our earth has come into being through a star passing so close to our sun as to produce great tides in the sun till fragments were pulled away from it altogether, yet under its attraction continued to revolve round it. But it is only very rarely that two stars would chance to pass so close to each other. So it would only very rarely be the case that a star would be accompanied by a planet. And still more rarely that such a planet would be a suitable abode of life. And most rarely of all, that it would be the abode of life higher than ours.

The chances—if we allow astronomy and chance the last word in the matter—are almost overwhelmingly against the view that

[1] *Personality and Reality* and *The Nature of Deity*: George Allen & Unwin.

higher beings exist. But what if the universe is not ruled by chance, but by purpose? That would put an entirely different complexion on the whole subject. What if it was not by chance, but on purpose, that our star and another approached each other? The mere suggestion is enough to cause a shock. Yet it is only suggesting that what happens on a small scale in our garden may happen on a big scale in the stellar universe. We see trees in our garden. The topmost twigs of these trees are composed of particles of matter from the ground. How did those particles of the soil get there? How did they reach a position many feet above the level of the ground in spite of all the law of gravitation? Was it by chance, or on purpose? To suggest that it is by a pure fluke that the particles of soil in a forest are raised 100 feet in the air would be far more unreasonable than to suggest that they reached their present position in accordance with some purpose. And to maintain that it is only by chance that stars approach one another may prove to be equally unreasonable. There need be no infringement of the law of gravitation any more in the one case than the other. But another and more dominant factor may impose itself over and above the law of gravitation. We know in the case of the forest that the germ of life in the acorns and other tree seeds acted on the particles of the soil and with the aid of sunlight lifted them high above the ground level. The law of gravitation was not broken. But another and more powerful and purposeful factor—life—came in and overruled it.

So may it be in the stellar universe. The universe may be *alive*. The stars may be governed in their motions not only by the law of gravitation, but by the laws of life and of mind. In that case it would not be by chance, but in accordance with some purpose, that stars would approach one another sufficiently close for planets to be formed on which life might flourish. Have we any grounds for supposing that the universe *is* alive, and is actuated by purpose?

Philosophers for centuries have been saying that the universe is essentially spiritual and purposeful. But scientific men pay very little attention to philosophy. They confine themselves within certain self-imposed limits. And they are very much disposed to think that anything beyond those limits is not worth troubling about. They observe changes and trace the causes of those changes—but only the *proximate* causes. If in tracing those causes they found themselves nearing mind and purpose they would stop and say that this was beyond them. This was a matter for philosophy. But very often they would say this with such an air as to give the impression to outsiders that it was a matter of no very great consequence: they had to deal with hard facts, and not with airy speculations which led to nowhere. Yet

all the time philosophy may be able to supply them with a most real and solid foundation for all their work. It may be able to supply them with the ultimate cause of all causation.

Astronomy has accomplished wonders in increasing our knowledge of the size and constitution of the *physical* universe. But we ought no more to go to an astronomer for knowledge about the essential nature of the universe than we should go to a physiologist for knowledge of the essential nature of the astronomer. The astronomer deals with the *body* of the universe as the physiologist deals with the *body* of the man. To know the *real* man we go to one who has had a wide experience of life and who could form a good judgment on the main actuating motives of the man. And to know the *real* universe we go to philosophers who have been studying, not so much its body, but its inner actuating motives—if it has any. From them we should be able to find out whether or not the universe afforded any evidence of being something more than being a gigantic *body*—any evidence of having a purpose running through it, and, if a purpose, *what* purpose.

To answer this question philosophers look at the facts as science presents them, recognise their true significance and draw out from them their fullest possible logical implications. What astronomy and physics show us is a universe which both as a whole and in every minutest component part is a mechanism of incredible subtlety, delicacy, intricacy and complexity—and a *self-acting* mechanism. Every one of those twenty thousand million stars, as well as the nebulæ of fiery, highly tenuous gas from which they were formed, as well as the planets, and as well as our own bodies, are made of atoms, each one of which is a highly complicated and self-active piece of mechanism. And the lot are connected together in one whole. The fact that light reaches us from the most distant star is enough to show that. Moreover, the physical universe, besides being one vast, unbelievably complicated, and intricate piece of self-acting mechanism—like a watch on the most stupendous scale and of the most marvellous make—is also a self-*evolving* mechanism.

An inference which is often drawn from this great fact is that there is no place for mind in the universe. The universe is a mechanism and nothing more. And here it is that Dr. Turner's work proves so useful. The perfect mechanism of the material world does not, in his view, logically imply the total *absence* of a directive mind. Such a conclusion he considers to be radically fallacious, simply because it omits from consideration the equally logical alternative inference from the given premises—namely, that a dominant mind may be related to the mechanism but concealed by that very mechanism itself, concealed by the very perfection of the mechanism. And as the final result of his

long argument he concludes that 'the mechanical yet evolving character of the material world not merely suggests but *necessarily implies* (the italics are his own) as its ultimate cause, the evolution of ideas in an adequately dominant mind.' It logically necessitates the real existence of a single self which is supreme as regards the world and its human inhabitants; and by Supreme he means absolute dominance, and by Self he means some type of personality which may quite literally be regarded as infinitely above human personality.

And this conclusion, drawn by a philosopher from the facts presented by science, has an important bearing upon the question before us. It means that at the ultimate source of things is a dominant Personality with a purpose in mind and power to bring that purpose into effect. This conclusion coincides with that reached by many other present-day philosophers by other methods. And the same conclusion has been expressed by Archbishop D'Arcy in his *Science and Creation.*

> The unity of creation, both inorganic and organic, and the order which can be discerned throughout the whole, can only be explained by the activity of a great Universal Intelligence, the nature of which can be more clearly indicated by man's inner conscious life than by any other principle known to us. . . . The one principle which can truly illuminate the darkness is that of a Supreme Universal Intelligence permeating and controllin the course of evolution—an intelligence compared with which our greatest minds are as nothing.

We have still, however, to inquire what is the nature of that mind—that Supreme Self—which dominates this self-directing and self-evolving mechanism of the universe and what purpose it has in view. And we shall discover this by observing what has taken place in our solar system, what takes place in ourselves, and what takes place in the highest beings who have yet appeared on this planet. From what has occurred here we shall be able to infer something of the fundamental nature of the universe as a whole, and consequently the nature and purpose of that Supreme Self of which the universe is a manifestation. And then from the nature of the Whole, and of the purpose which governs it, we shall be able to infer much of what must be happening in parts of the universe which lie far outside our own particular solar system—just as an intelligent cell in one part of our body might argue that it bore on it the impress of our personality as a whole and afforded some indication, therefore, of what might be taking place in other parts of us. The intelligent cell might have to argue that our personality far transcended anything he could imagine; but it would be right in supposing that it carried on it some of our main characteristics—a germ cell indeed carrying on

it such minute characteristics as the colour of our eyes—and could therefore infer with some certainty the general character of what was happening in other parts of our body.

What, then, does science tell us has happened on this solar system? It tells us this—that the sun is about seven million million years old and may burn on till it is about a hundred million million years of age. Our earth and the other planets are pieces pulled off from it by the attraction of a passing star. In the course of time our earth cooled and solidified. About a thousand or two thousand million years ago life, in its very simplest form of microscopic specks of protoplasm, appeared. And from these simple origins higher and higher forms of life developed, till about a million years ago man appeared and about ten thousand years ago civilisation. The result to date is what we see all around us on this earth—including those wonderful scientific men who have made the astounding discovery of these happenings.

And if we want to know what is the real nature of that whole of which the solar system is a part and what it is driving at, what purpose it is striving to achieve, we would naturally look to the *highest* products of this long evolution of the solar system—we would naturally look to our highest men. They having sprung from the solar system, which has itself sprung from the stellar universe, must bear the impress of the whole strongly marked upon them. They must have arisen as the result of *the response of the solar system through thousands of millions of years to stimuli from the universe as a whole.* They must be steeped in the nature and purpose of the universe as a whole, and must most fully express and manifest what is in the heart of the whole. From studying them, therefore, we shall obviously get our best conception of that Supreme Self which is governing and directing the whole world-process and of what It is driving at—what purpose It has in view. The highest being who has been produced here will be an index or indication of what is the end of that purpose.

Now the highest being who has yet appeared on earth is unquestionably the Founder of Christianity. He was of such an exquisitely sensitive nature that he was able to respond to the most delicate spiritual impressions. And he was so perfect an artist that he was able to express those impressions in a way that others—though still only very imperfectly—could understand. Great poets, like Dante, have also had this faculty in a high degree. And what these have felt—and what we ordinary men to some extent feel—is a strong drive within us towards a higher and higher perfection, towards what Jesus described as the kingdom of God. And out of this has sprung a passionate love of all that is most lovely, most loving, most lovable and most true—something infinitely more than a mere correctitude of

behaviour, though it includes it as a necessary part—something which puts us into closest kinship with all living beings and fills us with an overwhelming desire to make them also see the truth and share the joy. And these highest beings have had the feeling of partaking of the nature of the Supreme Power in the universe. 'I and my Father are one,' said Jesus.

Thus Jesus represented and revealed the true nature and purpose of the Supreme Power which is creating and directing the universe, though this tremendous circumstance has been astonishingly neglected by both science and philosophy.

And through him we discover what must be the essential nature of that Supreme Self who is everlastingly operative throughout the universe, throughout ourselves, throughout the earth, throughout the solar system, throughout the entire stellar universe.

And the purpose of the Supreme Self is, in Dr. Turner's view, 'the creation of Beings capable of becoming more and more akin to Himself.' And this purpose, he says, 'is sustained by the same motive, in principle, as that which impels the artist to create—that is the insuppressible desire for objects which can yield him more or less permanent satisfaction and so be worthy of his love.'

If this be so, it would seem to follow, so I would say, that in other parts of the universe besides this earth the Supreme Self must have created beings at least as much akin to Itself as we ordinary men are, and that in some parts It must have created beings still higher ; and in one planet of one star a Being who was completely akin to Itself—what I have called a World-Leader.

And it must have been through the spiritual influences emanating from these higher beings and conveyed on vibrations of the ether, as light is conveyed from the sun and stars, and as music is borne on the ether by 'wireless,' that the evolution of man from the sun took place. *The stimuli from the whole in response to which the solar system developed till man arose must have issued from these higher beings living on planets of stars.*

This appears to me to be what the facts of science and what our own experience on this planet logically imply. Not only may there be, but there must be, higher beings than ourselves on planets of some stars.

Can we safely go further than this ? Can we form any idea in our minds of what these higher beings and this highest being must be like ? Undoubtedly we can. And it will be no more pure conjecture than are the calculations of physicists and mathematicians as to what happens in the interior of an atom and in the interior of a star. From observations of happenings in the laboratory these scientists are able to infer what must be happening inside a star. And, from observations of what is happening in

life on this earth, men of high sensitivity of soul should be able to infer what is happening on the outside of the planets of stars. What is the precise bodily form of these higher beings would, of course, be a matter of pure conjecture. But the outward form is not the important thing about them. The important thing is their essential nature. And about this we can form certain quite definite conclusions.

For these beings must be derived from the same common world that we ourselves derive from. They must be subject to the same fundamental universal laws that govern us. They must be born, grow up, marry, die as do all higher living beings. They must associate together and develop social qualities. They must be capable of suffering pain and committing evil, or they could never rise in the scale of being. Their intellects must be highly developed, their knowledge of this common world, of the laws which govern it and of the forces at work in it, must be vastly greater than ours. They must consequently be able to fashion materials to their own ends and to utilise the forces of Nature to much greater purpose than we can. But it would be not in intellect and knowledge that they would chiefly excel. It must be in *sensitivity and responsiveness of soul.* This greater sensitivity may cause them greater agony of soul. But this very agony would make them highly impressionable. They must be peculiarly receptive to the most delicate impressions raining in upon them from the spiritual world about them, and peculiarly responsive to them. And, judging by what we know of that Highest Being who has appeared on this earth, they must be specially open to the inrush of the Mighty Spirit of that common world to which both they and we belong. They must have experience of that Holy Spirit just as we do, but in far higher degree. But they must be better able both to endure it and to express it. And they, like we, must have a vision of that same kingdom of God which is the ultimate aim and the essential inspiration of the whole world process. And they, like we, must be impelled by a great love of this supreme perfection to bring it into being more and more on their own planet.

These are no vain imaginings, no mere fancies, no idle speculations. It is just as certain that such beings exist on planets of stars as that electrons exist in the atoms. We cannot see these beings with our telescopes any more than we can see the electrons with our microscopes. But we can infer their existence with the same degree of certainty.

We can infer, further, that these beings will organise themselves into societies, and societies of societies, of the highest degree of complexity and intricacy and interpenetration. This is what happens here, and what happens here must have on it the stamp

and pattern of what is in the nature of the whole and must be an indication of what is happening elsewhere. We may infer that only in societies of high complexity will the various individuals be able to find full scope and firm encouragement for the perfect development of their special individualities, and that they will therefore be driven to form such societies.

And it seems only natural to suppose that one supreme star would form the seat of government of the supreme government of the universe. The world shows signs of government everywhere. There must be a *seat* of that government, and a governing *body*. And that governing body must have a *Head*. The seat of government must change from time to time. Members of the governing body might change continually. The Head Himself would change. But always there would be some seat of government; always there would be a governing body; and always there would be a Head. And always that Head would be the supreme embodiment, and representative, and executive agent of that Eternal Spirit of the universe which never changes but is the enduring background of all change—the ultimate goal towards which all change is directed—as the head of any nation is the embodiment and representative and executive agent of the enduring spirit of that nation and gives expression to the main national purpose. As England endures through all changes in her Government and in the head of her governing body and carries out her great purpose of creating nobler Englishmen, so must the Supreme Self endure through all changes in the governing body of the universe and work out Its eternal purpose of creating beings more and more akin to Itself.

But now at the end of our investigation, what does it matter to us, it may be asked, whether there are or are not intelligent beings on the stars? In any case they are millions of millions of miles away and cannot affect us. But the whole point of my argument is that they *can* affect us and must *be* affecting us. I do not suggest that single beings there are influencing single beings here. But I do maintain that these beings in their togetherness *there* are affecting the general course of events *here*. The sun sends out rays of light which are carried on the ether and in their togetherness have profoundly affected the course of affairs on this earth. An orchestra by means of wireless transmission over the same ether also affects us. The spiritual influence of music in the same way as the physical influence of light can be conveyed on the ether. Similarly, may the spiritual influence of spiritual beings in their togetherness reach us on the ether from the planets of stars and be affecting the course of terrestrial affairs. So may it have been that life came to this planet. So may it have been that mind came. And so may it have been that spirit came.

Such influences must be pouring in upon us, as light from the sun was pouring in upon primitive organisms long before they had developed eyes which would enable them to see. And these spiritual influences from the universe at large may be gradually stimulating us to develop organs of the soul by which we shall be able to detect and adequately respond to them. In the insight of religious genius we have a glimmering of what may then be revealed. And our part surely is at least to realise the importance to the race of straining our faculties to the utmost to catch the heavenly rays so that we may see, even if only through a glass darkly, the glory that may be revealed.

Lastly, this question of the life in the stars affects our whole conception of the world in which we live—and *have* to live. And our conception of the world affects our entire attitude to life. If we really believed that it was only here on this mite of a planet that there was life, and that among the twenty thousand million stars there was not another with a planet on which lived intelligent beings—if we really believed that life and consciousness here were a mere flash in the pan, the chance result of the working of blind forces—we would obviously have a less buoyant and less confident outlook on life than if we were convinced that we were part of a vast community of spiritual beings extending to the farthest confines of the universe under the control of an all-powerful Being who had for His end the creation of beings wiser, more lovely, more loving and more lovable, holier, than any we have even dreamed of here.

I know of no question of more fundamental consequence to the future of our race. And it is high time that our acutest intellects, and, still more urgently, our most sensitive souls, turned their attention to the stars.

FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND.

CORRESPONDENCE

'SCIENCE, AND TRUTH' AND 'THE CASE AGAINST "EVOLUTION"'

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

SIR,—The pages of the *Nineteenth Century and After* have recently brought some thoughtful discourse on current philosophy as affected by scientific discovery. I propose to offer some remarks upon two articles by Mr. G. H. Bonner, one headed 'Science and Truth' in your September number, the other 'The Case against "Evolution"' in November. Let me say at once that with the general trend of these articles I am wholly in accord. The words which express their central thought, 'we could have no knowledge of anything relative had we not already in our consciousness the idea or notion of the absolute,' I should like to see blazoned in letters of gold in every physical laboratory.

There are, however, some points on which Mr. Bonner's argument seems to me incomplete, and leads him to conclusions hardly warranted by the premisses. If I may say so without offence, he seems to me like one who is sounding the depths with too short a line. The issue has been much obscured by the traditional views on causality. Aristotle's four 'causes' are not causes at all, but aspects under which a thing may be studied. Before all else we must know what our words mean. What is the 'Absolute,' or, as it is otherwise called, the 'Spiritual,' or the 'Soul.' The modern scientific agnostic will reply that the words denote something which may or may not exist, but of which we know nothing; in other words, it can exert no influence upon the activity of our lives, the only valid test for reality. And he is right from his point of view. For modern science has, as Mr. Bonner rightly points out, fixed its attention upon the external world, which it calls 'Nature,' and acknowledges no reality but that which can be fitted into the ordered causal scheme. But there are two kinds of consciousness, and two kinds of knowledge, answering to two different outlooks of our minds. There is the knowledge of the external world, derived through the senses, the essence of which is causality; and, secondly, there is the knowledge of ourselves, which, being wholly independent of causality, cannot in strictness *cause* anything. To regard only one aspect to the exclusion of the other is like a Government which only concerned itself with foreign policy and ignored home affairs. Theology, in the strict sense of that word, is teleology; it regards the sources of physical activities and the ends to which they tend, while science studies the methods by which those ends are attained. Theology is primary,

science secondary. It follows that phenomena may conceivably be affected by ideas, but never ideas by phenomena. Or, stating it otherwise, no theory of evolution can affect our idea of God. The introspective consciousness is ineffable, and therefore not subject to scientific inquiry. It is a feeling, an inspiration, exerting ethical control, and determining the whole course of life. This, of course, brings us to the question of free will, which cannot be discussed here; but I may illustrate my meaning by an example.

Let us suppose a musician playing a fugue upon the organ. The successive sounds are brought forth by means of the passage of air from the wind-chest through varying channels by mechanical processes of cause and effect well understood by science. But how are these courses determined? By the free consciousness of the player, who directs the currents this way and that according to the impulse issuing from his own uncontrolled will, his inspiration, which has nothing to do with the causal mechanism, except in so far that he can only produce notes which lie on the keyboard. In a certain sense the fugue which he is playing may be said to have brought forth the mechanism (for without fugues there would be no organs) and to be also its purpose. But the fugue no more *causes* the mechanism than the root of a plant causes the splendour of its flower. And so with the ordering of the universe; it is not the cosmic mechanism which brings forth the symphony of Nature, but a metaphysical, ineffable will, which in our own human acts we feel within ourselves as an inspiration for good or for bad, and which, by sympathy, it lies with us—at our peril—to bring into accord with the polyphony of our environment. This is what we mean when we speak of poetry as expressing a higher truth than prose. Art, says Ruskin, 'is no handiwork for drawing-room tables; no relief of the ennui of boudoirs; it must be understood and undertaken seriously, or not at all. To advance it men's lives must be given, and to receive it their hearts.' And religion is not an ingredient to be mixed in due proportion with other ingredients, not a thing to be kept for Sundays and pious moments and flatly repudiated at other times, but a source out of which the whole of life has sprung, and without whose inspiring influence the mechanism will surely fail.

I need hardly say that this doctrine of the metaphysical—that is, the ideal, as the only reality, of which all phenomena are but imperfect manifestations—is not new. It is stated with a conciseness and accuracy which leave nothing to be added in the first chapter of Genesis: 'God created man in His own image'; it is implicit in the Platonic doctrine of Ideas, and is the soul of the *Timæus*; most emphatically of all it is insisted upon by the Hindu Vedânta, both in the Vedas and by their modern exponent Schopenhauer; and, if I have rightly understood him, it lies at the root of Bergson's philosophy of sympathy. And has not science herself declared that if God did not exist He would have to be invented as a necessary hypothesis? Only modern science in turning away from the metaphysical has perverted our ethics and politics to a barren, prosy, sordid rationalism, destructive of all joy, of all religion, of all that has value in life. All the superstition of the Middle Ages was less disastrous than that which we accept unquestioningly from modern science.

The special point to which I take exception in Mr. Bonner's article is his assumption that the ideas of the noumenal world can be reached through the phenomenal world. I am far from wishing to disparage science within

its own domain, but its attitude to metaphysic can only be negativ critical. God cannot be evolved out of science. The world revealed to by our senses is self-destructive; its individuals are ceaselessly engaged in preying upon each other. Every student of the history of thought aware that at all times God has been described as a negative; that is t say, not apprehensible by any alertness of the senses. Nowhere has thi doctrine been expressed in more poetical language than by Æschylus:

> 'εὕδουσα γὰρ φρὴν ὄμμασιν λαμπρύνεται,
> ἐν ἡμέρᾳ δὲ μοῖρ' ἀπρόσκοπος βροτῶν.'

Similarly the seventeenth century mystic Angelus Silesius:

> 'Gott ist ein lauter Nichts,
> Ihn rührt kein Nun noch Hier.
> Je mehr Du nach ihm greifst,
> Je mehr entweicht er dir.'

The difficulty to us, in our age of discussion and inquiry amid th fierce struggle of modern life, is in conceiving an ineffable idea to be real If the standpoint which I am endeavouring to define be accepted, it canno fail to have a profound influence upon our daily lives. The two world which we seem to discern in our consciousness will prove to be, not antagonistic, but ultimately one. Neither Darwin nor Einstein will be mentioned in connexion with theological belief. Our religion will not rest upon a book, nor upon the decrees of any ecclesiastical authority holding ou rewards in exchange for concessions, but will be founded in our sel consciousness, in the moral law, in the sense of right and wrong implanted in the heart of every man, whether he follow it or not. It is not a command but a regulative principle of freedom, upon which the sacred books o various peoples are exalted commentaries. Old age will no longer be, a our poets vainly try to make us believe, crabbed and miserable, but wil be the time of highest felicity, of insight, of peace, and of rest; and deatl will be no more than a return to our native home.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

GEO. AINSLIE HIGHT.

14, Bardwell Road, Oxford,
November 9, 1927.

[The following two letters have been received in consequence of the article by Miss Millicent Jackson which appeared in the October number of the Review.]

'THE FUTURE OF DISTRICT NURSING'

District Nursing as It Is

To the Editor of the Nineteenth Century and After

Sir,—So many people have written to Queen Victoria's Institute for Nurses asking for information about district nursing, that it seems desirable to state the principal facts.

District nursing was begun in Liverpool in 1859 by the late Mr. W. Rathbone, and its name is derived from the plan adopted there in 1862 of dividing the town into districts and allotting a nurse to each. The object is to nurse the sick poor in their own homes. In 1864 Manchester and Salford followed the example of Liverpool, in 1867 Leicester, in 1868 London, and in 1870 Birmingham. So the movement proceeded, more than fifty years ago, hand-in-hand with the general advancement of hospital nursing, for which systematic training was first instituted by the Church of England school opened in London at St. John's House in 1848, but did not become general until after the founding of the Nightingale Fund School at St. Thomas's Hospital in 1860, and then only by degrees. For fifteen years the small but growing band of district nurses had no special training for the difficult task of nursing in poor homes except their own experience; but in 1874 a nurses' home was established in Bloomsbury Square, at which hospital-trained nurses were given special instruction in district nursing.

By 1887 the system had spread widely, but separately; there was no co-ordinating centre. Queen Victoria had always taken a great interest in district nursing and wished to devote a portion of the Women's Jubilee Offering to promoting it. A provisional committee was appointed, and it was decided to apply Her Majesty's gift to the following purposes: (1) to train nurses in district work in order to supply affiliated associations with thoroughly equipped workers; (2) to supervise their work; (3) to adopt the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association as the central training home for the kingdom. This scheme was set in operation in 1889 by the foundation of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses. The committee laid down certain general conditions for affiliation—namely, thorough training, nursing under a doctor's direction, free attendance of necessitous cases, no sectarian discrimination or influence, regular inspection of work. These conditions, which were accepted by most of the then existing nursing associations, have been maintained ever since. The effect of the Institute was 'to co-ordinate the work, give it a permanent centre, standardise and improve the training of nurses, increase their number, stimulate the formation of local associations, and turn a scattered service into a national system capable of further development on sound lines.'

Such development has gone on and is still going on. Nurses employed by local associations affiliated to the Institute are known as Queen's

nurses. The minimum requirements are not less than three years' training in a recognised hospital, followed by six months' special training in district work and the passing of an examination. Most of the candidates have had considerably more than three years' hospital experience, and those who take up midwifery have to undergo a special course, to satisfy the requirements of the Central Midwives Board and be certified under the Midwives Act. There is a growing tendency for district nurses to take this course. The special training given by the Jubilee Institute now includes both theoretical and practical work. The former comprises fourteen lectures on elementary physiology, hygiene, notifiable diseases, school medical service, and sanitary law; ten lectures on venereal disease, maternity, infant and child welfare, legal enactments and regulations; eight lectures on tuberculosis; six lectures on elementary economics and social problems; single lectures on diseases of the eye and of the nose, throat and ear. As with other departments of medicine, candidates have to face a continually rising standard of requirements prescribed by the advance of scientific knowledge, in order to fit them for their work, which demands a grasp of principles as well as of details. The practical work includes visiting patients with a senior member, and clinical teaching on tuberculosis and eye cases in the hospitals specially devoted to those diseases. The results are seen in the examination lists, in which extraordinarily high marks are frequently secured by the most successful candidates, and only two or three fail.

It is not surprising that the public health service, which has undergone a vast extension in recent years, should have taken advantage of these district nurses and applied many of them to the tasks of health visiting and school nursing. Out of 4332 health visitors in England and Wales last year 1621 were Queen's nurses, and many others have been. The Jubilee Institute has always taken the view that the efforts of public authorities to improve the national health should be supported in every way and has urged the associations to do so.

Of the local associations the larger ones train for their own staffs, as they are fully competent to do. The following rules are laid down by the Institute for all affiliated associations:

(1) The primary duty of the nurse shall be to attend in their own homes, without distinction of creed, those who are unable to employ a private nurse, it being understood that free nursing is given in cases of necessity.

(2) The general sick nursing of the patients shall be carried out under the directions of the medical practitioner.

(3) Application for the services of the nurse may be made direct to her or otherwise. She may attend a patient on application or in emergency, but must not continue to visit without informing the medical man and receiving his instructions, if any.

(4) The nurse shall not dispense for her patients any such drugs as should only be prescribed by a medical man, and she shall in no case attempt to influence her patients in the choice of a doctor.

(5) The nurse is strictly forbidden to interfere in any way with the religious opinions of patients or their families.

(6) The nurse shall not act as almsgiver or, except in cases of urgent necessity, herself distribute nourishment for their relief, but shall report any such cases to her honorary secretary or other proper authority.

Apart from these rules there is a certain elasticity, due mainly to local conditions, which vary. Originally the work was entirely charitable, and that is still its root basis; but it has been found by experience that this does not always meet the case, and several schemes have been adopted to bring in the many who cannot pay the whole cost of a private nurse but who are unwilling to accept free nursing. In rural areas many families generally agree to pay a certain amount annually, usually from 1*d*. a week upwards, in return for which they receive the service of a nurse free, except in cases of midwifery, for which a special fee is charged. Non-subscribers, who can afford it, are expected to pay at a higher rate. In some areas, such as mining districts, a small levy on wages, deducted on pay-day, is cheerfully agreed to, and generally places the association in a good financial position through the number of contributions and the certainty of the income. In large towns such a provident system has been found less successful, chiefly owing to the shifting and uncertain character of the poorer population; and here funds are raised by subscriptions and donations, church and other collections, and by definite charges for a nurse, generally from 2*s*. 6*d*. upwards. In addition to these sources of the income, grants for some branches of the work may be obtained from public authorities, including the Ministry of Health, education committees, boards of guardians, certain approved societies, and local pension committees, as well as from the ordinary local public health authorities.

The cost of a Queen's nurse is round about 200*l*. a year. The salary given during training is 55*l*. a year with board, lodging and laundry. Afterwards it is not less than 63*l*., rising 3*l*. annually to 75*l*., with all found or with allowances for board, lodging, laundry and uniform. That is the minimum. There is no maximum. When midwifery is undertaken the salary is always 5*l*. more than it would otherwise have been.

It is not possible to state the totals in a summary manner, because there are a certain number of associations unaffiliated, and there are also the Ranyard nurses, who were started in London by Mrs. Ranyard in 1868. But the number of associations affiliated to the Institute last year was 1286, and the number of Queen's nurses employed by them was 2451. The total number working in connexion with the Institute was 6124, including Queen's nurses, candidates in training, and village nurses and midwives. The mention of the village nurse-midwives will serve to explain a matter which has evidently been the cause of some misunderstanding.

In the year 1888, just before the foundation of the Jubilee Institute, the first rural nursing association was started in the West of England by Mrs. Malleson. Previously district nursing had been confined to the large towns; but Mrs. Malleson's venture led to a great extension in the shape of county nursing associations, of which the first was founded in Hampshire in 1891 and the second in Lincolnshire in 1894. Last year there were fifty-seven county associations and 2676 village nurses employed by local associations affiliated to them. It was found that when a midwife settled in a district her advice was sought in all cases of sickness, and it was eminently desirable that she should have some knowledge of sick nursing, the care of young children and elementary hygiene, in addition to the special midwifery training, since in many rural areas there was not enough demand for two persons. In response to this requirement the county nursing associations founded a central training home at Plaistow,

and others have since been opened elsewhere. The village nurse-midwives are here trained for fifteen or sixteen months. They are not hospital-trained, as Queen's nurses are, but in this respect there has never been any change in the methods of the Jubilee Institute. The village nurse-midwives employed by affiliated associations work under the supervision of a superintendent, who is herself a thoroughly trained and experienced Queen's nurse. It seems as though, in the constant development going on in these services, they were coming together, more nurses in towns taking up midwifery and the rural midwives acquiring a more thorough grasp of nursing.

The beneficial effects of the movement may be traced in the statistical record of recent years. It cannot be separated from the numerous other organisations, but it claims a very distinct share, especially in the reduction of infant mortality and of deaths from maternity. Infant mortality is the deaths of infants under one year of age, and these have fallen from a mean of 156 per 1000 in 1896–1900 to 76 in 1921–25. Its connexion with maternal mortality is more strikingly shown by some remarkable statistics collected for the Jubilee Institute. In 1924 returns were made of 55,828 midwifery cases conducted by affiliated midwives, with a mortality of 1·5 per 1000 cases. The general mortality was at the rate of 3·7 per 1000. That this is not exceptional is shown by the fact that the respective figures for the previous year were 1·4 and 3·6 per 1000. The rise, which was common to both, was attributed to influenza. It is evident from these figures that the nursing associations affiliated to the Institute stand in the van of midwifery practice. The standard of efficiency in this, as in all branches of nursing, is maintained and guaranteed by systematic inspection of work, which is one of the principal duties of the Institute.

So the work goes on and develops. It was stabilised to a considerable extent during the war; but it was systematically carried on the whole time, and it has since recovered its stride. But more is needed. The motor car has since come in, and one county nursing association already uses twenty cars; but more are needed. Other difficulties are the provision of night nursing and massage. The former is arranged for in many cases by a list of reliable women who will sit up at night with a patient and carry out instructions, but in the country it may be necessary for a nurse to stay for a night or two with a patient who is dangerously ill or in an emergency. As for massage, when it is needed, which is not very often, a masseuse is engaged. For all these things more money is needed. But other needs come before them. There are large areas where, as yet, there are no district nurses. It is calculated that 25 per cent. of the population live in such areas, and that for the remaining 75 per cent. the service might be improved. Of course it might. That holds good of everything that is not declining. In Scotland, which has from the first had a separate administration, 600 nurses are needed. Another thing for which money is wanted is provision for nurses who are past their work. The Jubilee Institute controls several funds for the benefit of nurses, given by philanthropic people, but it has nothing for the superannuated.

It is hoped to obtain money to assist in both these objects by the Queen Alexandra's Memorial Fund. Royalty has always played its part in promoting the service. When Queen Victoria died her place as patron was taken by Queen Alexandra and is now held by Queen Mary. It is proposed that the money subscribed in Scotland and Ireland shall be

applied to the promotion of district nursing there, and that the main fund raised in England and Wales shall be used to increase the endowment of the Jubilee Institute, assist the nursing associations, and benefit the Queen's nurses through the Long Service Fund.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR SHADWELL,

Chairman of the Nursing Sub-committee of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses.

'THE FUTURE OF DISTRICT NURSING'

To the Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been drawn to the article by Miss E. Millicent Jackson on 'The Future of District Nursing' in your number for October. The position of the Institute in England is being dealt with elsewhere in your Review, but, as honorary secretary of the Scottish Branch, I think it is right to put before the public the actual facts regarding Scotland.

There are 442 district nursing associations in direct affiliation with the Scottish Council employing 729 Queen's nurses. These nurses have all had a minimum of three years' training in a general hospital, and have also received six months' district training. In addition, every nurse is given the training necessary to qualify for the certificate of the Central Midwives' Board unless she already holds this qualification on joining.

In 1923 an arrangement was made with the Scottish Board of Health by which a certain number of selected Queen's nurses were to be trained annually for the health visitor's certificate, since which time 147 Queen's nurses have successfully passed the examination for this certificate.

In eleven counties in Scotland and in the towns of Clydebank, Falkirk, Greenock, Hawick and Motherwell, and in a great many of the smaller burghs, the Queen's nurses undertake the whole public health work; thus the preventive and the curative sides of nursing are done by the same nurse. The advantage of this is the greater privacy in the homes of the people and also economy in administration.

Night nursing has always been a difficult problem, as the district nurse who has had a busy day cannot be expected to undertake it. The rule in Scotland is that she shall undertake night work in exceptional circumstances when due provision can be made for the other cases under her care. I am sure that the devotion of the Queen's nurses in Scotland to their patients often entails much more night work than local district committees are aware of. The question of special nurses for night work is, of course, the ideal, but it is entirely a question of money.

The people of Scotland realise the advantages of being attended by the

fully trained hospital nurse, and it is simply wonderful how very poor and scattered districts raise the necessary funds to employ a Queen's nurse.

In Scotland nearly 100 associations provide either a small car or motor cycle for the Queen's nurse. This is a great boon, as it not only saves the labour of a push bicycle, but it enables her to cover a larger area and to get through her work more quickly and with less fatigue.

I trust district nursing under the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses will always be progressive, and a satisfactory district nursing service can only be maintained when there is thorough co-operation between the general practitioners, the public health authorities, and the district nursing associations.

I am, etc.,
SUSAN GILMOUR,
Hon. Secretary of the Scottish Branch Queen Victoria's Jubilee Institute for Nurses.

26, Castle Terrace, Edinburgh.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER, 10 *&* 12, *Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C. 2.*

Letters as well as articles will be considered for publication, but letters should be confined to criticism or amplification of articles which have already appeared in the Review. No anonymous contribution is published.

INDEX TO VOL. CII

The titles of articles are printed in italics

ADMINISTRATION, The, of the British Army, 624–630
Agricultural depression in England and Wales, 'livestock the farmer's sheet-anchor,' 216–226
Agricultural Problem, The, and its Solution, 465–478
Alexander the Great as an Explorer, 565–573
American and British exports to China compared, 192–193
American War of Independence, John Burgoyne and the, 427 *et seq*.
Anglo-Japanese Alliance, arguments advanced by English Press in favour of retaining summarised, 165–166
Anglo-Japanese Co-operation and the Far East, 158–171
Animal kingdom, no need to postulate a descent or ascent of man from, 593
Astor (Viscount), *Reform of the House of Lords*, 437–446
Atrocities in Russia, 'world tired of getting excited about,' 653
Australia and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, 170

BANNER (Delmar Harmood), *Holman Hunt and Pre-Raphaelitism*, 546–557
Bannister (Rev. Canon A. T.), *Parish Life in the Fourteenth Century*, 399–404
Bell (Rev. H. Chalmer), *The State Appointment of Bishops*, 794–804
Betting prob bly more universal in spite of restrictive legislation, 360
Birds in Ancient Egypt, 500–507
Black Wind, The, 574–580
Bonner (George H.), *Science and Truth*, 337–346; *The Case against 'Evolution,'* 581–596
Bookmakers and professionals at Lord's in the early days of cricket, 71
Booth (Meyrick), *The Present-Day Education of Girls: an Indictment*, 259–269
Bowden-Smith (E. C.), *Conrad's Ship*, 282–291
British industry, emigration from Ireland increased by disturbance in, 187–188
Broadcasting, the State and the People, 667–674
Burke (E. T.), *The Toll of Secret Disease*, 675–686
Burke (Thomas), *The Obsequies of Mr. Williams*, 840–850

CANADA and bilingualism, 327–336
Capture of the Co-operative Movement, The, 315–326
Catlin (George E. G.), *Historical Mysticism and Political Science*, 227–236
Ceremonial, why the propensity to preserve and create it is stronger amongst men than women, 520
Ceremony, 519–527
Chess in History and Fiction, 78–88
China and Bolshevism, 38 *et seq.*
China as a Market, 190–197
Christianity a universal religion presenting a variegated aspect, 3
Churchill (Mr. Winston) and the Battle of Jutland, 198 *et seq.*
Clark (James B. M.), *French and English in the Province of Quebec*, 327–336
Clarke (Rev. A. H. T.), *The Nation and the Prayer-Book*, 597–610
Clarke (Lieut.-Gen. Sir Travers), *The Administration of the British Army*, 624–630
Class war a precise repudiation of Christianity, 14

Clergy, duties, privileges, etc., of in the fourteenth century, 399 *et seq.*
Cochrane (Alfred), *Early and Modern Cricket*, 67–77
Communism in India, 38–47
Conrad's Ship, 282–291
Conservative peers and working-class representatives in the House of Lords, 180
Cook (W. Davidson), *Lockhart's Treatment of Scott's Letters*, 382–398
Co-operation a great constructive force, 325
Correspondence: '*Chess in History and Fiction*,' 292; '*Science and Truth*' and '*The Case Against "Evolution"*,' 862–864; '*The Future of District Nursing*,' 865–870
Country Gentleman, A, in London in the Eighteenth Century, 405–416
Crabitès (Pierre), *Ismail the Magnificent*, 108–119
Craftsmanship and the Scientific Economist, 237–249
Cricket, the origin of, 68
Cricket, outline of the progress of for two centuries, 67–73
Curzon of Kedleston (Lord) and Warren Hastings, 704–705, 707

DANTE'S *Divine Comedy*, personalities in compared with Shakespeare's and Goethe's, 509, 517
Darwin (Bernard), *Early and Modern Golf*, 347–355
Dearmer (Rev. Percy), *Prayer-Book Revision and Common Sense*, 805–812
Dictatorship in Russia, what the Bolsheviks have accomplished in ten years, 652–666
Diplomatic service in the seventeenth c ntury, status of, 558
Disher (M. Willson), *The Equestrian Drama*, 830–839
Distribution of Wealth, The, 749–761
Dramatic Episode in the History of Russia, A, 368–381
Durham (Right Rev. the Bishop of), *The Passing of National Churches*, 1–14
Dutch and British in South Africa, the Nationalist Party and, 642 *et seq.*

EARLY and Modern Cricket, 67–77
Early and Modern Golf, 347–355
Early Victorian women, imaginary assumptions of modern writers in regard to, 253
East India Company, The, and John Burgoyne, 427
Egypt, economic condition of improved owing to rise of cotton prices during the American Civil War, 109–110
England and Wales, summary of statistics showing the use made of agricultural land in, and the value of its products, 469 *et seq.*
England's treatment of Japan at the Washington Conference, its possibly harmful effect on the future relations of the two countries, 295
English, The, of the new Prayer-Book criticised, 606
English and German plays, Hazlitt's comparison of, 133
English working-class women anti-Bolshevik by nature, 825
Equestrian Drama, The, 830–839
European civilisation, two ruling races in South Africa an outpost of, in a 'black' continent, 649
Evans (P. V. Emrys), *Nationalism in South Africa*, 642–651
'*Evolution*,' *The Case against*, 581–596

FABIAN Society and the seeds of revolution in Britain, 179
Farmer's Sheet-Anchor, The, 216–226
Fascism in its Relation to Freedom, 479–493
Fascism, what it implies, and its origin, 480–485
Feminine character, opinions of psychologists on, 261
Folklore of Edinburgh, The, 89–97, 270–281
Ford (Ford Madox), '*Pax*,' 145–157
Fox (R. M.), *Ireland: Retrospect and Prospect*, 184–189
French and English in the Province of Quebec, 327–336
French-Canadians mainly anxious to preserve the present *status quo* of Canada as an independent unit in the British Commonwealth, 329
Future of District Nursing, The, 494–499

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

A MONTHLY REVIEW

FOUNDED BY JAMES KNOWLES

VOL. CII

JULY—DECEMBER 1927

LONDON
CONSTABLE & COMPANY LIMITED 10 & 12 ORANGE STREET
LEICESTER SQUARE W.C. 2

CONTENTS OF VOL. CII

PAGE

THE PASSING OF NATIONAL CHURCHES. By *The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Durham* 1
THE WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE OF MAY 1927. By *Sir J Arthur Salter* 15
THE REFORMS AND THE INDIAN ARMY By *Lieut.-Colonel Aubrey O'Brien* 28
COMMUNISM IN INDIA By *Stanley Rice* 38
'GOOTI.' By *Captain R. R. Oakley* 48
THE TRUTH ABOUT PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By *F. C. S. Schiller* . 54
EARLY AND MODERN CRICKET. By *Alfred Cochrane* 67
CHESS IN HISTORY AND FICTION. By *Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Whitton* 78
THE FOLKLORE OF EDINBURGH—I. By *Lewis Spence* 89
SUPERSTITIONS OF THE LAND. By *G. Clarke Nuttall* 98
ISMAÏL THE MAGNIFICENT. By *Pierre Crabitès* 108
SOME SNARES OF STORY-TELLING By *The Rev. the Hon. Edward Lyttelton* 120
JANE AUSTEN AND A FORGOTTEN DRAMATIST. By *M. Alderton Pink* 125
PROGRESS AND PERFECTION. By *Philip S. Richards* 135
'PAX.' By *Ford Madox Ford* 145
ANGLO-JAPANESE CO-OPERATION AND THE FAR EAST. By *Captain M. D. Kennedy* 158
THE PEERS AND THE NATION. By *The Right Hon. Lord Sydenham of Combe* 172
IRELAND: RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT. By *R. M. Fox* . . 184
CHINA AS A MARKET. By *E. M. Gull* 190
JUTLAND AND THE 'UNFORESEEN.' By *Arthur Hungerford Pollen* . 198
WAR, POLICY, AND PROGRESS. By *Lieut.-Colonel A. G. Baird Smith* 208
THE FARMER'S SHEET-ANCHOR. By *T. B. Wood* 216
HISTORICAL MYSTICISM AND POLITICAL SCIENCE. By *George E. G. Catlin* 227
CRAFTSMANSHIP AND THE SCIENTIFIC ECONOMIST. By *G. W. Thomson* 237
THE VICTORIAN WOMAN. By *Sir Arthur Underhill* 250
THE PRESENT-DAY EDUCATION OF GIRLS: AN INDICTMENT. By *Meyrick Booth* 259
THE FOLKLORE OF EDINBURGH (*concluded*). By *Lewis Spence* . 270
CONRAD'S SHIP By *E. C. Bowden-Smith* 282
CORRESPONDENCE: 'CHESS IN HISTORY AND FICTION.' By *I. G. Kelly* 292
IS ANGLO-JAPANESE RAPPROCHEMENT PRACTICABLE? By *Kiyoshi K. Kawakami* 293
THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT AND THE EMPIRE. By *Sir John Marriott, M.P.* 302
THE CAPTURE OF THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT. By *Brig.-General F. G. Stone* 315
FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. By *James B. M. Clark* 327
SCIENCE AND TRUTH. By *George H. Bonner* 337
EARLY AND MODERN GOLF. By *Bernard Darwin* 347
RESTRICTIVE LEGISLATION. By *F. J. P. Veale* 356
A DRAMATIC EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By *C. Hagberg Wright* 368
LOCKHART'S TREATMENT OF SCOTT'S LETTERS By *Davidson Cook* 382
PARISH LIFE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. By *The Rev. Canon A. T. Bannisier* 399
A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN IN LONDON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By *Mrs. Hugh Macdonald* 405

PAGE
GEORGE GISSING: A CHARACTER SKETCH. By *Ellen Gissing* . 417
JOHN BURGOYNE. By *F. J. Hudleston* 425
POEMS. By *G. Eileen Trevelyan* 435
REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS. By *The Rt. Hon. Viscount Astor* 437
THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS, 1927. By *Brig.-General F. G. Stone* 447
THE AGRICULTURAL PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION. By *Sir Henry Rew* 465
FASCISM IN ITS RELATION TO FREEDOM. By *Maude D. Petre* . 479
THE FUTURE OF DISTRICT NURSING. By *E. Millicent Jackson* . 494
BIRDS IN ANCIENT EGYPT. By *R. E. Moreau* 500
HUMAN PERSONALITY IN DANTE'S 'DIVINE COMEDY.' By *Fion McEachran* 508
CEREMONY. By *W. Baring Pemberton* 519
THE POSITION OF THE LATE SIR WALTER RALEIGH AMONG LITERARY CRITICS. By *H. L. A. Hart* 528
HOLMAN HUNT AND PRE-RAPHAELITISM. By *Delmar Harmood Banner* 546
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF DIPLOMACY UNDER WILLIAM III. By *Margery Lane* 558
ALEXANDER THE GREAT AS AN EXPLORER. By *Brig.-General Sir Percy Sykes* 565
THE BLACK WIND. By *Seton Gordon* 574
THE CASE AGAINST 'EVOLUTION.' By *George H. Bonner* . . 581
THE NATION AND THE PRAYER-BOOK. By *The Rev. A. H. T. Clarke* 597
THE VATICAN, FRANCE AND L'ACTION FRANÇAISE. By *The Rev. W. W. Longford* 611
THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE BRITISH ARMY. By *Lieut.-General Sir Travers Clarke* 624
WAR GRAVES AND THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH. By *Major-General Sir Fabian Ware* 631
NATIONALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA. By *P. V. Emrys Evans* . . 642
TEN YEARS OF BOLSHEVISM. By *George Soloveytchik* . . . 652
BROADCASTING, THE STATE AND THE PEOPLE. By *Sir John Reith* . 667
THE TOLL OF SECRET DISEASE. By *E. T. Burke* . . . 675
TENNIS: INDOORS AND OUTDOORS. By E. B. *Noel* . . . 687
WARREN HASTINGS. By *A. L. P. Tucker* 695
THE MIRROR OF BEAUTY. By *Robert Whymper* 708
WORK AND WAGES IN THE ENGINEERING INDUSTRY. By *Kenneth S. Murray* 725
PUBLIC SPENDING AND PRIVATE SAVING. By *Sir John Marriott, M.P.* 736
THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH. By *A. Wyatt Tilby* . . . 749
THE SCOTTISH COALMINER. By *J. D. Macdougall* . . . 762
THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE: A DREAM OR A POSSIBILITY? By *Charles Petrie* 782
THE STATE APPOINTMENT OF BISHOPS. By *The Rev. H. Chalmer Bell* 794
PRAYER-BOOK REVISION AND COMMON SENSE. By *The Rev. Percy Dearmer* 805
THE SACRAMENTS IN RECENT CONTROVERSY. By *The Rev. Canon Oliver C. Quick* 813
WOMEN BOLSHEVIKS, AND HOW THEY ARE MANUFACTURED. By *Edith Sellers* 822
THE EQUESTRIAN DRAMA—I. By *M. Willson Disher* . . 830
THE OBSEQUIES OF MR. WILLIAMS. By *Thomas Burke* . . 840
LIFE IN THE STARS. By *Sir Francis Younghusband* . . . 851
CORRESPONDENCE:
'SCIENCE AND TRUTH' AND 'THE CASE AGAINST "EVOLUTION".' By *George Ainslie Hight* 862
'THE FUTURE OF DISTRICT NURSING'—
(1) By *Dr. Arthur Shadwell*. 865
(2) By *The Lady Susan Gilmour*. 869

GAELIC, Irish Free State and the teaching of, controversy over, 188
George Gissing : a Character Sketch, 417–424
Gilmour (Lady Susan), '*The Future of District Nursing*,' 869–870
Girls, the present-day education of, 259–269
Gissing (Ellen), *George Gissing : a Character Sketch*, 417–424
Gladstone (Rt Hon. W. E.) and Prof. T. H. Huxley on Evolution, extracts from articles in *The Nineteenth Century*, 1885–86... 582–583
Gladstone, public economy a matter of business and morality to, 743
Goethe's theory of history discussed, 141
Golf, history of, earlier and better ascertained than cricket, 347
'*Gooti*,' 48–53
Gordon (Seton), *The Black Wind*, 574–580
Government, indictment of present, for lost opportunities, 729–730
Gull (E. M.), *China as a Market*, 190–197

HART (H. L. A.), *The position of the late Sir Walter Raleigh among Literary Critics*, 528–545
Hertzog (General), his triumph at the Imperial Conference, 647
Hight (George Ainslie), '*Science and Truth*' and '*The Case against "Evolution"*,' 862–864
Hindus, no desire for democracy by, 30
Historical Mysticism and Political Science, 227–236
History the basis of political science in more senses than one, 235
Holman Hunt and Pre-Raphaelitism, 546–557
House of Commons and the Dail compared, 187
Hudlestone (F. J.), *John Burgoyne*, 425–434
Human Personality in Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' 508–518

IMPERIAL Parliament, The, and the Empire, 302–314
India and Communism, 38 *et seq.*
Indian Army and the Reforms, 28–37
Industrial unrest, extension of Safeguarding of Industries Act and preferential trading within the Empire as remedies for, 727
Inter-Imperial Relations Report, statements on its effect by three Dominion Prime Ministers, 305; extracts from the Report, 307–308
Ireland : Retrospect and Prospect, 184–189
Is Anglo-Japanese Rapprochement Practicable ? 293–301
Ismail the Magnificent, 108–119

JACKSON (E. Millicent), *The Future of District Nursing*, 494–499
Jane Austen and a Forgotten Dramatist, 125–134
Japan's ultimatum to and declaration of war on Germany, value of to Great Britain and her Allies, 163
Japanese 'beauty' and folklore, 708–724
Jesus and intoxicating drink, 356
John Burgoyne, 425–434
Jutland and the 'Unforeseen,' 198–207

KAWAKAMI (Kiyoshi K.), *Is Anglo-Japanese Rapprochement Practicable ?* 293–301
Kelly (I. G.), '*Chess in History and Fiction*,' 292
Kennedy (Captain M. D.), *Anglo-Japanese Co-operation and the Far East*, 158–171
King Arthur and Edinburgh, 271–272

LABOUR opponents of Fascism, arguments of, 486 *et seq.*
Lancashire and Japanese competition in China, 193
Lane (Margery), *The Lighter Side of Diplomacy under William III.*, 558–564
Legislation, evils of repressive and restrictive, 356–367
Letters from a country gentleman to his wife in the eighteenth century, 406 *et seq.*
Life in the Stars, 851–861
Liberal Party, The, and the Representation of the People Act, 1918...173
Liberal traditions and Fascism, 479

LIG

Lighter Side of Diplomacy, The, under William III., 558–564

Lockhart's Treatment of Scott's Letters, 382–398

Longford (Rev. W. W.), *The Vatican, France and l'Action Française*, 611–623

Lyttelton (the Rev. the Hon. Edward), *Some Snares of Story-Telling*, 120–124

MACDONALD (Mrs. Hugh), *A Country Gentleman in London in the Eighteenth Century*, 405–416

Macdougall (J. D.), *The Scottish Coalminer*, 762–781

McEachran (Fion), *Human Personality in Dante's 'Divine Comedy,'* 508–518

Marriott (Sir John), *The Imperial Parliament and the Empire*, 302–314; *Public Spending and Private Saving*, 736–748

Men and women as anecdote-mongers compared, 122

Men and women, contention that they do not differ in their psychological structure a peril to the cause of education, 263

Merit grading for workmen suggested, 732–735

Millais (Sir John) and Holman Hunt and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, 547

Mirror of Beauty, The, 708–724

Modern and early Victorian women, their education and intellect compared, 257

Modern girl's contempt for her Victorian forebears ill-founded, 251

Modernism, imprudent concessions of the new Prayer-Book to, 604

Money Bills, powers of the House of Commons and, 174

Moon, waxing and waning of, in country lore, 101–102

Moreau (R. E.), *Birds in Ancient Egypt*, 500–507

Murray (Kenneth S.), *Work and Wages in the Engineering Industry*, 725–735

NATION, The, and the Prayer-Book, 597–610

National Church, four types of distinguished, 12–13

POL

National interests or personal privileges, peers must choose between, 442

Nationalism in South Africa, 642–651

Nationality as a disruptive factor within Christendom, 5

Nicholas (Grand Duke), correspondence proving the late Tsaritsa's intrigue and dislike of during the Great War, 373 *et seq.*

Nineteenth and latter eighteenth century women less masculine, but vital and capable in their own sphere of life, 264

Noel (E. B.), *Tennis: Indoors and Outdoors*, 687–694

Nuttall (G. Clarke), *Superstitions of the Land*, 98–107

OAKLEY (Captain R. R.), *'Gooti,'* 48–53

Obsequies, The, of Mr. Williams, 840–850

O'Brien (Lieut.-Col. Aubrey), *The Reforms and the Indian Army*, 28–37

Overseas Dominions, The, and the administration of the British Army, 624–625

PARISH Life in the Fourteenth Century, 399–404

Parliamentary oration as a form of politics, when it originated, 669

Passing of National Churches, The, 1–14

'Pax,' 145–157

Peers, The, and the Nation, 172–183

Peers, though not feudal landowners with definite responsibilities, still play an important part in local government, 441

Pemberton (W. Baring), *Ceremony*, 519–527

Pet dogs, fondling of in public said to manufacture women Bolsheviks, 822 *et seq.*

Petre (Maude D.), *Fascism in its Relation to Freedom*, 479–493

Petrie (Charles), *The United States of Europe: A Dream or a Possibility?* 782–793

Pink (M. Alderton), *Jane Austen and a Forgotten Dramatist*, 125–134

Poems, 435–436

Political science, historical mysticism and, 227–236

POL STR

Pollen (Arthur Hungerford), *Jutland and the 'Unforeseen,'* 198–207
Position of the late Sir Walter Raleigh among Literary Critics, The, 528–545
Prayer-Book, The new, opinions of bishops and others on, 597 *et seq.*
Prayer-Book Revision and Common Sense, 805–812
Present-Day Education of Girls, The : an Indictment, 259–269
Production and trade, harmful effects of constantly changing tariffs on, 22
Production, cost of, enhanced by scarcity and dearness of capital, 744
Progress and Perfection, 135–144
Prohibition, why it is chiefly advocated in Great Britain, 356
Propaganda, not unknown in the eighteenth century, 429
Psychical Research, The Truth about, 54–66
Public Spending and Private Saving, 736–748

QUICK (Rev. Canon Oliver C.), *The Sacraments in Recent Controversy*, 813–821

RALEIGH (Sir Walter) and modern scepticism, 533–545
Reform of the House of Lords, 437–446
Reforms, The, and the Indian Army, 28–37
Reith (Sir John), *Broadcasting, the State and the People*, 667–674
Religion and the *vita sexualis* closely bound together, 680
Restrictive Legislation, 356–367
Revising Chamber, type of man and woman needed in, 443
Rew (Sir Henry), *The Agricultural Problem and its Solution*, 465–478
Rice (Stanley), *Communism in India*, 38–47
Richards (Philip S.), *Progress and Perfection*, 135–144
Rohilla War, Warren Hastings and the, 699
Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, 550–552
Ruskin and the problem of production, 238–239

Russia, A Dramatic Episode in History of, 368–381
Russia, past and present, India, 211 *et seq.*

SACRAMENTS, *The, in R Controversy*, 813–821
Slater (Sir J. Arthur), *The W Economic Conference of May* 15–27
Scheer (Admiral), his tactics at Battle of Jutland, 200
Schiller (F. C. S.), *The Truth a Psychical Research*, 54–66
School of Administration for British Army, proposed estab ment of, 629
Science and religion, the a gonism between, 581 *et seq.*
Science and Truth, 337–346
Scott (Sir Walter), Lockh treatment of his letters critic 382–398
Scottish Coalminer, The, 762–7
Secret disease, ravages of, Imperial problem, 675
Sellers (Edith), *Women Bolshe and how they are Manufactu* 822–829
Sex psychology, the problem of,
Shadwell (Arthur), *'The Futur District Nursing,'* 865–869
Shakespeare and chess, 82
Sheltered industries, evil effect high wages of workers in, 726
Smith (Lieut-.Col. A. G. Ba *War, Policy, and Progress*, 215
Socialist Party's electoral gramme at the Blackpool ference an appeal to cupidity,
Socialists and the co-opera movement, 315–326
Soloveytchik (George), *Ten Yea Bolshevism*, 652–666
Some Snares of Story-Telling, 1 124
Spence (Lewis), *The Folklore Edinburgh*, 89–97, 270–281
Spencer (Herbert) and others social statics, 240 *et seq.*
State Appointment of Bishops, 794–804
Stone (Brig.-Gen. F. G.), *Capture of the Co-operative M ment*, 315–326 ; *The Trade U Congress, 1927*...447–464
Strategical problem of Bri changed by the modern Rus menace, 211

Submarine war of 1917, the Jutland failure and, 206
Superstitions of the Land, 98–107
Surtax proposal regarded as more insidious than a Capital Levy, 739
Sydenham of Combe (Right Hon. Lord), *The Peers and the Nation*, 172–183
Sykes (Brig.-Gen. Sir Percy), *Alexander the Great as an Explorer*, 565–573
Syphilis introduced into Europe by crews of Columbus on their return from the New World, 682

'TENNIS,' derivation of the word a matter of conjecture, 687
Tennis: Indoors and Outdoors, 687–694
Ten Years of Bolshevism, 652–666
Territorial basis of a national Church challenged by the policy of Toleration, 7
Theodorus and Socrates and progress, 137–138
Thomson (G. W.), *Craftsmanship and the Scientific Economist*, 237–249
Tilby (A. Wyatt), *The Distribution of Wealth*, 749–761
Toll of Secret Disease, The, 675–686
Trade unionists, majority probably not interested in politics, 321
Trades Union Congress, The, 1927... 447–464
Trevelyan (G. Eileen), *Poems*, 435–436
Tucker (A. L. P.), *Warren Hastings*, 695–707
Tudors, The, and the Church of England, 9

UNDERHILL (Sir Arthur), *The Victorian Woman*, 250–258
United States of Europe, The: A Dream or a Possibility? 782–793

United States and Anglo-Japanese co-operation in the Far East, 158 *et seq*
Upper House, Commons will never consent to any increase in the statutory powers of, 445

VATICAN, *The, France and l'Action Française*, 611–623
Veale (F J. P.), *Restrictive Legislation*, 356–367
Venereal disease, its causes, etc., and how it may be prevented and cured, 676
Victorian criticism, the outlines of, 528–533
Victorian Woman, The, 250–258

WAR *Graves and the British Commonwealth*, 631–641
War, Policy, and Progress, 208–215
Ware (Maj.-Gen. Sir Fabian), *War Graves and the British Commonwealth*, 631–641
Warren Hastings, 695–707
Warren Hastings, Macaulay and other historians on, 695 *et seq.*
Western Front, The, active interest of the Prince of Wales in the care of war graves on, 634
Whitton (Lieut.-Col. F. E.), *Chess in History and Fiction*, 78–88
Whymper (Robert), *The Mirror of Beauty*, 708–724
Women Bolsheviks, and how they are Manufactured, 822–829
Wood (T. B.), *The Farmer's Sheet Anchor*, 216–226
Work and Wages in the Engineering Industry, 725–735
World Economic Conference of May 1927, The, 15–27
Wright (C. Hagberg), *A Dramatic Episode in the History of Russia*, 368–381

YOUNGHUSBAND (Sir Francis), *Life in the Stars*, 851–861

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY THE WHITEFRIARS PRESS, LTD., LONDON AND TONBRIDGE

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